

796

FOREST AND STREAM
ROD AND GUN
THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

A Journal of Field and Aquatic Sports,
ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL,
PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
Fish Culture, Protection of Game,
AND THE INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN
OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME XIV.

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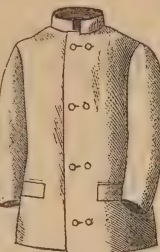
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- P.M.
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- 4 30 Port Jefferson and way.
- 5 00 Babylon and way.
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- 6 30 Northport, Glen Cove.
- 7 00 Merrick Accommodation.

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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1880.

Volume 14—No. 1.
No. 111 Fulton Street, New York.

"PRISONER'S DREAM" FALLS.

A DIM, half light hung o'er the glittering verge;
A murmur fluttered, faint and soft and low,
The indistinct, fond dreams of long ago
Came floating back, enwreathed in shadowy serge,
Of tangled mist. A solemn, sombre dirge
Rolled upward with a mournful cadence, slow,
Where down the double fall the steady surge
Flung out the jetting spray at every swoe
Of welling water. Draped in silent thought
Low-lying trees swung swaying shadows down
The rapids—down a foam-flecked, sinuous gleam,
Dipping their boughs carelessly, unsought.
Above, the grim rock's breathing sulcs frowned;
Beneath, the fleeing, phosphenescent stream.

August 7th, 1879. JOHN PRINCE TREE.

The East Branch of the Penobscot.

TWO HUNDRED MILES THROUGH MAINE IN A CANVAS CANOE.

FOURTH PAPER.

I OFTEN thought how easily one could stray from camp, and if without a compass, be lost in this wilderness. While hunting on Lake Superior, one autumn some years since, I endured such an experience, and the bitterness of it has always remained fresh in my memory. While passing over the corduroy road of thirteen and a half miles which lies between the town of Ontonagon, Michigan, and the Minnesota Copper Mines, my attention was allured from the road by the melodious whirr-r-r-r, whirr-r-r of a brace of partridges. Stepping aside into the thicket, I followed as fast as possible the retreating sound, and after a tedious tramp through briars and swamp, I finally brought them to bag. In the excitement of the chase I had given little or no heed to the path or to the clouds that were fast gathering overhead. Starting back in the direction I supposed the road, I travelled, it seemed to me, double the distance that would have revealed it, but no familiar path did I find—in fact, I was amazed in discovering that I was back on the same ground on which I had started. There was no reason in the thing, no reasoning against it. The points of the compass had been as clear in my head as if I saw the needle, but the moment I was back all seemed to be wrong. The sun, which occasionally revealed itself, shone out of the wrong part of the heavens. I climbed one of the tall trees, but the very stillness of the landscape on which I gazed seemed to mock me. I was not a novice in woodcraft, and could follow a trail readily. I examined the bark of the trees to see which side was the roughest, and then singling out a number, judged of the point of the compass the majority leaned, and plunging into the thicket, made another and another attempt. I well knew the danger of losing my self-control, and sitting down on a rotten log, I covered my face with my hands, and waited until I felt calm and self-possessed again. I have no idea how long it was, but when I arose the sun was nearly obliterated by the clouds, which soon began to discharge their contents, in sympathy for my ill-luck, and to reach my destination I must make all speed.

I immediately struck a "bee line" in the direction which my reveries had designated as the right path, blazing the trees with my hunting knife as I hastened along. Soon I espied an opening, and dashing onward, what was my joy to find the old corduroy road, which never looked more welcome in its life.

From Grand Lake to the junction of the East with the West Branches of the Penobscot it is sixty to sixty-five miles, the river being shut in on all sides by lofty mountains or heavy belts of grand old forests, through which the swift river tumbles, with only an occasional suggestion of the lumberman's axe. There are eleven conspicuous falls in this interval, varying from twenty to sixty feet in height, while the charming cascades are too numerous to mention. The abrupt descents have the names of Stair, Haskell Rock, Grand, Pond Pitch, Huling Machine, Bowlin, Spring Bivouac, Gravel Bed, Whinstone, Grindstone, Crowfoot and Lodge Falls, their names in many cases suggesting their wild and rugged formation.

The water swept so swiftly through this section that, with the exception of the last twenty miles, it was

hardly necessary to use our paddles, but keeping an eye to the rocks in our path we could silently enjoy the many lovely changes constantly opening in the landscape. But this also was decidedly the hardest part of the entire excursion. At most of these falls our whole camp equipage, provisions and canoes had to be "sacked" around the falls from one to two miles, and in many cases there was hard climbing along the steep, rocky sides of the mountains which followed the river's course, while each one of us carried his portion of the load.

For two and a half miles, after leaving Grand Lake, one is constantly reminded of the day's experience on Webster Stream, by the furious rapids, and we were again obliged to call into action our "setting poles." In a drenching rain, we were compelled to land on the shore, take the canvas boat into our laps and row the cuts in its surface, laughing at the philosophical manner we submitted to the circumstance. Along the river's bank to the west for many miles, are the lovely Traveler Mountains, whose rambling appearance and daily companionship are fully represented by their name.

Stair Falls, the Quartermaster and myself ran in our canvas canoe, but the guides tending their birches as if they were glass, dropped them from step to step by means of ropes. This fall or cascade is a series of steps or stairs, some five in number, each about three feet high and two feet apart, the best passage being through the channel near the left bank. It is a very choice bit of scenery, and one that any artist would greatly desire to transfer to canvas and work into endless variety of composition. A ten mile passage of the swift river, and we reached Grand Falls, which although higher than its namesake on Webster River, being followed immediately by numerous cataracts, did not so impress one. Here we were obliged to make a portage of three-quarters of a mile, through the dense woods to the foot of the falls, and in a heavy shower went into camp on the opposite shore. To the "camper-out," a rainy day in the woods is among the most disagreeable experiences, even under a tight tent, good company and plenty of amusement. But increase the difficulties by being forced to be out in the storm, and to leave your canoe at a portage and obliged to carry on your back through mud and mire all your camp effects. Through the woods you stumble, pressing the wet branches aside, which, in their recoil, push away your rubber clothing from which the buttons are fast disappearing and the rents appearing, and whose special protection is sadly deficient, until repetition of such circumstances as thoroughly drenches you as if you had been without them. The water is dripping from off your hat to your neck and rolling down your back in icy rills. The position of your arms in carrying your "kit," are such as to lead a looker-on to imagine you are straining hard to fill your sleeves with the rain, which you know is a mistake—but there is no help for it. You clutch tightly to your rifle, as your pack begins to slip, striving to keep the looks from the rain, while your boots have been innocently occupied in catching every scanty drop which fell from your clothing and you have every feeling, if not the appearance of the oft quoted "drowned man." You wouldn't have your wife or other friend see you at this moment for anything. How they would laugh and hurl at you many of your pet quotations regarding the "poetry, pleasure and romance of life in the woods," until you had rather endure another storm than their irony.

Then the raising of the wet tent into position, the repeated attempts to start the fire, and the holding of every individual fir branch to dry in the flame, before performing the duty of bed. Two forked sticks, with one across, are placed before the fire, and on them you hang boots, socks, blankets, and other articles of your belongings; and while the guides are cleaning your guns you examine the provision boxes to see if they have escaped the drenching. It is amusing how stoical and indifferent one grows to these circumstances in the woods, and soon makes but little of them, retaining as serene and untroubled a disposition as if they were of no account, while after a warm supper and a social pipe they pass from memory.

I will not weary the reader by a description of the passage of each fall from day to day on our route, some of which we ran and past others we "carried," letting the canoes as before over the difficulties by long poles from the cliffs above. After passing Spring Brook and Gravel Bed Falls we paddled through a mile or two of heavy "rips" and entered some two miles of "dead water."

On turning a beautiful bend in the river, what was our surprise to observe the rugged growth of pines gradually disappear and the landscape immediately softened by the introduction of a dense forest of maple, elm, ash, and noble oak trees, whose garlands thus passed themselves far into the stream, their branches overhanging above our heads forming a canopy that darkened the water.

Exclamations of surprise rang from our lips as all the canoes in "Indian file" drifted through this enchanting bower, and we thought to ourselves if in the quiet dress of summer this is so lovely, what must it be when robed in autumnal foliage. Passing the mouth of big and little Sebosis rivers, we pitched our tent on the left bank of

the river near a place known as Hunt's Farm. The solitary log-house and barn of Hunt's Farm were erected some forty-three years ago, and are located on high ground in a picturesque bend of the Penobscot River.

The house outside is painted red, whitewashed inside, with low ceilings, similar to the others mentioned. In addition to the cultivation of land near the house, an attempt was made some time ago to press into tillage as a melon patch the side of an adjacent mountain. But the fruit, as soon as they grew heavy and ripened, snapped their hold on the vines, rolled down the mountain side and were crushed at its base. As can easily be seen, this elevated farm was not a success; and now only the bright green foliage of a fresh growth of trees is left to tell the melancholy story. Mr. Dunn, who, assisted by three other persons, takes care of the place, showed us many attentions, supplying us with fresh milk and sugar and other delicacies that had been foreign to our fare at camp for many days. The manufacture of birch canoes seemed to be one of the industries of the place, an immense one being then in process of building for a celebrated New York artist, Frederick E. Church, Esq. This canoe was twenty-eight feet long, over four feet wide (midships), and when completed would weigh three hundred pounds.

The artist had recently purchased four hundred acres of land over on Millinocket Lake, fifteen miles distant, a tributary to the West Branch of the Penobscot River, one of the prettiest sheets of water in that vicinity. A fine view of Mount Katahdin can be had from this spot, and men were to leave this farm the following day to erect there substantial log cabins.

The ascension of Mount Katahdin can with little difficulty be made from Hunt's Farm, where a convenient ride on horseback lands you within two miles of its top. I shall not forget the climb of Hunt Mountain, about twelve hundred feet high opposite our camp, nor the magnificent view from its peak.

With Mr. Dunn as guide, in company with the quartermaster, I started to make the ascent on the morning of August 24th. To clamber up the steep side of a mountain in the dense wilderness is an entirely different undertaking from the following of a "birdie path" to the top of Mount Washington. Cutting stout poles, seven feet in length, we set off up the mountain side, catching half glimpses of the landscape below, as we swung from tree to tree, and rock to rock, which latter had been made extra slippery by a recent shower, and after two hours of laborious climbing gained the bare but welcome crags at the top. The first sensation of the prospect from the summit, is simply of immensity. The eye sweeps the vast spaces that are bounded only by the haze of distance—no vast undulating sea of forest trees, which seemed to come rolling in to the mountain's base, with only here and there the glimmer of a lake or stream, and little to break the vision save the farms at your feet, where we could just distinguish the white canvas of our camp. To the left stretch successive ranges of hills and mountains, and at their feet could be had momentary glimpses of the windings of the West Branch of the Penobscot, while to our right was its twin brother the East Branch, over which we had so recently passed, its misty falls and cascades subdued to a level with the surrounding landscape. These two streams sweep away to the south twenty miles, and unite in unbroken union at Medway on their way to the sea. Before me arose the cloud-capped peak of Mount Katahdin, 5,385 feet high; Vassataquoik Mountain, 5,245 feet high; the lofty Traveler and Sourdunk Mountains, which, with the exception of the first, are welded to their summits. Broad scars or slides are visible along the surface of old Katahdin, which with its triple peaked outline seemed to look down into the valleys with a fatherly interest. The thunder clouds had just parted and a beautiful rainbow arched the heavens, shedding its colors on the glistening outlines of valley and mountains. Oh! that we might be left alone for hours to watch the changes of the landscape, and hear the secret voices and dread revelations of these magnificent mountains.

There are thoughts deep and holy which float through one's mind as, gazing down upon such a scene, one contrasts the smallness of man with the magnitude of God's works, and in the weird silence contemplates the perishable of this world with the everlasting hills. After such a prospect of the East Branch of the Penobscot, while on our way to the summit, I bid adieu to this enchanting river, our narrative, but if the future tourist still desire to make its acquaintance I would like to guide him safely over four other remarkable falls to his journey's end at Mattawamkeag, thirty-two miles below.

Two miles from Hunt's Farm we came to what is known as Whetstone Falls, a series of high picturesque cascades. Here we made a short portage on the right, as soon as if we ought to have shot across and down a hard steep pitch of the water close to the left bank and landed a portion of our baggage, which we carried to a point below. Then the guides ran the heavier part of the falls, and after passing the quick boiling water at their foot rounded to the shore and reloaded the camp kit, which we had "sacked" over the ledges at the river's bank. Then we passed without accident Grindstone and

Crowfoot Falls, each from ten to twenty feet high, the name of the former being so suggestive by its geological formation that the Quartermaster declared that he could honestly see the indentation of the axle. Another camp seven miles from Melway, and in the morning we passed Ledge Falls, which although the last of the pitches on the East Branch, was none the less interesting. We passengers, to lighten the canoes, strolled along the shore gathering bright flowers and curious colored stones, while the guides, alone in their canoes, ran the cataraict, meeting us in the dead water below. These falls are composed of slate of a greyish color, which after the first steep pitch form into numerous cascades, produced by the sharp ridges of rock which, extending out into the stream from both shores, decrease in height as they approach the center. A dark red stone attracted my attention and I waded into the water to secure it, and on regaining the canoe soon after I threw it into my camp bag. Little dreaming of the value of my prize. On reaching home it was examined by an old and experienced lapidary, and proved to be one of the finest pieces of jasper ever found in this country. A portion of the stone as an article of jewelry encrusted with the magic words "Ledge Falls," is highly prized and now worn as a souvenir by the writer.

The stream now gradually widens, with a strong but noiseless flow, the mountains retire, and the banks of the river are for the most part bordered by foot-hills and grassy knolls. Glimpses of civilization begin to dawn as we occasionally pass a log-house whose lonesome appearance is only relieved by the happy faces of children at the door. Corn fields where their tall stems, while broad patches of potatoes (for which Maine is justly celebrated) flourish here surprisingly. It is a sudden change from the forest depths, after a month's camp life, and seems to urge us towards home more and more avidly. We are soon at the junction of the East and West Branches at Medway (a small town on the left bank of the Penobscot River, of about four hundred inhabitants), and are speeding still faster and faster through the broad river to Mattawamkeag on the European & North American Railroad. We have followed the river in its devious windings, from a width of fifteen to now an expansion of over five hundred feet. We have felt the mysterious silence of the wilderness at early morn, or as the twilight lessened and the shadows deepened about the camp, only broken by the chirp of the cricket or the weird and plaintive cry of the loons on the lake.

Our tour has been one of daily excitement filled from first to last with grand old forests, noble waterfalls, picturesque lakes and cascades; a region in which an artist might linger many weeks with profit to both eyes and brush, while the recreation to one's health by the out-of-door life in the dry atmosphere cannot be over-estimated. Springing ashore we unjoint our rods, pack up the camera, collapse the canvas canoe, and with hearts full of thanks to the kind Providence which has watched over our two hundred mile voyage, we bade adieu to our guides, as we do now to the reader.

THOMAS SEDGWICK STEELE.

A WINTER IN LOUISIANA.

TO those who dwell in high latitudes, and among hills and mountains, the first sight of "Tuckepaw" Country, is simply a revelation.

Imagine a low, flat meadow-like land, threaded by innumerable streams and dotted with millions of tiny lakelets, all of which stream and lakelets have a common parentage in some huge, monster-like reservoir; all lying in a shining bright in the rays of the winter sun, and all seeming to lead an aimless existence, and all running nowhere, and all likewise ending nowhere.

Such is the Atchapakas County, corrupted into "Tuckepaw," as I saw it one bright winter morning in the year of our Lord 1859.

Three years of my hard work in the school-room, supplemented by the wish to become thoroughly acquainted with Blackstone, Chitty, Greenleaf, and other masterly files of the legal persuasion, had so shaken me physically, that I gladly accepted an invitation from a great-uncle to recuperate myself by shooting and fishing in Louisiana for a whole winter.

"Behold of me then!" as our lively French friends say, on the good steamer *Elephant*, flying on the wings of steam away from the high and rugged regions of the North to the soft skies and Italy-like weather of Southern Louisiana.

Our boat was crowded with the usual motley crowd that could then be found on every steamer running on the Mississippi, from the planter who made five hundred bales, haughty, cool, and contemptuous, down to his humble compeer of five bales, ignorant, excitable, and humble.

I am sorry, alas, to record that there were many rogues, negro dealers, and gamblers, men who, at the South, have ever been regarded as *chevaliers d'industrie*, that is, gentlemen who live by their wits; exploiters, who lived like princes to-day, blazing in diamonds, and to-morrow, so poor as not to have money to buy a single meal.

After the first day or two on a steamer, there are naturally formed little cliques of those who are regarded as taste and sentiment. Among those whose acquaintance I formed was one of the most agreeable, the most economical, the most lovable man that I have ever been my good fortune to meet. Dr. C., of Mississippi—I wonder if he still lives. Should he be alive, and see these lines, he will know how much the "Major" loved him. God bless him I real, true gentleman!

Dr. C. was a little deaf, and was a source of inexhaustible fun to me, and long imaginary conversations which I carried on with him, as if he were a living man. I am sorry to say, wanting in the attic salt of the *Acetes Ambrosiane*, but with enough of malicious personality to cause the Doctor's black eyes to snap, and his long black beard to curl, a sure sign of anger in him.

Then when any of the parties whom I had so wilfully maligned showed any weakness (let us say an amiable weakness) the Doctor would come up to him, and with african iron lying in his eye for his prey, and crunch his bones in a linguistic way, so that the innocent victim felt very much indeed.

The Doctor was very fond of card playing, and he and the mate of the boat, a burly, coarse fellow, would often play euchre by the hour. The mate was a bulky and a

coarse—no unusual combination. It was during one of these nocturnal orgies, prolonged until the "we sma hours ayaat the twa!" that the Doctor had very unceremoniously given the mate the lie. Now, I have not the least doubt that the mate lied. Indeed, I am certain that he lied, but at that time in the South every fellow tried to consider himself the equal of every one, and tried very hard to make himself and others believe that he was a gentleman. In fact, most of the street fights and bloody encounters were with men of this class, who having no education and no refinement, tried to substitute the pistol for good manners, and often succeeded in literally shooting their way into good society. The mate was ambitious, and as it was the first time that he had ever sat down with gentlemen, now was the time to cover himself with glory.

What was my astonishment next morning, after breakfast when Dr. C., after giving me a graphic detail of what had transpired the night before, I asked him to stand as his second in a duel with the mate which had been arranged to come off at Baton Rouge. I agreed readily to act as the Doctor's second, with a mental reservation that he should never meet the mate, bully, coward, and no gentleman, if I could by any means prevent it. At that time I was a crack shot with revolver, rifle, or shot gun. I owned a pair of Colt's heavy revolvers, with which I could practice, and I could shoot out to be first a silver half dollar every time. At the next wedding station, seeing the mate on shore directing the sable crew in their loading the wood, I buckled on my revolvers and strolled carelessly up the bank and entered into conversation with the mate.

About thirty or forty yards from us was a dead oak littered over with wild pigeons. These birds, after they have given themselves up as accursed, are very tame, and often allow several barnyard hounds to be first among them before they will fly. Calling the mate's attention to these birds, I asked him if he could kill one of them with a revolver. "No; and many man on yearth kin do it," was the immediate reply. Asking him to pick out a bird for me, he very sullenly said: "That'n pickin' hisself will do." Hardly had he spoken when the identical bird fell headlong to the earth. Accidental by no means, I must have shot him. I select another, and, as before, the bird fell to an unerring aim. Two more, and the frightened birds sailed in a dark blue column across the river. "Now," said I, "you know well why I have shot those birds." The trembling limbs, the pallid countenance, and the broken, disjointed utterance but too plainly told that he did know. In the most cheerful manner I assured him that if any barn should befall the Doctor who, he well knew, couldn't hit a barn with a revolver, that I should be compelled, in the interests of good society and friendship, to avenge his death. I further assured him in a friendly way that the shooting which he had just seen me do was a mere bagatelle; that at ten paces, at the word, I could drive the head of a tack into a board every time. I entreated him to throw up a half dollar, that I might shoot him some good shooting—good shooting, that he might remember. But he was effectually cowed, and heaving a sigh at my new challenge, and the good Doctor never knew the reason.

But, bless my soul! I started to tell of a winter in Louisiana.

It was on a bright winter morning, then, that pulling aside the blinds of my window, I looked out over the broad waters of a lake that lay glancing and sparkling in the morning sun. Myriads of wild fowl were dispersing themselves in its water, and I could at thirty yards hit the rear of a shot gun. Two pretty little skiffs lay dancing up and down upon the mimic waves, while innumerable *bateaux* and "dug outs" completed the marine force, or army of the lake.

Dressing myself, I hastened—down stairs, and on the landing below found my uncle, aunt and cousins waiting to greet me, and make me feel at home. In ten minutes I felt perfectly at home, and I was soon established as *ami de maison*.

My uncle and married, years before, a lady of French extraction. His career had been, in old Kentucky, a not infrequent one. Born to immense wealth, fine horses, dogs, guns and cards had absorbed it all, and Uncle Gus woke one fine morning to find himself a ruined man. The Cotton States at that time were the refuge of ruined Kentuckians, whose general names, whose general *bona fides* made them favorites in every circle. My uncle had resolved upon a new start in life, and as a preliminary had married a French heiress. So well had he prospered, that when I came to Louisiana to spend my winter, he owned three plantations and about two hundred and fifty negroes. I say "about," for what Southerner ever knew his exact number of "niggers"?

My aunt's father had been a nobleman of the old regime in France, and very stately and proud, yet with within a kind heart let these lines bear witness. Three stalwart sons and two blooming daughters completed the household; the sons, taught in all field sports and French; the daughters, as was usual in the South, taught much more, yet modest and untaught as children.

Surely, thought I, as I sat down to my first breakfast, "my lines are cast in pleasant places."

A saddle of venison, a pile of roast beef's dinner, broiled *leccas* or *laid*, duck, fried perch, corn cakes and *gufs* *a laide*, made up a most appetizing breakfast to which I did full justice. Here for the first time I saw flowers on the table at breakfast.

I had brought my own gun with me, a Westley-Richards, No. 12, a large gauge at that time, a hard hitting, close shooting weapon, superior in all things to the modern breech-loader, except in facility of loading. My cousins had guns of that make, sawed blade guns, though, but also got shaky and unreliable at more than fifty yards. We spent that day upon the lake and I am ashamed to say how many ducks fell to my gun. Suffice it to say that it was slaughter. Thousands upon thousands of ducks, brant and geese were continually circling over our heads, and he had but small skill in shooting who could not have filled his skiff, much less game bag, in a day's shooting.

Nowhere in the world can there be found such fine shooting and fishing as can be found in the lakes and bayous of Southern Louisiana. There is something appallingly grand about some of the lakes. Giant cypresses, wreathed in their towering summits with the funeral-looking gray moss, stand like pyramids rather than trees, while the wind waving the moss gives it a fantastic and

weird resemblance at a distance to floating banners, or the sides of great phantom ships gliding along noiselessly far away over the sea. Then the streams, too, are dark, secret and mysterious, seem to hold within their somber depths of dread secrets, dark, unfathomable, appalling. Then, too, the forms of animal life are as varied as the scenery. Rank upon rank in serried columns stand the roseate spoonbills and the crested crane, melancholy, sedate and silent. Squirrels, black, red and grey, jump from tree to tree and violently scold the intruder upon their domain, long held by prescriptive right; alligators, widely and deceptively smiling, bask in the sun, and upon thousands of decaying logs, or swim along lazily, the tips of their noses just above the water, looking like old stumps or huge limbs of trees. During this same winter I had an adventure with their alligatorships which nearly cured me of all desire to hunt them. One fine evening my cousin Herbert proposed that we should ride over to a lake some miles distant where we had never before visited. Taking our rifles, we were soon on the point of a voyage to the lake. On our way thither my cousin informed me that the alligators in that particular lake, from some cause, were the most ferocious that he had ever seen. There were wild stories afloat among the negroes, he told me, of a cruel planter who made his refractory slaves wade into the lake and fight the alligators, and that the slaves were killed and eaten. "They certainly have had a taste of man," said Herbert, laughing, "and you must watch out, for they are the biggest that I have ever seen, and the most of them." Presently we came in sight of the lake, of which, from its very singular appearance, I often dream to this day; Imagine a deep circular basin lower than the lowland around it, containing perhaps a thousand acres.

Not a tree could be seen in the lake, but its banks were thickly clothed with gigantic, funeral-looking pines, waving their banners of Spanish moss in the still evening air. Dark, deep and sullen, it seemed a fit abode for monsters of all kinds. Dismounting at some distance from the lake, for fear that the alligators might eat our ponies, we walked down to its banks. Never shall I forget the sight that met my gaze. On every log and their thousands of limbs there were alligators—a very numerous of alligators. Cold and shivering, we looked at the waters themselves, the whole scene seemed the realization of a horrid dream. The alligator is a very tenacious animal of life, and nothing less than a half ounce ball planted in the eye or under the foreleg is immediately fatal. That they eat each other I do not aver, but that they will tear wounded ones to pieces, I know. My cousin Herbert seeing some of the maws of the alligators on the opposite side of the lake, left me, and I walked out across the lake upon two huge cypress that had fallen across each other, and from that vantage ground I opened the battle. At first I shot very coolly, and every shot told, but hundreds of others, attracted by the smell of blood, lashed the water into foam, and rising beneath my very feet glared at me with hungry, baleful eyes, as if they would like to tear me to pieces, as they did with their wounded companions.

At last this made me a little nervous, and having made a shot at one very large, vicious-looking fellow, which only enraged him, while loading my rifle I saw a huge one on the log behind me. Inch by inch the dreadful reptile crept toward me. My hands trembled so that my fingers would not hold the percussion cap which I vainly tried to put on the tube. Another moment, and I would have been a meal for the monster, and would have been every inch of the lake to be torn into pieces by the hungry monster, who seethed and boiled at my feet. At this instant the sharp crack of a rifle rang in my ears, and I saw—yes, literally saw the ball strike the monster in the eye, and the next moment he fell dead as a stone from the log. To hurry to the shore, to grasp my cousin's hand, to thank him for my life, released from a death too horrible to contemplate, was the first thing that came into my mind. On our way home he told me that when a boy, shooting alligators in this lake, the party had been compelled to desert, for the alligators pursued them on land. From that eventful evening I lost all desire to hunt alligators; and except an occasional shot at one who was too saucy, I continued my shooting during the rest of my stay to legitimate game.

It was in a corner in which the deer had been almost exterminated, the number and beauty of these interesting animals was ever a wonder and a joy to me. You might ride through the tall and matted grass for hours, and perhaps not see a single deer; yet, at the crack of a rifle, you could see many hundreds of heads peering above the tall grass and weeds, seeking to ascertain your exact location.

Well do I remember my first deer hunt. Though every one in that county practised "still" hunting, or stalking, my cousins, Herbert and Robert, had procured a small pack of deer hounds of the old Virginia breed, short-legged, deer-lapped, large bodied dogs, whose ancestors had doubtless pulled down many a gallant stag in merry old England.

Everything having been arranged the evening before, at an early hour in the early morning you are roused from sweet dreams by a bright light in your eyes, and a gentleman of the African persuasion demands in the tone of a privileged domestic: "Is you gwine deer drivin' dis mawnin'?"

As a dim remembrance of the enthusiasm of the previous night, stimulated doubtless by my uncle's fine claret, dawns upon you, you hurriedly don your shooting jacket and go down. A substantial breakfast, but no minutiae, for your hand must be steady, to-day with the wild blast from a hunting bugle, and a chorus of yells from the dogs intermingled with the shrill cries of all the little niggers on the place; with a wild whoop and a sweeping gallop, we are all off to the hunting grounds.

Faint streaks of the rosy dawn light up the eastern sky as you are posted at your "stand" on the banks of a wide, deep stream, and you are in a constant whisper that somewhere as many as twenty deer dash through that place in order to cross the stream and get away from the deep mottled thunder that so fiercely and relentlessly pursued them behind. Shivering to your very marrow, for the morning air here is cold, you sit down on the gnarled root of a huge magnolia and try to think of all the good you have done and all the evil; unsatisfactory book-keeping, with a little grace on the wrong side; so you stop that and recall all the things you have ever read of deer hunting. "Chevy chase, chevy chase!" the refrain

Mr. S. D. Osborne read a list of birds of the order Raptores, which spend the breeding season on Long Island, in which it was noted that the mottled owl, marsh hawk, sharp-shinned, coopers, red-shouldered, red-tailed, and fish-hawks breed with some regularity; the great horned

long-eared and barred owls, the broad-winged and sparrow hawks, and the white-headed eagle breed rarely, while no positive breeding record was given for the short-eared, or Acadian owls.

Mr. L. S. Foster read a list of birds observed the past season near Cloister, N. J., on the Hackensack River, and at Greenwood Lake. Among these the chewink (*Pipilo erythrophthalmus*) was mentioned as having been captured Feb. 23d, 1879. Mr. C. H. Eagle read a paper reviewing our present knowledge of the pallid sparrow (*Passerculus princeps*), and mentioning the capture of two specimens at Rockaway, L. I., January, 1880. Mr. Eagle, though recognizing the conspicuous characters of the bird, was inclined to favor the view of its being a variety of *P. savanna*. Ten specimens of this sparrow are now recorded from Long Island, the most southern point at which it has been detected.

NOTES ON SOME BIRDS BREEDING IN COLORADO.

The following brief notes are from observations made during the season of 1879 in the vicinity of the Goodnight Ranch on the Arkansas River, five miles above Pueblo.

I have included in the list only such species as were actually seen breeding. The number of species resident during the spring and summer in the locality is comparatively small, but the greater part of those breeding are very common:—

Turdus migratorius—Robin; common; breeds.
Minus polyglottus—Mocking-bird; breeds abundantly; usually nests in a cactus or a cedar.

Stalia arctica—Arctic blue-bird; a few pairs observed breeding in holes and crevices in the rocks; a nest found April 30th in a hole in the side of a stump was built of grass, and contained five young birds just hatched.

Poliophtila cerulea—Blue-gray gnat catcher; found a nest in a cedar, June 22d, containing two young and a cow-bird's egg.

Salpinctes obsoletus—Rock wren; breeds in great numbers in holes in banks and crevices in rocks. A nest found, May 22d, in a hole in a bank, was placed three inches from the entrance, and built of grass lined with horse hair. It contained six eggs.

Dendroica aestiva—Summer yellowbird; breeds commonly in the river bottom.

Icteria virens, var., *longicauda*—Long-tailed chat; breeds abundantly. Nests in the low bushes along the river. First nest with eggs taken June 2d; usual number of eggs three—occasionally four.

Hirundo horreorum—Barn swallow; a few seen breeding about buildings.

Petrochelidon lunifrons—Eave swallow; breeds in large colonies on the rocky sides of the bluffs along the river.

Collurio ludovicianus, var., *occubitoroides*—Whiterumped shrike; breeds commonly among the cedars on the bluffs.

Carpodacus frontalis—Crimson-fronted finch; breeds in great numbers; nests in trees, cacti and old barn swallows' nests.

Chrysomitris psaltria—Arkansas goldfinch; a few pairs observed breeding; a nest found, June 21st, was about five feet from the ground in the forks of a limb of a small elm. The nest was built of fine grass and weeds, mixed with cottonwood down and lined with the down and fine strips of grapevine bark. It measured two and one-half inches in diameter outside; and one and three-fourths inches; depth outside, two and one-half inches; inside, one inch; eggs five, similar to those of *C. tristis*. Sept. 18th I found a nest which the young birds were just leaving.

Pooecetes gramineus, var., *confinis*—Western grass finch; breeds in great numbers. I found one nest in a cactus a foot from the ground, and another in a cedar six feet from the ground, built on top of an old mocking-bird's nest. One set of five eggs taken.

Goniapha melanocephala—Black-headed grosbeak; a few seen breeding.

Cyanospiza amoena—Lazuli finch; breeds abundantly. *Pipilo fuscus*—Brown towhee; common resident throughout the year; usually nests in a cactus. One found, April 29th, was placed in a cavity in the top of a dead cedar eight feet from the ground. Nests built of weeds and grass and lined with hair. Eggs, three; one laid each day until the set is complete.

Agelaius phoeniceus—Red-winged blackbird; breeds in great numbers along the river.

Icterus bullockii—Bullock's oriole; breeds abundantly.

Pica hudsonica—American magpie; breeds commonly; usual number of eggs, seven.

Tyrannus carolinensis—Kingbird; common; breeds.

Tyrannus verticalis—Arkansas flycatcher; great numbers breed.

Chordeiles virginianus, var., *henryi*—Western night-hawk; very common; breeds.

Coccyzus americanus—Yellow-billed cuckoo; one nest with two eggs taken.

Melanerpes erythrocephalus—Red-headed woodpecker; rare; only one pair seen breeding.

Colaptes auratus—Red-shafted woodpecker; breeds commonly. Took five eggs from a hole April 27th, and May 4th took seven more from the same hole.

Falco sparverius—Sparrow hawk; common; breeds in holes in trees and crevices in rocks.

Zenaidura macroura—Carolina dove; very common; breeds.

Agelaius vociferus—Killdeer plover; breeds abundantly in the river bottom.

Thalassidroma n. l., Jan. 7th, 1880. HERMAN W. NASH.

THE BIRDS OF CHESTER COUNTY, PA.

BY R. HARRY WARREN.

(Continued.)

76. *Dendroica virens*, Baird—Black-throated green warbler; common migrant; arrives May 2d to 10th.

77. *D. townsendi*, Baird—Townsend's warbler. Of this species in Chester County little is known. Mr. C. D. Wood, of Philadelphia, May 12th, 1883, killed near Coatesville, Pa., a male of this species. The specimen was sold to Mr. Turnbull, of Philadelphia, and after his death was purchased by Barney Hoopes, Philadelphia. The bird, I have been informed, is now in possession of John Krider, Philadelphia.

78. *D. canadensis*, Baird—Black-throated blue warbler; common migrant; arrives May 8th to 12th.

79. *D. coronata*, Gray—Yellow-crowned warbler; common migrant; arrives April 7th to 15th.

80. *D. blackburni*, Baird—Blackburnian warbler; somewhat rare; arrives May 6th to 25th. Mr. William E. Hughes, of Phoenixville, Pa., has a nest and three eggs taken in this county. A letter sent me by Mr. Hughes contains the appended mention relative to the find: "The old birds were not shot, but were seen at a very little distance, and there can be no possible mistake."

81. *D. castanea*, Baird—Bay-breasted warbler; irregularly rare; arrives April 27th to May 14th.

82. *D. pensilvanica*, Baird—Chestnut-sided warbler; arrives May 4th to 15th; numerous migrant. I saw two of these birds the 23th of June, 1879; another was observed July 1st. The plumage of the first-mentioned appeared worn. From this fact, as well as the late occurrence, I am inclined to think they occasionally breed here.

83. *D. cerulea*, Baird—Cerulean warbler; rare migrant, arriving May 1d to 12th.

84. *D. striata*, Baird—Black-poll warbler; abundant migrant; arrives May 18th to 25th.

85. *Dendroica aestiva*, Baird—Yellow warbler; common; arrives May 1st to 10th.

86. *D. maculosa*, Baird—Black and yellow warbler; migrant; irregularly abundant; arrives May 10th to 18th.

87. *D. tigrina*, Baird—Cape May warbler; rare migrant; arrives May 6th to 20th.

88. *D. palmarum*, Baird—Yellow-red poll; abundant migrant; arrives May 10th to 24th.

89. *D. superciliosa*, Baird—Yellow-throated warbler; very rare migrant.

90. *D. discolor*, Baird—Prairie warbler; rare migrant, arriving April 25th to May 7th.

91. *Myiobites tristis*, Aud.—Hooded warbler; rare; May 5th to 10th.

92. *M. pusillus*, Bonap.—Green black-cap flycatcher; frequent; arrives May 24 to 12th.

93. *M. canadensis*, Aud.—Canada flycatcher; common migrant, arriving May 3d to 14th.

94. *Setophaga ruticilla*, Sw.—Redstart; common migrant; April 21st to May 10th. If I remember correctly, a nest of this bird was found and reported in the FOREST AND STREAM (date not known) by a gentleman residing in Kenneth Township, Pa.

95. *Pyrrhula rubra*, Vieill.—Scarlet tanager; abundant; arrives April 25th to May 9th; remains as late as Oct. 5th.

96. *P. aestiva*, Vieill.—Summer red warbler; accidental visitant.

97. *Hirundo horreorum*, Barton—Barn swallow; abundant; reaches us April 15th to 20th.

98. *Hirundo lunifrons*, Fay—Cliff swallow; abundant; arrives April 28th to May 3d.

99. *H. bicolor*, Vieill.—White-bellied swallow; abundant during migration, but not common during the breeding season; arrives April 9th to 15th.

100. *Cotyle riparia*, Boie—Sand swallow; abundant, arriving April 21st to May 4th.

101. *Cotyle scriptum*—Rough-winged swallow; occasional, arriving from April 25th to May 1st. Mr. J. Hoopes Matlack thinks he has found the nest of *scriptum* in Chester County.

102. *Progne subis*, Baird—Purple martin; abundant; March 21st to April 1st.

103. *Ampelis cedrorum*, Baird—Cedar bird; winter resident; no doubt breeds; gregarious.

104. *Collyria borealis*, Baird—Butcher bird; winter resident, frequent; arrives in October, departs by April 25th, mostly earlier.

105. *Vireo olivaceus*, Vieill.—Red-eyed vireo; abundant; arrives April 19th to May 1st.

106. *V. gilvus*, Bonap.—Warbling flycatcher; common in spring and fall; arrives April 25th to 30th.

107. *V. noveboracensis*, Bonap.—White-eyed vireo; frequent; occurs May 1st to 5th.

108. *V. solitarius*, Vieill.—Blue-headed vireo; somewhat scarce; arrives April 20th to May 4th.

109. *V. flavifrons*, Vieill.—Yellow-throated vireo; common migrant, arriving May 1st to 15th.

110. *Minus polyglottus*, Boie—Mocking-bird. This species formerly bred in this county, although I have no reason to believe that it does so now. To Mr. Benjamin M. Liverhart, a gentleman who has devoted some forty years to the study of the natural history of this section, the writer is indebted for the subjoined mention of this bird. About 1859 several birds of this species built nests and reared young, for two or three consecutive years. In those hedges, on the property of the Misses Bennett. Having seen the statement that the mocking bird will not breed in confinement, I would say that Mr. Liverhart has had them breed repeatedly in captivity.

Mr. polyglottus in this county may be considered as occurring only in the past; even as a wandering visitor it has not been seen for years. Nov. 24th, 1879, a specimen (?) was taken on the "Barrens" north of West Chester, but judging from the somewhat worn tail and late occurrence I am forced to think the same an escaped captive.

111. *Minus carolinensis*, Gray—Catbird; abundant; breeds; arrives April 28th to May 8th.

112. *Harpophynchus rufus*, Cab.—Brown thrush; abundant, breeds; arrives April 24th to 30th.

113. *Tyrannus ludovicianus*, Bonap.—Great Carolina mocking wren. Winter resident; not common.

114. *T. bewickii*, Bonap.—Bewick's wren; "very rare."

115. *Citellus palustris*, Cab.—Long-billed marsh wren. "Summer resident; frequent about marshes; insectivorous. Feeds on aquatic insects and others which frequent wet places." (Michener). This species we have never seen; Vincent Barnard, who lived not very far from Dr. Michener, did not encounter this bird, at least until after 1861, as his catalogue published in that year did not contain it.

116. *C. strigatus*, Cab.—Short-billed marsh wren. It has never been our good fortune to meet with this bird, yet Michener speaks of it as a "summer resident; frequent." Barnard, however,

states that it is "very rare."

117. *Troglodytes*, Adon.—House wren; abundant; arrives April 25th to 30th.

118. *T. hyemalis*, Vieill.—Winter wren; common in winter; arrives Nov. 15th to 30th.

119. *Certhia americana*, Bonap.—Brown creeper; frequent; winter resident.

120. *Sitta carolinensis*, Gmelin.—White-bellied nut-hatch; common resident.

121. *S. canadensis*, Linn.—Red-bellied nut-hatch; rare; winter resident. I know of but one specimen taken within the confines of Chester County.

122. *Poliophtila cerulea*, Solat.—Blue-gray gnat catcher; April 15th to 25th.

123. *Lophophanes bicolor*, Bonap.—Tufted titmouse; frequent; resident.

124. *Parus atricapillus*, Linn.—Black-capped titmouse; somewhat common; resident.

125. *Parus carolinensis*, Aud.—Carolina titmouse. I have been informed that Livingston Hartman, M. D., formerly of this borough, took eggs and specimens of this species near Darlington's Corner, Pa.

126. *Eremophila cornuta*, Boie.—Shore lark; winter resident; somewhat common; gregarious.

127. *Pinticola canadensis*, Cab.—Pine grosbeak; rare; winter visitant.

128. *Carpodacus purpureus*, Gray—Purple linch; common; spring migrant; arrives April 15th to May 1st; sometimes winter resident.

129. *Chrysomitris tristis*, Bonap.—Goldfinch; abundant; resident.

130. *C. pinus*, Bonap.—Pine finch; rare; winter visitant.

131. *Curvirostra americana*, Wilson—Red crossbill. During severe winters is sometimes seen.

132. *C. leucoptera*, Wilson—White-wing crossbill; winter visitant; rare.

133. *Agelaius phoeniceus*, Cab.—Lesser red poll. This species rarely visits, but when it does is found in large flocks. The writer and a friend, during the winter of '73 and '74, obtained about 150 specimens. For fifteen years prior to this time they had not been seen, at least in any numbers, in this section of the county. Depart in April.

134. *Spizella monticola*, Baird—Tree sparrow; abundant winter resident.

135. *S. pusilla*, Bonap.—Field sparrow; common; arrives March 28th to April 10th.

136. *S. socialis*, Bonap.—Chipping sparrow; abundant; arrives April 9th to 25th.

137. *Melospiza melodia*, Baird—Song sparrow; common resident.

138. *M. lincolni*, Baird—Lincoln's sparrow; "migratory; extremely rare."

139. *M. palustris*, Baird—Swamp sparrow; common migrant; not gregarious or resident; arrives April 25th to 30th.

140. *Passerella iliaca*, Swainson—Fox-colored sparrow; arrives March 25th to April 5th; abundant during migration.

141. *Euponia americana*, Hutton.—Black-throated bunting; rare; arrives April 27th to May 1th. I have never known it to breed. Michener gives it as a "summer resident; common."

142. *M. E. townsendi*, Bonap.—Townsend's bunting; but one specimen known.

(To be continued.)

Fish Culture.

FISH CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

THE fifth biennial report of the Commissioners of Fisheries for the years 1878 and 1879 shows an encouraging progress of the work in California, and an increased public interest in the labors of the Commission. The fishing industries of California are of great magnitude; the wealth of the State is not all locked up in her gold mines. The pages of the report now before us contain some instructive statistics of her other sources of revenue; and we have made liberal extracts from this instructive document:—

Since the inception of fish culture in the State one-half of the annual appropriation has been devoted to the propagation of the salmon (*Oncorhynchus quinnat*); the number of young fish hatched and turned out into the Sacramento River during that period being 13,150,000. The yearly supply is now 2,500,000, which appears to keep the yield of the river equal to that of former years, notwithstanding the increase in the number of se-d-jons protected by law, the increase in the nets and fishmen, and the erection of additional canning establishments.

The following table will show the relative catch for the years during which we have caused statistics to be obtained of salmon caught in the Sacramento and San Joaquin and transported to San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton:—

Open season Nov. 1st, 1874, to Aug. 1st, 1875	5,628,744 lbs.
Open season Nov. 1st, 1875, to Aug. 1st, 1876	6,121,322 lbs.
Open season Nov. 1st, 1876, to Aug. 1st, 1877	6,462,162 lbs.
Open season Sept. 15th, 1877, to Aug. 1st, 1878	6,529,768 lbs.
Open season Sept. 15th, 1878, to Aug. 1st, 1879	4,432,250 lbs.

The apparent falling off in the season of 1878-9 was not because the fish were not so numerous in the river as in former years, but in consequence of a dispute between the proprietors of the canning establishments and the fishermen as to the price to be paid by the former for the fish as they were caught.

The close season, say the Commissioners, is now too short. Salmon in large numbers, with eggs fully mature, were on sale in the San Francisco and other markets from September 15th to the 1st of October, and yet we learn efforts will be made at the coming session of the Legislature to still further reduce it, or to change it to a time when there are no fish coming in from the ocean, or perhaps to completely abolish it. Experience in all the other States has demonstrated that fishermen as a class look only to their present profit, and are not willing to yield anything that the supply of fish in the river may be maintained.

The statistics of the canning establishments in California are as follows: Total value of fixtures, including rig, canneries, 220 boats, 220 nets, and 120 scow houses, \$874,500. Six hundred men are employed in fishing and 800 more in canning, with a large number of Chinese workmen.

NAMES WANTED.—We should be pleased to have the writers who use the following signatures send us their proper names: "W. B." Sept. 11th, 1879; "Issaquima," Sept. 18th, 1879; "G. G. H. Jr.," Aug. 23, 1877; "R. P. C.," Jan. 29th, 1874; "J. F.," Sept. 14th, 1878; "R. S. B.," April 9th, 1874; "C. S. W.," Dec. 10th, 1876.

The total number of salmon canned in 1878 were about 220,000, value \$263,487; in 1879, 67,323, value \$50,576. In Oregon the salmon fisheries employ 800 boats and 800 nets to 35 canneries, with a working force of about 2,000 men, of whom two-thirds are Chinese, the total capital invested being \$1,375,000. In Oregon, British Columbia, and Alaska, the 47 canneries put up in 1878 a total of 604,570 cases, of which the value was \$9,294,578, and in the year 1879 a total of 408,800 cases, valued at \$3,013,600.

The catch of the season of 1877-8, says the report, was the largest of any since we commenced obtaining statistics, and is in fact the practical result of artificial hatching. Fish hatched in a given year do not begin to show in the returns until three or four years after the young fish are placed in the water. After nine years of study and experience, combined with considerable practical experience, we are prepared to answer the question as to the practicability of keeping up the supply of salmon in the Sacramento, notwithstanding the increase of population, extended facilities for transportation, and the multiplication of canning establishments, nets, and fishermen.

First—There must be an honest close season, faithfully observed by the fishermen, to allow a portion of the ripe fish to reach the spawning grounds. This must be kept as a normal supply of the river, which normal supply would depend upon the area of clean gravel beds at the sources of the streams over which pure water was passing of a proper temperature. It would also give a supply of fish at the only places where their eggs could be taken for artificial hatching.

Second—The thousands of sea lions and seals at the Golden Gate and in the bay—strictly protected by legislation and management—must not doubt catch more fish annually than all the pets of the fishermen. These rapacious animals observe neither close season nor Sunday, live wholly on fish, and are unceasing in their work of destruction. They should be reduced in numbers or driven to some other part of the coast.

Third—A portion of the fish being allowed to reach their spawning grounds, and their destruction by sea lions and seals at Golden Gate and in the bay—strictly protected by legislation in this river would depend simply on the amount of money which the Legislature should deem proper to appropriate for the purpose.

After the female salmon escapes all her enemies in the ocean, the sea lions at the Golden Gate, the seals in the bay, and miles of nets in the river, and swims blindly against a stream of more than one hundred miles of salmon, the female salmon, the female salmon, the female salmon reaches the clean gravel beds of the ice-cold sources of the river to perform the duties of maternity, she is still beset by numerous enemies. In the most favorable streams the areas are not large—having proper beds of gravel, appropriate depth, and the right temperature of water—on which the eggs can be deposited. When the eggs are deposited, observation and experiment have shown that only an average of eight per cent. of them come in contact with the fertilizing sperm of the male, ninety-two per cent., of course, die. This eight per cent. is liable to be destroyed by trout and other fish, or to be smothered by a deposit of sediment caused by heavy rains on the summit of the mountains.

A mature female salmon of the Sacramento will yield 800 eggs to each pound in weight of the fish; thus, a fish of 20 pounds will yield 16,000 eggs. Sediment, and all that come in contact with the fertilizing sperm of the male, ninety-two per cent., of course, die. This eight per cent. is liable to be destroyed by trout and other fish, or to be smothered by a deposit of sediment caused by heavy rains on the summit of the mountains. A mature female salmon of the Sacramento will yield 800 eggs to each pound in weight of the fish; thus, a fish of 20 pounds will yield 16,000 eggs. Sediment, and all that come in contact with the fertilizing sperm of the male, ninety-two per cent., of course, die. This eight per cent. is liable to be destroyed by trout and other fish, or to be smothered by a deposit of sediment caused by heavy rains on the summit of the mountains. A mature female salmon of the Sacramento will yield 800 eggs to each pound in weight of the fish; thus, a fish of 20 pounds will yield 16,000 eggs. Sediment, and all that come in contact with the fertilizing sperm of the male, ninety-two per cent., of course, die. This eight per cent. is liable to be destroyed by trout and other fish, or to be smothered by a deposit of sediment caused by heavy rains on the summit of the mountains.

Among the other fishes to which attention has been given, are the white fish (*Corygonus albus*), of which Professor Baird gave nearly one million eggs from Lake Michigan. A discovery of some importance in the care of the young of the white fish was made by Mr. J. G. Woodbury, in charge of the State hatching-house. This fish lives on the crustacea found on the rocks at the bottom of deep lakes, and as it was not known on what the young fish could be fed, it has heretofore been necessary, within a few days after the young fish have emerged from the eggs, to place them in the lakes to find their own food. Mr. Woodbury found that by pounding to a jelly the flesh of the common salt-water crab, the young white fish would eat and thrive upon it. He kept 50,000 on this food for more than two months. This discovery is of much interest, as it enables the young fish to be kept for some time, and thus distributed to stock mountain lakes that are inaccessible during the winter.

Professor Baird also sent, in 1878, 115,000 young shad from Havre de Grace, Maryland, and these were placed in the Sacramento River at Tehama, where the previous importations, 285,000 in all, had been placed. There can be no doubt they find congenial homes in Pacific coast waters, and are thriving and producing their kind. Several thousand mature fish have been taken and sold in the San Francisco markets during the spring of 1879. A few are found in market almost every month of the year. After leaving the Sacramento River the great body of these fish follow the coast south to the Bay of Monterey, where they must remain, finding an abundance of food; for a few are caught in the nets of the fishermen in this bay during every week throughout the year.

The 74 Schuykill catfish (*Ameiurus albidus*), imported from the River Schuykill in 1874, and placed in lakes near Sacramento, have increased to millions, and now furnish an immense supply of food. They appear to be equally at home in the rivers, lakes, brackish sloughs of the tide

lands, artificial reservoirs and mill-ponds.

The value of all the fish of this species, now caught annually and consumed as food, would more than equal the annual appropriation made by the State and placed at the disposal of the Fish Commissioners. This variety of catfish has valuable characteristics, which admirably fit it for wide distribution and for self-preservation in the struggle for existence. The female makes a round nest in the bottom of a pond in which she deposits usually from 3,000 to 5,000 eggs. These are fecundated by the male, who then leaves them to the care of the female. The mother remains over them fanning them with her fins, probably to keep them oxygenated with fresh currents of water, as well as to prevent them being smothered by sediment. She remains in constant attendance, driving away every fish that approaches her nest. In from six to ten days the young hatch, and their appearance. Her care does not cease with the birth of the young fish. She now swims about them in a circle, keeping them together until all are hatched. When all the young fish are fitted to swim she leads them off to find food, still keeping them in a body by circling about them and driving back wanderers, as a trained shepherd dog drives in a wandering sheep; she will at the same time fight any other fish that comes near her charge. In another week or ten days they are prepared to search for their own food, when they gradually disperse. The popular demand for these fish increase as the people learn its adaptability. During the time covered by the report some 39,000 of them have been distributed to public waters.

In January, 1878, we received from the hatching-house, Grand Lake Stream, Maine, 50,000 eggs of the land-locked salmon. As was stated in our last report, the California salmon (*Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*) has been placed there itself to a life in fresh water. The reservoir of the Spring Valley Water Company, supplying San Francisco with water, and known as San Andreas and Pilarcitos, are well stocked with salmon, the product of those prevented from returning to the ocean by the constructions of the dams. Lake Chabot, the reservoir from which the City of Oakland is supplied with water, is also well stocked by the same means, and from young salmon placed there.

In the winter of 1875-6 a large number of young salmon were placed in the Truckee River. This river has its rise in Lake Tahoe and flows into Pyramid Lake in Nevada, and has no outlet to the ocean. Some of these salmon are reported to have been taken with the hook in the Truckee River this season, weighing from three and a half to five pounds. The size to which the Sacramento salmon will grow, and the amount of food they depend upon the quantity of food to be found in the lake or stream. A few years after the dam was erected at the San Andreas reservoir salmon were taken in it weighing from six to twelve pounds. In ten years they have multiplied until hardly any other fish are taken, but now do not average to exceed three-fourths of a pound. They now mature their eggs and molt when less than a pound in weight. The land-locked salmon of Maine do not average over six pounds in weight, but they are numerous in the lakes, furnish a large amount of food and yield much sport to the angler, as they readily take both fly and bait. As they are natives of the cold lakes in Maine we have thought the most appropriate places for the distribution of the young fish would be in our mountain lakes; but for purposes of testing their fitness to thrive in warmer waters, a portion were also distributed to lakes in the valley and on the coast.

The Eastern trout does not appear to thrive in the streams of the Coast Range of mountains. These mountains are composed of sand stone, which is readily worn by the winter rains, and at certain seasons all the streams from them carry a large amount of sediment and become more or less discolored. There is also a great difference in the temperature of the water in winter and summer. The native home of the Eastern trout, as its name implies, is in the clear cold sources of mountain streams. Wherever planted in the clear cold streams of the Sierra Nevada, in water flowing over granite and slate, they find congenial homes, and thrive and propagate equally with the native trout.

Probable there is no trout more valuable for wide distribution than the Pacific coast brook trout (*Salvelinus*). It grows rapidly, occasionally attaining a weight of 10 pounds; it can feed in salt water at the mouths of coast streams, and often weighing five pounds when confined entirely to fresh water containing an abundance of food, as in the McCloud River. Some specimens of McCloud trout, kept in the hatching-trough in the fishery at San Leandro, grew to average seven inches in length in one year from the time the eggs were placed in the hatching trays. It does not seem to be injuriously affected by a long continuance in water containing a large amount of muddy sediment. We are not aware of experiments having been made to test, with exactness, the highest temperature of water in which it will exist and thrive, but without doubt it will live in water so warm as to be fatal to Eastern trout. We believe it could be successfully introduced into streams on the Atlantic coast where Eastern trout would not thrive.

This foregoing resume of the report of Messrs. Redding, Throckmorton and Farwell, the competent commissioners, are sufficient to show that California is fully alive to the importance of the preservation of the fishery supply. The work is in capable hands, and is progressing in a most satisfactory manner.

THE AGE TO LIBERATE FISH.—*Manchester, N. H., Jan. 26th.*—Our experience goes to show that the best time to plant out the young fry is as soon as possible after the yolk-sac is fully absorbed. The young fish are then very lively and are moving about in all directions in search of food, and have not got accustomed to being artificially provided for. The young California salmon put into the Penikese at that stage of their existence, in December, 1878, in water almost freezing, seemed to stand the transplantation very well and were plenty and healthy in the river up to August, 1879, since which time none have been seen, which makes it probable that they returned to salt water the first year instead of remaining in the river two years, as is the case with the Atlantic salmon. We have at different times taken some of the young parr and smelts of the Atlantic salmon which have been in the water almost two years, and stand the transplantation very well and were plenty and healthy in the river up to August, 1879, since which time none have been seen, which makes it probable that they returned to salt water the first year instead of remaining in the river two years, as is the case with the Atlantic salmon. We have at different times taken some of the young parr and smelts of the Atlantic salmon which have been in the water almost two years, and stand the transplantation very well and were plenty and healthy in the river up to August, 1879, since which time none have been seen, which makes it probable that they returned to salt water the first year instead of remaining in the river two years, as is the case with the Atlantic salmon.

tions this season, having taken over 100,000 salmon eggs at Plymouth, from fish which were originally planted in the Penikese, and had returned to spawn, and have also taken over 150,000 trout eggs, half of which are the property of Massachusetts, and the other half will be distributed in various parts of New Hampshire, where the people will protect them till they have grown to a reasonable size. We have also received from Maine 45,000 Penobscot salmon eggs and 50,000 land-locked salmon eggs, with more of the latter to come. The land-locked eggs will be distributed about the State, and the salmon proper placed in the Penikese.

SAMUEL WEBBER.

As a difference of opinion obtains respecting the age at which to liberate fry, we ask our readers to supplement the experience of the New Hampshire Commissioner with their own.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

SOUTHERN WATERS.

Pompano, *Trachinotus carolinus*. Grouper, *Epinichthys nigricans*.
Drum (two species). Flumly Trout (black bass), *Centropomus*.
Striped Bass, or Rockfish, *Roccus tinectus*.
Sea Bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.
Sheepshead, *Archamia probatocephalus*.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*.
Red Snapper, *Lutjanus blackfordii*.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address; after the following model:—

MAINE—Tim Pond, Eustis, Franklin County.—Forty-eight miles north of Farmington. Maine Central Railroad to Farmington; stage to Kingfield and private conveyance twenty-five miles to the farm-house of Kennedy Smith; or, better, private conveyance from Farmington to Smith's. At Tim Pond are four good camps and five boats. Board and use of boat, \$1 per day. Five miles to walk from farm to pond; train ready to haul baggage to camp at reasonable rates. Fish—Trout from May 1st to Oct. 1st are very plenty. Game—Partridges Sept. 1st to Dec. 1st. Address Kennedy Smith, Eustis, Maine.

ARKANSAS—Newport, Jackson County.—Station on St. L., M. & S. Railway, and boat landing on White River. Game—Snipe, plover, quail, ducks, geese, turkeys, swan, deer, bear; twenty-five miles to Swan Lake. Fishing—in river, lakes, and village creek; bass, pickerel, jack salmon, perch—all sorts—in fact all Southern species to be found in the White River. Fish—Trout from May 1st to Oct. 1st are very plenty. Game—Partridges Sept. 1st to Dec. 1st. Address W. H. Bogart, as above.

WHEN TO STRIKE IN FLY-FISHING.

MUCH of the *finesse* of sportsmanship cannot be taught the novice by written instruction. There are certain indispensable points in the successful practice of the art of fly-fishing which must come to the expert only after long experience and discipline. We may talk of "the twist of the wrist," but to make that twist so neatly and effectively that each repetition of it means a fish hooked is something which must be learned quite independently of the books. There, for instance, is the subject of striking in fly-fishing for trout or grayling. Veteran anglers who have fished in many of the best trout streams of the land and who have deftly struck the grayling in Michigan and the salmon in the Canadian streams, hold and maintain very different theories on this point. One will tell you that he strikes as soon as he sees the fish move and before he feels the touch. Another claims that the only proper method is to wait until you feel the touch of the fish, and then, by a movement as quick as lightning, fasten him. Our own practice is to strike at sight; we admit that thereby fish may be missed and scared away, which perhaps would be captured if given a little more time; but the number so lost are, we believe, less than the scores of misses made by the contrary practice. As a rule, the fly-fisherman cannot strike too quick. We should be happy to have the experience of some of our readers upon this topic. There will be many weeks to intervene yet before we may actually put theory into practice; and meanwhile it is fitting to compare notes, and by discussion enlighten both ourselves and the novices who are just learning the rudimentary lessons in the school of angling.

THE SALMON SICKNESS.—*Fort Omaha, Neb., Jan. 1880.*—Your Oregon correspondent writing on the above subject has left little more to be said. I can vouch for the accuracy of his observations and add a striking incident which came under my observation, which would seem to prove that man is also liable to sickness from the same cause.

I was camping on the head of Bear River, Shoshwater Basin, Washington Terr., with two companions in the month of November. I had heard of the "salmon sickness," as it is called, but did not pay much attention to it. The stream was full of hook-nosed or dog-salmon, an inferior species which is seldom eaten when fresh, unless during the first run. After remaining in the small tide-water streams several months they become bruised and scarred in the battle of life; and although I did not think of it at the time, I have no doubt that a microscopic examination would have disclosed the fish fungus which has been so lately discussed in the FOREST AND STREAM, and which may prove to be the real cause of

thoroughly changing of colors, both of animals and birds, we can refer to no better authority than Mr. Darwin, who, in his work of "Animals under Domestication," treats this subject with his usual mastery skill and careful research.

PRECEDENCE AFTER SPAYING.—*New York, Jan. 16th.*—In **FOREST AND STREAM** of last week I corroborated the case of one of your correspondents who spayed a bitch, which afterward gave birth to pups; and you suggested that the case might have descended previous to the operation. This was impossible in my case, as the bitch was only five months old at the time she was spayed. I have since presented the case to Professors T. G. Thomas, J. C. Dalton and J. G. Curtis, and they have all decided that there must have been at least one supplementary ovary. Professor Dalton has notes of two similar cases; one a out and the other a bitch; this latter having already given birth to two litters of pups, and more expected.

MARK WEST.
The supplementary ovary is of course quite possible, but should be demonstrated before accepted as fact. The authorities quoted are of course good only so far as a good opinion is good. The *experimentum crucis* is the only reliable evidence.

MR. WM. B. SHATTUCK'S KENNEL.—This excellent and admirably managed kennel is in the vicinity of Madisonville, Ohio, fifteen miles to the eastward of Cincinnati. The kennel was designed by the owner, Mr. Shattuck, and is modeled in its way on account of its practicability. There are eight rooms in all, each 6x6 feet; these are raised a sufficient distance from the ground to prevent all dampness from penetrating through the flooring; they are kept moderately warm, yet perfectly cleanly and well aired. Each room is provided with its own separate yard, 6x10 feet, and what is well worthy of imitation everywhere is, that the kennel yards are covered with gravel and not material of limestone. This rough surface effectually prevents the softening of the feet which dogs are liable to during the cold season. All of these yards open into a large, well turfed exercising ground enclosed with a paling ten feet high. Of the principal inmates of this kennel, Thorstone is perhaps the best known; a magnificent red Irish setter, who is as good as he looks, and shows that he has been handled by a master in the art of dog breaking. Caesar, a ditz colored pointer, a rare one for ruffed grouse, and two couple and a half of splendidly bred little beagles, of which Lee and Lill were prize winners at St. Louis. All of the stock is in the finest condition, which proves that Mr. Shattuck has adopted an admirable system which he sees is carefully carried out. The dogs are fed twice a day on a stiff, well-cooked mush of Indian meal with the addition of 10 or 15 per cent. of meat—which addition gives the mush a gelatinous consistency; different garden vegetables are mixed at times with the mush. When the dogs are worked in the field the proportion of meat is increased to 50 per cent.; and complete control seems to be attained over the condition and health of the dogs by varying the proportions and kinds of vegetables cooked with the mush.

IMPORTED BULL-DOG PUPPY.—Mr. John P. Barnard Jr., Boston, Mass., has imported a full brother to his bull-bitch Judy. The dog is all white, and a fine one.

BULL DOGS STOLEN.—The wood-shed of Mr. Edward McVey, at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, was entered on the night of Jan. 31st, and a very fine litter of bull-dogs stolen, which were of considerable value to their owners. A liberal reward is offered for the return of the puppies.

—The Westminster Kennel Club will hold their annual bench show in New York about the end of April; as yet the dates have not been decided upon. We will furnish full particulars when they are to be announced officially.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Johnnie*—Mr. James H. Goodsell, of New York City, claims the name of Johnnie for his white and black-faced English setter dog, by Royal Ben (Carlowitz-Lucy), out of Lady Beaconsfield (Leicester-Orphina); whelped Jan. 10th, 1879; bred by Mr. Edward H. Gillman, Detroit, Mich.

Madcap and Flirt—Mr. Geo. D. Macdonnell, of Montreal, Canada, claims the name of Madcap for his pure black cocker bitch, nine months old, by Mr. E. F. Beardslee's (Gouverneur, N. Y.) Dan-Bess; also the name of Flirt for his liver-colored bitch, nine-months old, Rolls-Brownie.

Sabro—Mr. Fisher Howe, Jr., of New York City, claims the name of Sabro for black and white ticked, with black points, pointer puppy, by owner's Rex, out of the late champion bitch Fan (Gillespie's); whelped July 15th, 1879.

Nem—Mr. Fisher Howe, Jr., of New York City, claims the name of Nem for black and white ticked, with black points, by Strong's Pete, out of Mr. Barker's Princess; whelped Dec. 6th, 1879.

BRED.—*Floss-Rattler*—Mr. Reuben Reinsmith's (Allentown, Pa.) bitch Floss (Bismarck-Fanny) to Mr. L. F. Whitman's Llewellyn setter dog Rattler, of Forest and Stream Kennel, Detroit, Mich.

Lilly-Sensation—Dr. F. H. Rehwinkel's (Chillicothe, Ohio) beagle bitch beauty, to Mr. J. H. Storell's (Philadelphia, Pa.) imported dog Chanter, Jan. 26th.

Lilly-Sensation—Baltimore Kennel Club's Lilly (Guido's) to champion Sensation. Lilly is the dam of Mr. Orgill's Rush, Rose, Belle, etc., by Fluke; also of Setton and the St. Louis Kennel Club's Clytie.

Flounce II—Baltimore Kennel Club's Flounce II, to same Club's Flounce. Flounce has never been seen on the bench, and Mr. Kelly, the club's breaker, proclaims her a ratter in the field. Derg won first at New York, 1879; Philadelphia, 1879, and Boston, 1879, winning every time exhibited.

IMPORTED MASTIFF TERRIER.—Mr. Chas. E. Wallack, of this city, has just received from the kennel of Mr. Rich and Alston, Leigh Lodge, Sale, England, a magnificent mastiff puppy bitch seven months old, by Champion (Belmont) out of Luffa. This is probably the most celebrated and well known show dog in Europe; he died during the early autumn of last year.

—We were recently favored with a call from Mr. B. W. Kilburn, of Littleton, N. H., who has traveled very extensively, with his camera, over America and many foreign countries. He has been in every portion of America, Bermuda, Mexico, France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Palestine and Egypt, in order to obtain stereoscopic views from nature. These pictures in artistic merit cannot be surpassed, and the subjects are of rare interest. Being also a veteran sportsman, his views of "The Hunter's Return," "The Monarch of the Pool," "Caught at Last," and "Walton's Dream, or the Fisherman's Vision," add greatly to the collection.

Answers to Correspondents.

Correspondents who may send us their proper name and address will always receive prompt attention in these columns. We require a man's name for two reasons: (1) sometimes as a guarantee of good faith, and (2) always as a matter of common courtesy. As a rule we do not reply to inquiries by mail, except in cases demanding immediate advice.

W. W. P., Kentland, Ind.—Address of paper is New York City.

J. R. Jr., Washington, Pa.—See answer to your question in last number.

J. T. Alton, Pa.—For live quail address Mr. E. H. Malloy, High Point, N. C.

L. G. C., Philadelphia, Pa.—For ferrets send to Chas. Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, New York.

T. C. H., Elizabethtown, Pa.—You may send your terrapins to Eugene G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York.

G. L. B., Princess Anne, Md.—We have no scores of the walking matches, nor do we know where you could find them.

ASAPINK, Trenton, N. J.—The name is that of a Philadelphia maker whose work had a good reputation. He is dead now, we believe.

IGORAMUS, Topham, Mass.—To remove the caps from your U. M. C. Co.'s shells, get a cap extractor; an implement made for just this purpose.

W. S. W., Haverhill, Mass.—Eugene Bogardus shoots glass balls with rifle at 15 ft. They are thrown up straight from a trap made specially for the purpose.

H. W., Indiana.—See article headed "The Handling of Gun-Sly Dogs" in the Kennel Column of this week's paper. It covers the ground, and is eminently practicable.

W. W. L., Eau Claire, Wis.—1. Dr. Carver is in England. 2. Address the paper at New York. 3. Send your game to Knapp & Van Nostrand, Washington Market, New York.

M. M., Reading, Mich.—The metal ball which rings when struck by shots no longer manufactured; was not a success. You may possibly and one by writing to dealers in sportsmen's goods.

L. G., New York.—Quail should be put out in March or April, if your preserve is in the same climate as New York. It depends somewhat upon the season. They will brood the same year.

B. Pa.—What is meant by the word "blinking," used in connection with a dog? Ans. A "blinker" is a dog that backs off his point and comes "to heel," or ranges away to find other birds.

C. G. S., Emerson, Manitoba.—1. The two kinds of shot are both good, the choice between them a matter of individual fancy. 2. We should advise you to stick to the old powder for best satisfaction.

READER, New York City.—We would advise you to feed your dog, although your puppies may have worms. Give it some area nut, which you can obtain with directions for use from Conroy, Bisset & Malleson, 65 Fulton street, city.

J. H. A., Marion, Ind.—For English hares we advise you to write to Dr. Chas. Schmidt, East Brunswick, N. J. He is about to import some. We do not know where to refer you for greyhounds. Possibly some of our readers may tell us.

W. A. B., Montpelier, Vt.—L. O. Chess Column was given up because we could not make room for it. Our field is broad enough without it. 2. We have seen athletes turn triple somersaults, and over the backs of eleven elephants at that.

SUNSHINE, Chicago, Ill.—You may use buckshot in a choke-bore with safety, provided you chamber the shot at the choke just within the muzzle. See also the methods of loading buckshot described by correspondents in recent issues.

J. H. M., Mamaronock, N. Y.—For quail shooting near New York go down to Ocean County, New Jersey. You will find plenty of sport at the Imperial Lodge, six miles from Tom's River, which is registered in our Directory. Write to N. C. Glover, proprietor.

F. T. B., Brownsville, Pa.—1. You may subscribe for the paper through the International News Company, Beekman street, New York. 2. Send to any of our advertisers of fishing tackle for the hooks. You can make them yourself with a file, if you exercise a little ingenuity.

G. H. C.—Use No. 8 canvas for your canoe. Need not allow for shrinkage, as the canvas will be oiled or painted before putting afloat. No need to that case of water proofing. Try following:—Flour of sulphur, one pound; lard oil, one gallon; boil until thoroughly combined.

S. N. S., Elizabeth, N. J.—1. For Spratt's dog biscuit send to any gun store. 2. The pair of gun barrels will cost about half the price of the gun. A pair of 12-gauge fitted to a 10-gauge gun will make the gun lighter. The cost would be more than it is worth; you might better buy another gun.

H. C. B., Wausau, Wis.—We do not advise you to lay poison for foxes, unless you are very sure that no dog will find the bait intended for Heynard. For trapping use the spring steel trap, or a dead-fall, bait with meat and cheese, and take special pains to leave no human scent. You should handle the trap with gloves.

S. S. C., Trenton, Tenn.—I have a gun which has been changed from a pin fire to a central fire. I want to change so that it will do the shell. Please give me the address of a firm that can do the work for me. Ans. Send your gun to W. R. Schaefer, Boston, Mass., or to Clark & Snodder, Baltimore, Md. Both firms are thorough, by reliable, and will do your work well.

W. W., West Newton, Mass.—1. The gun made in Paris was fair—not of superior material. We should not change it from pin fire to central fire, but should prefer to buy another gun. 2. The

"Chicheston repeating rifle" is nothing but a .22 calibre pistol or dart barrel with a long stock. The arm is simply good for nothing except to be used as a toy. Keep clear of it.

SKIP JACK.—Nail on immediately after steaming. Nelson's boat building; can send it to you upon receipt of price, \$125. Plank on sides of skip-jack to be worked as wide as possible, and on the floor as wide as the "sny" or twist edgeways will allow. The narrower the plank the easier to work, but more labor. About eight-inch wide naidships and taper as necessary.

W. C., Muskegon, Mich.—Vornas in a dog will cause a harsh, staring coat, also denoted by the animal's frequently licking the part and dragging himself along in a sitting posture, hence the wearing off of hair about the hindquarters. We would suggest that you give your dog urota nut, two one-half drachm doses, evening and morning, after dog has fasted; followed four hours after by castor oil.

T. H. D., Troy, N. Y.—The extreme accurate range of .32 calibre Ballist rifle with the ordinary factory ammunition is considered to be about one hundred yards. The charge of powder is so small in the .32 calibre, and the bullet so light, that its accuracy at the longer ranges is very much impaired by the wind and other causes, as compared with the .45 calibre, 70 grains powder, 490 grains bullet, which is the Government cartridge.

WOONCOCK, Duxbury, Mass.—Wild rice will grow in Massachusetts if properly planted. It may be put in either in the fall or in the spring. In natural growing the rice ripens and drops down in the fall. The winds and waves then pull up the old stalks, which float away. The seed should be put into five or six feet of water. A soft, muddy bottom is indispensable. Next fall you may get seed of Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont.

POSS SURROG.—1. We have made inquiries about the company, and so far as we can learn, they are now unable to supply orders. Their mistake was in advertising before they were prepared. Have met with several subsequent disappointments in securing manufactures, etc. 2. The metal ball for trap-shooting is no longer manufactured. We believe Squires, of this city, has some on hand. He can also supply you with a pair of snow-shoes; price, \$6.

W. P. B., Lynn.—We should judge you need a sneak-bow. Write to Richard B. Lane, Bayville, Ocean County, N. J., Cost \$35. If you want anything cheaper, build a light punt 10 ft. long, 3 ft. 6 in. beam, and about 12 in. deep anywhere, with lumber or curved shingles to ends, later about 4 in. deep, the bottom rising. Deck over with stout sheeting, varnish thickly and have cockpit with apron in centre. Use white pins; or tin, thick. Row or paddle. Plover in your neighborhood about May 20th. Use No. 8 shot if wild, No. 9 if gentle.

F. B. C., Carleton, N. H.—A. and C agree to shoot a match of five glass balls each for a wager, terms to be first miss and out; that is, of course, the first one missing his ball to be out of the contest. A shoots and misses; B breaks his ball, and C does likewise. The next two shots are counts also, but on the third round B misses, when C claims the money, according to terms agreed upon. But B objects, saying that C is not entitled to it unless he shoot and breaks his ball, as they must have an equal number of shots. Which is right? Ans. It is right.

JACK, Greenfield, Mass.—1. Your dog is evidently troubled with cack; wash out his ears with syringe, using castile soap and tepid water, and pour in the ears two or three times a day a small quantity of the following solution: Sugar of lead, one scruple, mixed with one ounce of water. To prevent the animal from flapping his ears a cap should be placed over the animal's head and tied underneath the throat. Give an aperient, say half an ounce of Epsom salts, in water, once a week, and mix vegetables with dog's diet. 2. We will endeavor to look up the pedigree you wish.

COMPOUND, New York.—Fair performance is 2 lbs. coal per H. p. per hour. Above that is poor under it is excellent. Experience and theory show that the highest boiler pressures are the most economical. It is to high pressure in boiler mainly that the compound engine owes its supposed superiority. Long stroke single cylinder engines have been built to work nearly as economically with equal boiler pressure. The one object of compounding is to prevent condensation due to excessive expansion and lowering of temperature of the steam in long stroke engines. The Perkins boiler carries four hundred or five hundred pounds steam with perfect safety. It is composed of a series of pipes—an improvement on the Horizontal coil.

HOWELL, Lowell, Mich.—Would a participant for the Bogardus Glass Ball Medal be regarded as a professional? If so, would he be regarded as a professional at any other than glass ball shooting? Ans. No. "There are only a few professional shooters in the country, and they are recognized as men who make a livelihood with the gun. In some branches of sport a man who contends for a money prize or with a professional is thereby adjudged to become a professional. But this is obviously not the case with glass ball and pigeon shooting. We believe in, so far as practicable, abolishing money prizes in trap shooting competitions. The substitution of other prizes instead elevates the sport and takes from it its mercenary features.

B., Concord, Mass.—1. If a full-blooded Irish setter bitch is lined by a bulldog and has pups, will she not be liable at any future time, when lined by an Irish setter, to have one or more puppies resembling in some way the bulldog? 2. If they did not resemble the bulldog in any way could they be called strictly pure blooded Irish setter puppies? 3. Can you give me the names of several good books on the subject of breeding? 4. Over how small a pond does the State of Massachusetts have control? Ans. 1. See answer to "X. V. Z." in last week's issue. 2. No. 3. "Stonehenge on the Dog" contains a chapter on the principles of breeding dogs. Darwin's "Animals under Domestication" is also well worth reading by those who wish to try experimental breeding. 4. We have referred this to the Massachusetts Commissioners.

CHARLES HATLOCK, having closed his connection with the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, may now be found at his office at 61 Broadway, room 23, where all personal letters and communications should be addressed.

FOR SALE.—Two thousand high grade sheep; young, good condition, two thirds ewe. A. W. Gilbert, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

BUY NONE BUT THE BEST.—The "Red Rubber Recoil Pad" sent, postpaid, on receipt of \$2. Recommended by the FOREST AND STREAM. J. B. Fitzmaurice, Importer of fine guns, 90 Broadway, New York City. Send stamp for list of second-hand guns and rifles.—Adv.

Correspondents will please address all letters to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INOCULATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUR POOR MIGRATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

•We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

•Trade supplied by American News Company.

DR. T. M. BREWER.—Our readers will learn with unfeigned sorrow of the death of this well known naturalist at his home in Boston, on the 23d inst. Thomas Mayo Brewer was born in Boston, Nov. 21st, 1814, of a family which had already become noted through the distinguished deeds of his grandfather, Col. James Brewer, who was a prominent revolutionary patriot, and took an active part in the "Boston tea party" of 1778. Graduated at Harvard College in 1835, and in the Medical School in 1838, Dr. Brewer began the practice of a young physician, devoting his leisure to the two seemingly discordant subjects of general politics and ornithology. Having displayed marked ability as a writer, he was induced to enter the newspaper profession, and for many years was known as an influential leader of opinion; and he was subsequently equally active and prominent in the cause of education. To those who may read this brief notice, however, Dr. Brewer is best known as an ornithologist. He was one of the young naturalists who were the companions of Audubon, with whom his relations were of the most pleasant nature. The great naturalist honored his Boston friend by naming some new species of birds after him. Shortly before Dr. Brewer's death he had prepared a pleasant paper for one of the monthly magazines, containing copies of several letters which he had received from Audubon. Few of the men who knew Audubon are left.

Dr. Brewer's standing as an ornithologist was very high, and while abroad he everywhere met with a most gratifying reception among the savants of Europe. As a writer upon scientific subjects he has contributed works of much value to American natural history. In 1880 he edited a new edition of Wilson's Ornithology, preparing for it a synopsis of all the North American birds then known. He was the first authority in the country on bird's eggs; the work entitled *Oology of North America*, written by him in 1856, was a most elaborate publication, undertaken by the Smithsonian Institute, but suspended because of its great cost. He wrote much of the biographical portion of the History of North American Birds, prepared in connection with Messrs. Baird and Ridgway; and frequently contributed to the monthly magazines, to the *Natural Bulletin*, and to the *FOREST AND STREAM*. His pen had the happy gift of popularizing the subjects treated, and putting them in intelligent form before the general reader. The birds were his friends; when he wrote or talked of their ways, old and young unconsciously became interested, too.

A SHOCKING REVELATION.

LITTLE by little we are gaining an insight into the mode of life and habits of thought of the English sparrow, and, painful as it is to be obliged to acknowledge the fact, it must be confessed that, judged by the morals of the present age, this bird does not appear to be all that he should be. His quarreling and fighting with his comrades, his driving off our native birds from the parks and open places of our city, and the incessant clatter and racket which the sparrow keeps up, might easily enough have been excused or passed over; for the first two eccentricities we could have attributed to a mere effervescence of animal spirits and love for excitement, and the last may be only the sparrow's way of doing what the ornithologists of a past generation used to call "hymning his Creator's praise." Yes, these are trifles; but what well-regulated American mind can refrain from shuddering at the information which we print in another column from Dr. Coues, the well-known friend of the birds, that the sparrow is polygamous. Shocking, indeed, is this news, and scarcely to be believed had it come from any other source. The name by which it is signed, however, compels our unwilling credence. Anything but this could have been pardoned or overlooked, but this is going a little too far. In no well-regulated community can such a state of affairs be tolerated, and we feel sure that Dr. Coues' announcement will cause the anger of each moralist who reads it to burn hot against the daring bird which has brought to the land of the American Eagle, and practices under the Stars and Stripes, such atrocious customs.

The friends of the sparrow, if any still remain to him, may feebly suggest in mitigation of his crimes that we have native birds whose habits in this respect are no better than those of the *Passer domesticus*. It is indeed true that there are some of our game birds which are very reprehensible in this regard, but they have, at least, sufficient consideration for public feeling to practice their wickedness in secret, withdrawing themselves to the woods and fields, and thus avoiding so far as possible human observation. The sparrow, on the other hand, with insufferable impudence flaunts his immorality before our faces in the most fashionable streets of our crowded cities. Besides, do not most of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* devote, during three months of the year, every day that they can possibly spare to the punishment of these native criminals. The sportsman pursues them with dog and gun, and, we regret to say it, the farmer's boy snares them without mercy. Their carcasses during fall and winter are hung up about our streets—a dreadful warning to evil doers.

But the villainy of the sparrow has not yet been wholly revealed. Not satisfied with practicing his devilish arts in this free land, and perchance corrupting the morals of some of our weak-minded native birds, the sparrow is sly. Here he has been in the country some ten or twelve years, and all the time an inhabitant of our cities and exposed to constant observation, yet such is his infernal cunning that up to the present time he had never been detected in his nefarious practices. This is clearly an insult to the intelligence and observation of our ornithologists, and we shall be very much mistaken if they permit it to pass without attempting at least a revenge.

But if the state of things which has just been brought to light affronts and shocks the moral sense of America at large, with what feelings will the news be received in Puritan New England? New England, where offenses of this nature have ever been visited with such terrible penalties; New England, where the man who so far forgot himself as to kiss his wife on Sunday was punished by law; New England of the Scarlet Letter. Shall Plymouth Rock, hallowed by so many sacred associations, be polluted by customs imported from the barbaric Orient? Shades of the mighty dead, forbid it!

The blood of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers will indeed boil with righteous indignation when this last offense of the sparrows becomes known. Surely from Maine to Connecticut no apologist will henceforth be found for the sparrow, and we may expect that the just wrath of an outraged public sentiment will now at last expel the wicked bird from the land of the forefathers.

In calling this matter to the attention of our readers we are but fulfilling a plain duty, and we feel that we can safely leave the matter to the public to deal with in its own way. We are sure that the alarm and horror with which Dr. Coues' intelligence has been received by us will be shared by all right-minded people, and that the favor with which the sparrow has hitherto been regarded by a portion of the community must now give place to feelings of condemnation and disgust.

—Col. J. J. Toffey, the Sheriff of Hudson County, N. J., and recently elected President of the New Jersey State Sportsman's Association is well fitted to fill the latter position. The Colonel (no fancy title by the way) is an enthusiastic sportsman, an excellent shot and very popular among the boys; Col. Toffey subscribed for the first number of the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

HOUNDING DEER.

THERE is no good reason to warrant or excuse the continued existence upon our statute books of laws which are ostensibly designed to regulate the killing of deer, but which in reality give to self-styled "sportsman" and market hunter full license to slaughter and exterminate. Possibly the most effective agency in producing such laws is the ignorance of legislators who frame them. All that the law-makers know—or think they know—about deer, is what others, who profess to be informed, tell them; and if this information be of an inadequate or purposely false character, improper legislation is the result.

The question of hounding vs. still hunting is one of periodical and spasmodic recurrence at our State capitals. If the merits of the case were set forth by the advocates of each method, and so thoroughly and fully that dispassionate and disinterested men could draw therefrom their own conclusions, we should thereby have advanced a step toward the proper solution of this vexed subject. We have undertaken to secure such a comprehensive presentation of the question. Without at present taking issue on either side we have requested those interested to present their own case in the shape of replies to the following questions. As our circulars may not have reached some whose knowledge and long experience enable them to give testimony worthy of consideration, we invite them now to respond. The subject is one of sufficient importance to merit careful consideration.

So soon as it may be practicable we shall publish a full summary of the correspondence. Game societies and all others interested in securing sound game legislation will find of most efficient service the *FOREST AND STREAM* material thus collected. The points upon which we have asked our correspondents to give their personal knowledge and opinion are these:—

- 1st. What is the character of the country referred to?
- 2d. What is the prevailing method of hunting deer?
- 3d. Describe, from your own knowledge, hounding deer and its effects. Does it drive deer out of the country?
- 4th. Describe in like manner the practice of still-hunting.
- 5th. What class of men kill the most deer?—market hunters or parties of sportsmen?—residents or non-residents?
- 6th. Would you approve of a law prohibiting hounding deer? Would the residents assist in enforcing it?
- 7th. Would you approve of a law permitting hounding, but prohibiting the killing or capturing of the deer after it has been run into the water? Would such a law be practicable?
- 8th. What is the open season for deer? Do you approve of it? If not, why? How would you alter it?
- 9th. What are the winter habits of deer, so far as you have personally observed them?
- 10th. Add anything else you may think pertinent to the discussion.

THE VALUE OF NAVAL DESIGN.

IN a recent issue, a correspondent, "Corinthian," to whom we are obliged for more than one interesting and tersely put article from the standpoint of the orthodox believers in beam and "practical" talent, takes exception altogether to the application of naval science to the designing of vessels, and yachts more in particular. As we know similar views to be in vogue among a large fraction of the public, these few lines will possibly serve to cause them to reconsider what is generally a too hasty assumption and a too radical conclusion on their part.

The argument advanced by "Corinthian" is exactly what all others of his way of thinking invariably fall back upon when trying to support their side of the question. But we are not prepared to admit that his argument will stand the application of fact or logic. In the first place we are unwilling to acknowledge that all the yachts turned out by famous builders of "natural intuition" are either fast or a success. On the contrary, most of the popular builders have launched monstrosities and failures about as often as they have been fortunate in hitting blindly upon the right thing. We have no desire to be invidious in these remarks, and must ask "Corinthian" and others to recall the list of yachts built or modeled by the gifted who work by inspiration and not by reason—as our correspondent claims—and they cannot fail to acknowledge the truth of these words. For ourselves, we are not disposed to grant anything in the way of inspiration, but think that even the most popular and successful builders are engaged in solving by experiment and logic the complicated problems of design after their own fashion. Moreover, enjoying a pretty intimate acquaintance with many builders, we may add that in so far as they have reached definite and unassailable conclusions, they will always be found to closely coincide in the results of their reasoning or experimenting with the prescribed laws of modern naval science. On the contrary, on those points where their logic is open to criticism, we find that builders disagree so radically among themselves, that the only inference to be drawn is that their success cannot be assigned to any assumed or supposed knowledge or familiarity with the true laws of naval science, but their fast vessels are to be attributed rather to a faithful and comprehensive eye and a mind well developed for the dissection and retention of "sweet"

looking forms. These they incorporate in their models in practice with more or less success, and in proportion as they surpass others in this capacity of mind and eye, they produce results better than those of individuals less fortunately endowed by nature. This is all there is to their success, and in no way vitiates or modifies either the correctness or the utility of naval design.

To put the value of the latter in a clear and impregnable light is an easy matter. "Corinthian" claims that builders of fast yachts are "born," that study of the problems involved are superfluous. But great artists are also "born." The great masters, the queens of song and the skillful fashioners of clay, are not the product of much despised "book-learning," but the favorites richly endowed by nature; yet "Corinthian" would hardly, on that account, think less of studying the laws of perspective, give up practice with his brush, or refuse the benefits of the methodical pursuit of music to his children. If by such means they cannot be molded into artists of the highest rank, they can at least be made to comprehend, to value, to copy or to approach the great works held up to them as models, and be thereby lifted far above the level of the "common herd."

If great naval architects are "born"—for argument let it be so—it is perfectly idle to decry the investigation of the elements of their success, and it is these which the naval architect examines into and lays bare before the world, if possible, so that all may benefit by positive knowledge, and no longer travel in leading strings or be subservient subjects to the black arts of mystification with which yacht builders are so prone to enshroud their work—something which in the end they may be less able to explain than members of the lay public incapable of producing a model equally as fast or able.

Besides, half a dozen successful yacht builders, stretched out over half a century, is not a very heavy crop of "inborn talent" for the public to depend upon. The yachts of really admirable performances hardly exceed one in fifty, and it is beyond doubt that the proportion would be much more favorable were the principles of naval architecture better understood and not so hastily thrown overboard at the occasional lucky strikes of jackknife art. It is comparatively an easy matter, after long experience with a certain type of vessel, to design or whittle out satisfactory craft of very similar dimensions and form, and for such work the necessity of theoretical knowledge may not be very pressing, for the effects of slight variations can be guessed at beforehand with some approach to truth. But let the builders who depend upon "instinct" once sheer off the well-marked course, and they are only too glad to grasp at any formula, any figures, anything "from authority," as the drowning man grasps after a straw. To suppose that structures differing so radically from the normal as a *Popoffka* ironclad, a *Devastation* monitor, a Czar's elliptic yacht, a *Seabelle*, or *Julianar*, could have been made such complete successes upon the mere guesswork of a "smart" individual, is sheer nonsense. In such works the methodical knowledge of a naval architect becomes invaluable, and in a lesser degree the same holds good in the modeling of craft of a moderate tonnage, be they yachts, smacks, or launches.

On the whole, if there are cases where the world is happier without knowledge, it cannot be denied that the more we know the better. We fail to see that the opponents of scientific design have scored a point in favor of intuitive talent, precarious enough at all times, but think that if naval science has not yet reached perfection from a theoretical point of view the more all hands pull together the sooner will the science be reduced to a shape suitable for every-day application.

SOLDIER, SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST.—We had a most pleasant call last week from Capt. Chas. A. Bendire, whose name is familiar to old and new readers of this paper. Capt. Bendire's command is at Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, whence he has come East to undergo a surgical operation; meantime he is visiting the museums of natural history and noting the advance in the several collections with which he is familiar. Much of a sportsman and more of a naturalist. Capt. Bendire has, during his twenty-five years of service on the frontier, enjoyed most favorable opportunities for indulging his tastes. The sections of country in which he has been stationed from time to time have been rich in scientific material, and more than one museum of natural history has been enriched with specimens sent from his post. Special attention has been given by him to ornithology and oölogy. His collection of American birds' eggs is very complete, and is probably unequalled by any other private collection in the country. On his present trip Capt. Bendire brings to the National Museum of Washington five specimens of fishes, of which one is the "red-fish," and three others are entirely new. Concerning the "red-fish," a memorandum from those who have had the task of classifying it places it as the *Salmu kinmerlyi* (Gill and Jordan), or red trout, first discovered by Dr. Kinmerly, in Chilhowick Lake, near the Frazer River, in August, 1859, and first described by Dr. Geo. Luckley in the "Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History," New York, VII, 1861, p. 367; full description

1873-3. The specimen, however, sent by Capt. Bendire was quite a revelation as to the size of the species, being three times as large as the others. Both were caught in the same month of the year, October, and while distinctly disclaiming any disposition to dispute the classification, the Captain thinks that his fish is a different one from the specimen examined in the Smithsonian.

VOLUME FOURTEEN.—We begin to-day a new volume, and as it has been for thousands of years the pleasant custom of men to mark the completion of one stage of life's journey and the entrance upon another by some token of good cheer, we have thought it fitting to express our good feeling at this time by some substantial evidence of satisfaction. Putting this into shape we appear with several of our departments in smaller type than heretofore. That means more matter in the same space. It is a change which will enable us to treat more satisfactorily the several departments of our field, and we shall take great pains in the future as in the past to put into the space accorded each department the very best material available.

As the years are advancing, and one volume succeeds another, we are reminded to impress upon the reader the value of the books thus formed. The file of the *FOREST AND STREAM* since its beginning is a vast library of entertainment and instruction. The numbers which make up a volume are well worth preserving and binding. The novice will find in the pages of such a journal full and explicit instruction upon every branch of the sportsman's craft. Several treatises upon game, gun-fishes and fishing might be compiled from its columns; and most admirable books of travel might be made up from the sketches of its contributors.

NOTES.—In striking contrast to the dashing and foaming rapids of Maine, St. Clair pictures the weird and funeral scene of a sluggish Louisiana swamp, where cypress trees, hung with Southern moss, are reflected from the dark waters of the alligator's home. "A Winter in Louisiana" has much romance and much strange adventure about it. Many of our readers will turn from its perusal back to the days of their own personal experience before the war. This is one of those sketches which reveal to us—or rather suggest—the wealth of entertaining sporting reminiscences stored up by our friends at the South. We could wish that St. Clair's pen might stimulate others to recall for our readers their tales of Southern sport a quarter of a century ago.

The Arcadians of Southern Louisiana have not changed since the day St. Clair kissed the *Rose de Teche*. The stranger finds them still the same simple, quaint people, preserving their odd prejudices and primitive customs. They are aside from the current—off in an eddy of the stream, where the flow does not disturb them.

We can put over so many of the countries of Europe into the single State of Texas, and have room for one or two Eastern States beside. Our correspondent, N. A. T., has the happy faculty of seeing scores of interesting things in the great State which he has made his own, and this faculty he supplements with another equally felicitous—that of describing what he sees. The fish problem he propounds at the close of his letter is one that will puzzle ichthyologists.

Among those who called at the *FOREST AND STREAM* office this week was Mr. Charles Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Ontario, who, many of our readers will be pleased to learn, has made arrangements with the Indians of Rice Lake to secure next fall a full supply of wild rice. The gathering of this cereal in Canada is reserved to the Indians, white men being forbidden to collect it. Mr. Gilchrist has already been very successful in securing from his Indian agents large supplies of rice, which he has shipped to all parts of this country, as well as to England and Scotland. The Indians go out in canoes through the rice patches, the man at the bow and the squaw at the stern, with two sticks or poles about three feet in length, with one of which the rice is drawn alternately from one side and then from the other over the canoe, while the other stick is used as a flail to beat the seed out into the boat.

If the responses are any indication, our colored pictorial posters must be accomplishing their mission in a highly satisfactory manner. We still have a full supply on hand, and shall be pleased to send them to all who may be inclined to post them where they may be seen and read. Attention is called to the prospectus of our commissions and prizes, as given elsewhere.

In response to several inquiries we may explain that we do not propose to publish a game and fish directory in book form. Such an undertaking would be futile, because of the constant change in game localities. Our plan, which we are now carrying into effect, is to secure all information of a useful character relating to fish and game resorts, to register such notes in a book here, and in turn give it to such of our readers as may wish to avail themselves of it. Comprehensively stating the case, we

propose to act as a medium for the interchange of information. We have been led to this by having long known the needs of gentlemen sportsmen, and have, after mature deliberation, adopted this as the most feasible and satisfactory method of supplying this want. That the directory to sportsmen's resorts may be of the most complete and valuable scope we cordially invite the active coöperation of every man who may be able to help us by his contribution.

The Bay County Sportsman's Association gave a banquet in honor of the State Sportsman's Association, at the Fraser House, Bay City, Mich., last evening. We were there in spirit, and only wish we could have materialized ourselves into tangible form to participate in the festivities.

"Is fish culture a success?" This question is not asked now as it was a few years ago. We are finding answers to it on all sides. To-day we publish a most emphatic and favorable reply in the report of the California Commissioners.

Anything coming from the pen of Mr. A. Cary Smith will be read with much interest and attention by all. The long experience of Mr. Smith in practical building and in the designing of numerous yachts of all tonnages, as well as the mass of statistics it has been his good fortune to accumulate during his long service as Measurer of the N. Y. Y. C. and S. Y. C., entitle him to speak as an authority upon all matters connected with yachting. We welcome his name to our columns, and know that the public at large share our pleasure in seeing his ideas in print. The very instructive lectures delivered by Mr. Smith before the Seawanhaka Y. C. form, as we know, a standard which governs the modeling of most of the yacht builders in America to a larger extent than any other source of information. As the question of measurement has more bearing upon the future models of both America and England than is generally supposed, we propose to give it all the consideration its importance deserves.

We have long since been satisfied that the importance of the protection of game from its natural exterminators in the animal world has not been sufficiently recognized. Some sportsmen's associations have offered prizes for the greatest numbers of vermin killed; among such clubs, that of Luzerne County, Pa., is conspicuous. Foxes, weasels, skunks, owls, hawks and all the pestiferous class of preying animals and birds destroy more game each season than the poachers and lawless gunners and trappers. Foxes are reported very abundant this year in certain sections of New England and the Middle States. Sportsmen in those same sections may, as the result, look for a scarcity of game birds.

CRICKET CLUB MEETINGS.—The annual meeting of the Staten Island Cricket Club was held at Delmonico's, Broad street, on the 2d inst. The following Board of Directors was elected to serve for the ensuing year: Mr. William Krebs, President; Mr. E. Wiman, Vice-President; Mr. E. H. Outerbridge, Secretary, 23 South street; Mr. M. M. Betts, Treasurer, 87 Leonard street; Messrs. William M. Donald, R. B. Whittemore, E. W. Stevens, W. H. Davidge and Ashton Harvey. The late Secretary, Mr. W. H. Davidge, read his annual report, the pith of which, including the club's averages, have already been published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*'s cricket columns. The Treasurer's report showed the club's income for last year to have been \$2,701.52. This does not include the gate money received from the Irish and English matches. After paying all expenses there is left a handsome balance in bank. The vote on the amendment to prohibit members who are also members of other organizations from playing against the club in matches was carried by a two-thirds vote. The clause does not apply to college, school or commercial elevens. This reform was much needed, not only to stamp the club's individuality, but also to protect one or two kindred organizations in this vicinity. The chair was instructed to appoint a committee of five to revise the present constitution and by-laws, and it was wisely suggested that the captains of both elevens are to be elected by the elevens, and not selected by the committee, as heretofore. The new mode will commit, as it were, each player to his choice, and will give less opportunity to "kick." A large number of new members were elected, and the propriety of building a new club house is in serious contemplation.

The St. George's Club had their meeting at Delmonico's, Twenty-sixth street, on the 2d inst. The following officers were elected for the current year: President, Mr. J. T. Soutter; Vice-President, Mr. G. T. Green; Treasurer, Mr. B. Mostyn; Secretary, Mr. G. Hyde-Clarke; Committee, Messrs. E. H. Moeran, C. W. Bance, David B. Gilbert, T. C. Richardson and J. P. Conover. The suggestion to divide the club's ground at Hchohen with the Columbia College Club has been referred to a special committee. The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were both read and adopted; and the club trust this year to play several out-of-town matches.

GAME PROTECTION.

MIGRATORY QUAIL IN GEORGIA.—An Atlanta correspondent sends us the following note from the *Thomasville (Ga.) Times*, the first recognition he has seen of the presence of the birds in that section:—

Mr. J. M. Blackshear caught and sent to town the other day of ten of the sportsmen of New Jersey are in favor of a law prohibiting summer shooting. Are the wishes of one sportsman to be set aside for the unit? By reference to the records of the Senate, I find that the bill for the amendment of the game laws was introduced by Senator Lawrence of Sussex County. If there is a man in the State of New Jersey who is more competent to say whether summer shooting is exterminating the woodcock than Senator Lawrence I have yet to hear of him. Mr. Lawrence was born and brought up near what were formerly the greatest woodcock grounds in the Middle States, the Drowned Lands of Sussex and Orange Counties. No one will deny that where there were a hundred birds on these grounds thirty years ago there are but two or three now. Therefore, I say, if the woodcock are constantly decreasing under the present law, let us try to better their condition by the enactment of a more stringent one. Now, upon what grounds do the opponents of the reform base their objection? I hear them say, "We will not have any shooting if the proposed new law is passed?" Let me ask a question. How many woodcock will the sportsman get if such an alteration is not made? That is not, my brother sportsman, a question of how many woodcock you will get, but how many there will be. The clamor of the country is for the farmers to rally and defeat the bill.

What possible benefit the farmer derives from summer shooting is unknown to the yeomanry of New Jersey. As the woodcock of this State is an inoffensive little fellow, and never dares the summer crop to any appreciable extent, he cannot be called a pest, and the majority of our farmers do not revel in woodcock shooting. I fail to see the occasion for this hue and cry. Trusting that the present session of our Legislature will give us a law which will improve the shooting in this State, I am, yours in the interest of true sport, JERSEY.

There is nothing astonishing in the fact that the New Jersey summer woodcock bill should have its antagonists, for its opponents are mostly found on examination to be either selfish persons calling themselves sportsmen, or else villainously bad shots. The former, as a class, are the most difficult to deal with; they would blindly kill the goose that lays the golden egg, reasoning that as life is uncertain they might not be spared to be in at the catching. The other class are easily sorted out and readily disposed of. It would be well to have a special act passed in their behalf, allowing them the privilege of blazing away whenever the spirit moves them. For Heaven knows it would only keep our friend, the woodcock, in good dying trim, for woodcock are hard to "ground."

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

Hares, brown and gray. Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FLORIDA.

Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Quail, Snipe, Ducks, and Wild Fowl. "Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf-bird, phalarope, avocets, etc., coming under the general *Littorale* or Shore Birds.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Reports, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value; State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel; Bait, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address;—after the following model:—

ARKANSAS.—Clinton, Van Buren County.—Little Rock and Fort Smith, Railway to Chimmors, from thence by wagon. Turkey, deer, bear in greater abundance than elsewhere in the State. No canabacks. From here it is easy to go to Sugar Loaf, Peter Creek, Owl's Cove, "Big Bottom," Greasy Valley, the "Meadows," the "Gould," Devil's Fork, "Possum Walk, the "Gulf," and several other desirable places. Country wild and mountainous; people friendly and obliging. Hotel—Hartwell Green, proprietor; \$1 per day. Address Richard Poe, Esq., as above.

—Mr. E. M. Messenger, of the Bromfield House, Boston, Mass., with a party of four others, has gone to North Carolina, where he will spend some weeks quail shooting.

—The caribou, *Cervus tarandus*, is seldom seen in New York City, in fact, not over twenty have ever been shipped to this market. It was our good fortune, however, to inspect, yesterday, at the restaurant of Mr. John Sutherland in Liberty street, two magnificent specimens, a bull and a cow. They were shot by an Indian in the neighborhood of the Rivière Dupont, Canada, and described by him as "nice fat," each deer having weighed in life over 350 pounds.

THE RIVINGTON GUN AND RIFLE CLUB.—The annual meeting of the club, formerly known as the Social Gun and Rifle Club of Philadelphia convened Jan. 17th, at the Union League Club, when the name was changed to the Rivington Gun and Rifle Club of Philadelphia. No doubt under the new title the members will acquire themselves individually as creditably as they did under the old name.

The reports at the annual meeting were of the most satisfactory nature; the membership numbers sixty-eight, and the club has no debt, with a balance in the treasury. That the meetings meant something last year will be learned from the following summary taken from the shooting record for 1879, and sent to us by a correspondent:—

The club gives an annual prize for the best score made at 40 birds from 5 traps, handicap rise. This was won by the score of 57 killed, the winner standing at 30 yards. The next best were 4 of 55 killed, 1 of 54, 3 of 53, etc.

Number of members who took part in these contests, 31; largest number in any one match, 21; total number of birds shot at in matches for above prize, was 1,231; killed, 871; missed, 350; percentage killed, 71; highest percentage in any match, 81; lowest percentage in any match, 63; number of clean scores of ten "straight," 7; highest individual score in four monthly matches, 37 out of 40, or 92 1/2 per cent.

Besides the above we have had a great many matches for other prizes, all of which were well attended, as you may judge from the following record:—

Total number of birds shot at on the club's grounds during the year 1879, was 7,481; killed, 5,337; missed, 2,141. Per cent. killed, 71, or, omitting double bird shooting, 73 per cent.

We also gave a prize for glass ball shooting from three Bogardus traps, 18 yards rise, won by the score of 76 broken out of 80. Excluding rifle shooting, we find there were about 16,000 shots fired upon the grounds during the year.

CRUMMEL.

NEW YORK STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The Seneca Falls *Reveille* gives the following encouraging report of the preparations for the next convention of the Association, which will be held here:—

It having been decided to hold the annual shoot of the State Sportsmen's Association under the auspices of the Seneca Gun Club of this village, preparations are being made for the largest and most successful gathering of the kind ever witnessed in the State. Neither time nor expense will be spared in promoting the objects of the Association. The generous hospitality of our citizens will be extended to all members of the Association who may gather here during their annual tourney, and all our sportsmen will vie with each other in the magnanimity of their efforts to make this a most enjoyable and successful one. We hope for the attendance of an unusually large number of the sportsmen of the State. They may be assured that the occasion will be one of profit and of pleasure. Our home sportsmen to whom were entrusted the cares and responsibilities of the convention of 1872, and who managed it so successfully and satisfactorily, will have the coming convention in charge. The Seneca Gun Club, which has done so much for its country, will welcome, as Sibley, Hoag, Lawrence, Stacey, Parrish, Tubbs, Ten Eyck, Niver, Selleck, as well as many others, will omit nothing in its efforts to make the coming convention worthy of the highest commendation. The prizes which it will offer for competing shots will surpass those of any other meeting. They will be numerous, valuable and worthy of the sharpest contests. Already arrangements have been perfected for obtaining big birds in great numbers and there will be no delay because of any neglect in this respect. The convention will be held at an opportune time, and all our citizens will feel it incumbent upon them to contribute in every way possible toward making it a credit to our village and an honor to the Association.

VERMONT FOX HUNTING.—Pittsford, Rutland Co., Vt., Jan. 27th.—In issue of Jan. 15th I notice an account of a New Hampshire fox hunt, in which the parties bagged two foxes in one day. It is not unusual for fox hunters in our town to bag two foxes in a day's hunt. A few weeks since, Mr. Burdett and Mr. Morgan, of the place, went out with the company on a grand fox hunt. On Dec. 4th, Mr. Elliott and myself were out, and at 1 A. M. the first fox was started; at 3 P. M. the third fox was bagged, among them an old veteran who was toothless and tipped the beam at 13½ pounds. Two of them fell to my 10-bore. In this hunt only one dog was used.

E. S.

MASSACHUSETTS AND NORTH CAROLINA.—Marlboro, Mass.—The Marlboro Sportsmen's Club have held one glass ball shoot since the new year came in (Jan. 10th), and had a nice pleasant afternoon for outdoor sport. We had out about a dozen shooters, and shot sweepstakes. The President was the club, Dr. Chamberlain, making the remark, when he took the first prizes in succession, that his little gun had not forgotten its cunning, but after that, Eager, Fay, Lughton, Bodrey, Brush and some of the boys had a chance to shake hands with some of the money. We shall shoot once in two weeks the rest of the winter. One thing we copied from the Worcester Club, to which many of our members belong, that is to have hot fowl on the stove in the club-house all the time, so that the shoot is going to be a few weeks a man warm and in good humor, or at least it helps to.

D. S. Mooney, one of our most popular members, has just returned from Curruck, N. C., where he has been for the last eight weeks and has had some splendid duck shooting. One day he killed with his Schuyler gun one hundred and twenty ducks of different kinds, but a majority of them were red-heads. He also had splendid snipe shooting, and shot a few woodcock. He took his splendid setter dog "Boss" with him, and he was the admiration of the natives there, as they have nothing but duck dogs. They make very little account of anything but duck and sea-fowl shooting. The weather was very warm most of the time, which made canvas-backs very scarce.

NEW JERSEY.—Imperial Lodge, Tom's River, Jan. 31st. The weather still remains warm, with no ice whatever in the bay. The duck shooting remains good, with a prospect of continuing; and some good bags of red-heads and broad-bills, with occasionally a canvas-back, are made every shooting day. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday are the days in Musquito Cove, where the duck now are. Shooting on the main bay is allowed on all days.

S. K., Jr.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Allentown, Jan. 30th.—The one hundred and eighty-first quail, which were imported last spring, were released on farms in Lehigh County and are doing well. A lot, to my knowledge, not one covy was hatched. One or two pair were seen last fall, but where they are now no one knows. The land is full of "Bob Whites," and if the winter will not get worse we shall have plenty by next fall.

NOTES FROM KENTUCKY.—Mill Springs, Ky., Jan. 20th.—Our crop of quails is not up to anticipations based upon the multitudes of pairs seen during early summer. The very few wing shots of this county have hunted but little, and the annual influx of visitors has yet to report. Earlier a great many have invariably manifested so great a degree of pot-hunterian in neither sharing game with farmers over whose lands they shot, nor having game served where they sojourned, that numerous conspicuous posters would have surprised, and divers "Git out of thar's" amazed them had they come around as usual.

My first day's sport of the season, in company with an enthusiastic young visitor during the holidays, resulted in twenty-eight of the fastest quail that I ever saw in the same bag, and eight hares that were singled out because of their extraordinary size. Many wild turkeys have been killed in my immediate neighborhood; a deer was chased within carshot of my house recently; the music of a neighbor's pack in full chase is enjoyed semi-weekly—often if the weather be unusually propitious. The last report from three of the boys a mile away in twenty-eight of the fastest quail that I ever saw in the same bag, and eight hares that were singled out because of their extraordinary size. Many wild turkeys have been killed in my immediate neighborhood; a deer was chased within carshot of my house recently; the music of a neighbor's pack in full chase is enjoyed semi-weekly—often if the weather be unusually propitious. 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where Miss Ella T. Thibault presented the company with a handsome guidon.

Mr. W. C. Flower, First Sergeant of the company, accepted the gift with appropriate remarks, and in return of the compliment on behalf of the company, presented the fair donor of the guidon with one of the company's badges.

Archery.

WITH BOW AND ARROW AMONG THE WILD
PIGEONS.

AMONG THE numerous articles written for *FOREST AND STREAM* on the subject of archery is a communication from Will H. Thompson, whose views agree very well with my own opinions and early experience. But I beg leave to correct Mr. Thompson in the belief that he and his brother were at any time the only archers in the United States. During my boyhood days I lived in the mountains of the West, and I remember with my first impressions in the use of the bow, and subsequently became much attached to that kind of sport. Partridges, wild pigeons, squirrels and numerous small fowl fry victims to my aim. I continued the practice of shooting with the bow and arrow until long after I became familiar with the use of the rifle. It is a healthy exercise for young people; it is a means of training the chest and toughening the muscles; the exercise has never wholly lost its charm with me, and although out of practice for many years, I think that I could pull a pretty strong bow yet.

The bows which the Indians used in early days (say fifty or sixty years ago) were made of white ash or hickory, worked out of seasoned timber and washed over at different times with hot water. They became impervious to water and still retained the natural strength and suppleness. However plenty hickory and ash trees may be, there are comparatively very few which are of the quality which is required to make a good bow. The strings were made of a single strand of rawhide evenly cut and slightly twisted and made perfectly round by rolling, being about the size of common fence wire and apparently about as hard. Blunt-headed arrows were used for killing birds and small game, and were invariably used among the wild pigeon roosts and nesting grounds.

Among the earliest recollections of these latter days are those that carry me back to boyhood sport among the wild pigeons. Reader, have you ever visited the nesting grounds of wild pigeons? If not, I believe you have missed seeing one of the wonders in natural history. The first and most extensive nesting grounds in this State were discovered by the late General Harrison in 1823, and as early as 1823. The nesting began in Cattaraugus County, near the Allegheny River, reaching north to the town of Collins, Erie County, covering a section of country about thirty miles in length and supposed to average six miles in width, including a part or all of the following towns: South Valley, Cold Spring, Napoli, New Albion, Dayton and Towanda, most of which have been organized into townships. The nesting grounds cover an area of about an area estimated at 180 square miles, covered with a thick growth of timber, every tree bearing from one to fifty nests, according to size of top. Here I enjoyed the satisfaction of rambling through this enormous hatchery. Although I was a youngster at that time, the remembrance brings many fond recollections. I have visited some considerable number of hatcheries since then, but small in comparison with this. The nesting is in the tops of the trees, in the extensive forests, with an overabundance of food, and a nest, could support such a vast body of pigeons during the time of building, hatching and feeding, which lasts six or seven weeks, more or less. The building begins about the 1st of April, or before if the spring is favorable; of course the supply of food is the product of the year preceding, which has remained under the snow during the winter. The nest consists of a bunch of dry sticks, or twigs, and is so ingeniously constructed that they grow together, and they are so strongly and ingeniously connected with the branches that winds or storms cannot dislodge them.

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[illegible]

One of the woodpeckers is where all the sticks and fangs were gathered, which were used in the construction of those nests. If there were only one or two thousand the material could easily be found, but when the number is increased to the thousands, we are unable to find it, where all the nesting material could be collected. It was seldom that more than one young pigeon was raised on a single nest, but occasionally two were found. During the time of building and hatching, the mast on the hatching grounds would be mostly consumed, consequently the old birds were compelled to forage for long distances to collect food while the young were being hatched. I have not the least water knowledge by which each pair is enabled to return direct to their own nest, which is a counterpart of the thousands of others in close proximity.

Perhaps there is nothing that will draw out a whole tribe of Indians, old and young, like a pigeon hatchery. The flesh of young wild pigeons is fat and juicy and fine flavored, and doubtless a great many of the boys and young men would have been here if the Indian's palate. Here were gathered at different points most of the natives, old and young, from three or four tribes of Indians. Here the best archers from the Buffalo, Cattaraugus and Alleghany reservations had met for a trial of skill. I am no well posted in the scores of modern times, but it was then and there that I saw greater feats in archery than I ever witnessed before or since.

At the close of the Seneca nation of Indians have wholly or nearly abandoned the use of the bow, save among the small boys.

Piney Falls, Jan. 13th. ASTLEY.

SCORING IN ARCHERY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Jun. -16, 1880

Editor Forest and Stream :—
In your issue of Dec. 25th I notice Mr. "Massasoit Bowman" comes to the front in favor of the present system of counting wanting more particularly to have the gold stand well in figures

One of his propositions is that the additional rings are a concession from good shots to poorer ones. A natural inference is that Mr. "Bowman" is one of the few who so badly use up the gold when ever they appear before the target meaning business. Another

natural inference (from this distance, decidedly more probable) is that he is among the army of archers, who, by an occasional scratch-gold, make up the average lowered by more whites and blacks, while his opponents keep steadily accumulating blues and reds. Granted, that the gold is the mark for all archers; I have yet to hear of one who can catch it every time, or who despises the red or blue when credited to his or her score. That the rifleman

have found the reedmoor target about right, is evident enough, and they don't worry over a "four" as much as they would if it made a difference of two instead of one against them. Why should an archer have a greater penalty than a rifleman for corresponding shooting? The two are more nearly alike than any other.

have found the reedmoor target about right, is evident enough, and they don't worry over a "four" as much as they would if it made a difference of two instead of one against them. Why should an archer have a greater penalty than a rifleman for corresponding shooting? The two are more nearly alike than any other.

sports I can recall, just now. I claim that a score of 200 made up of blues and reds, is better than a like score made up all the way from white to gold. I claim further, that the blue-and-red man is a better archer than the other, and should be entitled to as much consideration in the matter of system of counting. As far as the question of having gold for the mark goes, a target made up after the standard that I have very little claim for the majority of archers, and detract very much from the pleasure of shooting, as few archers would find much pleasure or satisfaction in spending most of their time chasing after arrows which missed the mark. If Mr. "Massasoit" will put up a clout of that sort some day, and try, say ninety arrows (American Round allowance), I fancy his respect for the additional rings would increase in proportion to the contracted appearance of his score, and fatigue of legs wearied with much arrow hunting. I remember my first impression of the present system of counting was to wonder what gentleman took the time to study up such an odd system to impose on the coming archer, when the natural first idea would be of general successions, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; and the next impression was to wonder how long it would take the archery fraternity to avasten to the fact that the system should be changed and (in my humble opinion) improved. It would make it more intelligible to the general public, be more easily counted and understood, and save mental wear and tear of scorers and shooters. I would suggest to my New England fellow-archer, that, after he had tried the new system, 4, 5 out in a big full-faced fellow, Mr. Conyposit would perhaps look as big to him as a (smallest you have, Mr. Conyposit) does now. At all events, I hope the discussion now going on in your columns will eventually lead to the change, and that it will be made soon. I want all the whites I usually get to stand a better chance; and perhaps Mr. "Massasoit Bowman" won't object to that sort of thing himself, after he gets a little accustomed to it. We can't all be champions. The California archers are talking up a League for the Pacific coast, and, if accomplished, the Eastern archers may reassured this change will be strongly advocated, and, as far as I can judge, adopted. When will the National Association do as much? PACIFIC POOR SHOT.

GALESBURG, Ill., Jan. 10th, 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Permit me to express my sympathy with Mr. Brownell in his desire that the present system of archery scoring be reformed—at least thoroughly discussed.

The advantage that larger arrows have over smaller, is comparatively a small matter, and the difficulty of determining upon which side of the line the extreme point of the arrow strikes, is obvious. A much better plan would be to give to every striking two colors half the sum of both. Thus, large arrows would have the advantage just outside the dividing line, and small ones just inside.

The element of luck at long ranges can be made more unimportant in a better way than by changing the relative values of the colors of the target. Leave these values as they are, and add something to the score for each hit as such, say, at eighty yards, one, at one hundred yards, two. I give an example at each distance:—

Present Method.		Proposed Method.	
80 Yards:	24 Hits: Score, 102.	24 Hits: Score, 102.25—130	
	23 " " 103	23 " " 103.25—123	
	22 " " 104	22 " " 104.25—116	
100 Yards:	18 " " 81	18 " " 81.50—110	
	17 " " 82	17 " " 82.50—103	

Of course, the amount of allowance for hits should be determined by the judgment of our most experienced archers; but it seems to me that there should be some allowance at the long ranges.

My \$25 bow is knotty and crooked. I know no better than to select such a one; but, after all, I selected better than I knew. The record shows that, though "a run up" to look at, it is a good un" to shoot. This record begins August 21, 1879. Since then I have recorded 131 Yards, 4,464 arrows; 438 American Rounds, 8,930 arrows—total, 5,294 arrows.

Many series I did not record at all; neither is account made of flight-shooting, in which I have indulged considerably; and, especially it will be observed that there is no record from June 1st to August 21st, during which time I shot quite as assiduously as later, though at shorter ranges. I think I must have shot at least 15,000 arrows with my bow, I have broken several strings upon it; and three times inadvertently pulled an arrow through it; still, the "crooked old stick," as one manufacturer called it, is there—the only bow I use. A few days since it threw an ordinary forty-six target-arrow two hundred and thirty yards. I need not say, while I am pleased with my bow, I am ashamed of myself; but such a verdant anchor needed just such a tenacious bow.

Permit me to say in conclusion, that the purpose of a bow, as it seems to me, is not to last, but to shoot. I have a Japanese bow that I never use, though I am sure I could never break it.

T. H. W.

HAWTHORN'S VS. PEQUOSETTS.—Boston, Jan. 24th.—Match between Hawthorn Archers, of Boston Highlands, and Pequot Archers, of Watertown. Two rounds of 30 arrows each, ladies, shooting at 30 yards, and gentlemen at 40 yards:—

HAWTHORN ARCHERS.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Total.
F. H. Brackett	148	152	300
Dr. J. Dwight	131	139	270
H. Worthington, Jr.	173	131	304
Chas. A. Smith	150	150	300
Miss B. Wilson	141	115	256
Miss F. W.	130	118	248
Miss J. Wilson	120	117	237
Miss L. Brackett	120	119	239

PEQUOSETT ARCHERS.

	1st Round.	2d Round.	Total.
A. S. Brownell	124	152	276
S. L. Abbott	135	123	258
Miss Walker	117	107	224
Miss Sibley	85	119	204
Mrs. Shackford	110	79	189
Ladies' Average	105	103	208
Gents' Average	123	127	250

Several of the archers have not shot for some time, and this circumstance, together with the very trying light on the targets, affected the scores considerably. Several of the gentlemen have frequently passed 200 score, and the ladies have shot as high as 175, at 30 yards, and 141 at 40 yards.

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—The New York Archery Club has persevered in its search for winter quarters, and is now admirably located at the Ninth Regiment Armory, Twenty-sixth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues. The drill-room of the armory, the use of which was obtained through the courtesy of Col. Stephen O. Ryder, is 90x200 feet, and 54 feet high, affording full room for 40-yard, 50-yard and 60-yard shooting. The regular meetings of the club will be held here every Saturday evening,

and as the club has so cordially opened its doors to the interested public we look for an increased interest in this noble game. The membership is rapidly increasing. At the last monthly meeting 150 new names were added to the roll and three others were proposed.

Last Saturday evening was the first practice in the armory. The ladies shot for the monthly prize, which was Thompson's "Victory of Archery." Mrs. Dr. De Luna won it with a score of 335. The gentlemen shot for the weekly badge, and it was captured by Mr. Breese with a total of 530—90 arrows at thirty yards. The return match with the Ascham Archers of Brooklyn, E. D., we understand, will now soon be shot; while the club has another challenge on its hands from the Orinai Club of Hackensack, N. J. The gentleman who sent the two line-thread bow-strings a few weeks ago will confer a favor by sending his address to Dr. A. J. De Luna. West Thirty-second street.

NEW YORK VS. BOSTON.—New York, Jan. 30th.—Archers in New York and vicinity are respectfully invited to attend the official scores of the Am. Archen Round to W. Holberton, care of Conroy, Bissett & Malleson, Fulton st., or to W. C. Boecher, 237 Broadway, so that a team of six may be selected to shoot a match with the Boston archers next Decoration Day (May 29th), the first match to be shot at Mount Morris Park, and the return match in Boston on some later date. Scores to be sent in by May 1st. Matches for positions on the tea will be shot during that month.

W. HOLBERTON, President Orinai Archers.

—The veteran Major A. G. Constable, President of the Brooklyn Archery Club, has been unanimously elected Second Vice-President of the Grand Mutual Archery Association for the ensuing year.

—In reference to Mr. Gray's bow, which a correspondent stated last week was returned to the manufacturers because it was misshapen, Messrs. Conroy, Bissett & Malleson explain that the bow was sent back to them simply because Mr. Gray wished to exchange it for a heavier one—Mr. Gray's letter and the bow itself, both now to be seen at their office, showing this.

Yachting and Boating.

KEELS AND CUTTERS.—The new yacht now building by Alonzo Smith at Islip for Mr. J. G. Cassatt will be rigged as a cutter. The *Comet*, originally built for Dr. Vondy, J. C. Y. C., has been sold to Mr. Chas. Warren Lippitt, of Providence, R. I., and will be turned into a keel. Very, signs of the times.

YACHTING IN LAY JOURNALS.—It is unfortunately true that the lay journals have as a rule very poor accounts of yacht racing in their vicinity. Sometimes the nautical flights of the Bohemian tar are insupportable and wondrous in more ways than one. The Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury* is an exception to the rule, and a most agreeable one at that, for in its yachting column the hand of the adept can be traced in every line, and we are glad to know that our contemporary intends continuing in its good ways.

"SAPPHO."—This schooner has been laying up for two months past in the old harbor of Marseille, but has now been taken into dock to have her copper looked after and prepare for the great Nice races. It is also said that her spars will be lengthened to the old racing proportions. If *Sappho* will only be put in the hands of an American skipper she is safe for the big prize.

MEASUREMENT.—Classification according to length only is generally condemned, and this judgment has in our eyes all the more importance, since it is not only the expression of the majority but it emanates from the most competent yachtsmen best acquainted with the management of races.—*Le Yacht*.

NEW YACHT.—The generally accepted preferences among naval architects are: Wooden vessel equal 100, then iron vessel equal 60, and composite vessel 50. In small vessels the difference is not so great, especially when special construction or mischief playing is necessary to secure rigidity in iron sloops. Mischievous weights about as much as a wooden sloop, but has her weights disposed to better advantage for strength and stability.

THE MORE THE MERRIER.—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Spirit of the Times*, sees danger to American yachting in the fleet of steamers now building. But, really there is none; we have sea-room for all, and if a limited portion of the community were the greater certainty and greater speed of finewest steam yachts, by all means let us have them—the more the merrier. There will always be enough among the other half of the public to choose the romance, roominess, cheapness and adventure peculiar to the sailing craft. A glance at the fleet of big steam yachts in England shows that we are a long ways off from driving out the sailing yacht, for in America the preponderance of the latter is much greater than in England, yet one day the dire consequences to the property of the noble craft of cutters, yawls and schooners abroad from any inordinate or abnormal weakening in favor of steam. Anything that sets the American adrift and carries him out to sea away from the dyspeptic diet and business worries will be sure to make a man of him, whether he hoists his flag aboard a first-class steamer or at the masthead of a flying schooner. If the iron frames of deep draft, seaworthy steamers are going up in many yards, neither will the builder of wooden sailing yachts complain, for he is busy swinging his knee from morning till night. Prosperity in one branch goes hand in hand with activity in the other, for both are indications of the growing wealth of the nation.

LYMAN'S ROWING GEAR.—With the spring the demand for Lyman's bow-fencing rowing gear is likely to spurt up afresh. For family and sportsmen's use we know of nothing better, and Mr. Lyman has many testimonials indorsing the advantages claimed for his invention. Prices have been reduced. Mr. Lyman also builds excellent boats of all kinds. Send for his circular.

YACHTING.—Sturgeon Bay, Wis., has got an ice yacht, and undertakers are smiling at the business outlook. This is the opinion of the Sturgeon Bay *Advertiser*: "To travel a mile a minute is something to be proud of, and to tell to your grandchildren when you take them upon your knees to delight their innocent souls with the usual after-supper batch of lies about the wonderful experiences of your gladdy youth. But suppose that you stop at the rate of a mile a minute! Ay, there's the rub. Why, you wouldn't have any grandchildren to lie to. What's the use of traveling a mile a minute at the risk of a black walnut ulcer and a season ticket to the cemetery?"

PROTECTING SHIPS' BOTTOMS.—Says Iron: "It appears that during a surveying expedition in Natal, which was being carried out for the Colonial Government, the discovery was made that a strongly glutinous juice or gum, which issued from certain plants belonging to the natural order Euphorbiaceae, when cut with the

clearing knives, adhered so firmly to the blades that it was very difficult to remove. It was further found that the iron so coated did not rust, and that when immersed in the sea no barnacles nor marine life would touch it. In its pure state the gum is an extremely bitter and irritating poison. To render its application practical it requires to be combined with some other substance. To effect this it is necessary to dissolve the gum in a preparation of spirits, and in that condition it will readily combine with other pigments, the combination forming a material which when spread upon a surface gives a glossy coating to it, and one, moreover, which is impervious to air and moisture, while its own peculiar protective property remains unimpaired. A series of experiments were carried out on an extended scale, and were so successful that they led to works being established for the production of this composition on a large scale by the Protector Fluid Company, of No. 8 Leadenhall street, London. The reason of this success is explained by the circumstance that the juice of the Euphorbia, which forms the base of the fluid, being of such an intensely bitter nature, paralyzes the efforts of all insects to attach themselves to a surface or bore into any substance coated with it. With regard to its practical application to ships' bottoms, the testimony of ship-owners and others who have used it goes to show that the results are very satisfactory."

ADJUSTING COMPASSES.—In England some trouble seems to have been had about irregular deviations of the compass in new iron steam yachts. It is well known that the observed deviations obtained from "swinging ship" are apt to undergo considerable modification with small changes in climate, and the compasses are consequently by the new iron yachts now building, too much care in obtaining the deviation (variation and local attraction) cannot be taken. Above all, have the tables prepared by an expert, and do not trust to the crude operations of a hero of the "belaying-pin" variety, who views with superciliousness anything that he has not been taught in the narrow range of his own experience.

COLLAUSIBLE BOATS.—We are certainly far ahead in the matter of collapsible yachts of "dingleys." The "Borbon" boat of England is too awkward as a "Coughtry," more complicated, folds in less space, more costly, and no better in model. We have recently inspected a "Coughtry," at Moore's, in Broadway, and for the small sum of \$35 the owner of the small sloop can get a handsome, buoyant and exceedingly well finished 9 ft. tender. With such boats in the market, there is simply no excuse for anyone going off on a cruise without a boat stowed on top of the "house," in the weather gangway, or below. A "Borbon" of similar size weighs 10 lbs., and exposes canvas only to beaching. In time an export trade in the "Coughtry" boats should be looked for.

THE CZAR'S YACHT.—Readers may remember the sudden discovery of a Russian vessel concealed through the last genuineness of Adm. Bal Popoff, of the Russian navy, under whose directions several "Popofkies" were built at the Kronstadt arsenals some years ago. A further experiment in this direction is to be made with the new yacht now building for the Czar. The contract has been awarded to John Elder & Co., of Glasgow. The model will be elliptic, with flat bottom, of the following dimensions: Length, 23ft. 6in.; beam, 13ft. 6in.; draught, 6ft.; draft aft, 10ft.; mean draft, 6ft. 3in. Three engines of 10,500 horse-power collectively, and 10,000 of the coal capacity. The cost, exclusive of furniture and decorations, will be \$1,000,000. The exterior will be watched with much interest, but we have not much faith in her racing qualities.

"CEYLON."—As this famous English schooner will be one of those most likely to be matched against *Idler* during the proposed visit of the latter to Europe, it will be interesting to note that she has had four tons of lead put in her keel, and lead substituted for the iron inside. She is bound for the Nice races.

"FORMOSA."—The Prince of Wales has bought this beautiful 100-ton cutter, and English papers expect him to do some more extensive yachting this year.

STEAM YACHTS IN ENGLAND.—They build them over there about as fast as they can be launched. In the language of the imaginative reporter, "there is now a perfect saturnalia of steam yacht building in England." Here is a sample, from Messrs. Cunliffe & Danlop, of Port Glasgow, are building a new yacht for Mr. N. B. Stewart. Length over all, 132ft.; between perpendiculars, 170 ft.; beam, 27ft. 8in.; draught of water aft, 13ft. 6in.; tonnage, over measurement, 600. Compound, surface condensing engines; cylinders, 28 and 46in., with 21in. stroke; indicated horse-power, 500. The new vessel will be built of iron, to class 100, under special survey of Lloyd's. Feathering screw of the Bevis patent, 10ft. 6in. diameter, of gun-metal. Rigged as a three-masted, pole-masted schooner, a masted, White Cap, Treen, Etc. Treened with a sharp knuckle to the bilge aft, with the advantage of light draft and cheap construction.

MINOT SMITH'S SHARPIES.—We learn that the sharpie built by Minot Smith at Port Jefferson, and now in the Southern fruit and vegetable trade, has given much satisfaction. His sharpie is, however, rather a departure from the orthodox, and in principle actually approaches the sloops. Forward she has a narrow floor dead-rise to her floors, which starts from the horizontal as the stepping line of the floors rises, thus securing a long, easy entrance, as well as a long run with moderate beam. Such a boat with a sharpie hull can be easy in rough water, but she is hardly to be considered a sharpie any longer, but rather a sloop model with a sharp knuckle to the bilge aft, with the advantage of light draft and cheap construction.

QUESTION OF TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I have read with much interest the several articles in your valuable paper on the type question, especially those by Mr. Kirby and the one in your last issue signed "Corinthian."

Although far more ready with the tiller and the ribbons than when I take up the latter, *un peu malin* moi, to refute several assertions in those communications that are hardly consistent with the facts, I regret that in doing I shall have to refer so much to my own person and doings.

"Corinthian," to prove the superiority of American models, claims great speed for all of Fish's, Kirby's, and many of Ellsworth's and Steers' models, etc. According to the records Mr. Kirby has two only that have distinguished themselves in a signal manner, *Manning* and *Arrow*. His sail-boats are many of them fast. Mr. Ellsworth's *Comet* and *Elephant*, in the weather they were designed for, are wonders. Mr. Fish has produced some very racing craft, namely, *White Cap*, *Treen*, *Etc.* Treened and some others that, in my humble opinion, cannot be so classed, for instance, *Lola*, that upset on a summer's day in a whole sail breeze; *Enechantes*, that *Egeria* (half her tonnage) defeated in England in a thrash to windward, and—well I had better stop or I shall have some "touchy" owners about my ears.

Mr. Steers' *America*, allow me to inform "Corinthian," is not a "rule of thumb" vessel. She is a beautifully designed craft,

BATTING AVERAGES.
Second Eleven.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
1. C. A. Bellar.	4	7	57	14	27	14.78
2. G. Scott.	2	2	29	17	17	8.67
3. C. L. Middleton.	10	10	71	33	44	12.45
4. C. Hayward.	3	3	19	19	19	12.33
5. C. W. Jackson.	10	63	19	19	19	12.33
6. C. A. Seymour.	10	61	19	19	19	12.33
7. Dr. J. H. Hulbert.	10	61	19	19	19	12.33
8. W. Scott.	10	40	13	17	17	12.33
9. E. G. Ames.	10	33	13	17	17	12.33
10. J. W. Castle.	9	17	10	10	10	12.33
11. J. Tucker.	6	10	30	10	10	12.33
12. W. Mackenzie.	6	10	30	10	10	12.33
13. J. W. Castle.	9	17	10	10	10	12.33
14. H. Tucker.	6	10	30	10	10	12.33
15. G. Paul.	1	1	1	1	1	12.33

BOWLING AVERAGES.
First Eleven.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
1. S. L. Tinsford.	10	413	145	43	13	5.18
2. C. W. Jackson.	10	371	175	43	13	5.18
3. J. B. Field.	10	371	175	43	13	5.18
4. H. Hooper.	10	371	175	43	13	5.18
5. R. Greig.	4	90	24	1	1	5.18
6. D. F. Jenkins.	4	90	24	1	1	5.18

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB.

Although this club was only organized in August last, it played nine matches, of which it won three and lost six. The following is a correct summary of the matches, with batting averages:—

AUGUST 20, AT PROSPECT PARK.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
New York.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Manhattan (20).	1	33	63	58	123	123
Lost by 30 runs in first innings.						

AUGUST 22, AT PATERSON.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
New York.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Pateron.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Lost by 10 runs.						

SEPTEMBER 20, AT PROSPECT PARK.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
New York.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Manhattan (20).	1	33	63	58	123	123
Lost by 13 runs.						

SEPTEMBER 18TH, AT HOBOKEN.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
New York.	1	33	63	58	123	123
St. George's (23).	1	33	63	58	123	123
Won by 34 runs.						

SEPTEMBER 23D, AT PROSPECT PARK.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
New York.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Pateron.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Won by 1 run.						

OCTOBER 9TH, AT HOBOKEN.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
New York.	1	33	63	58	123	123
St. George's (23).	1	33	63	58	123	123
Won by 25 runs in first innings.						

OCTOBER 15TH, AT HOBOKEN.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
New York.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Columbia College.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Won by 33 runs.						

OCTOBER 27TH, AT STATEN ISLAND.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
New York.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Staten Island.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Lost by 64 runs.						

NOVEMBER 5TH, AT PATERSON.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
New York.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Pateron.	1	33	63	58	123	123
Lost by 9 runs.						

BATTING AVERAGES.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Wickets.	Times out.	Average.
G. Giles, Jr.	10	124	62	23	113	11.3
H. Lettis.	10	75	70	23	9.3	9.3
W. Baird.	10	75	70	23	9.3	9.3
J. B. Field.	10	13	23	16	5.5	5.5
M. B. Carey.	10	102	17	17	5.9	5.9
G. Caldwell.	10	27	12	12	4.5	4.5
C. Cuddey.	10	27	12	12	4.5	4.5
W. Giles.	10	27	12	12	4.5	4.5
R. Bacon.	10	11	44	12	4.0	4.0
W. M. Lendrum.	10	13	39	17	3.0	3.0
T. Jackson.	10	5	19	8	3.4	3.4
J. A. Alworth.	10	8	10	7	2.0	2.0
N. Hick.	10	8	10	7	1.5	1.5
T. Collett.	10	8	10	7	1.5	1.5
J. Day.	10	8	10	7	1.5	1.5
C. Livingston.	10	8	10	7	1.5	1.5

The bowling averages are omitted, as they were but imperfectly entered in the score books. George Giles, Jr., and J. Alworth, however, did excellently.

CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA.—The twenty-third contest between the rival colonies of Victoria and New South Wales had just been concluded when the last mail left for England. These annual, or rather six-monthly matches, are looked forward to with immense interest by the two cricket-loving colonies. A match is played at the commencement of each season in either Melbourne or Sydney, and the return is played later on. This year the first match was played in Sydney, and the Victorians took up from Melbourne a very strong team. The details will be perused with some interest by American cricketers from the fact that nearly the whole of the members of the Australian team which visited America in 1878 were engaged on either one side or the other. It will be remembered that that team was a combined one from the whole of Australia, but in the match under notice they were playing for their respective colonies, viz., Horan, Doyle, Blackham and Allan for Victoria; and Spofforth, Gregory, the two Bannermans, Murdoch and Garrett for New South Wales. As an instance of the immense interest taken in cricket by all classes of the community in Australia, we may instance the fact that thousands of people assembled outside the Australian office during the afternoon on which the match is being played in Sydney (300 miles off), the reason being that the proprietors of that paper make special arrangements to get the fall of each wicket and score telegraphed to their

office direct from the ground, and these particulars are posted up outside the office as soon as received. As stated before, this was the twenty-third contest, the most astounding ten victories for New South Wales and twelve for Victoria, the Sydney men having won the last six matches consecutively, but they still are two in arrears. D. Gregory captained the New South Wales men and Doyle the Victorians. The following is the score:—

NEW SOUTH WALES.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Murdoch, c. and b. Doyle. 21	St. Blackham, b. Palmer. 26
C. Bannerman, c. Cooper. 31	b. Alexander. 29
A. Alexander. 33	c. Cooper, b. Alexander. 29
A. Bannerman, b. Cooper. 32	c. Cooper, b. Alexander. 29
Evans, c. Blackham, b. Cooper. 39	c. Cooper, b. Alexander. 29
Garrett, b. w. b. Allan. 23	c. Horan, b. Cooper. 37
Thompson, J. b. w. b. Allan. 23	c. Alexander. 33
Spofforth, c. b. Blackham, b. Cooper. 1	c. Blackham, b. Cooper. 13
Garrett, b. w. b. Allan. 23	not out. 6
Geary, not out. 19	b. Cooper. 6
Norris, b. Morris, b. Spofforth. 13	c. Cooper. 6
Geary, b. Doyle. 0	c. Slight, b. Cooper. 6
Tindall, b. Doyle. 1	c. Cooper. 10
Extras. 5	Extras. 5
Total. 204	Total. 113

VICTORIA.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Slight, c. Morris, b. Spofforth. 15	run out. 3
Marshall, c. A. Bannerman, b. Palmer. 13	b. Evans. 5
Tindall, c. A. Bannerman, b. Palmer. 19	b. Evans. 14
Alban, c. Gregory, b. Tindall. 23	b. Tindall. 16
Campbell, b. Evans. 5	b. Spofforth. 16
Alexander, c. and b. Evans. 3	b. Spofforth. 16
Blackham, b. Tindall. 13	c. Garrett, b. Spofforth. 3
Boyle, c. Morris, b. Spofforth. 20	b. Spofforth. 3
Tennant, c. Spofforth, b. Evans. 10	c. and b. Tindall. 2
Palmer, c. A. Bannerman, b. Spofforth. 3	not out. 6
Cooper, not out. 1	c. and b. Spofforth. 1
Extras. 5	Extras. 5
Total. 143	Total. 117

UNITED STATES VS. CANADA.—The Hamilton Evening Times of Jan. 23d says, in referring to our suggestion: "We perfectly agree with the remarks in the FOREST AND STREAM; and as, according to all the sporting papers on the other side, the Hamilton Club is the champion club of the continent, and works perhaps more harmoniously than any, we would suggest that a meeting be held in Hamilton at as early a date as possible to form the association."

ROYAL CITY CRICKET CLUB.—At the annual meeting of this organization, held at New Westminster, British Columbia, Jan. 2d, the following Board of Directors was chosen for the ensuing year:—W. Moresby, President; C. N. Treer, Vice-President; W. H. Keary, Secretary-Treasurer; Committee of Management, W. N. Bole, J. W. Harvey, J. S. Clute. About thirty members were present. The club financially is in a flourishing condition. There are no honorary members, all being contributing and active. There are seventy-two members belonging to the club. The club intends to challenge the San Francisco Club some time in May.

DESTROY THE VERMIN.—The following extracts from an address recently delivered by Mr. Everett Smith before the Sagadahoc Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Brunswick, Me., contain some very sensible suggestions relating to game protection. Mr. Smith's extended experience as a sportsman and worker in the cause of protection give him special authority on such topics:—

In Great Britain the creatures that prey upon the game are termed "vermin," and the extermination of vermin forms one of the most important duties of the gamekeeper. Upon a certain tree near the kennels, the gamekeeper hangs all the vermin of kind, that his master may behold practice exercises of his skill, that he may perform. I have derived much pleasure from the examination of such collections, not only by the variety of specimens, but by the proof of many more valuable lives saved by the sacrifice of these creatures. In the north of Europe and Great Britain the ravens and hooded crows are among the most deadly enemies to field game. These birds not only kill many young grouse, but also destroy their eggs. To game-keepers therefore makes special efforts to destroy the ravens and crows, as well as the hawks and owls, by the destruction of their nests and young, by gun, traps, etc. Weasels are diligently trapped; but the foxes, although the most deadly of vermin, are not killed as such, but preserved to afford sport with the hounds. In New England, however, where the natives of the country forbids fox hunting as practices in the olden times, or the Southern States, the fox should be treated as the inveterate poacher and outlaw that he is, and especial means taken to exterminate him. Those familiar with his habits know that the favorite resorts of the fox here are among the alders and birches, where he finds woodcock and young grouse in summer, and hares in winter. I do not know that foxes eat the eggs of birds, as do the skunks and some other small animals, but, if after an unsuccessful hunt for field mice in an old pasture, the fox seeks the adjoining coverts frequented by grouse and woodcock, he is only too sure of capturing a substantial and dainty morsel. The gentle and unsuspecting nature of the woodcock renders it an easy prey to the fox, and it is especially subjected to his attacks, from the fact of residing in just the places most frequented by the fox at all seasons; and it loses so early in the season, that one of the first birds to afford reward a change of diet and gratification to an appetite that has become ravenous from the short rations of a long winter. Of the "vermin" in this State, the foxes and weasels are foremost, and I would urge all persons interested in the protection and increase of ruffed grouse and woodcock to take active measures to exterminate them. I would suggest for the furtherance of this object, that sportsmen's associations of the kind, to the value of the skin, but an inducement for the trappers to take them. The practice of putting out poisoned bait is highly dangerous, not only to the lives of all the dogs for miles around, but persons have been seriously poisoned by skinning animals thus killed. Trapping is a most effective method, and often a whole family of foxes, black and young, may be taken by traps. The following method is often very successful: Let the trapper select a knoll in the vicinity most frequented by the foxes, and plow two furrows, the longer the better, over this knoll, crossing at right angles on its summit. At the point where the furrows cross each other, set the trap; and if this is well done many foxes will be taken during the season,

Woman's Column.

A MICHIGAN SPORTSWOMAN.

IT behoves us women to improve every opportunity that is presented for us to come to the front and show that we are competent to write, speak or vote, just as the case demands. We as a class are not thought to be quite so inferior to the opposite sex as we were in days gone by, yet there is still existing a feeling of superiority over us. To prove this a fact, take a remark heard gentlemanly concerning the first article that appeared in the Woman's Column in FOREST AND STREAM. It was this: "No one need try to make me believe that a woman wrote that, for its too well written." Now I believe a woman wrote it, and that said gentleman will see twenty years have elapsed that a woman can not only write a spicy article for a sportsman's journal, but is capable of doing any work that requires brain power equally as well as a man.

I do not know whether the editor of FOREST AND STREAM be a woman's-right's man, so I will not write a suffrage article, but I do think he would not have been so kind as to give us a column in his paper if he had expected it to be filled with lines utterly devoid of sense. I thank him for paving the way, so that editors of other papers may follow after. He has given us ladies an opportunity of sending a few pleasant murmurs among our friends in writing, and in the words of Sol Smith Russell, I say: "Girls, improve your opportunities."

My object in writing this article is to have one more added to the list of women who do not think it vulgar to use firearms. I never awoke to the fact that I could use them until one year ago last spring. My husband and I were in Petoskey, Mich., at that time. He went to kill pigeons, for they were there in great numbers, 1 to 50 in the country. He had from the first of our acquaintance been anxious for me to learn to use firearms, and so on this particular trip he took a gun with him for me to use. Well, the second morning after our arrival I decided to go with him to shoot at pigeons, never thinking I could hit one, but, strange to relate, I came in at noon with two dead birds, shot by me. This was the first of many happy hunting days to me.

Since then I have been more successful; I can kill more than two birds in a forenoon, now. As I look back to those first two pigeons, I know it was nothing but an accident my killing them, for I was too excited to take aim. It was at one time a mystery to me to know how my husband could arise at 2 o'clock in the morning, eat a cold breakfast off the mantelpiece, and hurry out into the poisonous early morning air, some hunting ground that must be reached before sunrise, and call it fun. I marvel no longer. The mystery is solved, for I can do the same thing myself, now. I am on hand to go every time he is.

It's not so much the killing of birds I enjoy, as it is the pleasure I give my husband by going with him and taking an interest in his sports. He will punt a boat for me a whole day, just for the sake of seeing me shoot ducks; and in the field he never—well, "hardly ever"—shoots at the same bird I am aiming at. He has never served me but one mean trick since we have hunted together, and that was last summer. I decided one afternoon that I would like to try my hand at shooting meadow larks; so we drove from our home about five miles, and came to a field where there were quite a number of them; but they were a long ways over in the field away from the road, so my husband, pointing to a stump near by, said to me, "You take your gun and sit behind this stump, so the birds can't see you, and I will go across the field and scare them up so they will fly your way." Well, I, as a dutiful wife, minded, and stationed myself, gun in hand, behind the stump, and he went across the field to send the birds to me. I sat there for some time; at last I heard him bang! In the wake of seeing the birds did not raise my head, but thought, "he has frightened some birds, and they will be coming right this way." But no; they did not come. Another bang! and yet another. Then I ventured to raise my head above the stump to see what my husband was doing, but he waved his hand for me to keep quiet; I sank down again; but I was in such a cramped position that I could endure it no longer. I rose up, just in time to see a hawk take a hawk for a hawk upon me that I had been a subject of foot play. Mr. M. had been having fun at my expense, but I paid him back by killing more birds before the afternoon was over than he did. I forgave him, and we had a delightful ride home at sunset.

I have killed quite a variety of game, pigeons, ducks, meadow larks, prairie chickens and partridges, and the best of it all, I have never had an accident in consequence of my shooting. Some say I will yet, and when I ask them why, they say, "Oh, because you are a woman." I call to mind one in particular who was very much alarmed for fear I would shoot my guide, whom I had with me in a boat when I was on the Jordan River trout fishing. This gentleman, who was afraid I would kill some one, was one of those "nice little men" with more money than brains, and I think I have killed him had seen me sitting in the boat, killing quail, that would come out so daintily on the trunks of old trees that overhung the water. He thought this very reckless, so he took my guide confidentially to one side and told him that his life was greatly endangered by being in that boat with me. The guide told him he did not need any of his advice; he was not afraid Mrs. M. would shoot him. This was quite a triumph for me, and I think the Chicago man will be less officious in the future.

There is one great drawback to this out-of-doors recreation, and that is the difficulty in procuring suitable clothing, especially foot wear, head covering and jacket that would protect us as well as the men are protected from the cold, warm and damp weather, and last but not least, bugs. When we West shooting prairie chickens I thought I had just time to wear, but it proved a failure. My dress was short, but it was of ladies' cloth, and oh! how those Nebraska burrs did cling to it. I wore men's boots because they were high, but the burrs got in the tops of them and I was far from happy. Why would it not pay some dealer in sportsman's goods to make a specialty of ladies' outfits, so that we can hunt and fish without suffering more inconvenience than a man does? J. M.

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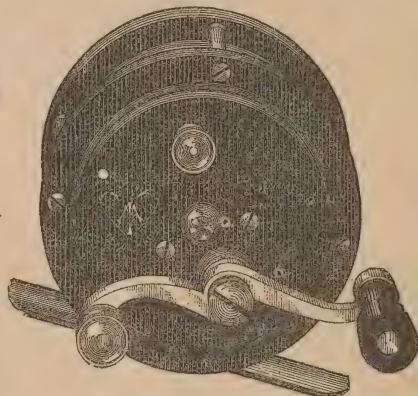
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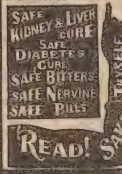
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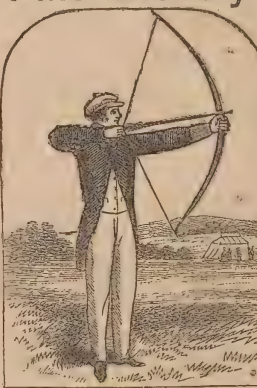
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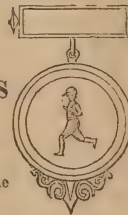
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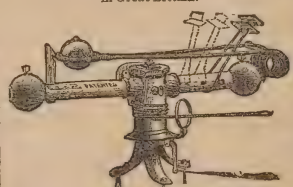
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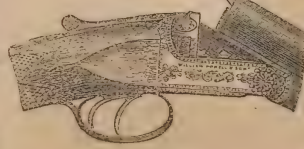
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4 30 Port Jefferson and way.
5 00 Babylon and way.
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6 30 Northport, Glen Cove.
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A theatre train will be run from Hunter's Point and Flatbush av. every Saturday night 12:15 A.M.

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\$5 to \$20 per day at home.

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Nos. 1 (coarse) to 4 (fine), unequalled in strength, quickness, and cleanliness; adapted for Glass Ball and Pigeon Shooting.

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Nos. 1 (coarse) to 3 (fine), burning slowly, strong, and clean; great penetration; adapted for Glass Ball, Pigeon, Duck, and other shooting.

DUPONT'S EAGLE RIFLE,
A quick, strong, and clean Powder, of very fine grain for pistol shooting.

DUPONT'S RIFLE, FG, "SEA SHOOTING,"
FFG and FFGF. The FG for long range rifle shooting; the FFG and FFGF for general use, burning strong and moist.

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TRAPS from \$2 to \$12. Balls at 90 cents per 100. Guns cheap. Catalogues free. Address GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. May 20/79

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A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

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ORIENTAL GREAM, or MAGICAL
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Removes Tan, pimples, freckles, sallowness, and every blemish of the skin. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless as to be used by the most delicate. The preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinctive mark is a shield with Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to be the inventor.

lady of the household (a patient). "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." Also Poudre Sublimée removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. Mrs. M. D. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 45 Bond St., N. Y. For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe.

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Prepares for U. S. Naval School, U. S. Military Academy, and the Merchant Marine Service. For terms, etc., apply to

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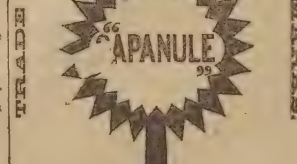
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FOR GUNS, CUTLERY, AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. Safe to handle, WILL NOT GUM, and will keep in any climate. Sportsmen everywhere in the United States pronounce it the best gun oil in the market. Judge Holmes, of Bay City, Mich., writes: "It is the best preparation I have found in thirty-five years of active and frequent use of guns." The trade supplied by sole manufacturer, GEO. D. EATON, 60 Pavonia Avenue, Jersey City, N. J. Sold by principal New York dealers, and by Wm. Read & Sons, Boston, Mass.; B. Kirtledge & Co., Cincinnati, O.; E. Parker, Chicago, Ill.; Brown & Hilder, St. Louis, Mo.; Thos. W. Parr, Cleveland, O.; Trimble & Kitchener, Baltimore, Md.; Crapley & Sons, Georgetown, D. C.; Jos. C. Grubb & Co., Philadelphia. CANNOT BE SENT BY MAIL.



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FOREST AND STREAM

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

[Entered According to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

Terms, \$4 a Year. 10 Cts. a Copy.
Six Mo's, \$2, Three Mo's, \$1.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1880.

Volume 14—No. 2.
No. 111 Fulton Street, New York.

THE SANDPiper.

THE little sandpiper that has a great stride
Like a king of the faïces, and toys with the tide,
Is a jolly good fellow of infinite pride.

He signals your presence, assuming much fear,
And pipes of the danger that's coming too near,
Or whistles alarm that others may hear.

He eyes you obliquely, a comical way,
And flutters a distance as much as to say,
This far and no farther, and there you may stay.

But if you should trespass he'll nod in disdain,
Then tell his displeasure with might and with main,
And skin o'er the water to safety again.

When danger has passed him he settles his plumes,
The mien of importance he quickly assumes,
Subsuequently searching he gravely resumes.

Ah, little sandpiper of fairy-like stride,
With beautiful nature so closely allied,
I've noted thee often with love and with pride.

A river is flowing through life to the sea.
A river that fancy oft pictures to me.
Where the soul is a rambler and thought is like thee.

—JEROME BUNNETT.

Spring Time by the Blue Ridge Trout Streams.

IN a former paper I casually alluded to an intention I then had of taking down from the nail on which for years it had hung, my long neglected fly-rod, and setting out in search of trouting localities more congenial to the lovers of fly-fishing. At the end of the long, cold, dry weather that persecuted us through May, after waiting and watching the heavens for days and days, the limit of my opportunities for absence was reached, and as the sun rose over the mountains on a harsh and dewless morning, I found myself with C., jogging away from home with distended saddle-bags and fifty miles of road between us and our destination. The rugged chain of the Blue Ridge Mountains loomed upon our left, and our horses' heads pointed to the north. With further particulars I will not bore my readers, since strangers coming to this part of the world to fish would be foolish to choose the eastern side of the range, with the wealth of trout streams that sparkle down the mountain sides of the western counties open to them. The case though is different with residents whose lot happens to be east upon the sunny side, for there is a vast difference to men with occupations, between a trip that entails two days upon the road and one that demands four. Neither will I tax the patience of my reader with a detailed account of a wearisome ride of fifty miles. The trout streams, or I should rather say the brooks that held trout higher up, trickled feebly over our horses' feet at the innumerable fords through which we crossed. The usual motley array of anglers for white chub and suckers that every stream-washed Virginia hamlet exhibits were there, seated on fence rails—a melancholy band. At one village, or a spot that had been a village about the time of the Revolutionary War, beneath whose crumbling walls dances a clear purling stream, the store keeper had erected over the water a rude pier from the summit of which his lordly legs are to be seen dangling from a court day to court day, and where doubtless, with one longing eye upon his store door and the other upon his float, he chews in silence and sadly ruminates upon the days that are no more. The populace are also there, in rows along the bank, or perched upon the rocks in mid-stream—black and white—sad and dejected.

"Caught anything?"
"Nothing."

And the refrain is echoed dismally from mouth to mouth along the shore. The thought occurs to one that if such a show of anglers can be turned out in such an unpromising state of water and weather, what a happy time the chub and suckers, the homy-heads and catfish must have of it on showery days.

Ask me not to recall the wicked—the cruel fabrications as to mileage that were poured into ears ears along that red and winding track. As an old horseback traveler I am prepared to find men and women who will without malicious intentions double or halve a distance that they

may traverse twice a week. I am prepared to come across individuals who look you straight in the face and calmly deny the existence of considerable towns six miles from where they are standing. I am not at all surprised when a blacksmith of good character, or a very high-toned store keeper tells me my destination is five miles off and I find it fifteen—but the dwellers upon this Virginia highway fairly and squarely outlied any roadside population upon whose tender mercies I have yet been thrown. Their diversity of opinion not only on several occasions deprived us momentarily of our breath, which was a small matter, but finally robbed us of half our much required night's rest. The small hours must have been tolling ere the early moon at length rose just in time to throw her rays upon the chimneys and gables of the hospitable mansion that was to be our shelter, and it is needless to add that that night the terms bed and sleep were synonymous. I don't know that there is anything, to my idea, more heart-breaking than the act of traveling in the darkness of the night on an unknown road in strange and thickly wooded country. People who are accustomed only to the superb highways of the Northern States, and whose idea of road traveling is to sit behind trotting horses and watch the milestones dash by every few minutes, would find it hard to realize the tedium of accomplishing long journeys through countries where a more primitive civilization exists. In winter time let us forbear description; we are supposed to be writing about trout fishing, and gladly do we confine our utterances to matters pertaining to the leafy months when, if it has not rained for a few days, and you are riding, not driving, and it is daylight, your wife and family may see you start without particular cause for alarm. But supposing your route to be through the Piedmont section of the State, and any of the other conditions are present, if you have not already insured your life I should recommend you to do so for a considerable sum. But, jesting apart, when a strange road enters a river, on a moonless night, that you take it for granted only is shallow and apparently never emerges again, the most equable tempers are apt to be tried. Such is frequently the case where a mountain torrent for several hundred yards does duty for a road—evident, though uncomfortable by day, but by night, bewildering.

I am, I'm afraid, a little hardened by constant familiarity to the sublimity of nature, but as I looked out of my bedroom window in the morning the panorama that the raising of the blind revealed was beautiful in the extreme. The sun, I am ashamed to say, had risen, but had not yet dried up the dew drops that glittered over the surface of the mountain lawn, on fragrant hedges of esage orange, and on the fresh green leaves of myrtle and of ash. Beyond stretched a long and level valley, rich in fields of wheat and clover, through the centre of which lines of willows and alders marked the course of a stream whose murmuring was plainly audible in the stillness of the morning air. In the background, dwarfing everything else into insignificance, rose the mountains of the Blue Ridge, clothed in the leaves of myrtle and the glory of spring. Not a cloud hung round the clear cut pinnacles with which each summit was crowned. Cold and distinct their razor edges, bristling with winds, swept and ragged forests, cut the sky and the ear could almost fancy the sound of the waterfall that leaps down those fairy glens on which the black shadows of early morning were still resting; but in the words of Byron, if I do not misquote them:—

Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
Repos'd gladly on the sun-bright vale
As ever spring yield in grassy dale
Where a bold river breaks the long expanse,
And woods alone the green leaves of myrtle and of ash,
Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
Or with the moonbeams sleep in midnight's solemn trance.

Alas, in our valley there was no sign of rain. The buzzards soared till they became as specks in the sky. The swallows wheeled far from earth. The wind blew gently and unmeaningly from the South and anglers' hopes were at zero. So disappointed, with no fishing anywhere but enthusiastic, we started with our host, and laden with supplies for two days to our fishing grounds. After a seven mile ride along the banks of a most charming river we arrived at its forks in the angle of which, at the base of the mountains, exactly where the realms of trout and creek fish met, we drew rein in front of a picturesque house with surroundings very different from those usually found in the rude homesteads of the mountaineers. Here dwelt Zach whose rod tree has ever been a rendezvous to the few anglers that come from a distance, and who, always a keen trout fisherman, has of late years been enrolled among that best order of piscators—a fly-fisher.

What might be called the "rise of fly-fishing" on the trout streams that unite their waters at this point is not without interest, and we devoutly hope it is or will be already taken place and what will in some future day take place on many another mountain river.

Some half dozen, or less, years ago an artificial fly or a jointed rod was a thing unknown, and all the angling that was previous to that time done was confined, or almost entirely so, to the mountaineers, who own or rent

land from the population for six or seven miles up each fork.

About 1874 two gentlemen from the nearest city created some astonishment and raised to a considerable extent the derisive mirth of the local fishermen by wading up the middle of the stream, rigged out with tackle, etc., from London or New York, and armed with ten foot fly rods, landing nets, and creels. The scorn of the old "boss" fisher of the mountains knew no bounds. I can well picture to myself old Jessie roaring with laughter from beneath his vast forest of beard and whiskers as he laid the small hook of a black gnat upon his rugged palm, "What! catch trout with that air hook and bit of feather?"

However, catch trout they did, and as old Jessie in these days now says, "They pinely raked 'em."

Since that day the superiority of the fly has been unquestioned, and even greatly exaggerated; too much stress being laid by the mountaineers on the lure itself and too little on the manipulation thereof.

Other gentlemen from a distance have since sought the sport—a new angling era opened—and now the talk along banks is not of poles and smoods and stick baits and such like barbarous jargon, but of cooh-y-bondus and red spinners of reels, fly rods, and casting lines, while for a half worn out fly a lad will willingly carry your basket and net all day. Old Jessie confesses that his reign is o'er, and that " 'em' ar fellas from the low country can beat us all with their darned flies and fixin's." Jessie occasionally fishes with a fly under protest, but he likes somehow or other to be alone at the time. Whether he designs to play his fish has not been fairly ascertained, but it is supposed from the rapidity with which the few flies he can get hold of vanish, and from the amount of "whalers" that he "hangs" but "break away," that his treatment of his fish is not of a yielding order.

Twelve o'clock on a bright May day, with low water, is not a obsequy time to commence fishing, and in this case the result justified the outlook, for not till 4:30 did any one of us, I believe I am correct in saying, even rise a trout. The simmering hours of noon sweltered by, the mocking rays of old Sol pierced even the leafy canopy above our heads, and that bright and hopeless aspect of things piscatorial reigned everywhere that causes the most enthusiastic angler to wind up his line, lay down his rod, and seek some shady spot, where, if the insects allow him, he may stretch his limbs and wait for better times with all the patience that, as a member of the Brotherhood, he is credited with.

There is a certain indescribable point, however, even on the warmest afternoon, when a decided change becomes evident to the keen instincts of the trout fisherman; a change that marks, however faintly, the approach of evening. When the sun has fallen low enough to lose his full force, and his light rather plays round you broken by mountain tops and woodland trees, than glazes as before on the back of your neck, long shadows creep over the pools and quiver in the gentle breeze that so often heralds the close of day. In the deep gloom a dark feeling arises that almost makes you shiver, and a gray light steals over the water that tells the angler his time has come.

A bit of moss comes sailing down the current between the covered rocks and down into the long still pool we have so long been sleepily watching, till plash, plash, its long unrolled surface once more breaks into life, and as the circles widen and disappear, our energy and ardor return, and slipping off a woodcock for a coachman we turn our faces down stream, and try with probable success the pools and riffles that had appeared so tenantless in the morning. Thus it was on the day in question; the evening feed, and a very short one at that, was our only chance of scoring. At every turn during this short interval one met a brother of the angle who had hurried down from his corn patch high above our heads, dragged his ponderous sapling from its hidden corner in some ivy thicket, and was thrashing unmercifully the surface of a well remembered pet pool with the discarded remnants of a "coachman" or a "miller." No unwieldy stream was this—a "no-sophisticated trout were these!—but highly educated specimens of the finny race, and carefully instructed day by day. An open water near a Scottish border town is not more thickly lined upon a fast day than is this laughing, brawling river at certain times of the day and season, but it is none the worse for that; the fact, since the "bed-ticking" business was stamped out it is said the trout have actually increased. We only caught twenty-five between the three of us that evening, but on the other hand it must be fairly admitted that they were twenty-five trout, not five trout and twenty troutlets, as is often the case in such streams, and weighed exactly eight pounds. On arriving at dark at our quarters we found Zach away at a hole where a week previously he had landed a trout of the astonishing size (for the parts) of two and a half pounds. Since then he had hung and lost, according to his own account, several "thumpers" in the same pool by whose banks he had resumed his post night after night, where the glancing

(6) A method the mountaineers had of sinking a bed-ticking in a pool and scooping the fish out previous to the State fish law.

of his white hickory pole might be seen by travelers along the wagon road long after darkness had fallen and the stars peeped forth. Long-tongued fame has it that many of Zach's highly prized and hard gotten flies sail backwards and forwards through the clear depths of their pool firmly imbedded in the grim jaws of monster trout. Another report affirms that Zach was one night seen prone on his face at the brink of the pool gorging with what was supposed to be, in the darkness, a gigantic fish, when suddenly there came a splash, followed by a dead silence, and then the surrounding forest was addressed with an oration that, according to my informant, was evidently more suitable for the place than the place, than these pages. But Zach is as good a sportsman as ever breathed. Reared among pot-hunters that had never heard of a fly, and one of the most successful bait fishers of his district, as soon as ever the nobler art was introduced among his people, his sporting instincts were superior to all native prejudices, and flinging aside his bait box and his hooks, he began with the disadvantage of rough tackle his sporting life over again, and has gone as far as hooking trout go at any rate, a very fly-fisher—he is a boisterous advocate of his new craft and amusingly contemptuous of any other.

The next morning showed signs of rain, and I started off alone, commencing about a mile above the house, where the fall was particularly steep, and forming thereby a succession of as perfect pools as the eye of angler ever gazes on. The first half-hour promised to be a repetition of the preceding day, not even a rise came to him. On a sudden, however, a slight spattering of rain began to fall, and at the same moment a heavy bit of flies came sailing down the water. Flop went a trout in a tempting spot beneath a rock where I had in vain made many casts. In an instant I felt a new man, and drying my flies with a sweep in the air, dropped the leader about a foot above his nose. In less time than it takes to relate, the fish was in my net, and I was off to which in due course was safely basketed. The pool was not twelve feet wide, but fishing up-stream and landing my fish at the tail I managed to take two more half-pounders out of it—an unusual contribution for so small a space. In the course of the next hour several more fish were basketed and many lost from want of a landing net, after which they all but stopped feeding. Wishing to become acquainted with the fishing rapidly in a desultory manner thro' a drizzling, misty rain, and when its size became such as was eminently more suited to a worm than a fly. Eating a leisurely lunch and strolling back again to the head of the best water I commenced fishing down, and at the same time the rain began to fall in earnest. The discomfort of a stream of water pouring through the crown of a straw hat and racing down my back was, however, soon more than compensated for by the way the fish began to rise. What would I not have given for a landing net!

"The greatest drawback of fishing down stream, to my thinking, when fish run a fair size, is the amount of good water spoiled in landing them. And when you have a half-pounder in prime condition in a rapid mountain stream, upon the finest tackle, surrounded with rocky cliffs, and impenetrable woods, you know what a deal he will sometimes stand up before he is safe in the creel. Such was the writer's case for the rest of that evening. No trout could have risen better. I fastened a fish in every likely place on which my flies fell, and the river here was one long succession of likely places, and free from brush withal. About four o'clock the water thickened and put a stop to all fly-fishing for the rest of the day. I counted out for my share in Zach's kitchen thirty trout, the result of the day so abundantly put an end to a plump, even lot of fish. None were under a quarter, none over half a pound. Their aggregate weight was ten pounds. Zach returned from his pool triumphant with a three-quarter pounder about the same time. That night rain fell heavily, and all thought of fishing was over; so in the morning we bid adieu to Zach, not, however, till he had made him my fast friend for life by presenting him with some of the best trout of his earnest solicitation with some feathers, dubbing, etc., that had lain undisturbed in my book since the days when I was infatuated enough to scorn using bought flies, and to consume a good many precious hours that might have been better spent, in manufacturing my own.

I have before alluded to the semi-superstition with which ignorance has invested in these mountains the artificial fly. Of it I was fairly sick, and the opinion upon which happens to be a professional man, and I presume an educated one, or by way of being so. Two miles of the best water this enlightened being preserves specially against the use of fly. For bait fishing he gives permission freely. O, ye gods! When was there anything to approach this. The relapse of the civilized savage to barbarism is nothing to it. A preference I have heard expressed in these parts for the largest good ones because the latter is conducive to overdraw is a patch upon it. The rejection of a railroad offered to the inhabitants of the Upper James is, perhaps, the only instance of ignorance and conservatism combined that can in any way be mentioned in the same breath. However, to see trout in out of the way places preserved at all is something, though the above mentioned is certainly a remarkable commencement for a proprietor to make.

I rode home regret was the most prominent of my feelings that I had let so many years slip by in ignorance of these waters, and never before did I so heartily endorse the well worn line that old Virgil, I think, let us:—

"O mihi prestatos referat sic Jupiter annos."

RINGWOOD.

A MISSOURI BEAR HUNT.

"I MUST go over to that fellow, or he will blow all his brains through that horn. It must be Anthony, or Wills, for no other one of our party would make such a fuss over the killing of a deer." Suiting action to thought, I rode over to visit the man was tooting his horn so vigorously. On rounding a corner, a large thickset I came in full view of him. "I've got him," were the first words that greeted me as I came in sight. "Got what?" I asked. "A bear." "A bear, where?" "Here he is," pointing to the huge carcass of a black bear that lay motionless in the edge of the thicket. "How did you kill him?" "Well, you see that little hickory tree, I was standing by it, expecting every minute to see a deer come sneaking out of that thicket, when all at once I

heard a crackling of the brush, and looking around saw that fellow come galloping along, right towards me. I stood still, and when he got to that old log I let him have it. I was a little scared, and you see I nearly overshot him, but he braked back and down again, and I loaded up as soon as I could, pouring down the powder without measuring, and then pushed down the ball without any patch. I thought it took me longer to load than ever before, and then I let him have it in the burr of the ear." The slayer of the bear was none of our party, but a tall, sun-burned son of the sunny South, who was camping and hunting in that neighborhood, and was at that moment a happy man. That evening and the next day we feasted upon the bear-hunter's favorite dish, bear's liver, well seasoned, and partly broiled on a stick held over the coals of the camp fire, then covered with what hunters call the "cau fat" from the bear, and again held over the fire until well cooked.

We were a party of five on our annual hunt. For twenty years has "Mestier" roughed it in the camp for from three to six weeks out of every year, always being greatly benefited thereby. Hunting to me is a pleasure, although I work hard from peep of day until after some night has claimed the forests for its prowlers. In rain, in mud, in sunshine and cold, every day when in camp, except the Sabbath, is put in in hunting or fishing.

For the last eight years we have hunted in Southeast Missouri, sometimes in "Nigger Wool Swamp," and sometimes on Little River. The principal reason why our faces have been turned in that direction is from the fact that we found a railroad on whose magnificent coaches we were welcomed, and whose officers seemed to take pleasure in giving us accommodations. No railroad in this country offers better hunting facilities for the sportsman than the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway. When you have your game the agents, conductors and baggage men take every pains to help you get in and out of camp, and all kinds of assistance is given to get you to our families a deer fresh, clean and life-like, just as dressed on the clean leaves where it fell. Mr. O. W. Ruggles, General Passenger Agent, is efficient, gentlemanly, and ever on the alert in the interest of his passengers.

But to the hunt! We had made unusual preparations for this year's sport. While hunting last winter at a friend's house in the State of Missouri, I was told that the best way of killing a rifle, and on my return home wrote Mr. Van Dyke in the premises. We had settled upon a Winchester, between their '73 and '76 models, 30-inch barrel, 60 grains powder, and 300 grains lead, and had induced them to make me a gun to that order, and, in my opinion no gun was ever manufactured that provided a truer or more deadly weapon. It is absolutely accurate, shooting as close as any distance as over 100 yards. It is a killing rifle, and when you get over 100, and up to 200 yards, it requires no elevated sight or allowance for distance, but will put its ball where you hold it; and from the well proportioned load it does not jar you. It is a killing gun and will be largely used in the South. Their '73 model is an exceedingly satisfactory gun, and for close shooting is a paragon of perfection. Mr. Wills, one of our party, and an old hand at rifle work, had in his pocket a squirrel's head in a tree. I saw him sit in the tent and squint a squirrel out of a tree full ninety yards distant, hitting its head. He killed five out of the first six deer shot at with it, and a turkey less than 150 yards from him, if still, was in a dangerous proximity to him.

We were indebted to Col. L. A. Lindsay, a true, generous, whole-souled gentleman of the South, for terrific hunting horses. If open-handed welcome constitutes hospitality, then are the people of the Southern States entitled to that meed of merit from the sportsman of the North. They take us by the hand and give us abundantly of their stores. Isaac was cook, and Jo, boy of all work. We were each provided with a riding horse, had two wagons, an eight ounce, fifteen foot square Baker & Murray six foot wide tent, and a deer squirrel, and a turkey less than 150 yards from him, if still, was in a dangerous proximity to him.

On Nov. 19th we broke camp where we had been deer hunting and started for the bear regions. We found the parties with whom we had arranged for bear dogs in readiness for us, and soon we were in camp on a river in the swamps of Arkansas. The land was densely set with a heavy growth of timber, briar, and canebrakes. The most numerous game counted for dogs and found that the most numerous were ten and twenty-three dogs. Messrs. Eli Bradsher and Major Godby seemed to be the bear hunters, *par excellence*, and to them was given the control of the hunt. When about six miles above Camp "Guess" the reliable old start dog, showed evident indications that Bruin had been there. Very soon he gave tongue as he nosed on a log where the bear had walked the night before, and a wild yelp that was very true. The night before, and a wild yelp that was very true. The trail led into a canebrake, and when the dogs got half way in they jumped the bear and strung out with nine men following them at break-neck speed. The bear kept the heavy cane for several miles and then struck green and blackberry briars so dense that it seemed impossible for man and horse to follow. The horns of the black bear is in the region, and most inaccessible places the reputation of being a bold rider. We jumped logs, made roads through canebrakes, green and blackberry briars, vines and other impediments, all the time going as a speed that indicated insanity on our parts. On we went until, as we thought, we had left all the party far behind; now and then overtaking and passing some of the slower dogs. We had run some five or six miles when just ahead of us I heard a man urging on the dogs. Look-

ing, I discovered from the speed at which he was going that to be in at the killing I would have to abandon my leader and overtake the man that was outrunning us. The first opening in the woods that offered a reasonable hope I slackened my pull on Selim and away we went followed him, then from the excited number of the dogs I judged that they were about up with the bear. Again pulling Selim from behind and touching him with my spur we were soon up with the leading dogs, who had overtaken and were fighting the bear. Ah! grand indeed is the wild music of the dogs, rolling in the car in a wild tumultuous babel, when you know that they have overtaken and are baying a bear, the noblest of all game that is hunted by wild dogs. Running up to where they were, I saw the bear take to and climb a large black gum tree. I jumped from my horse—drew my revolver (an army size Smith & Wesson) and was in the act of shooting when I felt a hand laid on my shoulder and heard a voice exclaim—"Don't shoot!" Turning, I recognized my last companion in the chase who had ridden a "John Gilpin" race as well as myself. It was of no use, however, to urge and not to shoot. I had killed a small animal, but I had killed a bear, and in fact my nerves were tingling with excitement. I shot once—twice, and down rolled Bruin. The dogs covered him, and it was then apparent why my friend had requested me not to shoot. It looked as though the bear would kill the entire pack of dogs, as he was making frantic efforts to get them within his grasp. I ran up and putting my pistol close to his head, pulled the trigger, and by the time my two friends in the chase were down, and running up, poured broadsides into the struggling bear that settled him. I was then informed, and had it demonstrated that a wounded bear was a dangerous animal when hunted by a pack of dogs. My two shots had taken effect; one just behind the shoulder and the other in the neck. 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dogs were then trailing when they jumped the Winingham bear escaped by the dogs all taking after him. And now, to sum up, we killed three bears before we left and thirty-two deer; a gray eagle that measured seven feet from tip to tip; turkeys, ducks, coons, swamp rabbits, squirrels, woodcocks, quails, etc., etc., and are now at home enjoying with our families the trophies of the hunt.

MESTIER.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF CHESTER COUNTY, PA.

BY B. HARRY WARREN.

(Continued.)

113. *Plectrophenax nivalis*, Meyer—Snow bunting; occasional resident; gregarious.
114. + *P. lapponicus*, Selby—Lapland longspur; winter resident; very rare.
115. *Pascuercus savanna*, Bonap.—Savanna sparrow; common; arrives April 18th to May 1st.
116. *Procellos gramineus*, Baird—Day-winged bunting; common; arrives March 20th to April 10th; during mild winters is sometimes found.
117. *Catherpes mexicanus*, Bonap.—Yellow-winged sparrow; frequent; April 20th to May 1st.
118. + *C. heslanti*, Bonap.—Henslow's bunting. I have never seen this species. Mr. P. G. Wickersham, of West Chester, informs me that he now has three eggs of this bird, taken near West Chester, Pa.
119. *Zonotrichia leucophrys*, Swainson—White-crowned sparrow; rare.
120. *Z. albicollis*, Bonap.—White-throated sparrow; abundant in spring and fall, but not abundant in winter.
121. *Passer domesticus*, D. and G.—English sparrow; abundant resident. By all practical, unbiassed observers in this locality this species is pronounced a pest, and its speedy eradication is generally hoped for.
122. *Junco hyemalis*, Selat.—Snow-bird; abundant winter resident; arrives in October, departs by May 1st.
123. *Guiraca ludovicianae*, Swainson—Rose-breasted grosbeak. I am advised by M. B. Eberhart that this species about eighteen years ago bred somewhat commonly. Mr. E. on several occasions found their nests with eggs and young; several of the latter were taken. One was kept as a pet four or five years. The last instance of its nidification in Chester County of which I have knowledge was near Deborah's Rock, East Bradford Township, on the property of Edge Cope. There a nest and three eggs were found by Titus Bennett, of West Chester. I think this find was in 1875. I have observed this bird as a migrant, not rare, arriving from May 10th to 27th.
124. + *G. carolinensis*, Swainson—Blue grosbeak; summer resident; very rare (Michener). I have never met with this bird in the county.
125. *Cyanospiza cyanea*, Baird—Indigo bird; abundant; arrives May 4th to 13th.
126. *Cardinalis virginianus*, Bonap.—Redbird; abundant resident.
127. *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*, Vieill.—Chewink; abundant; arrives April 18th to 30th. This bird occasionally feeds on the Colorado beetle. Last summer I dissected a male bird, which revealed two or three of these beetles.
128. *Dolichopus cornutus*, Swainson—Bobolink; red bird; common; migrant; arrives May 8 to 15.
129. *Molothrus pectoris*, Swainson—Cow bird; abundant; arrives March 5th to April 12. Mr. H. Garrett, of Willistown, has noted this bird as an occasional winter resident.
130. *Agelaius phoeniceus*, Vieill.—Red-winged blackbird; abundant; arrives March 2 to 30.
131. *Sturnella magna*, Swainson—Meadow lark; abundant; resident.
132. *Icterus spurius*, Bonap.—Orchard oriole; common; arrives April 30 to May 5.
133. *I. baltimore*, Daudin—Baltimore oriole; abundant; April 28 to May 4.
134. *Sceloporus ferrugineus*, Swainson—Rusty blackbird; common; migrant; arrives March 8 to April 7.
135. *Quiscalus versicolor*, Vieill.—Crow blackbird; very abundant; sometimes winter resident.
136. + *Corvus canescens*, Bartram—American raven; "very rare."
137. *C. americanus*, Aud.—Crow; abundant; resident.
138. + *C. ossifragus*, Wilson—Fish crow. I have understood that a nest was two or three years since found by a collector of this place along the Brandywine Creek. Michener says it is a "resident, rare."
139. *Cyanura cristata*, Swainson—Blue jay; resident; much more numerous in summer than winter.
140. *Ectopistes migratorius*, Swainson—Wild pigeon; small parties appear in the spring and fall.
141. *Zenaidura macroura*, Bonap.—Carolina dove; abundant resident; two broods.
142. + *Meleagris gallopavo*, Linn.—Wild turkey; resident in years gone by; now extinct.
143. + *Cathartes aura*, Bonap.—Pinnated grouse; "resident; now becoming extinct in this country." (Michener). This decidedly Western species we have never met. Our oldest sportsmen and several ornithologists say they never knew or heard of its being occurring in Chester County. Barnard does not give it in his catalogue.
144. *Bonasa umbellus*, Steph.—Ruffed grouse; common in certain sections; resident.
145. *Ortyx virginianus*, Bonap.—Quail; resident; common; frequently collect in large flocks and migrate southward.
146. *Coturnix coturnix*, Linn.—Migratory quail. In the early part of June, 1879, ninety-five of these birds were liberated in the several townships about West Chester, but as yet we have no positive proof of their breeding.
147. + *Grus americana*, Ord.—Whooping crane; "not common." This species I have never seen.
148. *Gallinula candidissima*, Snowy heron; rare migrant.
149. + *Herodias egretta*, Gray—White heron; "seldom found." This species I have never seen in Chester County, but have a specimen taken in Lancaster County, Pa.
150. *Ardea herodias*, Linn.—Great blue heron; frequent migrant; arrives April 2 to 15.
151. *Bidens lentissima*, Steph.—Bittern; frequent migrant; April 7 to 22. A male of this species, taken Dec. 5, 1879, along the Brandywine Creek, is now in my cabinet.
152. *Dulicoris virescens*, Bonap.—Green heron; abundant; arrives March 27 to April 12.

153. *Nyctalea glandulosa*, Baird—Night heron; common; arrives April 4 to 18.
154. *Charadrius virginianus*, Borkh.—Golden plover; rare migrant.
155. *Aegialitis vociferus*, Cassin—Killdeer; common; sometimes resident.
156. *Squatarola hutchinsii*, Calo.—Black-bellied plover; rare migrant. Michener records it as "summer resident; rare." We have no knowledge of its occurrence in summer.
157. *Philohela minor*, Gray—Woodcock; common; seldom occurs in winter.
158. *Gallinago Wilsoni*, Bonap.—Gray snipe; abundant spring migrant; arrives March 19 to April 1. Michener gives this species as a "summer resident." I have yet to see my first snipe in the summer, although during spring migrations I have taken numbers.
159. *Tringa vellosii*—Least sandpiper; migrant; somewhat common.
160. + *Gambetta melanotos*, Bonap.—Tell-tale. This Michener gives as a "summer resident; not frequent." Barnard, however, records it as "scarce." I have never seen it.
161. *G. flavipes*, Bonap.—Yellow legs; rare migrant. This is also mentioned by Michener as a "summer resident; frequent."
162. *Rhyacophilus solitarius*, Bonap.—Solitary sandpiper; common migrant, arriving April 25 to May 7. This bird Michener says is a "summer resident."
163. *Tringoides macularia*, Gray—Spotted sandpiper; abundant; arrives April 15 to 23.
164. *Actitis tringoides*, Bonap.—Field plover; common; arrives April 23 to 30.
165. *Rallus virginianus*, Linn.—Virginia rail. A gunner informed me that he killed a bird of this species along the Chester Creek, Nov. 7, 1879.
166. *Porzana carolina*, Vieill.—Sora; migrant; somewhat common.
167. *Fulica americana*, Gmelin—Coot; migrant; somewhat rare.
168. *Gallinula galeata*, Bonap.—Florida gallinule; accidental.
169. *Betta canadensis*, Boie—Canada goose; occur as a migrant in March, April and November.
200. *Anas boschas*, Linn.—Mallard; this was taken by H. B. Graves.
201. + *Anas obscura*, Gurr.—Black duck; rare.
202. + *Spatula clypeata*, Boie—Shoveller; rare.
203. *Atya sponsa*, Boie—Summer duck; occasional.
204. + *Fulix albica*, Baird—Little black head; rare.
205. *Althya americana*, Bonap.—Red head; occasional winter visitor.
206. + *Bucephala albeola*, bunter-bill; not common.
207. *Eristalisia rubra*—ruddy duck; frequent.
208. *Mergus americanus*, Cass.—Sheldrake; common in early spring, winter and fall.
209. + *Lopholagus cucullatus*, Reich.—Hooded merganser; rare.
210. *Thalassidroma leucifrons*, Linn.—Leach's petrel. During a gale in September one was driven to our door, and in an exhausted condition was picked up by Dr. Martin, who presented it to me.
211. *Chrocephalus philadelphia*, Lawrence—Bonaparte's gull; two or three specimens taken along the Brandywine.
212. *Hydrochelidon plumbea*, Wilson—Black tern; two specimens, male and female, were taken by Titus Bennett.
213. *Sterna wilsoni*, Bonap.—Wilson's tern; C. D. Wood has prepared specimens taken in the county.
214. *Sterna fuliginosa*, Gm.—Sooty tern. In the spring of 1878 a specimen was presented to me by a gentleman who found it dead in a field.
215. *Colinus virginianus*, Brunn—loon; occasional.
216. + *Podiceps griseus*, Gray—Red-necked grebe; "rare."
217. *Podiceps cornutus*, Latham—Horned grebe; rare.
218. *Podilymbus podiceps*, Lawrence—Carolina grebe; frequent.

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, CINCINNATI, UP TO FEB. 1879.—One prairie hare (*Lepus campestris*), two kit foxes (*Vulpes velox*), five California ground squirrels (*Spermophilus beecheyi*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), one opossum (*Didelphis virginiana*), one golden eagle (*Aquila canadensis*), three horned owls (*Bubo virginianus*), one red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), one scarlet tanager (*Tanager*), one prairie chicken (*Cupidonia cupido*), all presented; one brown coat (*Nasua narica*), one raccoon (*Procyon lotor*), five undulated grass parakeets (*Melospiza undulata*), hatched in garden.

FRANK J. THOMPSON, Superintendent.

THE BIRDS OF MEXICO.—Our correspondent, A. W. B. has been quite successful in collecting specimens of Mexican birds. He writes from the City of Mexico under date of Jan. 12th:—

Owing to pressing business I am compelled to return to the United States by next steamer. My collections are quite extensive, and I believe are the most complete ever collected in this valley, and are much finer than those in the National Museum, this city. I shall return perhaps next winter to work up the birds of the Atlantic seaboard, of which the history thus far is very incomplete.

Prof. Sumichrath, of the Smithsonian Institution, has just forwarded me a letter from Tehuantepec to spend the summer with him, which I was compelled to refuse. I shall leave an agent here who will forward specimens to my collection. My next trip will be from Pembina, Dakota Territory, up the Red River to the mouth of the North, and if possible to Lake Winnipeg or Hudson's Bay; start June 20th.

WILD BIRDS IN CONFINEMENT.—We are kindly permitted by the recipient of the following letter to publish it for the benefit of our readers. The experience of the writer is a most interesting one, and we hope that his example may be followed by those of our readers who are interested in our game. Much valuable knowledge ancient many of our most interesting game birds might be gained in this way:—

MY DEAR SIR: Your very kind letter of 11th to hand. In reply I beg to say I don't care if whether they are spruce birds or ruffed grouse, for I can keep either or both kinds in captivity. Two years ago last winter I wintered four ruffed grouse, and in the spring they laid sixteen eggs; but when setting time came they quarreled about the one nest that the coop contained, so I took the eggs and put them under a bantam, hatching some half-dozen, and some of them lived to be two weeks old, but finally died one after another, as I did not then understand their food. Last April a friend at Houlton, Me., sent me a pair of spruce birds, but the cock died soon after arriving. The hen laid four unimpregnated eggs,

and sat on them five weeks! She is now moulted, but smart and lively. Now if you can get me any other kind I shall be glad, and I hope you will be able to tell the cooks from the hens, and attach a small tag to the leg of the former so I can tell them, as I cannot always tell them apart. I am a cripple, and have been for five years more or less. I have been absent all summer in search of health, visiting many parts of the West; but I really believe that trip in the woods with you would do me more good than anything else.

I have a fine yearling buck caribou, tamer than a cossack lamb. I have four deer, two bucks, one doe and a splendid fawn eight weeks old. I have a fine old raven, four years old, from Sheffield, England; also a this year's young one, bred on the rocks on an island off Machias, Me. I have a pair of fine English ferrets, and next week I expect to receive from Hot Springs, Ark., a full-grown, tame white possum, which is as rare among ferrets as grasshoppers there as a white squirrel is with us. I shall also receive along with the possum a fox-squirrel, jet black, with the exception of a white ring encircling his body just back of the forelegs. Now can't I coax you down here to see me and my specimens of natural history? I have also some nicely mounted animals and heads.

M. W. CLARK,

Danville Junction, Me.

WANDERING WEBS.—Maysville, Ark.—I notice in your issue of Dec. 4th a communication from a correspondent in Milltown, Maine, speaking of showers of web floating in the air. Such phenomena are of frequent occurrence here, and are supposed by many to herald the coming of the Rocky Mountain locust (*Caloptenus spretus*), but the letter of your correspondent, together with your foot note and the observations of myself and others while in the East, would tend to make one doubt the correctness of this theory. Still these clouds of web in this part of the country are always accompanied by more or less grasshoppers, and as they (the web) come only from the North, West, or Northwest, would tend to confirm many in the belief that they are produced by grasshoppers; and as Professor Wise held that the higher air currents set toward the East, might it not be possible that the webs are carried to immense distances, and even to the Atlantic seaboard? Besides the many persons claim that these webs are only seen when the hoppers are on the wing to the North and West, and hoppers were reported plenty in parts of Kansas at the same time that immense clouds of web were floating over here, about Oct. 1st, 1879. So much for theory, now let us have facts from some one who knows. We refer our correspondent to what has already appeared in these columns and to the works which we have cited, for information on this subject.

E. W. SCOTT.

THE MANATEE IN FLORIDA.—Marietta, Ga., Jan. 31st.—Your correspondent, Mr. Le Baron, in his interesting paper on the manatee in your issue of Jan. 24th, would seem to imply that this animal is not found north of the St. Lucie River. C. J. Maynard, in his "Mammals of Florida," places it as far north as the Indian River Inlet, but "is confident that it does not occur in Mosquito or Halifax lagoons."

In the winter of 1879 the carcass of a recently killed manatee was found in the Halifax River lagoon, the skull and some of the ribs of which were procured by the spot by the writer and deposited in the museum of the Chicago Academy of Science, and it is believed by the residents on the Halifax that this animal still exists in the Tomoka and Spruce Creeks, fresh-water streams flowing into the Halifax at least 130 miles north of St. Lucie.

S. C. C.

OTTERS UNDER THE ICE.—Indian Rock, Dec. 19th.—Otters are as much at home in the water under the ice as they are in the air above it. This is my explanation of their power to travel long distances under the ice without breathing fresh air, though whether I read, dreamed, or was told it, I cannot say. Before the animal dives under the ice he takes in a good breath, and when he needs more air he breathes it out and the air rises in bubbles against the ice and the water purifies it; then the animal just puts his nose up and by some slight movement which I will not attempt to describe he gets it again. I have frequently seen where otter have crossed ponds two or three miles wide under the ice, by going in at the inlet and coming out at the outlet.

FRED.

Our correspondent's observations are interesting, but his explanation is a little too vague to be quite satisfactory.

PROPOS OF ALBINO.—A partial albino robin was caught by Mr. Drake, of South Cayuga, Haldimand Co., while it was feeding in his back yard, having been left by its companions this bird was caged and seemed to do well for a time, but finally died when he was found to be it. It is beautifully marked, the head and shoulders are pure white, breast mottled white and red, the upper and lower tail coverts are white, as are also occasional feathers in the wings and tail; bill and legs are straw colored. I was glad to preserve the skin and mount it.

Some years ago I examined the intestines of a partial albino black squirrel and also a blackbird, which was turning white, and in each I found tape worms. My robin underwent a like examination, and, strange to say, I found four tapeworms in his intestines.

Query—Is this always the case in albinos?

G. A. McCALLUM,

Dunville, Ont., Canada, Dec. 30th, 1879.

USEFUL INFORMATION ABOUT THE SKUNK.—Vinalhaven, Maine, Jan. 12th.—In your issue of June 12th, 1879, your genial and gifted correspondent, "Old Judge," in "Some New Facts on Skunk" makes one statement which I think should not go unchallenged, and with which I take issue. He says: "It is a known fact that the skunk when lifted by the tail cannot throw his cologne," etc. Now, with all due deference to the "facts" and opinions as expressed by this gentleman, I can avow most positively that this misdoctored animal can throw his perfume about as readily under the tail as he can when mentioned. With your permission I will give you and your numerous readers a bit of my experience in this business. Some fifteen years ago, while a young man in

college in Brunswick, Maine, my landlord, Capt. Dresser, came to my room one morning with the thrilling announcement that an "essence pedler" had taken possession of his stable, and that he would like my assistance in either routing him out or capturing him dead or alive. My chum and class mate, Dr. Henry A. Dean, then of Foxboro', Mass., and I immediately repaired to the stables, where we discovered his mephitic highness snugly ensconced in the old gentleman's woodpile. Being of good size he was unable to entirely conceal himself within, and his caudal appendage remained hanging out, a most beautifully tempting opportunity for my experiment. Informing my companions of what I had heard or read, I boldly suspended the fellow by the tail, after a hard struggle to extract him from his hole, during which operation he made no sign of the devilry within him. When I first suspended him he happened to be back to me, but with a quick squirm he succeeded in putting himself face to face with me, when, woe! heavens and earth, what a fog. I remember distinctly that the atmosphere was rendered of a bluish cast by the abundance of the fellow's essence. I remember also that I dropped the soundend, and that he made good his escape, leaving only his card with me, but not till he had successfully ruined a nice, brand-new suit of clothes. The charge was, I think, quite evenly distributed from my chin to my toes, the pattern being excellent and the penetration amply sufficient for all purposes. Now should any one have any idea of ever acting upon the information so kindly volunteered by "Old Judge" I simply advise him to don a suit of cast-off clothing, or he will certainly have occasion to replenish his wardrobe. He should give him Mark Twain's advice, "Don't." MEDICUS.

Fish Culture.

ARE AQUATIC PLANTS DESIRABLE IN FISH PONDS?

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, Jan. 1880.

There is considerable question among pisciculturists, as to whether aquatic plants are desirable in fish ponds; and this is certainly not a one-sided question. It is contended, on the one hand, that they should not be admitted, as they furnish a lodgment for dead fish which thereby become concealed from observation and remain in the water until putrefaction takes place, thus fouling the water and subjecting the living fish to disease. Also, that they afford a shelter and concealment for the innumerable enemies of fish; and, again, that certain portions of the plants are continually breaking off and becoming decomposed, thereby fouling the water; that fragments drift against the outlet screens, causing them to become clogged. These are certainly potential arguments, such as the writer is free to admit have deterred him from making use of aquatic plants. Yet I am fully convinced after having given the matter full consideration, both *pro* and *con* and by experience, that every artificial pond should be supplied with aquatic plants.

It is a well known fact, that in feeding no matter how much care may be used, a large portion of the food from time to time becomes wasted by reaching the bottom, until in time there is such an accumulation as to render the ponds foul with the humic gas created by decomposition, which necessitates the frequent cleaning of ponds. This is known to all practical pisciculturists to be the most laborious and disagreeable work about an establishment; hence, anything that will prevent the necessity of drawing off and cleaning ponds should be most eagerly sought after. This, the writer claims, can be largely done by the use of aquatic plants. In this connection it will be proper to consider how and why fish are injured by foul ponds. In the respiration of fish as in that of other animals, the membrane of the gill organ (the lungs) absorbs the oxygen and gives out carbon. In the decomposition of both vegetable and animal matter, the fermentation and liberation of carbonic acid goes on with great rapidity. The oxygen and carbonic acid gas becomes mixed, whereby the oxygen becomes tainted (so to speak), and the fish are unable to obtain sufficient oxygen for the purpose of respiration. Now, it is a well known fact that the respiration of plants is the opposite of that of animals. That is to say, they take in carbonic acid and give out oxygen. Hence, if we have our ponds well planted with aquatic plants, they will absorb the carbon gas exhaled by the fish and given out by decomposition, as the same is taking place; thus, in a great measure, preventing the ponds from fouling. Almost any aquatic plant is good for this purpose, but more especially the simpler forms of *algæ*, such as *conferva*. In connection with aquatic plants, I would recommend having gasteropods (snails) especially the *finacea* and *planorbis* (pond snails). These will consume the vegetable matter continually given off by growing plants and the multitude of spores (seeds), particularly of *conferva*, which would otherwise soon fill the water. I should also recommend putting in the pond a few bottom-feeding fish, such as the *acipenser* (sturgeons). This would, in a great measure, prevent waste in feeding. By using aquatic plants in the manner above directed the writer believes that ponds would scarcely ever require cleaning, and that, perhaps, the occasional use of some harmless disinfectants by the owner would never be necessary. As to this I cannot now say, but I am about to make an experiment in this direction, the result of which I will make public in due course of time.

In addition to the benefit of keeping the ponds pure, aquatic plants are in a number of ways useful. They help to supply the fish with food, especially when young; afford them shade and shelter in case of cold weather; and against the rapacity of their comrades. Who has not noticed when a fish in the pond is in the least ailing that almost innumerable other fish will nibble away at him until the poor fellow expires, literally for want of rest? In cases of this kind the aquatic plant is a fine protection.

In conclusion, the writer will state he has two ponds exactly alike, containing water in the same quantity and of the same age. The one is considerably sheltered from the light and contains no aquatic plants; the other pond is open to the light and filled with plants and snails (*finacea*). In the latter the fish are fully double the size of those in the former. The fish are in perfect health and the pond has not been cleaned since last spring.

W. A. MYNSTER.

CALIFORNIA SALMON FOR THE MISSISSIPPI.—*Jacksonport, Ark., Jan. 30th.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*:—Over a year ago the writer, through *FOREST AND STREAM*, called attention to the fact that on the White River of Arkansas suitable quantities of the California salmon could be found several hundred miles nearer the gulf than on any other tributary of the Mississippi. Of course no opinion was ventured as to whether the waters of the Lower Mississippi could be safely passed by this fish, whether the temperature of the gulf was such as he could endure, or whether the food supply there would be found suitable and sufficient. The matter was, however, extended to an experiment. A short time since I was gratified to see in some of the Missouri papers an account of the planting of the larger part of 100,000 salmon in the waters of White River, they having been considered by the Fish Commissioners of the State more suitable than other waters of the State. This is a move in the right direction, but is a very small beginning. At least 500,000 young fish should be placed in the stream each year for five successive years before the experiment can be said to have been fairly tried. In view of the difficulties in the way and the magnitude of the enterprise this would not be too much. Success even at that rate would be cheap enough. Firmly believing as I do that it would not be impossible to stock Mississippi waters with the California salmon, I am anxious to see a systematic attempt made. Will *FOREST AND STREAM* advocate the question? SALMON ROE.

WISCONSIN.—*Madison, Feb. 2d.*—From an interview with President Dunning, of the Wisconsin Fish Commission, we learn that there will be ready for distribution in the spring, at the Madison hatchery, about one million brook trout fry, and that parties desiring them should immediately make application to any one of the members of the commission, or to the superintendent of the hatchery, stating in the order the number of fry desired and giving the name of the railroad station nearest to the point of delivery. The superintendent will forward the fry before the day of shipment, and they are expected to be prepared to receive the fry at the depot and transport them to their destination. The names and residences of the commissioners are as follows:—Philo Dunning, President; Madison; J. V. Jones, Vice-President; Oshkosh; C. L. Valentine, Secretary; Janesville; H. W. Welsher, Superintendent; Madison; Mark Douglass, Melrose; John F. Antisdale, Milwaukee; C. Hutchinson, Beethtown.

NEBRASKA.—The fish farm of Messrs. Romine & Decker, on the Platte River, two miles from South Bend, is described by a paper of that State:—Mr. Romine, some time ago, conceived the idea of hatching fish in the beautiful clear spring water, which flows from the high bluffs on his farm to the Platte River. He therefore procured some of the best spawn he could find, and, preparing at considerable cost a fine pond, placed them therein. Their healthy progress, and Mr. Romine's success in cultivating the finny race, are described in detail. The first time, and in short time, spawn was sent to Mr. Romine to be nursed under his care into fish. He then took in with him his present partner, Mr. Decker, a gentleman who had some knowledge of fish culture, and their joint efforts are as follows: They have now hatched 90 per cent of the 200,000 spawn received from the U. S. Fish Commissioner. This spawn was received in Oct., 1879, and they have since hatched 100,000 fry. These are now about 10,000 of which are living fish, swimming about, and are in good healthy condition. They have in their lower pond 1,000 two year old trout, which weigh about one and a half pounds. They have also in the second or middle pond about 10,000 yearling trout, which weigh about one pound, also 25,000 about eight months old, all in the finest healthy condition. The two beautiful springs of clear water, the constant circulation of the water, and the abundance of the food, the body of water at the main outlet being 27 cubic inches. In speaking with Messrs. Romine & Decker, we learn from them that their facilities are comparatively wasted, as they can accommodate and cultivate with care and success ten times the amount or number they now have, as the natural facilities they have at their place are not near utilized. A more beautiful place for the culture of fish than that of Romine & Decker, and we trust that our fish commissioners will do their best to have those fine natural advantages for fish culture fully taken advantage of. What is now wanted there is the spawn of the German carp fish, and such other fish as grow to a large size.

EARLY METHODS.—*Quincy, Ill.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*:—I have been much amused at the discussions in regard to inventions in fish culture and to see how many persons claim my inventions. I am a modest man, and do not often care to see my name in the newspapers, but as I regard *FOREST AND STREAM* in the light of a scientific record of fish culture, I am tempted to break silence. For the benefit of future historians of fish culture, I will say that in 1839 I took spaw by the dry method, which is now credited as a Russian discovery. In 1831 I used glass jars with wire bands coated with gas tar for hatching the eggs of the California salmon, and the following year I used the cones for hatching the grayling. I do not care particularly about pressing my claims to these inventions and merely state them in the cause of truth and correct history, as my work has ever been for the good of the people, and I have never cared to make it a merely personal matter nor to enter for cheap notoriety.

In a former number of your paper you gave a description of my fish ponds under the head of "A Successful Fish Culturist." That is true, I have been a most successful one, and I say it modestly, I have been a source of ideas to others in the business, which they have not always acknowledged. I have been pleased to see them employ a regiment of fishermen on Lake Superior in the earlier day when the country was wild, and once while camping in the woods alone wolves and owls kept me awake and in terror, and I thought I should be devoured every moment.

If I had been eaten up then some other man in some other country would have had to do the fish hatching. I have been making some experiments in crossing the

catfish with the fresh-water muscye, a thing which the men who are called scientists say can't be done, but I have done it. I am sorry that I have not got the young ones to show you, but they are in the Illinois River somewhere. SETH PEAKINS.

FOREST AND STREAM AT THE BERLIN EXPOSITION.—*United States Commission Fish and Fisheries*—Washington, D. C., Feb. 4th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*:—It is not unlikely that the U. S. Fish Commission may make an exhibition at the Berlin International Exhibition of what relates to the fishery industries of the United States, and it has occurred to me that possibly you might like to exhibit a bound file, complete from the beginning, of *FOREST AND STREAM*, as one of the journals indirectly connected with the progress of fish culture and fishing in America. The volume could be returned to America afterward, though it would be preferable to present them to a prominent person or library in Europe.

Yours truly, SPENCER F. BAIRD.

PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF FISH.—The following figures were quoted by Congressman Morton, of New York, in his speech advocating the appropriation of \$20,000 to enable the United States to be represented in the International Fisheries Exhibition at Berlin, 1884. The figures show the comparative production and consumption of fish by the leading nations of the world:—

	Annual Production.	Annual Consumption.
France.....	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
Italy.....	12,967,000	9,842,785
United States.....	8,288,000	8,274,000
Great Britain.....	1,000,000	1,000,000
Russia.....	6,765,000	6,765,000

The United States exported, in 1874, about \$2,200,000 worth.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

SOUTHERN WATERS.

Pompano, <i>Trachurus carolinus</i> .	Grouper, <i>Epinephelus nigritus</i> .
Flounder (two species), Family <i>Platichthys</i> .	Trout (large bass), <i>Centropomus</i> .
Scuppie, <i>Stenopus</i> .	<i>S. atrarius</i> .
Kingfish, <i>Mentidemus nebulosus</i> .	Striped bass, or Rockfish, <i>Hoculatus</i> .
Sea bream, <i>Archamia</i> .	Black drum, <i>Pogonias cromis</i> .
Sheepshead, <i>Archamia probatocephalus</i> .	Tautoglass, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
	Black bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .

Red Snapper, *Lutjanus blackfooti*.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the *FOREST AND STREAM* Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

THE CONNECTICUT LAKES.—*Second Lake, N. H., Feb.*—Winter very mild; no prospect of snow enough to assist in a moose slaughter, as many are inclined to say. Nature will beat legislation in their protection. I have obtained a specimen each of snowy hawk and scadian owls recently. The hotel at the outlet of Connecticut Lake has changed hands, and will be enlarged and repaired as well as the increasing prospect demands. It is now owned by the Conn. River Lumber Co.

EDW. NORTON.

VERMONT.—*Bennington, Feb. 6th.*—The trout fishing for next spring bids fair to be good. At the present writing all the streams are clear of ice. The brooks this winter have kept pretty high, which is a good sign here. The spawning beds last fall were covered with trout; I counted forty on one bed, the smallest of which would weigh half a pound. The season here opens the 1st of May, but as a general thing the water is not low enough for fishing until about the 15th. There is some very large trout here in the creeks and ponds. I have taken trout, with bait, of over two pounds weight, and have seen them caught even larger. The dye from the Bennington Woolen Mills is fast driving the trout from the Main Branch, and there does not seem to be enough interest in the fishing to have it stopped.

G. F. O.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*New Bedford, Feb. 4th.*—The remarkably mild weather up to the 1st of February has enabled the fishermen from this vicinity to take large fares of cod and tautog on the ledges at the mouth of Buzzards Bay and off of Westport. Two men in one day last week caught one thousand (1,000) pounds of these fish on Brown's ledge. Owing to the same cause, mild weather and want of ice, the eel fishery has been proportionately light. Smelts and a few herrings have appeared.

COSHA.

ANGEL PRIZES.—*Chatham Village, Columbia Co., N. Y., Feb. 6th.*—The annual meeting of our little club for the election of officers and the awarding of prizes took place on Monday evening, Feb. 2d. I. R. Burrows was chosen President for the ensuing year; C. D. Hink, Secretary and Treasurer; O. M. Whyland, A. J. Fellows and W. M. K. Burrows, Weigh Masters.

The prizes offered last season were three fly hooks (Russia leather), for the three heaviest bass taken within a radius of seventy miles of the village. They were awarded to A. J. Fellows, O. M. Whyland and C. D. Hink. The ceremony was of the simplest possible character. There were no speeches, inasmuch as the gentlemen all protested that they were better at fishing than speech-making, and for proof, pointed to their record. Therefore, Mr. Fellows, who caught the largest bass (three pounds, six ounces), just walked to the deck and took the first choice, Mr. Whyland the second, which, of course, deprived the third man of a choice, though not of a book.

The prizes put up for the coming season consist of a bamboo telescope rod, donated to the club by our new president, and a waterproof braided silk line.

It was estimated that over 100 pounds of trout had been taken by the club during the last season out of streams in this vicinity; and it was resolved that some evening in the coming season a trout supper be indulged in by the members and their wives, the trout to be furnished by the club from their own hooks and lines. Already the most zealous members are polishing their green-hearts, and inspecting their braided silks, snells and flies in anticipation of the event.

HIX, J.

A SPORTSMAN'S TENT.

[The metric notation in the following article may not be familiar to all our readers. We therefore give the equivalents in feet and inches:—1 meter, 32.57 inches; 1 decimeter, 3.937 inches; 1 centimeter, .3937 inch; 1 millimeter, .0394 inch; 1 kilogram, 2.206 pounds; 1 gramme, .1543 grains; 1 litre, 1.057 quart.]

SIX years having proved the usefulness of this tent under greatly varying conditions, this account is written, as it may be of use to some who, wandering in their vacations among the mountains far from shelter, find the need of protection from changes in temperature, rain and insects.

In making a tent for exploration several objects were kept in mind:—First, it must be light; second, it must be waterproof; third, well ventilated, else half the benefit of a sojourn among the hills will be lost; fourth, it must afford protection from insects, or in warm climates from reptiles; fifth, the method of pitching should be simple, as on a march it is often desirable to avoid a sudden shower. The tent to be described has met these requirements:—Weight, 8 kilograms.

In shape the tent (Fig. 1) is a cone, the height about 2 metres; the diameter of the base, when set up, is 250 centimetres. Fig. 1 shows it hung from a branch.

Many times in a forest country this method can be used, or if a branch cannot be found then a simple way is to fasten to a pole tied between two trees about 3 metres apart. In a treeless region it is advisable to have three bamboo poles, each 8 metres long, jointed in two places like a fish rod.

The butt of each pole should be provided with a pointed steel rod 5 centimetres long and 4 millimetres in diameter.

When the tent is to be pitched these poles are brought together and tied in the form of a tripod, the tent being hung from the point.

The tent (Fig. 1) is made of nine equal segments of Pecor unbleached cotton sheeting, which is to be shrunk before being used. How to cut the segments with least waste is shown in Fig. 2; A B C D is one segment. All the figures were drawn to scale, but in making the photo-lithographs care enough was not taken, therefore all the important measurements will be given. Each segment is to be cut out 10 centimetres wide at the top, Fig. 1, A to B, and 94 centimetres wide at the bottom, Fig. 1, C to D. The length is 40 centimetres. As 2 centimetres are in all cases allowed for seams and hems, all these dimensions in the finished tent are reduced 4 centimetres.

To form the doorway one seam remains unsewed for a distance of 130 centimetres from the lower edge of the tent.

Over this opening is sewed the weather-flap, Fig. 1, D, G. This is of the same material as the remainder of the tent. It is 111 metres wide and 160 centimetres long, after being sewed to the tent and hemmed at the bottom. Sew it on 140 centimetres from the lower edge of the tent.

This weather-flap is placed in front of the always-open door as a protection from rain and sun.

It is stretched over a horizontal pole supported by the forked stakes, as shown in Fig. 1.

It extends to within a few centimetres of the ground, and is held to the upright forked stakes by pieces of tape 10 centimetres long, sewed to each lower corner.

Fig. 6 shows the inside of the tent at the doorway. The observer is supposed to be in the tent and looking out. The dotted lines represent the sides of the doorway, turned back outside. Over the triangular space thus left is a piece of fine muslin, too close for midges to get through. This is represented in diagram by the crossed lines. It is made strong by a binding of cotton cloth, 2 centimetres wide. This binding is sewed to the tent along the upper and left hand edges (Fig. 6, D, E, F). The bottom and right hand edge are free, the latter being provided with stud-holes, through which pass brass shirt-studs, the heads of which are seen in Fig. 6, at A, A, A, A, A. When in use the muslin door is buttoned between two narrow bands of cloth, sewed to the tent at the right hand side of the doorway. In Fig. 6 the inner of these folds is, for a short distance from the bottom, turned back to show how the muslin door is buttoned.

The tent is fastened to the ground by steel pins, passing through loops sewed to the tent.

These are shown at J, J, J, Fig. 1, and the loops more plainly in Fig. 4.

The loops are ten in number, made by doubling pieces of linen tape, 3 centimetres broad and 28 centimetres long.

A loop is to be sewed to each of the eight closed seams of the tent. The other two are to be sewed, one on each side of the open seam forming the doorway. Sew each one on with a double row of stitches, beginning 10 centimetres from the bottom of the tent and extending up each side the tent seams for 10 centimetres.

The object of sewing on the loops 10 centimetres from the bottom is that when the tent is pitched, the bottom for 10 centimetres is turned in and lies flat upon the ground; so that by covering this with fir boughs or moss there can be no open space between the tent and ground for insects or reptiles to enter through.

Fig. 1, K, K, K, represents strips of linen tape 20 centimetres long and 2 centimetres wide. To each of the nine seams in the tent body one of these strips.

The sewing should begin 3 centimetres below the top of the tent body, and extend as a double row of stitches down each side of each seam for a distance of 8 centimetres. Three centimetres are left unsewed at the top, because the muslin cap, yet to be described, is tucked in between the linen strips and the top of the tent body. The upper ends of these strips are looped over the rings, shown in Fig. 5, and sewed through the hole in the center of the bar bisecting the ring (Fig. 5) passes the suspension cord (Fig. 1, B). The ring is 5 centimetres in diameter.

It is made of brass wire, 4 millimetres in diameter.

Only the caps (Fig. 1, C) now require description. There are two of these, though only the outer one is shown in Fig. 1.

This is of cotton, like the tent body. The inner one is of muslin, like the door.

The dimensions are the same. They are cones, 30 centimetres high and a diameter at the base of 24 centimetres.

The apex is perforated for the passage of a suspending cord (Fig. 1, B).

Fig. 1, A, represents a disc of rubber 4 centimetres in

diameter, which fitting to the suspending cord prevents water from entering the tent at the apex.

The outside cap is turned up as in the figure, answering two purposes:—First, to prevent rain from entering; second, to create a draft by deflecting the wind. The inside or muslin cap is tucked under the upper edge of the tent-body, between it and the suspending strips, K K K, Fig. 1, serving in connection with the muslin door as a perfect protection against insects, yet allowing of good ventilation. As these are the important features of the tent, attention is called to them.

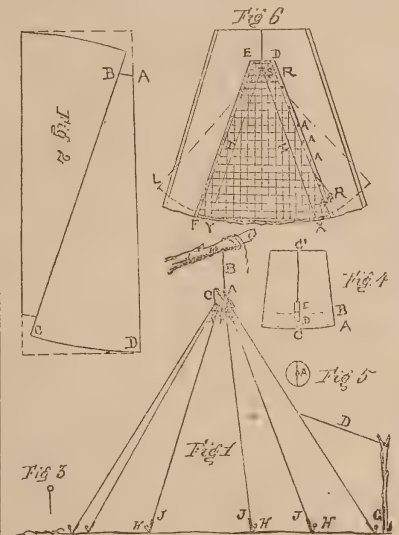
The tent pins, Fig. 3, are pointed rods of steel, heavily coated with zinc. They are ten in number. Length, 25 centimetres; diameter, 4 millimetres.

Two of these are permanently fastened together by being tied one at each end of a piece of linen cord, which when drawn straight separates the pins by a distance equal to one-half the diameter of the base of the tent when pitched.

Two others are fastened in the same way, the distance between them being equal to the distance between the loops J, J, Fig. 1.

After the tent is made, before sewing on the muslin door and adjusting the muslin cap, dip it into the following fluid to render it waterproof: Naphtha, 8 litres; paraffine wax, 1 kilogramme; cosmoline, 50 grammes. Dissolve the paraffine and cosmoline in the naphtha by heating to about 37 centigrade.

As a considerable time is required for solution, keep the mixture in a large bottle until ready for use; then pour



into a proper vessel, and dip the tent into it. After removing wring out the fluid, hanging up the tent in the sun, or if in winter, iron in the mixture with a sad-iron, after the naphtha has evaporated. If desirable, dip the tent again; the amount of fluid given will allow of this.

After sewing on the muslin door and adjusting the muslin cap, the tent will be complete.

To pitch the tent:—Push one of the tent pins into the ground in the centre of the spot chosen for the tent, then with the other, which is attached by the cord, mark a circle on the ground. If the pins are fastened at a proper distance, the circle will have the same diameter as the base of the tent.

Now with the other two pins, which were fastened by the shorter cord, mark on the circle the points where the tent pins are to go. Then pass a pin through a loop and push it into the ground. Do this with the remaining nine pins and nine loops. Now by pulling on the suspending cord, which has been thrown over a branch, the tent will rise into form. After fastening the cord, turn in the lower edge of the tent ten centimetres, laying it flat upon the ground. The object of this, as mentioned before, is to make the junction with the ground as tight as possible, to prevent reptiles and insects from entering.

After placing the weather flap, Fig. 1, B, in position, the tent is ready.

Before going to bed, cut a piece of thick bark, making a smudge on it. Place in the tent; close the cotton door; after a minute draw down the cap. After five minutes take out the smudge, throw back the cotton door, draw the muslin door across the opening, lift up the cotton cap, draw down and tuck in the muslin cap. Enter the tent before all the smoke has escaped, adjust the weather flap, button the muslin door, crawl into a blanket and sleep without being annoyed by insects, or dreaming of finding a rattlesnake or a scorpion in your blanket.

WILLIAM HERBERT ROLLINS.

Boston, Dec. 20th, 1879.

A TEMPORARY SHANTY.—Toronto, Feb. 2d.—Select two trees, ten feet apart. Between them and at a height of eight feet nail a three-inch pole to form a ridge, and then on either side slope light poles, driving one end into the ground and nailing the other to the ridge-pole at a spread of eight feet. Cover these with pine or cedar bark, which is easily procurable off dead or fallen trees, taking care to lap the edges of the bark so as to throw off water. A light coat of pine tar and a second layer of bark will give additional security. Bind the whole with light saplings. The ends can be made by driving in small uprights and weaving between them pine tops, leaving at one end an opening to serve as a door. The above may not have much "solid comfort," but it will answer the purpose, can be run up in a few hours, and is no loss to leave behind.

J. G.

BASS FISHING AT CHARLESTON LAKE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6th.

I wish to introduce to the lovers of fly-fishing a lake which has never to my knowledge been mentioned in the columns of *Forest and Stream*. It is in the Province of Ontario, Canada, and about as secluded from civilization as any sportsman could desire. Charleston Lake, the body of water I speak of, may be reached in two ways. One by going from New York to Clayton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., and rowing up the Gananoque River from the town of that name through the "Drowned Lands." This necessitates two carries and a thirty-mile row before reaching the lake. A second and easier way, though far less agreeable to a lover of scenic effect and the woods in all their wildness, is to go to the small village of Rockport, on the Canada side of the St. Lawrence, about opposite Alexandria Bay, and drive from there to the foot of the lake, twenty miles. He who does not care for bass fishing need not go. That is the only fish the lake contains. If I except some few pickerel and numerous lake trout which can only be caught by trolling with heavy sinkers, one to two hundred feet below the surface—a *modus operandi* which most fishermen will concur in pronouncing with me no sport. But for bass Charleston Lake is the place par excellence. Should you be a novice at casting you may troll with a heavy rod and a gang of flies and have sport enough. Leave all your wily lures and hooks and use a large red or white fly, as these will take nine-tenths of all the fish caught.

But to the expert who can cast well his fly it is simply perfection. What a sensation it is! You stand up in your boat awaiting a favorable place to cast. Your boatman pulls slowly and evenly around a rocky shoal. One skillful turn of the wrist, your line flies out, and seemingly before your fly has touched the water there is a rush, a flash, and your nerves tingle with the shock on your seven-ounce rod as your line whizzes from the reel. Gradually the rush ceases and you commence to reel in. Now is the time to bring all your skill into play—a single slip, a slackening of the line, and your fish is gone. Slowly you bring him along, and nearer and nearer he approaches the net which your boatman keeps in readiness by his side; but he sees the boat, and with renewed strength is off again. You were taken by surprise. Your line slackens a little, and your fish jumping from the water shakes the hook from his mouth and is lost. You are disappointed now, but better luck next time. Another bass is hooked; but to your surprise he comes in without a struggle. Faugh! It is a rock-bass, and you throw him away, recognizing at once one of the speck. But now you have better luck, and after another struggle your fish lies gasping in the net, a perfect type of a gummy bass cold and hick like the water he has just involuntarily left.

Such is the sport as I found it at Charleston Lake; and as this lake is not well known either to Americans or Canadians, the bass are in great numbers. A one-pound bass here will give as much sport and slow as much fight as a fish of twice his weight in the St. Lawrence. Another peculiarity of these fish is the fact, verified by personal experience, that the bass in this lake seem to go on and off the shoals periodically; so it happens sometimes that one may have good fishing one week and poor the next. On our last trip to this place the fish did not rise well to a cast; they were on the shoals, and most of those taken were caught by those who trolled with a long line. Ordinarily, however, when you find them on the rocky shoals and on the edge of weed-beds they will rise well; later in the season they seek the deep water when it is almost impossible to take them.

If any of our readers of this journal have a week to spare let them go up to this lake in July for the best fishing, and in September for the best shooting and fishing combined. The "Drowned Lands" through which they will pass they will find black with ducks, and the grouse around the lake are very plentiful, though hard to get at. A congenial party prepared to rough it need not fear any lack of fun. You can stay at the hotel (by courtesy) for \$8 each per week, or you can camp out either on the main land or on some one of the numerous islands. In neither place will you be bothered by flies or mosquitoes. Our party averaged last season twelve-five bass a day per week. We caught the fish under three-quarters of a pound, and fishing only in the early mornings and afternoons.

If any party would like to try their luck at Charleston next summer my advice would be to go direct to Clayton by the New York Central Railroad, and hiring men with their boats on the river to row up the Gananoque River to the lake, and camp out. All the boatmen are good cooks and can make a camp with anybody. No one who takes this trip will ever regret it. The fine scenery, the good fishing, and the pleasure of camping out, tend to make a visit pay better than most places. As far as I know, but two other parties besides ours ever visit the lake, and this is in itself a recommendation. About the shooting one must deposit at the Custom-House on entering Canada a sufficient sum to cover the duty, which money he will receive back on leaving Canadian territory. This is a rule applying to fire-arms of all descriptions. I cannot speak from personal experience about the fall shooting, but while at the lake during the month of July we saw many grouse and even some geese. From the appearance of the country and the abundance of wild rice and food of all kinds, it must be as the guides declare—a fine place for ducks. At any rate, the fishing will well repay any parties who may perchance wish to make a nice trip irrespective of roughing it.

W. D.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NUTTALL BULLETIN.—The opening number of volume five of the *Bulletin* of the Nuttall Ornithological Club comes to us on the 1st of January with very attractive contents, and we welcome it as warmly as ever. It would be difficult for any one who has not watched with care the rapidly with which the love for that delightful science, of which the *Bulletin* is the recognized representative in this country, has spread among the people, to appreciate how great a work this publication has done for science during its short life. The constantly increasing number of ornithologists throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the vastly improved character of the work which they do, bear witness to its usefulness.

The present number opens with a delightful article by Mr. Brewster, on the Habits and Distribution of the Philadelphia Vireo (*Vireo philadelphicus*), which is followed by an interesting sketch by Mr. Hickenlo, entitled Remarks on the Nidification of *Loxia curvirostris*, with a Description of its Nest and Eggs. Our frequent correspondents, Messrs. T. S. Roberts and F. Hemen, present a Contribution to the Ornithology of Minnesota, in the shape of a list of eighty-six species of birds observed in the counties of Grant and Traverse of that State. Among the birds noted were three not previously reported from that State, viz: *Petrochelidon ornata*, *Empidonax bicolor* and *Tyrannus verticalis*. Dr. Cooper, as the Recorder of the State of *Empidonax acadicus* and *Empidonax traillii* is of great interest.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1880.

To Correspondents.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.—We will have a heavy snow-fall next Monday, at least that is what Mr. Henry G. Vennor, of the Canadian Geological Survey, says; and when Mr. Vennor says that it will snow it generally snows. As long ago as Jan. 23d he said, and published the prediction, that it would snow on Feb. 2d or Feb. 3d. It did. Besides the snow storm next Monday, Mr. Vennor predicts others on March 17th and 21st.

Mr. F. A. Ober, "Fred Beverly," returns to Martinique this month to pursue his ornithological labors and to gain the necessary materials for a work on the birds of the Lesser Antilles.

A notable feat of mountain climbing has been successfully performed by three adventurous travelers, who last month ascended to the summit of Mount Chimborazo. This lofty peak of Ecuador ranks as the sixth in elevation of the Andes. Its snow-covered top towers 21,442 feet above the sea, and is seen two hundred miles from the coast. The ascent of this vast dome is attended with hardships and obstacles which have hitherto baffled the determined attempts of the most daring explorers. In 1802 Humboldt and his companions, after the most arduous exertion, arrived within 2,000 feet of the summit—a point then believed to be the highest point ever attained by man. In 1831 another attempt was made, the party then reaching an elevation of 19,695 feet. When we went to school we were taught that Chimborazo was a volcano; but the party who went up to the summit last month report that no crater exists, nor are there any evidences to be discovered to indicate that the mountain is of volcanic origin.

PACIFIC COAST LOGIC.—An esteemed California contemporary has ingeniously accounted for the salmon sickness noted by our correspondents as occurring among the dogs of the Pacific slope. The explanation of the phenomenon consists in denying its existence. Besides being eminently scientific, such an elucidation is valuable because it cures the dogs. We trust that our amiable friend may not allow his candle to burn away unseen in a dog kennel. There are very many perplexing questions which the world is waiting to have solved. If, for instance, this California logic can cope successfully with the baffling problems of the yellow fever germs and can restore the victims of that dread disease by simply denying the existence of the scourge, surely its genius should not be thrown away to the salmon-sick dogs of Oregon.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE BERLIN EXHIBITION.

PROFESSOR Spencer F. Baird writes that the bill providing for the representation of the United States at the coming German Fishery Exhibition, having already passed the House, bids fair to go safely through the Senate as well; and in that event the necessary preparations will be immediately entered upon for insuring such a satisfactory display of our fishing industries as the limited time will permit. That the United States is to be represented is a subject of congratulation. We have already published in detail the prospectus issued by the promoters of this enterprise, which includes: (1) aquatic animals, alive, stuffed, preserved in alcohol, or represented in pictures, casts, etc.; (2) fishing gear and implements; (3) pisciculture, hatching apparatus, models of well known breeding institutions, fish-ways, aquaria and illustrations of the development of some of the most important species, such as oysters, salmon, etc.; (4) appliances for keeping and conveying freshly caught aquatic animals; (5) models of appliances in use for the preparation and preservation of the produce of fisheries for commercial and household purposes; (6) models of fishermen's dwellings and costumes; (7) scientific investigations regarding the stock of fish, physico-chemical researches, aquatic plants in relation to fish culture, herbaria, etc.; (8) history of implements of fishing, original or in reproduction from the oldest times downward; and (9) literature, statistics of fisheries, and maps showing geographical distribution of fish.

From this brief resume it will be seen that the Berlin Exhibition will be a gathering of all that can be useful in extending our knowledge of the present condition of the fishing industries of the world. The display there made, and the comparisons instituted, cannot fail of resulting in direct increase of knowledge and a consequent advance in the science and methods of fish culture and fish capture. We need not argue at this day concerning the commercial and industrial importance of international fairs and exhibitions, nor need we urge American fishermen to improve the opportunity at Berlin, next April, of comparing American methods with the most advanced appliances and practices of foreign nations.

DOSING DOGS.

IT is an almost universally acknowledged fact that a far greater number of our canine friends come to their death by physic than by the vicissitudes of the field and flood, or than those that pass away in a ripe old age with their heads upon the hearth rug. Right well in the present sporting decade is Macbeth's utterance obeyed: "Throw physic to the dogs," though it is true in this progressive age the *materia medica* of dog-doctoring has made a grand stride, and tin filings and powdered glass have had to give way to areca nut and the flowery koussou. Because a dog looks at the end of his tail it is no reason that he is afflicted with worms, or that his innermost parts should be converted into an apothecary shop. The fond master buttonholes his veterinary friend in the street to tell him that he has just given his dog Dan a pill. He smiles most blissfully, as if he had performed some feat similar to making a double shot. He left Dan much better—the dog was in perfect health. On his return home Dan, having become restless from internal rumblings, wanders about in a listless way until a fly or some crawling insect tickles his ear. He shakes his head to drive the provoker away, which assures his good master that his favorite is a victim to canker. Vile concoctions are at once squirted into his brain, and new nostrums poured down his gullet. Rendered ten times more restless, the dog totters around in his canker-cap like some old woman at a fair. It now occurs to the doting owner that he has not yet felt the dog's pulse; this is done, because the master feels reassured. A brace of fleas now put in an appearance, and Dan tries to remove them with his claws; it is then apparent that canker is not the evil, but mange. The cap is removed, and the dog, delighted to regain the freedom of his ears, flaps them to his heart's content. This action causes serious indecision in the mind of his master, but at last mange gets the uppermost, and mixtures and decoctions are plastered over the animal's coat, the dog being fortunate if all his hair is not clipped off and his skin sand-papered to kill the parasites that lie hidden there. Frequently the animal has to endure an attack with patented appliances, directed somewhat after the manner of Munchausen's bear. When at last sleep falls upon the tired victim his twitchings are taken for chorea, snorings for lung disease, while his anxious master groans and is at his wit's end. Thus this illustrates the fondness of man for his dog and the iron constitution of the animal.

The great secret, however, to prevent the real sickness of dogs is early and constant care. The kennel in which they are housed should be kept scrupulously clean. We believe, for sanitary purposes, that all kennels should be built of wood, so that if any infectious disease should at any time attack the stock they can be burned to the ground and new kennels rebuilt in their place at but

trifling expense. It is a well-known fact that kennels, and even hospitals for the matter of that, become impregnated with the germs of disease, and the contagion, under certain conditions, is sure to crop out at some future period.

As it is the flooring that becomes the most damp and foul, and is so difficult to keep dry and pure, it occurs to us that all kennels should be raised from the ground a sufficient distance to let the air have full sweep under them. The floor then being made movable, could be arranged to work on a center pivot at each end, thus enabling it to be reversed daily, and when in position to be secured by a bar or bolt. This would always present a dry floor every twelve hours, while the soiled side could be washed and left to dry and sweeten in the air.

Food of the proper quality and quantity is fully as necessary as cleanliness, and should depend upon the breed and temperament of the animals, and whether they are being worked hard, or laying by during the close season. A dog requires more meat when he is being shot over than when he is only being exercised, and at all times the Indian mush should contain vegetable stuff and greens. Water for dogs cannot be too pure, cool and fresh, and the best kennels are those which are supplied by a running stream. If anything, pure water is more desirable than fresh food.

Thus, under the above systematized arrangement, should a dog be taken sick the kennel-man will discover the change at once, and often as readily be enabled to trace the sickness to its cause. It is delay, ignorance and the abuse of medicine that causes the direful diseases of which so much has been written. There are but few disorders which if taken at once in hand, and by the exercise of proper judgment, cannot be nipped in the bud. It is the mania for dog-dosing, procrastination in attending the dog when the disorder first makes its appearance, which proves fatal and causes our duty to be such a difficult and so thankless one. Rarely is it that our advice is called upon until all experiments have failed at home; and although then we are but imperfectly informed, we are expected to prescribe a treatment which will in all cases cure, there being but little margin left for the sweep of death's scythe. Unfortunately for the many, we are not clairvoyants, nor possessed with the secret of the grand elixir, or with the healing salve of the great Bakhtyar Naneh—would that we were, that we might distribute broadcast our samples free.

Like the diseases of human beings, those of dogs require a treatment which must be governed by each individual case, as there is no specific to cover each distinct ailment. If, therefore, our friends will remember this, and carefully describe the symptoms of their dog's disorder on its first appearance, we will be enabled to administer more thorough advice, and will at once give each case our careful attention. To enable us to proceed in the Field Department of this paper in a comprehensive way, we have arranged to furnish a report on specimens. They should be forwarded to the Columbia Veterinary College, No. 217 East Thirty-Fourth street, this city, and in all cases the express charges must be pre-paid. This arrangement will admit of our treating diseases of an epidemic character in the most direct way, which may lead to the saving of many valuable animals of the same kennel.

MAKING THE ROUNDS.

WHY should we not, just as well as our cousins across the water? What is to hinder our racing neu from deriving all the benefits, advantages and experiences of a regular series of "rounds" along our coast during the breezy months of spring and fall, and from cruising, as at present, during the heated term when most men can spare a lengthy period or vacation to an extended voyage and life aboard their yachts? Racing among the larger vessels in the American fleet has become almost obsolete, and but little of it is done in New York waters. A little more liberality in ideas and a few concessions exacted from the close corporation system, now the fashion, will serve immeasurably the public ends of yacht racing, put much life into the sport, and above all make it worth while for the ardent lovers of a match to keep their clips in trim for such work, if necessary, from the day they ship their hands to the day they haul down their fighting colors and lay by for the icy interregnum of the fierce winter's blasts. A little amicable co-operation on the part of leading members among the larger clubs would change the aspect of affairs totally. From an occasional desultory club race, calling out but a meager list of representatives, we could and ought to have a regular series of "fixtures," so framed with regard to date and entries that an owner could count on racing his vessel not once or twice a season, but a score of times if he feels inclined, thereby footing up his "totals" for the year to something he can look back upon with pleasure and satisfaction.

To this end three things are necessary. Matches should be open to all yachts of certain designated clubs supposed to be the peers in the community of the club offering prizes. The latter should represent purses or cups of a value proportionate to the expenses and trouble involved

in coming to the line, and finally the dates of races should be harmoniously settled in order that owners may take advantage of the opportunities offered. To this we may add a fourth requisite, the offering of "town" or "citizens," cups by the municipalities or by voluntary subscription among the residents of those ports whose trade and society will be enriched by the congregation of yachts at a public match would induce.

In a modest way something of this sort has already been attempted from time to time, and the results have always been so satisfactory that we hope to see a similar line of policy pursued after a more permanent and definite as well as enlarged fashion. When once the ball is set in motion it will keep rolling of itself. One season such as we here propose, would put racing among our craft of large tonnage on so sound a basis that we would hear no more sorrowful wails about its decline. It is not that the spirit of racing is absent, but simply because the opportunities are wanting and the direction in which to operate not understood that an apparent pall of apathy has overtaken the racing of the big ones.

There is nothing in the Constitution which forbids cities from offering ample purses when the general public is thereby to be benefited. Such offers are not merely for the welfare of a class, but would serve in many instances to stir the life blood of trade in sundry sleepy towns along the coast to an unwonted extent, and put shiekles into the tradesmen's pockets. Besides, we have plenty of precedences of the kind and similar appropriations have been made time and again for like purposes, often enough without as much gain to the community as the presence of a fleet of yachts and the attendant crowd of visitors would produce. The tender official consciences of mayors and city administrations can therefore vote public regattas without the least compunction as to a sacrifice of their chances in the next world, and since the benefits in this are evident enough or could be readily made so, we ask the various municipalities along the Sound and "down East" to consider these lines in the light of an open letter addressed to them for the benefit of the interests they are especially charged with. A thousand dollars out of the strong box of Port Jefferson, Greenport, Stonington, Saybrook, Salem, Duxbury, Portsmouth, and double the amount from the coffers of New Haven, New London, Newport, New Bedford, and Portland, with five thousand from Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, would not only give yachting such an impetus and fresh lease of life as it has never yet had, but would return many times the amounts named to the credit side of the public ledger in the way of trade and popularity, reaching all classes, from the huckster to the mayor who may keep a livery stable or be a bank president. There is a mine to be worked in this direction, and the port which takes its cue from these columns will be the first to reap the harvest of stray coins which are the proverbial accompaniment of the yachtsman, and many a fair one will be induced to impart her luster to a community the very existence of which was a geographical uncertainty before its name became linked with the fame of a great yacht match.

If, then, the leading clubs join hands, what is there to interfere with the establishment of a regular round from New York to the East, and from the East to New York?

With the Seawanhauks starting the ball with an open Corinthian match, say in early June, the Atlantic following in a week, next the Brooklyn, if that club is to be revived, as we hope it will, the New York Y. C. toward the latter part of the month, the professional races of the Seawanhauks following in rapid succession: let the fleets then begin to gradually work their way to the eastward, whether in squadron on a cruise or with a roving commission, and pick up what there is in the way of town cups and citizens' prizes. All the above races, it must be noted, should, in accord with the programme proposed, be open to yacht clubs willing to recognize each other as brethren of the same color, and the entry should by no means be confined to the half-dozen likely racers of any one club.

In the East the same tactics should be pursued. The Portland, the Eastern, the Boston, the Salem, the Dorchester and other clubs, can throw open their lists to all comers, and arrange dates to suit. When the local matches have been decided, they will make their way around the dreaded Cape and take in the municipal events that may offer at the Vineyard, New Bedford, etc., and be on hand in time for the grand affair of the season, a series of three or four days' racing off Newport, the watering place of America, and which by popular selection should become the Cowes of this Continent. There, in the month of August, might be found the very flower of all the great clubs, the sloops, schooners and steamers, and a finer pageant than the races they would sail could not be brought about in any other quarter of the globe.

When the battle is over, when yachts of Eastern build shall have pitted their keels and lead against the skimming hulls of our smooth-water flyers, and the lockers of the best shall groan with the weight of cups and mementoes of the season, or the bank books of the fleetest be swelled by the thousands, then let the swallows of the summer be homeward bound again, the flyers from the East hoist their pennants for the outside voyage, those

of the West watch a chance for a smooth sea and a fair wind to wait them once more through the Fisher Straits into the placid waters of the more congenial Sound. On the return passage fall racing should be found at such ports which have postponed their dates so as not to clash with other events, and finally a series of matches at home would wind up a season that has been spent to some advantage, that has brought all yachts of the country together to test their metal, that will pass into history and form a topic long to be cherished and remembered. Ah! that would be yacht racing indeed!

Business interferes? Not a bit of it; on the contrary, no means could be found by which the business hours of the business man would be taxed so little as by this systematic method of racing. As nearly all the yachts referred to carry paid hands, and many of them are quite liberally supplied with this article, why let the yachts lay idly at anchor week after week with the hands growing sleek off the cabin pantry? The oftener the owner is on board the better, but it is seldom that his presence is really necessary in a match—some are in the way—and as long as he has to foot the bills, let him get the equivalent from his craft by sending her the rounds of the racing ports in charge of her master, or a friend, and join her by rail, or steamer whenever he has a chance to quit Exchange and feels like getting a whiff of the Lord's free air once more and the sight of a horizon not bounded by brick. The Sound and the East are accessible alike, and the time consumed in getting in and out of harbor when at home might as well be spent on the cars or a steamer carrying the owner within hailing distance of his ship, the trip being made by night with "all the modern conveniences," if time be precious.

As to expense, when once fitted for racing, as all yachts which indulge in a match only once a year generally are, beyond the hiring of extra hands for a match, it amounts to little or nothing. A slight saving in Piper Heidsieck will cover the bill, and what genuine yachtsman will begrudge his gear its needs while living high down below?

When the interests of the sport have grown and developed on the Lakes, a similar series of "rounds" may be instituted to serve like ends upon the great fresh waters of the inland districts.

It is pleasing to know that as long as we cannot have the whole programme, there is some chance of several clubs combining to meet during the summer, with a view to racing in a manner similar, to all intents and purposes, to "open" matches; and that the efforts of those interested may be the means of rousing the dormant spirit and waking up all hands to the opportunities now passed by is the wish of every good and loyal tar.

Let us once have racing carried on in a business-like way, and we warrant a heavier crew of seamen among bankers, lawyers, brokers and merchants, and a sounder lot of yachts in our fleet in a single year than we now turn out in a decade. We are tending in the right direction as it is, and are bound in the end to bring up just as indicated above; so we trust these remarks may do something toward hastening the day when the picnic features of racing and the shriveling isolation of clubs, now all drawn up and petrifying in their own shells, will give way to something akin to what all devotees of the sport would rejoice to see—racing carried on upon a broad national basis, not upon the vacillating hobbies and caprices of a set, a clique, a club.

THE CORRUPTION OF SPORT.

FOR some weeks past there has been a famous battle of brains in Gotham. The champions of the chess board have found worthy antagonists, and the mimic war of white and red waged ruthlessly, while the chess world stood with suspended breath looking over the shoulders of the combatants. And now that it is all over, and the "championships" duly awarded, it has leaked out that there were unseen agencies presiding over the destinies of the heroes, and upon the battle-field moved potent agents as noiseless and as unsuspected as the gods upon the battle plain of Troy. The American Bird of Freedom, as she appears in conquering pose upon the coin of the realm, screamed harshly and effectively in the strife, and the Goddess of Liberty in gold proved a formidable antagonist of the Queens in red and white ivory.

This evidence of foul play in an intellectual game, which from its very nature is supposed to be "above board," has naturally shocked that portion of the public which had not already wisely concluded that such a denouement would naturally follow the conclusion of the chess tournament.

America, our college professors tell us, is in her money-making stage; and it takes a less astute individual than the ordinary university professor of Political Economy to see that the average American citizen is—to employ a very slang but a very significant expression—"on the make." The mighty dollar is the controlling agency in every branch of social and public life. Possibly this generalization may sufficiently account for the mercenary element of so many forms of alleged sport. Generous emulation in physical strength or skill gives place to sordid clutching after purses, gate money, entrance fee or

prize—provided this last be convertible into cash. We are not now necessarily referring to the notorious pedestrian hippodromes, nor to ring encounters. We have in mind more than one shooting club whose weekly meetings are only so many gambling schemes among a clique for the gathering in of the purses and entrance fees. By a preconceived understanding this ring manages to secure to its members the various money classes, and so divides the stakes. The confiding stranger who has come to pit his skill against theirs is unmercifully and remorselessly fleeced and packed off for the simple gull that he is. And yet these very trap-shooting pot-hunters will affect to regard with virtuous indignation the recognized pot-hunter who shoots game for the market. If there be a distinction between the two, we submit that it is a distinction without much, if any, difference. One shoots for the money directly; the other, for that which will bring him money. The same style of proceedings not unfrequently occur in rifle shooting. The history of American yacht racing contains some most disreputable records of a similar dishonorable and unsportsmanlike character. Base-ball has long since been unhappily relegated to the control of the ticket and pool seller, and a sport which possesses many merits as a popular, inexpensive and practical pastime thereby sadly cast into disfavor.

With the constantly recurring examples of this mercenary feature of participation in sport, true devotees of sport for the sport's sake need not be warned against implicating themselves even in the appearance of evil. Our popular pastimes are too important in their hygienic influences alone to be cast into a disrepute which will bar gentlemen from engaging in them and reaping their benefits. We note with great pleasure and as a welcome sign of the times that some of our gun clubs have abolished money prizes in their regular club matches. If members are inclined to contend for purses, they are not debarred from so doing; that is their matter. But when the club shoots as a club the competitions are so conducted that the participants are contending for well earned and respected superiority in quick sight and steady aim, not for a paltry sum of money. It behooves sportsmen who would win most credit for the particular form of out-of-door recreation which they may select, to jealously guard its associations from contamination by the presence and influence of the pot-hunting trap shooter, rifle shot and yachtsman. Happily for the gentle art it can never come within the category of the pastimes which are bought and sold.

SPORTSMEN IN CONGRESS.

SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES WHO LOVE ROD AND GUN.

THE number of sportsmen in Congress at the present time is another evidence of the constantly increasing popularity of field sports. Members of Congress are representatives of the people in more senses than a political one. They reflect the social and mental status of their respective constituencies by their manners and conversation in private, quite as well as they represent the views of their political party by their votes in the House. A dapper, gentlemanly Congressman from New England or the Middle States is as different from the representative of a frontier district as black is from white. An expert can almost invariably tell from what section of the country a Congressman comes by his dress and general appearance. A majority of the members of the House are lawyers. If not sportsmen themselves, they have at least an idea of what the true sportsman desires to be, from knowledge of the game laws and experience in actions for trespass and violations of those laws. Before the war the sporting gentleman in Congress almost invariably came from the South. Even he was not a wing shot nor a master of the long range rifle. His kennels were filled with fox and deer hounds, and his stables contained hunters which would do credit to the fields of England and Scotland. To him the deep mounding of his hounds was the sole music of the chase, and of the infinite pleasure of the silent tramp behind the setter and pointer he knew little or nothing. At that time the hunter in the East never came to Congress. He was a being who was generally regarded by his money-making neighbors as a lazy, ne'er-do-well, whose only redeeming traits were his boundless good nature and willingness to divide his game with his friends. The farmer usually owned a gun, but it was used as a weapon of defense against predatory animals and birds, and occasionally as the means of securing game which was known to abound in adjoining forests.

Now there are three members of the House who have won prizes in pigeon matches. There are a dozen members who are expert wing shots, and the number of Senators and Representatives who take their vacations in company with rod and gun cannot readily be estimated. I will mention but a few of the gentlemen in Congress who are expert fishermen or hunters. Foremost in the list of experts with rod and fly is Vice-President Wheeler. Fishing is his sole means of recreation when Congress is not in session. With only one exception, during the past eighteen years he has disappeared from sight in the wilds of the Adirondacks for several months each summer.

The Saranac Lakes are his favorite resort, and the trout is his favorite fish. Great stories the Vice President can tell of his fishing trips through the great forests of Northern New York. He has taken the beautiful trout, brown trout, when never before a fly had been cast. He has witnessed the invasion by flocks of choice pools discovered by himself, and has seen the spotted beauties nearly exterminated from lakes and streams where they once leaped to his attractive flies in countless numbers. A year ago last summer Mr. Wheeler took Mrs. Hayes and a party of ladies and gentlemen from Washington to one of his favorite resorts in the Adirondacks and gave them a taste of camping out and fishing.

Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, is an ardent sportsman. He owns two setters, one a pure blooded Irish, and the other of thoroughbred English breed, which, it is his boast, can be lunted day after day without speaking a word to either. They are broken to perfection, and their movements in the field are directed solely by motions of the hand. Until the past season Mr. McPherson has always kept a sufficient number of birds on his country place in Northern New Jersey to afford him and his friends excellent sport. Last spring his handsome country house was destroyed by fire, and the quail on the estate, it is feared, have suffered from trespassers. Besides quail shooting Mr. McPherson loves ducking, and he owns a No. 8 gauge gun weighing fourteen pounds, built expressly to slaughter canvas-backs and red heads. During the past year Mr. McPherson has suffered considerably from illness consequent upon too strict attention to his duties as Senator and his business in Jersey City. Last summer, not feeling strong enough to endure the fatigues of the chase, Mr. McPherson went to the Thousand Islands and amused himself by taking five pound bass with a five ounce rod from the waters of the St. Lawrence. In this agreeable exercise the Senator quite recovered his health.

Senator W. C. Hampton, of South Carolina, is a true sportsman. The best evidence of his devotion to the charms of the chase is the single leg on which with the assistance of a crutch he is compelled to drag himself about the Senate chamber. General Hampton went through the war, fighting boldly in several of the most desperate battles of the rebellion and escaped without serious injury. A year ago General Hampton, who is very fond of riding, was severely injured while out on a hunt near his home in South Carolina. The horse upon which he was mounted proving a useless animal, General Hampton, rather than abandon the sport attempted to ride a mule. The animal kicked him in the leg severely, breaking the bones. Amputation was necessary in order to save the General's life. It is said that General Hampton is inclined to complain of the hard fate which took him safely through the war only to be maimed for life by the kick of a mule.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, is also fond of the chase. He follows the hounds in season after deer and fox to the dismay of his wife who fears that an accident may happen to him in the field. Shortly before Congress met, Senator Beck was thrown from his horse and received bruises which laid him up for several days.

Senator Hamlin, of Maine, is fond of fishing the Rangely Lakes being his favorite resort for sport. Senator Windom is also something of a sportsman. There are other Senators fond of gun and rod, but those I have named are the only ones who may be considered devoted to field sports.

Foremost among the gentlemen in the House, who are sportsmen of repute, is Mr. Acklin, of Louisiana. I visited him at his handsome residence on Capitol Hill recently to examine his extraordinary collection of fire-arms. It is a treasure for him, to order by a London firm. The barrels of his pistols and guns are of finest Damascus steel, and the wood used in their construction is English walnut. Mr. Acklin is one of the very few gentlemen in Washington who now owns regulation duelling pistols. They can be loaded either from the breech or the muzzle, so as fully to comply with all the regulations of the code. The barrels are about a foot long, .38 calibre, and two-poum barrels to trigger. These have never been used in the field, although they were spoken for last winter at the time Senators Conklin and Lamar had their worthy difficulty on the floor of the Senate. The insulting language used by these Senators was afterward recalled, satisfactorily to both gentlemen. Mr. Acklin is an expert shot with the pistol. The two duelling pistols cost Mr. Acklin in England \$915. First, in the collection of such guns shown the correspondence of a 12-gauge wedge choke-eight and a half pounds, and has the Purdy top-action. An invention of Mr. Acklin's is attached to this, and to all of his guns. It consists of two small steel projections from each side of the standing bridge, so that the barrels when snapped down ready for firing fit closely on each side between these projections. The design of the invention is to prevent lateral action, as from continuous firing of one barrel the tendency of the shock is to force the barrels to one side. Mr. Acklin's duck-and-pigeon gun weighs eleven and a half pounds. The single breach is provided with four sets of barrels, and it really answers the purpose of four distinct guns. Two sets of barrels are 12-gauge, built to consume six drachms of powder. Two sets of barrels are 10-gauge, in which the customary charge is seven drachms of powder. The other two barrels are choked to suit all distances at the trap. One set of barrels is full-choked; on another set the left barrel is full-choked, and the right barrel is a modified choke-bore; on another set the left barrel is modified choke, and the right barrel smooth; and the fourth set are smooth and bell-mouth muzzles. The "Express" double-ride built by Purdy for Mr. Acklin, is a model weapon for large game. Four drachms of powder and an explosive bullet will kill a large animal. Recently Mr. Acklin gave to a friend a regular ducking-gun, 8-bore, which, owing to the time he is engaged in his professional and legislative duties, he had no opportunity to use. Mr. Acklin's fire-arms, bought from Purdy, cost him, including custom's duties, over \$8,500. The representative from Louisiana when he came to Congress abandoned his kennel, and gave thirteen blooded setters to his friends.

The plantations belonging to the Acklin estate are on the Bayou Teche opposite the mouth of the Red River. It is a wonderful country for game birds and wild fowl. French woodcock, quail, ducks, geese, etc., are always plentiful in France. There is no finer snipe sho ting in

the world than in West Feliciana Parish. In 1875, Mr. Acklin kept a record of his shootings. On March 17th of that year he bagged 302 snipe, and on the day following, 241, making in the two days of 543 snipe killed by a single gun. Mr. Acklin is of the opinion that this record has never been beaten. Mr. Acklin has two gold medals won in championship pigeon matches. One badge bears the inscription, "J. H. Acklin, Champion Pigeon-Shot of the South." The other medal styles him "Champion Pigeon-Shot of Louisiana." Both medals were earned in New Orleans. Mr. Acklin believes that he did his best pigeon shooting in Memphis, where he killed forty-eight out of fifty double birds. Mr. Acklin's duties in Congress occupy his time fully and he has no opportunity to indulge in his favorite sports. He has shot in a few sweep-stake matches with friends here in Washington and almost uniformly came off winner.

Another ardent hunter and trap-shooter is Congressman Finley of the Eighth Ohio District. Mr. Finley is a lawyer by profession, and every spare day that he can find during the season is spent by him in the field. There is some tolerably good chicken shooting in the vicinity of Mr. Finley's home, but when he can take a vacation of two or three weeks he starts for Spirit Lakes in Northwestern Iowa, where he slaughters ducks and chickens to his heart's delight. There is good fishing in the lakes too, and the rod and line are always companions with the gun when the Ohio Congressman starts out for sport. Mr. Finley is an expert at shooting glass balls. He uses a Scott gun.

Gen. Anson G. McCook of the Eighth New York District also has a reputation here as a good shot before the trap at pigeons or glass balls. Of Mr. McCook's performances in the field I know nothing, but he possesses all the physical requirements of a good shot, and his ability at the trap was learned, I believe, from previous experience in the field.

Congressman Poehler of the Second Minnesota District holds prizes won at the trap. He is a member of the local shooting club at Henderson, Minnesota, and a member of the State Sportsman's Association. Pinnated grouse are found in abundance near Mr. Poehler's home, and he is a constant hunter during the season. Mr. Poehler was born in Germany and came to the United States in 1848. All these birds have a royal good time. There are few birds in the mountainous region in which he resides excepting ruffed grouse, and that lordly bird is seldom found in great numbers. The fox hunting near Kanawha is done on foot. The members of the Long Island Club may be inclined to laugh at the idea of following hounds on foot, but a single visit to the mountain country of West Virginia would at once dispel the idea that hounds there could be followed on horseback. The hunters are in the region of high rocky ridges or spurs from the mountains, leading down to the creek bottoms. As soon as the dogs strike the trail the course that the fox will take is well understood by the hunters. They go to the top of a ridge and take seats. The fox circles around the ridge in full view of the hunters, the hounds in full tilt after him. Being closely pursued round crosses over to another ridge; the hunters follow, obtaining a new view of that picture, and on until the chase ends.

The delights of this heartful exercise, the grand mountain scenery, and the opportunities afforded during the chase for the use of the gun cannot be imagined by one who has not participated in the sport. It must not be thought that all of the sportsmen in Congress delight in the pursuit of small game. One of the most famous bear hunters in California is Representative Diehl of that State in the House. Romaldo Pacheco, of San Luis Obispo, is the gentleman's name, and he estimates the number of bears he has killed himself, or has helped to kill, at 100. Mr. Pacheco was the son of wealthy parents who owned immense grazing lands and flocks in the neighborhood of Santa Barbara. As soon as he was able to sit astride a horse he learned to ride, and at the age of twenty-one he was an expert hunter. Mr. Pacheco also became unusually proficient in the art of throwing the lasso, an implement which was used by all herders. Bears were plentiful near his home, and Mr. Pacheco learned to hunt them as follows:—Four men, experts in the use of the lasso, would ride to the place where bears could be found. Getting upon the trail they would ride after him and bring him to bay. While the bear was standing upon his haunches each of the four men would almost simultaneously throw their lassoes over his head, and riding in opposite directions strangle the animal or fasten his legs so he could not run, when he would speedily be dispatched. An unusually acute imagination is not required to perceive if one of the four lassoes failed to encircle the bear, or the horses ridden by the hunters were not perfectly trained, that the consequences might be extremely unpleasant. Mr. Pacheco tells the number of accidents which have occurred since he has happened in the pursuit of bears with the lasso.

Of the other members of the House who are good shots and fond of hunting I will name General Joe Hawley, of Connecticut; Mr. Robertson, of Louisiana, and Mr. Gunter, of Arkansas.

Washington, D. C.

GAME PROTECTION.

TAX THE GUNS.—We invite the fullest expression of opinion upon the question of taxing shot guns. A New York correspondent writes as follows:—

NEW YORK, Feb. 2d.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I notice that there is a movement in Albany toward a two-years' prohibitory game law. There is only one class of sportsmen that can profit by such a law—that is, the pot-hunters. Laws or no laws, the pot-hunter will be bound to shoot, and a certain class of marketmen and hotel-keepers will be found ready to buy their game. Allow me to ask you to consider enough of the game, I shall have to have too many, and they are too complicated already. The game laws are broken every day, but how

often do you hear of anybody being fined or punished? What is the reason? Because nobody takes the trouble to complain, and everybody has not the time to do it. I have heard of quail having been brought to New York last month through the Long Island Railroad, by the brakemen and baggage-men of that road. Why, as a sportsman, did I not make any complaints? Because I had not the time to do it, and, besides, very likely I should have had to fight the whole railroad company, with very little prospects of having the sounders punished. Every sportsman knows that on the 31st day of last December there was more game left over than there was at any previous year, at least for the last three years. I am told that whole covys of quail were shot by pot-hunters on Long Island within the last three weeks, while this last snow lay on the ground.

Why, then, should we have this prohibitory law passed, all for the benefit of those pot-hunters? For my own part, I do not care whether this law is passed or not. I can have all the shooting I want, if I am in this State, in some other. But as a sportsman I protest against the passage of such prohibitory law. Everybody has not the time or the money to go West or South, and I am not selfish enough to see those that cannot go elsewhere deprived of their sport. If such a law should be passed, what is a man living in the city to do with his dog, especially if he is a good one? I have talked this matter over with a good many shooters, and they are all of the same opinion—such a law will only benefit the pot-hunter and the marketman, because the pot-hunter will have so many more birds to shoot at, and the marketman or hotel-keeper, having to sell them on the sly, will charge and get so much more for them.

What, then, is to be done to save the birds? The answer is very simple—enforce the laws that we have got now. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has its special officers to see that no one is not inflicting on the game and to have the game laws enforced. Let such men be appointed so as to have power all over the State, and not in one single county, and thereby you will soon stop all snoring and trapping, all shooting and selling out of season, and we shall have no need of any prohibitory law. The pot-hunters will disappear, and whoever will carry a gun will be more or less the ideal of a true gentleman.

What say my sportsmen friends about this? Anyhow, let them raise their voices against any prohibitory laws.

A TRUE LOVER OF THE SPORT.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION.—The fifth annual meeting of the Michigan Sportsman's Association at Bay City, Mich., last week, was attended by a large and enthusiastic delegation of sportsmen from the various clubs of the State, and was in every way a grand success. Elaborate essays upon various subjects of interest were read, and the Association well sustained its reputation as an earnest body of men.

EXPORTING QUAIL FROM NORTH CAROLINA.—Monroe, N. C., Feb. 2d.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I see by your last issue that a gentleman now at High Point, N. C., proposes to make arrangements for the shipment of quail from that town. He, perhaps, is not aware that there is a law to prohibit the export of quail out of the State, and it was owing to the fact of so many birds being shipped from there and Greensboro, a town a few miles distant, that such a law was passed. I learn that nearly two hundred birds were at Greensboro not long ago; the party attempted to smuggle them through, but unluckily for him, one old "Bob White's" feathers was seen sticking out of the box a little way, and he was led to the discovery. The party attempting to ship got wind of news and was seen no more. That agent no doubt had bird pie for days.

H. SMITH.

DEER IN VERMONT.—Bennington, Vt., Feb. 9th.—The deer placed on the mountains at Manchester have reached this place. One has been on the East Mountains for several weeks and is quite tame. Some hounds started one the other day and it ran through the upper part of the village. The farmers and lumbermen in the vicinity of Woodford claim that they have seen three or four at once, and that they are very tame, coming off the mountains and feeding with their cattle.

G. F. O.

MAINE.—Bangor, Feb. 5th.—The Norumbega Shooting Club, for the protection of game and fish and improvement in wing shooting, was organized last evening, with John P. Tucker, President; T. White, Vice-President; W. F. Seavey, Secretary; Fred T. Hall, Treasurer. The President, Secretary and Treasurer ex officio, with Messrs. Dugan and Abbott constitute the Executive Committee. The By-laws rules of shooting, with a constitution and by-laws were adopted. The organization starts off with eleven members and will receive many others.

NEW JERSEY QUAIL SEASON.—Toms River, N. J., Feb. 5th.—Permit me for the benefit of your readers to make a correction in an article appearing in your Game and Fish Directory, issue of Jan. 29th, dated Riverside House, Forked River, Ocean P. N. J., wherein it is stated that the quail season is from Nov. 1st to Jan. 1st, for the latter date is that on which the season closes in this State.

H. C. GLOVER.

President Ocean Co. Game Protective Association.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

Hares, brown and gray.

Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FLORIDA.

Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Mallard, Snipe, Ducks, and Wild Fowl. "Bag and Gun" reports, including reports of special species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, snail birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Littorale* or Shore Birds.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Reports, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address;—after the following model:—

MINNESOTA—New Ulm, Brown Co.—Reached by Chicago and Northwestern Railway, 467 miles from Chicago. Hotel—Merchant's, Chas. Frost, proprietor; \$2 per day. Proprietor is game sportsman; best game taken of deer, good timing at seasons able rates. Game—In fall after Aug. 15th, pinnated grouse; after Sept. 1st, geese, brant, duck, mallard, canvas-back, teal, etc.; plover, crane and pelican; not plenty in spring. There are at least a dozen lakes within a radius of fifteen miles, where ducks are very plenty in fall. Fishing—Not very good; pickerel and black bass. For big bags of grouse write to
C. M. H. HEDGEMAN.

NEW HAVEN GUN CLUB.—Old squaws still remain unusually plentiful, with a good sprinkling of coots. The weather has been so windy of late that there has been but little shooting done in that line. Foxes and rabbits are very scarce. Armstrong & Fulton have concluded not to have any more game of deer, East Haven, and through their agent, Capt. Stephen Thompson, we were surprised to see Folsom's heart fail at the last feather left shot, backed as he was by the little Alderman gun. Our President expects a fine rabbit dog, which Howard is breaking for him. He gave us a field trial exhibition in Pops's store the other night, and all declared it first-class. SCISSOR ACTION.

NEW JERSEY—Toms River, Feb. 1th.—Some ice this week, but all gone again. Yesterday, Friday, was the best shooting day of the season in Mosquito Cove. Thirty-eight red-head ducks were killed and bagged in one stand by two men, and good scores were made all round.
S. K. Jr.

TENNESSEE—Nashville, Feb. 1st.—Foxes, quail, and fish are abundant—can be found within a few miles of the city, and dogs, guns, and fishing tackle of the most approved kinds are always ready for any kindred spirit which may chance our way.
J. D. H.

ARKANSAS—Mayesville, Feb. 2d.—Hunting here has been poor owing to the warm weather, yet a large number of deer and turkeys have been killed by the Indians, and hardly a day passes that one or more saddles are not brought to town (current price fifty to seventy-five cents in trade). Quails, ducks, etc., in abundance, no w, but chickens very scarce.
E. S.

JACKSONPORT, Feb. 3d.—Geese and ducks here in fair numbers now on account, we presume, of the cold weather. They are very wild. No other sport. No fishing as yet; but in that respect "every prospect pleases." YELL.

MONTANA.—Mr. Jameson, the young Irish baron, who, for the past several years, has journeyed from the green sod to engage in hunting and fishing sports in Montana, was unusually successful this season. His wagons returning loaded with the antlers of elk, moose, deer, mountain sheep and antelope, and the pelts of grizzly and black bear, mountain lion, lynx, wild cat and other splendid trophies of the chase. These valuable possessions, carefully preserved and packed, have gone forward to the old country, while Mr. Jameson, disbanding his party of four, and accompanied by his body servant, starts soon on a journey around the world.

DUCKING ON BIG SWAN.—Pillsbury, Minn., Jan. 26th.—This lake is situated about 115 miles northwest of St. Paul and is known as Big Swan. It is four miles long and a trifle over a mile wide, and its eastern shore is covered with patches of wild rice which make it just the place for ducks. In company with a gentleman from Massachusetts, we took our duck boat and at early dawn started for the lake, and after some rather hard pulling against the stream (we preferred taking the outlet of the lake for our path rather than the overland route) we soon came to the large bed of rice just at the foot of the lake, where our fight began. We have not space to describe that day's sport, but suffice it to say we bagged sixty-seven ducks and took a good nap at noon in the bargain. A sportsman can reach this lake at a cost of about \$7 from St. Paul, via Little Falls. Board can be had from \$2.50 to \$3 per week. Sportsmen desiring to visit the place would have a much better time if they would bring camptrails along with them. The water abounds in pickerel, black rock and "cat" fish, and nearly every kind of fish incident to fresh water. They bite very readily and we have taken from thirty to forty in one day with fly bait. As we sit by the window penning these few lines we look out and count twenty-nine prairie chickens within easy reach of my choke-bore which hangs on the wall. My finger slightly itches to pull the trigger, but I have never shot a prairie chicken, and I must not indulge. Any sportsman desiring to know more about this place can do so by making it known through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, or by inclosing stamp and addressing as above.

A. D. CARPENTER.

THE ANCIENT DUCK EATERS.—R. M. Pool, the editor of the Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Gazette has been inducted into a gastronomical society of that town whose members are not only sportsmen, but bon vivants as well—

The "Honorable Order of Ancient Duck Eaters" is a local society of quite recent origin whose object of existence is unmistakably acknowledged in its name. The membership at present comprises Messrs. J. M. Witmer, H. H.

Sheldon, C. E. Davis, C. H. Piper, Wm. Samways, S. T. Murray, H. F. Pierce, John P. Hulet, Wm. Pool, James H. Boyd and R. M. Pool. Messrs. Witmer and Sheldon have been the hosts at both the "Grand Eats" that have been given.

The order have had two sittings at Mons. Romaine's Rendezvous Francaise, the second last Wednesday evening, and we can bear witness as a duly initiated member of the society that the cognomen of the order is no vain and empty sounding phrase, but that membership implies an intimate acquaintance with fowl the date of whose death the memory of man runneth not back to recall. The mantle of venerable antiquity that enfold the fragrant dishes is not woven, however, of unsocial and impetuous grays, but in its impalpable presence adds a very marked and peculiar mirthfulness to the spirits of all.

Last Saturday evening Mine Host Isaacs, of the Prospect House, gave an elegant banquet to a number of invited friends from both sides of the river. The invited guests who were present were Messrs. C. E. Davis, J. M. Witmer, J. V. Carr, H. H. Sheldon, Geo. E. Curtis, J. W. Pettebone, R. O. Fulton and R. M. Pool of Niagara Falls, and Messrs. T. F. Ellis and Chas. Davis, of the town of Clifton. Messrs. S. T. Murray, H. F. Pierce, F. R. Delano, H. S. Ware and A. J. Hamlin, of this place, and J. P. Hulet, of Clifton, were unable to be present, and sent their regrets.

BUCKSHOT IN CHOKER BORES.—North Platte, Neb., Feb. 4th.—I notice in your issue of Jan. 29th two articles on buckshot in choke bore guns. I like both of those gentlemen's mode of loading, but I have met with more and better success by loading in the following manner, using full charge No. 10 gun: 5 drs. of Dupont's eagle duck No. 1 powder, using 2 pink duck wads or powder as tight as can be put by hand. The gun will chamber 3 No. 4 buckshot nicely at the muzzle. I put 9 of them in the shell and pour hot tallow and white wax upon the shot, and place a thin black edge wad upon them with a neat crimp. With such loads I have killed deer at 110 yards. I killed seven out of ten deer dead, the distance varying from 85 to 110 yards, and wounding two so they could not get away, and followed the other one for half a mile and found him, a big buck weighing 180 lbs., dead. Most of the sportsmen here have their shells loaded in this way.
W. W. C.

LARGE SHOT IN CHOKER BORES.—Dumbarton, N. H., Feb. 4th.—Why do not our contributors who have been describing their several different methods of loading choke bores with large-sized shot give the targets they can make at long range, say 80 yards, instead of saying that such and such a load will stop a deer at 75 yards simply because they may have killed one at that distance. Surely a load which would give a good average at 80 yards, in a 30- or 40-inch target would be more satisfactory than an occasional good target at a much longer distance. A couple of years ago while making arrangements to go to Florida, I tried a few shots with buckshot in a 10 bore 94, pound gun, 5 drs. powder, 15 buckshot chambered at muzzle, at 90 yards, 40 inch target. The first shot put 5 shot in a 24-inch circle in centre of target. I then thought I had the best gun for buckshot I had ever seen, but after several shots changed my mind, as sometimes I never shot a deer, and I got all, and in most cases only put one or two shot in the 40-inch square. Since then I have tried many of the different ways of loading, such as filling space between shot with melted wax and tallow, using sections of paper cartridges cut to fit the muzzle of gun, etc., but never could get as good an average as with loose shot. Greener, in his work on choke bores, states that a good gun loaded with buckshot will chamber at muzzle and the space between the shot filled with melted tallow should put the whole charge inside the head of a flour barrel at 40 yards. This may be so, but it is very much better shooting than I have ever seen.

Now, dropping the buckshot, I would like to ask some of your readers (who own close-shooting guns) what would be an extra good target for a 10 or 10 bore gun, with 4 or 5 drs. powder, 15 buckshot, at 30 or 40 yards, 80 yards. The best shooting I have seen with this size of shot was made with a 10 bore 10 lbs. Parker gun at 45 yards, 24-inch target, six shots, the average was 33. Same gun and same charge (4 drs. 14oz.), at 80 yards, 30 inch target, 4 shots, averaged 114. The 80 yards target was made off-hand, shooter holding about two or three inches above centre of target. Some of the gun makers say that a 10 bore 10 lbs. Parker gun, at 30 or 40 yards, and do not know what would be considered extra good. I think it would interest us to know what to expect from a good gun at this distance with the sized shot I have named.
C. M. S.

RECOIL PADS.—London, Jan. 13th.—Editor Forest and Stream.—In your paper of Dec. 15th I notice the following: "A La Porte, Ia., a gunner was lying in the bottom of a boat, and discharged his gun at some ducks, but not having it firm against his shoulder, the recoil was with such force that he broke his collar bone." It will, no doubt, interest your readers to learn that a simple device for preventing accidents of that nature, or rather for preventing a gun from kicking, and, in some cases, from being injured by many English sportsmen and military and naval officers. The device is the invention of Col. H. A. Silver, of the eminent firm of S. W. Silver & Co., of London, and consists simply of an anti-recoil heel plate, composed partly of hard rubber and partly of soft vulcanized rubber, joined firmly together, and fitted on to the butt of the gun. It makes a very neat finish, and will wear as long as the gun lasts. No effort has so far been made to introduce the device into America, but Col. Silver has secured a United States patent, and intends soon to send samples of his heel plates for inspection by American sportsmen and others interested in shooting.
JOSEPH DIXON.

QUAIL SHOOTING IN TEXAS.—San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 29th.—The quail of Texas are somewhat different from those of the North; not in looks but in habits. An early start found us by 7 A.M. amongst the corn fields of the Colorado River. Our dogs, two as fine blood as can be had, found scent within ten yards of the fence we had just climbed. J's gun gave them both barrels, mine one not a feather. Shot four rabbits, without a deer to be seen. Birds well marked down by tail weeds; hearing our dogs on a tramp of half an hour; decided the birds had run. Dogs came to a point 200 yards further on; a bird to each

of our guns. Covies well scattered and afforded us two hours' good shooting and many a one missed for another time. "It's strange," remarked J., "how much shot a quail can carry." We entered another field; separated, and had our dogs on two separate covies about the same time. Hanging away a half-dozen shells, both the dogs scattered and working into each other till we had them rising like snipe; still J. was not satisfied; his shells were too heavy. "Loaded too much powder," he remarked; "four drachms. How much do you shoot?" I remarked, "I always give a gun all she will stand under, 12 gauge, 84 lbs., charge 5 drs., 14 ozs. No. 9 shot, is what I use at trap and quail, duck or anything comes along. I use 40 gauge and no. 10 shot for snipe, but I am sure to use a fine tool." I like to see a bird drop at a hit hard, which cannot be done with small charges. I allow some dogs do not require such charges, but it's the exception, not the rule. We had our shooting coats well lined, and started to deposit in our wagon. Still our dogs came to several points, and J. made some remarkably good shots, dropping a quail full 50 yards by giving six feet lead ahead. Further on we scattered a hawk sailing over. As he neared I held on him. He seemed perfectly satisfied. He had taken a good measure with his sharp eye. I ran my gun about six feet ahead and touched the left trigger, to see him double up and strike the hard ground just five yards behind us. "Big loads," I remarked, "always count." Depositing our game in a safe place from hawks, we agreed to hunt the Colorado bottoms, a mass of grapevines, weeds eight feet high, mixed up with small post oaks. The dogs could not be seen ten feet ahead, and quail in all directions, perched on trees and darting over our heads in such confusion that we could not shoot low for fear of striking each other; birds fell everywhere, and the dogs were confused, dropping one bird to pick up another. We gathered what we could find, just 48, and started for home to get the cockle burrs out of our boots, pants and sleeves. Our dogs, orange and white, would have been taken for red Irish on sight. I have seen these same dogs hunt all one hot day covered with burrs, one with three needles of the prickly pear through her nose, and still ready to stand a point and retrieve her bird. I's said a setter cannot stand Texas. I have seen the Spanish pointer, foot-sore, tail bleeding, lying under a shade, his master using a whip to get him out to no purpose; our blue bloods, tongue bloody but still game, and I believe he called them "range dogs." I believe to keep pace with our bred dogs a sportsman must handle hammerless guns, the most improved shooting coats, belts and every approved tool, and he may just keep even with them.
ALMO.

THE YOUNG TRAPPERS.—They were brothers, aged respectively nine, eleven, and thirteen, named Nathaniel, Peter, and Philip, whom the boys used to call for short "Nat," "Pete," and "Phil." Like all other country boys thirty years ago, they were suddenly struck with a mania for trapping and snaring rabbits. The woods in which they plied their amateur skill were situated three-fourths of a mile from the native New Jersey village, and on a farm owned by one Dr. Kissam, who had in his employ a negro called Joe, who took very kindly to boys. The heavy timber of the woods had been cut down two or three years before, and the old stumps were fringed with a new growth of saplings, which were about the right size to bend down for snares. It was a crisp November afternoon when the young trappers struck a bee-line for the woods. The boys at first had no implements of war in hand, strings, jack-knives, and sweet apples for bait. They had little difficulty, with Joe's help, who joined them in the woods, in selecting suitable places for their snares. By sunset all were ready for the unwary little "cotton tails." The three sides of a hollow square were laid up, the sapling bent, the string tied on, the noose adjusted, and the bait placed. There were three—one for each boy. Nat's was nearer the edge of the woods than the others.

What expectations awoke in their breasts that night! How lively their imaginations worked! How they fell asleep with their minds full of snares, and their first thoughts in the morning were about them. Pete woke Nat, with whom he slept, and then called Phil, in the next room. They were now dressed and off for the woods, though it was yet quite dark, for they had some misgivings as to Joe's honesty, and feared that he might have it in his mind to go there before them and rob them of their game.

By the time they reached the woods it had grown a little lighter, and as they approached the first snare, Phil, who was ahead, shouted out, "Nat's snare is sprung." They all struck a run through the bushes, and, coming closer, "He's got a rabbit," cried Pete, and "No," said Phil, "it's two white for a rabbit; it's a possum!" When they arrived at the spot the truth came to their utter dismay; it was a sheep. Such a scared lot of boys you never saw. The woods were in the pasture grounds, and they had actually caught one of the Doctor's sheep. What to do was the question, after they had recovered some from their great surprise and alarm. Near by was the mound of a tree which had been cut down, and they had made an excavation where the roots used to be, and they resolved to drag the lifeless carcass into that, which they did, and covered it up as well as they could with leaves. Then they hastened to the other snares, which were found unmolested, completely demolished them all, and returned home in a very different mood, as can be readily imagined, from that which they were in when they set them out with better and of every anticipation. For one whole week, while Joe was hunting the country over for that lost sheep, the young trappers went about like little criminals, carrying in their anxious bosoms the guilty secret. By-and-by the sheep was found, the mode of its death discovered, and it devolved upon the father of the young trappers to pay for it, and with a horsewhip to put a most emphatic finish to the episode. The boys, however, were somewhat relieved from the agony of hearing about in one's bosom a guilty secret.
HIX.

CONNECTICUT.—*Coltville, Feb. 4th.*—Canton Road and Gun Club, Riverside Range; practice meeting at 200 yards, off-hand; 3-balls, 10 shots:—

O. B. Hull.....	8	10	12	9	10	10	8	68	42
J. D. Westerman.....	7	10	10	9	11	8	10	68	42
J. D. Andrews.....	12	8	12	8	9	10	10	94	42
H. W. Hall.....	9	7	9	9	6	11	10	76	37
J. H. Foster.....	8	10	12	6	7	7	3	57	37

N. H. A.—The Board of Directors have asked the Secretary of War to authorize the three division commanders—Gen. McDowell, Sheridan and Hancock—to raise teams for the Hilton Trophy contest in September next.

Col. Wingate, Capt. Story and Col. Scott will be the range committee for the coming season. Col. Ward, Major Fulton and Col. Cuyperwill be act as prize committee, and Major Williamson, Capt. Casey and Mr. J. S. Grant as the finance committee.

—The members of the N. Y. Rifle Club will practice at Hartung's Park, Morrisland, each Wednesday.

NEW JERSEY.—*Greenville.*—Two hundred dollars in prizes have been offered for a side tournament to be held at the range of the Balvedere House; 10 rounds of hand at ready-measurement target are fired with .22 cal. rifle. H. Geiger, R. H. Drake and T. Myer are the shooting committee, with W. M. Farrow and M. Fitz referees. Re-entries are unlimited, and the tournament will remain open for a month, or until 200 targets have been shot.

ESSEX VS. FRELINGHUYSEN.—*Albany, N. Y., Feb. 4th.*—A match took place on Wednesday, Feb. 4th, between the Frelinghuysen and Essex Rifle Associations on the range of the former, resulting as follows:—

FRELINGHUYSEN.		ESSEX.	
F. W. Lynn.....	42	W. Duercher.....	42
R. B. Beach.....	40	A. Welter.....	41
A. C. Youmans.....	41	I. Huber.....	44
H. H. Wyman.....	41	A. Meier.....	43
H. H. Wyman.....	41	J. S. Doon.....	39
R. C. Denman.....	37	J. H. Huns.....	44
S. K. Walsh.....	42	J. H. Huns.....	44
C. Boden.....	45	J. D. Duercher.....	43
Geo. Wiegman.....	40	W. Cleveland.....	39

Total.....436
Average, 8.8
Shot at 200 yards distance 10 ft. Ballard rifle. This is the third match shot by the associations, which makes the Frelinghuysens champions, having won 2 out of 3.

S. K. Walsh vs. F. W. Lynn. Although the weather was threatening this morning, the members of the New Orleans Rifle Club and some of the members of the Washington Artillery met at the New Orleans Rifle Park for practice and had quite a lively time. After some individual shooting two teams of three men each were formed, and a match, of which the following is the score, was shot:—

Charlton.....	200 yards.....	3	5	4	5	4	3	—62
.....	500 yards.....	4	5	5	4	5	4	—62
Sompuri.....	200 yards.....	4	5	4	4	4	5	—62
.....	500 yards.....	4	5	4	5	4	5	—62
Michel.....	200 yards.....	3	5	4	4	5	4	—60
.....	500 yards.....	4	5	4	4	5	4	—60
Grand total.....								184
Arms.....	200 yards.....	4	5	4	4	4	5	—63
.....	500 yards.....	4	5	4	4	4	5	—63
Spori.....	200 yards.....	3	5	4	4	5	4	—61
.....	500 yards.....	4	5	4	4	5	4	—61
Gertels.....	200 yards.....	3	4	4	4	4	5	—59
.....	500 yards.....	3	4	5	4	4	5	—59
Grand total.....								500

The members of the New Orleans Rifle Club have determined to shoot every week, and it lies in their power they will revive rifle shooting in this city.

PANOV SHOOTING.—There is another doctor in the field, and this is how the Kingston (Can.) *Whig* tells of his doing:—"Dr. Knight with a long Winchester repeating rifle, began at 200 yards and made ten straight bull's-eyes; position, standing; size of bull's-eye, six inches in diameter. Then firing 500 yards, bull's-eye fourteen inches in diameter, he made fifteen bull's-eyes out of sixteen shots. After having a warm, as the weather was very cold, the Doctor displayed his short-range Winchester sporting rifle, doing some wonderful shooting. First he took the pipes from the mouth of a friend at fifty yards, breaking six in succession, the length of the stems of the pipes being four inches; then he shot six fifty-cent pieces, held between the thumb and finger, at forty yards distance. This was done without a miss. The Doctor finished hitting twenty-two apples out of twenty-four, thrown into the air by the band, as glass balls and trap were not to be had in Kingston. The Doctor is confident that he can break ninety-five glass balls out of one hundred. At the same time, he fired six of his Winchester rifle (sixteen cartridges) and discharging the whole at a bull's-eye eighteen inches in diameter, distance 100 yards, in the short space of just thirty seconds.

WHAT A HUNTER THINKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I have from time to time been much interested in the discussion as to what was the best sporting rifle, and my observations have been quite extensive, and to me, resulted very satisfactorily. For game no larger than deer, bear and panther, my conclusions are that there is nothing equal to a .44 Winchester. Now, the hole or opening made by the bullet depends much more on its power of penetration or striking force than size—that's my opinion, at least, and that is formed from observation. A .44 Winchester will go clear through a Texas deer from end to end, and that is all any gun could do. To illustrate: While on a hunt in November in the mountains in Northwest Texas, on a bear hunt, old bruin was shot through and through with a .55 No. 1 gun, yet he kept up his pace until another party rushed up and gave him a shot from a .45 Colt revolver, which finished him. Now, the hole or opening made by the No. 1 bullet was much larger than the revolver ball had made, yet was not so effective. Why? Simply because it was not so well placed; and permit me to say that that is simply the whole secret. A correct or accurate shooting gun, well aimed, and of .44 cal., will do the work just as well, and not be so disastrous to the shoulder of the shooter. I've had enough of your kickers.

Now, I wish to say something about deer running. I have seen a deer, with his antlers, killed by different caliber balls, run from one to five hundred yards, while had the same ball struck the spine the game would have been instantly down. I don't consider an Express or the Explosive ball any more fatal than

a .44 Winchester. Why? Simply because the explosion takes place at the surface or near the surface, and not only retards the force of the ball, but gives it less killing power. I say let us have more practical and less theoretical talk, and you can get hundreds of practical hunters here on our border to testify to what I say.

I will give an instance that occurred to me in November last. One morning early, just as soon as it began to break day, I started out after deer, and had gone about a quarter of a mile from camp, when I came upon a bunch of seven or eight deer, which were about 150 yards from me, and took deliberate aim on a fine, large doe and fired. I heard the ball strike very plain. My aim was to put the ball in at point of shoulder, as the deer stood quartering to me, exposing the right shoulder. I found afterward the shot had been true to my aim. The ball entered just in front of right fore-shoulder, came out just behind the left shoulder. You see the course of the ball was quartering forward, and severed the aorta artery, close to the base of lung, and ranging very close to the heart. Now, this is generally considered a very fatal shot, yet the doe made two jumps, then fell or lay down. On my approach she jumped up and ran up a hill a hundred yards, then lying down. Again approached cautiously, but being brushy and stony ground she again took the alarm, and ran over a hundred yards further. This time I gave her more time and approached her more cautiously, and as her breathing was very distinct—I being able to hear the blood gush from the wound with every breath—it was easy to follow. I had got within twenty or thirty yards before she choked with blood. The lungs were completely filled with blood. Dr. Gray, of Chicago, who was one of the party, and myself, made a very thorough autopsy, so I know of what I write. Now, an Express ball or a ball of large caliber could not have made—following the same course—a more severe and fatal wound. I saw at first the shot was fatal, and I had desire to see what length of time she would live and the ability of speed, I didn't attempt to shoot her again. I have seen dozens of deer shot through the heart, and that organ rendered almost into fragments, and do not think one of them ever dropped in their tracks, and most of them ran over a hundred yards.

I say I prefer the Winchester rifle for sporting purposes to any other. My reasons are: First, you have, as I use a 28-inch octagon barrel, sixteen charges in reserve, which can be rapidly used. Then they are very accurate in aim, and do not affect a nervous person by the heavy recoil that the 7 gr. powder, .430 gr. ball do. In fact, the Winchester .44 cal. rifle I consider by far the most practical sporting rifle.

I think Mr. W. Habbeth and a correspondent from St. Louis who subscribes himself "Hunting Rifle," on the wrong track. I speak from experience. I tried that line until I got tired. More deer are shot inside of a hundred yards than over that distance. Occasionally one is shot two, three, or four, or even six hundred yards, but here in Western Texas, at least, where deer are only still hunted, there are very few shot over 100 yards, or 150 yards, and at that distance I find the rifle I speak of the most accurate. I groped about in the dark for several years, and I give my experience thinking it might be of use to some brother sportsman. I can safely say to W. B. D. Gray that the Winchester, .44 cal., 28 inch octagon barrel sporting rifle is accurate as any sporting rifle up to four or five hundred yards, and I dare say he will never have occasion to shoot at game at a greater distance.

Men who make a business of killing game for a living certainly adopt the best gun, or what they think the best, and nine out of ten of these men use the Winchester.

For fear some may suspect this as a paid-for article, I will say I never had even as much as a cartridge of the Winchester Arms Company that I didn't pay for, and I have never had a word of correspondence or otherwise with any member of the company.

SHELLS THAT DO NOT STICK.—*Toledo, Ohio, Feb. 1st.*—Editor Forest and Stream:—My experience with mid-range .40 and Creed-moor .44 Ballard shells has been, for the first few times shooting, perhaps 15 per cent. of the shells to expand, so as to cause trouble, but never have I failed to remedy it for good.

I think the trouble is that a portion of the shells are soft, and others at spring temper; and when they have been used long enough for the shells to become hard, they are then always do by use, then by chucking them on a lathe, and with a little emery paper, until they fit perfectly, there will be no further trouble, provided that the shells are properly cleaned and the balls not driven into the shells. I have seen shells wholly spoiled by not cleaning and then forcing a molded ball (half-inch) into them.

There is one thing which is unaccountable to me, and that is, my .44 shells, or part of them, contract at the mouth when shot, and will not receive the same style of ball without being rimmed out. Will some one give me the cause?

East Boston, Feb. 6th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—After hearing silently my favorite rifle and shell attacked by strangers—few and far apart it is true, but nevertheless adversely criticised in the FOREST AND STREAM to the effect that the shell they called "Everlasting" expands to an extent which renders it useless after a few firings—I feel compelled to plainly state my experience. I have shot a Ballard with the Everlasting straight shells (40.63) for the past two years, firing the rifle at a low estimate thirty times a week, and have not yet met the least annoyance with the shells nor with the rifle if it was cleaned; and further, this is not only my experience, but I have never heard a word of complaint against the Everlasting shell or Ballard rifle during the two years I have been a member of the Massachusetts Sports Club. It will be at once seen that a firm turning out thousands of sporting rifles, that there will necessarily a few imperfect rifles get into the market. The imperfections of a rifle will first show themselves in that part which is most in use, and as the shell has to conform its surface every time the rifle is shot to the surface of the chamber, the honest cause for complaint, if any, will be found in the chamber of the rifle, and not in the shell. If one orders a rifle of a manufacturer and finds it is imperfect, his first impulse is to send it back where it came from, have it remedied, and returned free of expense before publishing a criticism on shell or rifle of whose "merits" the average shooters know so little, however well posted he may be regarding effects.

For SALE.—Two thousand high grade sheep; young, good condition, two thirds ewes. A. W. Gilbert, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

BETTER TIMES.—The business revival and new era of prosperity which has commenced are in keeping with the increased health and happiness all over the land resulting from the general introduction of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Pills. "I have been cured of my kidney trouble," says Rev. Dr. Harvey, "seen but little less than miraculous."—*Advs.*

Archery.

NATIONAL ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.

AT noon on the 28th day of January, 1880, at the Palmer House in Chicago, the annual business meeting of the National Archery Association was called to order. In the absence of the President, Mr. Frank Sidway, of the Buffalo Toxophilites, was called to the chair, the Corresponding Secretary, Henry C. Carver, Esq., acting as Secretary of the meeting. A letter was read from the President, Hon. Maurice Thompson, which was received and ordered published in the organ of the association, the *POUNCE AND SHIELD*. The minutes of the last meeting, which was held at Crawfordville, Ind., Jan. 23d, 1879, were read and approved. The report of the Recording Secretary was read and approved. The report of the Corresponding Secretary was read and approved and ordered to be published in the FOREST AND STREAM. The Corresponding Secretary having acted as Treasurer, his report was accepted as Treasurer also. The report of the Executive Committee was received and ordered placed on the agenda. The delegates then proceeded to discuss the property of the association, the constitution, in several particulars. On motion of Frank Sidway, Esq., it was resolved to amend article 4 of the constitution by striking out the words "fourth Wednesday of January in each year at 12 o'clock m." and substitute therefor the words "Monday next preceding the grand annual meeting at 12 o'clock m."

Upon motion of Mr. Edward Brewster it was resolved to amend Article 6 of the constitution by adding the words, "Each society shall pay to the Corresponding Secretary on or before June 1st in each year, as annual dues, a sum equal to \$1 for each male member in said club, and no person shall shoot at the grand annual meeting unless the dues of his or her society shall have been paid as above. Each archer entering the competition for prizes at the grand annual meeting shall pay an entrance fee of \$5."

Upon motion of Henry C. Carver, Esq., it was resolved to strike out all of article 7 of the constitution which follows the words "voluntary withdrawal of societies." The following resolution was introduced by Henry C. Carver, Esq., and carried by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, It having been found necessary for the success of the first grand annual meeting of the National Archery Association that a contingent guaranty fund be prepared against loss to the Executive Committee in the conduct of said meeting, and in pursuance whereof a written instrument of guaranty was prepared and executed by the signatures of many generous archers and patrons of archery throughout the United States, and whereas by the excess of expenditures of said meeting over the receipts, it became necessary to assess against each and every subscriber to said guaranty fund the sum of thirty-eight (38) per cent. of the amount by him subscribed; and, whereas, the Kokomo Archers, of Kokomo, Indiana, subscribed to said guaranty fund the sum of \$800, and pledged themselves in honor to pay their proportionate part of the aforesaid loss, and whereas, upon presentation of their proper assessment, they utterly refused to fulfill their pledge to pay their assessment or any part thereof. Therefore, Be it resolved, that because of the wanton breach of their pledged faith, which between gentlemen and archers in any cause should count as null and void, the said Kokomo Archers are hereby expelled forever from the National Archery Association; that the Recording Secretary is hereby ordered to expunge their names from the roll of societies of the association, and that this resolution be published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

Upon motion of H. C. Carver, Esq., it was resolved to amend Article V of the constitution by striking out the words "from the delegates present."

Upon motion of Will H. Thompson, Esq., it was resolved to hold the second grand annual meeting of the National Archery Association at the City of Buffalo, N. Y., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 13th, 14th and 15th days of July, 1880.

Upon the motion of Henry C. Carver, Esq., a vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring President, the Hon. Maurice Thompson, for the valuable services rendered by him to the association during the year of his Presidency, and although he declined to allow his name to be further used in connection with that office on account of the press of other labors, it is earnestly hoped that he will often give to the association the benefit of his encouragement and advice.

The following officers were then chosen by unanimous vote, to serve until the next annual business meeting:—

President—Henry C. Carver, Highland Park Archers.
Recording Secretary—D. V. H. Manier, Toledo Archers.
Corresponding Secretary—E. B. Smith, Buffalo Toxophilites.
Treasurer—E. B. Smith, Buffalo Toxophilites.
Executive Committee—Samuel S. Spaulding, Buffalo; E. B. Smith, Buffalo; John B. Sage, Buffalo; Frank Sidway, Buffalo; S. E. Egan, Chicago; Will H. Thompson, Crawfordville.
Upon motion the association adjourned to meet at the Palace Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., on Tuesday, July 13th.

HENRY C. CARVER, Secretary.

Mr. Carver's Report.

Mr. President and Delegates of the National Archery Association:—

The time appointed by the National Archery Association under its Constitution for the holding of its inaugural business meeting having now arrived, I have the honor to submit a brief resume of the year's accumulation of facts and incidents in the history of the Association as followed and directed by the National Archery Association of the United States. Late in the fall of 1878, a few gentlemen archers, realizing the necessity of a confederation of clubs under one general management, and of giving national life and strength to so pure and fascinating a recreation as archery, agitated the subject of calling a Convention for the purpose of permanent national organization. All of the prominent clubs throughout the country, with one accord, indorsed the movement and united upon Crawfordville, Ind., the accredited home of archery, as the fitting place for holding such Convention. Accordingly, the meeting was called for January 23d, 1879, at Mayor John W. Ilmsay's office in Crawfordville, and there, at the appointed time, the foundation stone of archery in America was laid, deep and firm, and true, and has been built upon, and the substructure is now a superstructure, and it is the bounden duty of every member identified with the Association to see that the work of building goes on until the edifice is complete. Of archery it may well be said (what has already been said) that it is a game which offers no temptingly dark corners where rascality can hide, and never has so shamefully and startling disclosures of personal profligacy or corruption; but we may boast

enough to dissolve; add yellow resin, three parts; and, when melted add turpentine, four parts. To polish woodwork.—Rule down with pumice-stone and water till smooth, then polish to a bright surface with powdered tripoli and linseed oil. *Notice Pacer.*—From practice this rule has been deduced: a sail vessel will make a fair six times that of her breadth, requires for a leaped, four knots per hour an impelling force of 45 pounds per square foot of immersed section if the ship is of normal shape.

QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB.—Many new boats, including cabin yachts, have been added to the fleet, and a club-house is soon to be erected. A committee has been appointed to consider this matter. We congratulate our Philadelphia friends upon the decisive turn affairs have taken looking to the permanent establishment of real yachting in their waters.

THE COMING.—Every one knows this ship and her enviable record as a fast racer. The recent gales nearly made match-wood of her, and it is only too likely that her skipper and crew of two men have been lost by trusting their fate to a larger vessel which went ashore in the same gale, and was completely wrecked. L. I. Easton's *Neck, L. I. The Coming* belongs to Mr. Stephen Peabody and was the latest addition to the growing fleet of the prosperous Atlantic Y. C. She had been "ordered round" from New London to New York by tow, her owner desiring to have her put in commission at an early date. The tug left the Thames Feb. 2 with the brig *Guiseborough* and the yacht in tow. During the night a northeast gale overtook them, and the tug was obliged to round to with her tow for safety off the Thimblebs. The yacht then broke adrift, and the brig soon followed suit. The latter went ashore off Northport, and all hands were lost. The *Coming* was sighted four days later off Southold, and fishermen put off to her and anchored her. The next day her owner had the ship taken around to Greenport to refit. As both anchors were on the bows and the boats at the davits, it became evident that her crew had made no attempt to stay by their vessel and trust to the ground tackle, but had sought other means of safety. The chafe and marks of collision on one side also seemed to indicate that the yacht had been laid alongside of a larger vessel, from which the conclusion was reached that Capt. Germaine, his brother and a deck hand had boarded the *Guiseborough* and met their death in the fate of the crew. The latter's name had not yet been heard of. The *Coming* carried away her spars, ripped her ribs, and had some damage done to her deck fittings; otherwise she seems to be in fair enough condition after the pounding she underwent on the beach. She was built by Poillon in 1868 for Mr. Nichols from a model by "Bob" Fish, and is 62 ft. 6 in. on deck, 57 ft. w. l., 20 ft. beam and 5 ft. 6 in. deep. She was subsequently sold to Mr. H. H. Fay, of Boston, then became the property of Mr. Samuel P. Blagden; reappearing in New York waters again, was once more sold to Mr. G. B. Haven, of N. Y. Y. C., and was only quite recently by Mr. Peabody, of Brooklyn. It seems almost incredible that such a flagrant case of wreckage could occur within the confined limits of the Sound, and it is to be regretted that full information will not be forthcoming unless some of the unfortunate crew supposed to be drowned should yet turn up.

THE HUNAWAY.—This fast little steam yacht has been bought by Mr. E. A. Buck, of the *Spirit of the Times*, from Mr. Belden, the latter building a large iron s. s. yacht in Chester. Vice-Com. John R. Walter is also reported as having purchased the *Fleur de John*. The well known Vice-Commodore wants with two schooners is a mystery.

ENGLISH WINNINGS.—Value of prizes sailed for in British waters for 1879 was only \$18,000. In 1870 the maximum was reached, amounting to \$67,500, and in 1879, owing to business depression, the figures were \$51,000. In the same year the winnings in America consisted of 484 prizes, with a value in the neighborhood of \$9,000.

THE HENRIETTE.—Mr. Henri Say is again cruising down the coast in his fine steam yacht *Henriette*, a new shaft having been supplied by Malster & Heny, of Baltimore.

A LADY YACHTING.—Mrs. Brassey, already well known to the literary world, has added to her fame as a writer and acute observer of current affairs in her latest book, entitled "Sunshine and Storm in the East," published by Longmans, London. In it Mrs. Brassey records her impressions of the places visited during a cruise in the Mediterranean in 1874 and 1878, and portrays life as she found it in Constantinople and the East, and adds in an appendix the approximate expenditures of the cost of a yacht and keeping her in commission.

OSHKOSH YACHT CLUB.—A correspondent writes:—"We claim to have the fastest yachts of their size on the Continent. Am aware this is a large boast, but we mean to make it good. We have often outbeaten New York built boats on our native stock."

NORFOLK AS A YACHTING PORT.—It is rather strange that so little fall and winter cruising should be indulged in by those who have the leisure for a voyage to the southward during the "off" months. With Norfolk as a headquarters, many a line day may be found during fall and winter where anchors may be tripped to advantage for a sail up Chesapeake Bay, or, with the time at command, for a more extended run down the coast, with port, and a visit to the Bermudas. Norfolk has a fine harbor for yachts; no better, in fact, could be made to order. The city supplies water and provisions at very moderate rates. The holding ground in the harbor is good, and the anchorage not too deep, while in the bays and lights are the number of yachts can lay in should command the place to the New York public especially is the excellent communication to be had with Norfolk by way of the Old Dominion steamship line. The vessels of this company sail three times a week with clock-work regularity, no delays on time, and leave nothing to be desired in the way of comfort and even luxury of the table and sleeping accommodations. A trip on the *Old Dominion*, the *Wyanoke*, *Manhattan*, or any of the other steamers, is the homeliest and the most comfortable and delightful voyage, devoid of all the horrors of a prolonged trip at sea, owing to the size and fitness of the vessels for their work, and passengers may know that their safety as well as convenience is intrusted by the company only to officers of the highest qualification as seamen and gentlemen.

Distance between Norfolk and New York is virtually annihilated for the yachtsman can leave New York one day after business hours and pull aboard his yacht in Norfolk the afternoon of the next day. Returning, the same time only need be consumed. With its headquarters in Elizabeth River, its moorings, within easy reach of Currituck, the game districts of the coast and the Southern Interior, all of which offer unsurpassed inducements to the devotees of rod and gun. We know that several yachts propose fitting out sooner than usual, with the intention of passing the chilly months of early spring in the more genial latitudes of Ham Roads; and we hope that in time the custom of vi-

grating southward will become as much a habit among yachtsmen here as the annual pilgrimage to the Mediterranean is among our British cousins.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—The annual meeting of this club was held Feb. 5th at their club rooms, Twenty-seventh street and Madison avenue, New York. Commodore S. N. Kane presiding. The Commodore positively declined re-election, as he proposes to be absent in Europe most of the season. The following board was ultimately elected for 1880:—Commodore, William H. Thomas, *Rambler* schooner; Vice-Commodore, John R. Waller, *Davants* schooner; Rear-Commodore, James D. Smith, *Edelste* schooner; Secretary, Charles A. Minton; Treasurer, James O. Prouditt, *Mensur*, a Cary Smith; Fleet Surgeon, Alexander M. Fisher, M. D.; Regatta Committee, Daniel T. Worden, Chester Griswold and G. L. Haight; Committee on Admissions, S. Nicholson Kane, John R. Dickerson, F. W. J. Ingersoll, Robert Center and Charles H. Stebbins; House Committee, N. D. White, H. N. Alden, W. L. Hatch and J. H. Aston.

The committee having the subject in consideration reported in favor of abolishing the June regatta and turning over the expenses of same to a "cruising steamer" excursion before noticed in these columns. The club, however, disposed of the scheme by voting it down, and the annual regatta was fixed for June 10th upon motion of Com. Dickerson. It is also proposed to offer a special prize for first class keel schooners and the usual prizes for keel boats. It is fortunate for the club that the "revolutionary" intention of abolishing the regatta did not pass, or it would have been years before the club could have regained the loss such an ill-considered step would undoubtedly have inflicted upon it. A committee was also appointed—including Messrs. A. Cary Smith, Robert Center and Com. Dickerson—to reconsider the system of measurement in use and to recommend what changes it would be desirable to make.

EAST RIVER YACHT CLUB.—This is the name of a new club recently organized at Greenvale, L. I., with the following officers: Commodore, William Strevett; Vice-Commodore, Myron Clonard; Secretary, James Gerard; Treasurer, Edward Gussum; Sergeant-at-Arms, James Conway. The necessity for multiplying our small clubs is open to question. A dozen or so of open boats are not enough to constitute a club of strength or influence. It would seem that a consolidation of the smaller clubs is much more needed than anything else among the smaller "rigs" to promote their interests.

DRIFT.—Com. Voorhis is reported as building an iron steam cutter at Nyack, about 165 ft. long.—Jackson & Mathews, of Greenport, are building a new motor yacht for R. F. Dawson, M. D., S. Y. C. She is 48 ft. on deck, 17 ft. beam, and 4 ft. 3 in. draft without board. Will be named the *White Awey*.—J. O. Brown, of Tarrytown, has in hand a sloop 50 ft. long, 17 ft. beam, and 5 ft. 2 in. hold, for Mr. W. W. Thompson, of New York.—Toronto parties are about to build a 5-ton cutter, most likely in Coburg, Ont.—Hereschoff, of Bristol, is building a s. s. yacht for Mr. Graham, of Baltimore. She is 120 ft. long, 16 ft. beam, and 5 ft. 6 in. hold, and is to have a round cabin. The Hereschoff Manufacturing Company is also busy with several torpedo launches for foreign governments, and with building their coil boilers.—Samuel Holmes, of 123 Front street, has got out the specifications for a couple of steamers, 140 x 25 x 10, for the coasting trade, and they are now in the market. They will be fitted with compound engines, 20 and 25 in. cylinders by 24 in. stroke.

THE CANOE CONGRESS.—Mr. H. H. Bishop writes that he is in full correspondence now with all sections of the country, and that the success of the Congress seems assured. Mr. Jonathan Darling, of Lowell, Me., informs us that he proposes to be present with some of his birch-bark canoes and that he will bring along some Penobscot Indians as experts. Contemporaries, by the way, should not get the Canoe Congress mixed up with any rowing events on Lake George. It is a separate affair altogether, and requires no bolstering up, nor do canoeists propose to be made the tail-end to any rowing regatta. The racing of the Canoe Congress and the proposed National C. C. has been fixed for Aug. 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th, with headquarters at Caldwell, Lake George.

NATIONAL YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—A general meeting of all the delegates appointed will be called for March 1st, at the St. Dennis Hotel, New York. Circulars to this effect will be issued. Yacht clubs situated at a distance should make arrangements to vote by proxy, if their delegates cannot attend in person. The results of the meeting will be forwarded to all clubs participating, before being finally adopted. Clubs can join the movement at any time by communicating with the Secretary, Mr. John Frick, Post-Office Box 2070. If any club has failed to receive the circulars of the Association, it is because its address was unknown to the Committee.

THE PAST YACHTING SEASON.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

In this week's issue I am I am pulled up rather sharply by a correspondent hailing from the happy yachting grounds of Halifax, and whose non de plano happens to be the name of a crack sloop in that locality. He corrects my statement that the non-starting of the Sweepstake race fixed for the 23d July, in which the *Hebe*, *Peirce* and *Secret* (sloop) and the *Seafarer* (schooner) were entered, did not cause "some heart-burning." Almost synchronously I have received a communication from the referee on that occasion, enclosing the original "articles" under which the race was to be sailed. From this document I perceive that I was "misinformed" when I stated that this race was to be "pay or play"—a statement which I made on the faith of information received from a Halifax correspondent.

The articles do not, however, contain such a proviso, and its absence of course causes my remarks to fall to the ground in all save as regards the "heart-burning," which was touched for very plainly by my correspondent's informant—one of the Corinthians engaged in the race. I have no hesitation in apologizing to the referee, Mr. Passow, whose reputation as an upright and conscientious man equals his fame in Nova Scotia as a yachtsman. I had not the least intention of wounding his feelings, but could draw the only conclusion from the facts, as I then believed them to be, namely, that he ought to have started the race. As it was not "pay or play," and the pilots did not seem disposed to go, or rather the pilots did not seem to have any objection to not act otherwise. Where the mistake lay, in my opinion, was in not inserting the "pay or play" clause, which should govern such matches.

In writing my review I had purpose to trust, at times to information obtained from others, and much regret that in this instance the result should have been to unjustly, although unwittingly, reflect upon a gentleman deservedly held in high respect.

ROBERT CHASE.

HINTS ON CANOE BUILDING.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

It may interest a few of your many readers to have an actual builder of canoes detail how the thing is done, and if others will follow my example, canoeists may be better able to select such canoes as in model and make-up are best suited to their wants.

First, the model. [That of which I build most of is a modified type of the "Rob Roy"—the same in length and breadth, but having much more "bearings," more depth, and more camber or curve of deck than the original canoe of that name—therefore more roomy, more steady and capable of carrying more sail. Any good builder can, however, make to order to any dimensions given, and in length, depth, beam, sheer, tumble home, or camber of deck, can come within a fraction of an inch, if need be. We can, therefore, lay aside model and proceed, or rather we will take the above-named model as a sample, and describe the construction of such a boat.

The first step is the same as in building an open boat of similar dimensions. Keel, stem and sternpost are got out, and placed on the "forms," and securely fastened there. Next the siding of one-quarter inch cedar, six strakes on each side, is fitted—got out to pattern—and put on. I use a copper nail, spacing the distance with care and nail two inches apart. Now, the shell—for it is but an egg-shell—is taken off the forms or mould, and painted inside. When dry, the ribs of red elm, 1x4 inch, half round in shape, are put in one and a half inches apart, nailed on every lap, and to the keel with copper nails, well clinched. Care is taken to have the nails come exactly between those which hold the siding only, so so that they are at an even distance of one inch apart the entire length of the canoe.

Bulkheads of cedar are now carefully fitted, three feet from each end. Here, the jack-knife carpenter is the best man on the job. Deck timbers of sawed cedar, 1x1 inch, four-inch curve, all of one pattern, are put in about one foot apart, and the combing 1x2x4 inches may be more or less at pleasure, of three-eight red elm, with bent corners, is secured to its place—the ends fastened to deck timbers, and the sides strengthened by small oak knees. The mast sockets and steps are next fitted, according to the rig to be used.

The canoe is now painted two more coats inside, including deck timbers and the end compartments carefully tested, to be sure they are water tight. Next, the deck of cedar or pine, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, is put on, for which purpose some three hundred live-eight inch screws are required. The combing and mast sockets are taken out, and rasp and sand-paper used on the deck until a smooth surface is obtained, after which it is primed over, and the holes made by the screw-heads filled with putty and again sand-papered. It is now ready for its covering of cloth, which should be of the best and strongest bleached cotton. This is laid on in fresh paint, drawn very tight, and lashed along the outer edge of the siding. At the man-hole it is cut out and tacked over the inner edge of the timbers supporting the combing. The gunwales are now put on, the mast sockets and combing replaced, and such other work as hatches, lock-board, stretcher, etc., made, and the trimmings fitted, but not permanently put on as yet.

The canoe is now ready for its final visit to the paint shop. First the deck is primed, and the under side of it is painted two coats. In from three to five days it gets a coat of "rough stuff," which requires five days in which to dry, when it is rubbed down with pumice stone. This is repeated from three to six times, or until it is as smooth and hard as ebony. The number of coats needed will depend much on how well the wood workman has done his part. It now gets the three coats of color, and the siding the same, or if finished in oil, the siding receives one coat oil, one shellac and one of varnish. A coat of rubbing varnish is next, on deck. After this is rubbed down striping and gilding is in order. On another coat of each of these varnishes. Put on mast plates, clots, etc., and your canoe is ready.

Six weeks' time is the very least in which such a canoe can be turned out, and double that time is much better to make a perfect job. The object of covering the deck with cloth is that it prevents splitting in the sun, and makes it absolutely water tight. Such a canoe without trimmings, will weigh about sixty pounds, and in that condition cannot be sold below seventy-five dollars. Of course, good, serviceable canoes can be built for half that sum, if desired, but the coach roof finish to the deck will not be included.

As you have already given us an article on "Hips," from the very able pen of Commodore Chase, of the J. C. C. J. I need not trespass further on your columns.

C. H. KUSHTON.

YACHTING IN THE WEST.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

I take the liberty of correcting your list of winning yachts justice to Robert Brand, the builder of the yacht *Carrie Morgan* of Lake Winnabago. You set enroll her with the *Neenah* Yacht Club, which she should have been the Oshkosh. She is owned by Geo. W. Burnell, Commodore of the Oshkosh Yacht Club. You also give her credit of having won three races out of four, while the fact is she has won first money in five out of six. The yacht *Carrie Morgan* came out in the spring of 1878. She is 25 ft. keel, 9 ft. 6 in. beam and 3 ft. 6 in. draft, and draws about 2 ft. 6 in. in ballast and spreads about 65 square yards of standing canvas. The first year she won three races out of five, and five out of six the next year, making out of the eleven races sailed eight first prizes won. The first prize won by her was on the 23d day of August, 1878, beating the famous yacht *Nobie* in a twelve-mile race by 1 in. 23s. She also owns the Lancaster prize, which she was obliged to win three consecutive times against the combined fleet of the lake in order to hold it, and also carries the champion pennant of the lake. Lake Winnabago, with its fleet of yachts, is a source of much pride to our citizens and an object of much pride by strangers. We have the finest fleet west of New York consisting of about sixty craft—schooners, sloops and cuts. Among the most noted are the *Carrie Morgan*, *Nobie*, *Pontiac*, *Myrtle*, *Myra* Bell and *Mercadia*—the *Pontiac* having won first money in nineteen races and the *Nobie* in twenty-two. The latter in a regatta at Geneva Lake in the summer of 1877 beat the celebrated yachts *Geneva* and *Whisper* (formerly of New York Y. C.), and afterwards at Madison again beat the *Geneva*, winning \$100 in gold. The *Geneva* and *Whisper* were both built by the well-known builder, P. McGillivray who enjoys the reputation of being the fastest builder in America. In every instance wherein yachts of Eastern build have been brought in competition with those built by Brand, they have met with the same fate.

In conclusion I would say that Lake Winnabago, for yachting, fishing and other like sports, such as camp life and cruising, is unsurpassed by any in the United States, and parties seeking such recreation can do no better than come here and spend a summer on its shores. Owing to the constantly increasing number of visitors there is also an excellent opening here for a hotel.

Oshkosh, Wis.

SOMETHING ABOUT TRESPASS.

The law of trespass is of constant interest to sportsmen, who are perhaps more liable than any other class of men to unwittingly offend against its provisions. The last quarterly report of the State Board of Agriculture of Pennsylvania contains an article upon this subject, from which the following points are drawn by a local paper:—

Trespass is defined as "any transgression of offense against the law of nature, of society, or of the country in which we live, whether it relates to a man's person or his property." This is its widest meaning. Ordinarily, however, it has reference only to an entry on the property of another without authority, and in doing damage while there, whether much or little. The law gives the owner exclusive control over his property. Any infringement of his rights without his permission, or justified by legal authority, therefore constitutes a trespass. It does not need that the land should be inclosed by fences. The law supposes an imaginary inclosure, which answers every purpose, and the simple act of passing it constitutes trespass, although no harm should really result to crops, cattle, or aught else. Even a person legally authorized to seize certain goods on a man's premises dare not break open doors for that purpose; if he does, his authority avails him nothing and he becomes a common trespasser. Neither is a person justified in so arranging spouts as to discharge water on another man's land, even though he never steps off his own grounds; nor is he permitted to pass a boundary line without due permission. When a spout first discharges on a man's own premises and the contents then find their way to a neighbor's premises it does not constitute a trespass.

Hunting and fishing, however, constitute the most common and annoying sources of trespass to which our farmers are subjected. Custom has induced some people to believe they can hunt or fish on the lands and waters of other men with impunity. Nothing is wider of the fact than this. Because there can be no property in rabbits, quail, squirrels, pheasants and other feral birds and animals, they think these may be pursued whenever they may be discovered. It is hardly necessary to say that the same laws governing trespass in other cases prevail here. No matter that neither grass nor grain are trampled down, whether gates are left closed, bars left up and no rails broken, the pursuit of such game on the lands of another without permission is trespass. To even enter an unclosed piece of wood, to go to game, which may have taken refuge there, is a violation of law—quite as much as if a wheat field in ear had been trampled down. Fox hunts, which are again becoming common in certain sections of this and the neighboring counties, are all in violation of law, and the farmer whose acres are run over by the hunters without his sanction having been previously obtained has recourse in the law against the sportsmen for trespass.

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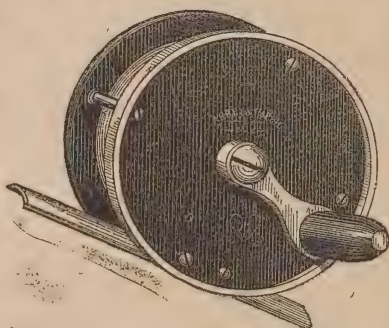
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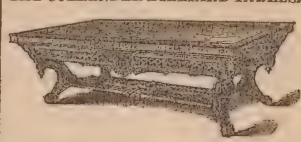
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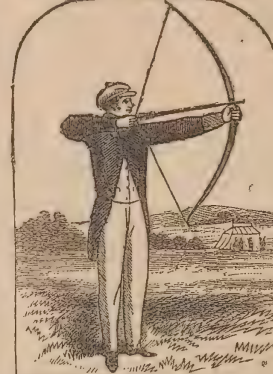
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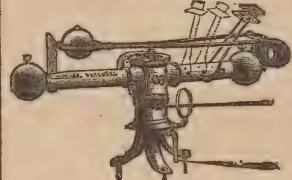


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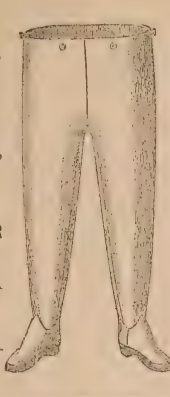
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Notes From Northern Texas.

FROM Gainesville I sped back to Denison. While writing from the latter place I forgot to mention the hide and peltry houses which I visited. They show a very various game. Besides the skins of cattle, they show those of buffaloes, bears, deer, antelope, wolves, panthers, wild cats, coons, peccaries, beavers, otters, civet cats, squirrels, skunks, jaguars, etc. I never saw such variety of skins anywhere else in Texas, except Gainesville. This would leave the unsuspicious to think that these animals are more numerous in this region than other parts of Texas. But this does not necessarily follow. This great variety of skins is due to the nearness of the Redman. He is by nature a hunter, and it is hard to make anything else out of him. These various hides are the fruits of his bent of nature, as well of his necessities. The Texan never thinks of skinning a skunk, peccary, wolf, or panther. Their hides are left to rot with their bodies. The Indians are more provident in their way, saving everything that has any value. They must have a rare time of it in skinning a skunk or a peccary. I judge that beavers are very numerous in the B. I. T. (short for Beautiful Indian Territory), for their skins are in these stores by scores and hundreds. To the Indian must not be credited the buffalo skins. These are brought in by the Texas cow-boys, who play sad havoc with the buffaloes when they come down, saving nothing but their skins. This year the crop of these hides is small. Not astonishing, since a year or two ago more than 200,000 of these animals were destroyed in Texas. A few years more and the buffalo will have taken his departure. We can't save him. Congress may pass laws to that end, but they will be in vain. Unless a company of cavalry accompanies every herd of buffaloes as an escort, how can you keep the cow-boys from slaughtering them and reveling in the slaughter? Can't be done.

In Denison I found a gentleman who had a young buffalo bull in his yard. I asked him if he thought the buffalo would make a cross with the domestic cow, or had any knowledge on that subject. He said he had never himself witnessed any experiment in that line, but had been told by one who claimed to speak of his personal knowledge that it would not succeed, as the cow impregnated by a buffalo bull lost her life in parturition. He said this was by reason of the "hump" imparted by the bull to his offspring. Buffalo cows are humped but little. How would it succeed with the domestic bull and the buffalo cow? I think the experiment ought to be tried. I believe it would improve our beef both in quantity to the carcass and in quality.

From Denison I rode south to Sherman, nine miles. It has 10,000 people, and is surrounded by one of the noblest countries in the world. It is good for wheat, corn and cotton, which are all grown on the same farms. Country generally a rolling, black, waxy prairie, resting on a soft limestone of the Tertiary age. Sherman would be pretty if its streets were paved. Built on a black, waxy prairie, in rainy weather it can beat creation for mud. The people are a good class. Americans for the most part, who seem to be about equally divided between North and South. They live in perfect harmony, as completely blended together as it is possible for a people to be. It is an every-day thing to find a "boy in blue" married to an ex-rebel girl, and a "boy in gray" married to the "boy in blue's" sister. I think the Northern element preponderates in numbers. It is a progressive and prosperous community. This may be classed as Northern Texas, which I have seen on this trip. When the railroads push on further west, Sherman must necessarily lose some of the great trade which she draws from that direction; but in spite of this she must always be prosperous. She can keep fat on the great country around her, and grow fatter as this great country increases in population and wealth, which it is rapidly and steadily doing.

McKinney is about thirty-five miles south of Sherman, on the Houston and Texas Central. It is a place of about 2,500 people. The country in which it is situated is said to be the richest in Texas. It is said that there is not a foot of poor land in the whole county. As far as I have been able to observe this is certainly correct. The land is the same black, waxy sort, resting on a soft magnesian limestone, which is here called the "white rock." This stone is a marl, and is easily cut by the plow when it comes near the surface. The English would call it "corn-brush." Where this rock comes near the surface

wheat does not grow merely, but luxuriates. It spreads itself. For cotton the deeper bottom lands are preferred. This country is very beautiful; rolling prairies covered with wheat fields and clustering houses. There is plenty of timber for useful purposes, but it is confined to the bottoms. Land is high priced here—from \$10 to \$50 an acre, and very little to be had. The people seem to be mostly Kentuckians. They are powerful and muscular for the most part, with something of an appearance of roughness, but their ladies are very pretty and winsome. I can't help but think that these tremendous fellows ought not to have such dainty and sweet little ladies. They should have gintesses. There are many gentleman sportsmen here. Their game is principally quails, chickens, curlews, etc. They are taking an interest in FOREST AND STREAM, and a bookseller has largely increased his order for the paper in the last day or so. While speaking of the somewhat roughish appearance of some of the men, I had no reference to manners; simply to the dresses and an honest sun-burnt complexion. But the men who run farms cannot be expected to look all the time like a Dandy Dimmont, nor is it desirable that they should so look.

If I could find something to criticise and abuse I would do so with some pleasure. I rather like satire, and need only a small amount of indulgence in it right severely. But as yet I seem to have no showing.

From McKinney to this place is about thirty-five miles south on the Houston and Texas Central. They claim a population here of 20,000, and this claim seems not to be exaggerated. It has postal delivery and is the metropolis of north Texas. It has the aspect of all new and unfinished cities; that is, it has a great many handsome buildings scattered over its wide space, and a great many poor buildings flanking the fine ones on nearly all sides. If the fine buildings of Dallas could all be gathered together and placed alongside and in front of each other, it would make a very respectable city in size, and of much beauty. In the meantime, if all the rattle-traps and shanties were clustered together, Tinsbuctoo, I fancy, would be rivaled if not excelled. The shanties are disappearing and good buildings taking their places, but they are so numerous that it will take this process a long time to wipe them out. Yet Dallas is liable to take a tremendous start upward at any moment; in which case the shanties now existing will vanish like magic. There are two great trunk lines of railway already here, one running north and south—the Houston and Texas Central, and the other east and west—the Texas and Pacific. Besides these there are the Dallas and Wichita, but some twenty-five miles to the northwest; the Dallas and Cleburne to the southwest, projected; and the Dallas & Southeastern, projected. Should these projected railroads be built or fairly started, there is no telling what Dallas might not be. This is a railroad building age; there is plenty of money lying loose, eager for profitable investment, and as money put in these contemplated railroads could not be otherwise than profitable, it would not surprise me at any moment to see them become lively institutions. Each and all of them would run through a region scarcely equaled in natural resources. The Texas and Pacific has recently waked up from a long rest and will be built 750 miles westward as quickly as money and muscle can do it. As it builds westward, hundreds of thousands of people will pour into this now almost unoccupied country, adding a new Empire to Texas, and wealth and power to Dallas. I candidly believe it to be the best place I know of to invest a little money. The country around it in every direction is a paradise of beauty, fertility and healthfulness. I do not exaggerate. I speak facts.

The only important manufacturing industry now here, is the flour-mill business; but the place is finely situated for almost every sort of manufacturing industry, whether of cotton, wool, leather, wooden, or other fabrics. The Trinity River skirts the town, furnishing plenty of water to be converted into power by fire. For the present, fuel is rather high. Wood is three dollars a cord, and coal is delivered in large lots at \$5 a ton. When the Dallas and Wichita Railroad is extended about forty miles further, it will reach a wood territory; and fuel will then be much cheaper. With cheap fuel it does not seem to me possible to prevent Dallas from becoming perhaps the most distinguished place in the Southwest. San Antonio may rival, and even exceed her after a while, since her natural capabilities are great; but this cannot be until she becomes the center of a number of railroads, and when this may be no one can tell. The soil around here is about the same as I have described in other portions of North Texas, and the people the same; that is, about half-savage Yankee and half-savage Southerners, with a smart scattering of Germans, etc.

A point that strikes me with great force here is this: That it is the finest point now in the United States for the building up of a splendid, money-making daily journal. The Galveston News, which has full sweep in every other portion of Texas, and deserves it, too, is here left out in the cold, for a paper published in Dallas can reach all North Texas from relative to twenty-four hours of the News. This gives the Dallas paper an over-

whelming advantage. On the other hand, the St. Louis papers are more behind than the News. Therefore a first-class paper here would be without competition, unless another should start under its shadow. The Galveston News has built up a large fortune, and a paper here as good as the News would build a larger fortune in a much shorter time, because it has a much larger constituency already provided and growing with great strides. This idea has struck me with such force, and haunts me so persistently, that in spite of my penchant to pass the rest of my days in quiet life in the country, I find myself strongly tempted to pitch again into the rough and tumble of daily journalism. How printing-ink does stick to a fellow's hands when he has once got it well on them! If some smart Yankee, with some money, who may read this, feels stricken with a similar weakness, let him write to me. We may club together and put a great ball in motion, which may well roll on, there's no telling how long.

Of course, I had to go and commune with the rocks here, as I do everywhere. They are tertiary limestones, but drifted cretaceous shells, belonging to the topmost strata of that formation, are numerous in the creek beds. During tertiary time all this country was filled with big turtles. Their shells are greatly abundant in the rocks. Here about Dallas some pre-Adamic fellow undoubtedly kept a great turtle ranch, and provided he had sale for his cattle, he was certainly very rich. When he wanted to catch one for market I suppose he went out and roped him, just as the Texas cow-boys do to-day do a beef. I am struck with the great quantity of drift which may be found in nearly all this country, where the cretaceous and tertiary deposits come together. It seems to have followed the course of the sea as it receded, forming a shingle sometimes many feet in thickness. I noticed this at Gainesville, covering the cretaceous deposits, also at Denison, and again here. Often it presents the appearance of a true drift, crowded with broken cretaceous rocks; at other times of an ordinary sea beach composed of rounded pebbles rolled up by the waves. The close of the cretaceous period of Jonaht was undoubtedly marked by some extraordinary turmoil of the waters. It looks to me like a thundering and furious flood had swept over the land and poured into the Eocene Sea. I can see no other way of accounting for these extensive and numerous piles of broken cretaceous rocks and clay. Since I come to think about it, I have seen in many other parts of Texas the unmistakable signs of great diluvial action at the close of the cretaceous. Next, Westward,
Dallas, Texas, Jan. 1880. N. A. T.

A DEER HUNT ON THE PACIFIC.

ONE fine sunny morning in September, with Tom W— and an Indian named Jimmy, I started to take a hunt; and in order to guard all the runaways we took two canoes, Tom and myself in one, and Jimmy and the other. The dogs we had were: old Jack, as good and true a dog in his day as ever ran a trail, but now through old age rather slow and not to be depended on for a second run, although keen and staunch when fresh; Fritz, a half-bred cross between a fox-hound and a spaniel, a good, steady, fast little fellow, but lacking the full melodious voice that is so pleasant to the ear of the hunter; Vulcan and Venus, two fine hound pups of the same litter, who at that time were just commencing their sporting education, and who afterward turned out as fine a pair as could be wished for by any one.

On arriving at the place where we intended to hunt, the dogs were turned loose and at once took to the woods. They needed no starter, each one seeming anxious to be the first to start the deer. The sound of this plan, on Buzzard Lake, is rough and broken, heavily timbered with hick, and there a small stream winding its way down the hills. Almost invariably the deer, when taking water, comes down one of these creeks, and a knowledge of their situation enables a person to anticipate, generally, where the deer is coming out. But a short time elapsed before we heard Venus giving tongue, then Jack, then Vulcan and Fritz—the latter's voice was a bark blended in contrast to the bell-like voices of the being strong in contrast to the whole of their voices others. In a few moments the whole of their voices fresh, and to this we attributed our not hearing him shoot. On turning the point judge of our astonishment at seeing all the dogs on the beach eagerly searching for

the trail, the Indian standing by his canoe, and no deer in sight. On accosting him he assured us that no deer had come in, and that the dogs had come out of the woods a short while ago. I at once made up my mind that he had been asleep and allowed the deer to get away, and subsequent information proved I was correct; but to make sure, we hunted the dogs up and down the beach half a mile each way to see if the deer had taken water and then came back on the same side—a favorite trick of does, particularly early in the season before they separate from their fawns but one rarely practised by a buck, who, if he once made up his mind for the opposite shore and goes there, unless frightened by a noise or turned by a boat. After giving the dogs ample time to find the back track to the woods, had the deer taken to the same side as we were on, and not being able to find any, I concluded our hunt for that day was at an end. I was not in the best of humor with myself or master Jimmy, being annoyed with him for losing the deer, and at myself for trusting to his watchfulness. I called the dogs to the canoe and prepared to go home, Madam Venus, however, was not satisfied with this state of affairs and jumped out of the canoe and made for the woods; neither coaxing nor scolding would induce her to come back. At length, when out of sight and perhaps out of hearing of my voice, we were cogitating whether to leave her and go home, or not, knowing she was safe, as she would go to one of the logging camps near by when through with her hunting, when we heard her burst forth in a manner that assured us she had started a deer, and was close enough probably to see it—so loud, frequent and angry were her utterances. This turned the tide of affairs, and shoving the canoe ashore, we let all the dogs go, and in a few moments all were in full cry.

Determining not to lose this deer if we had anything like a chance to get it, and cautioning the Indian to keep his eyes open the time we went below to watch the lower runway, and on arriving there, probably a half a mile below the upper one, and certainly not more than twenty minutes after the deer was started, on looking around we saw back of us a fine buck in the water. We wheeled the canoe around, and in doing so attracted the attention of the deer which turned and changing his course from right angles to the shore, commenced swimming away from us parallel to it. I saw he was likely to go ashore, and as the dogs had made two runs would probably refuse to make the third if this deer got away from us this time. Although a long way off I determined to make a shot, as he was rapidly nearing a point which would, as soon as he turned it, hide him from us. Besides my breech-loading shot gun I had a Ballard sporting rifle. I lifted the rifle and shot, but apparently missed. He turned at this and with a few strokes reached the shore and took a course up the beach. When he came to the Indian, Jimmy fired and missed him, but turned the buck back. Old Jack, who had come back to the canoe where the Indian was, now took after the deer. After running a short distance down the beach, the other three dogs, who by this time had come out of the woods, met the deer which, however, avoided them and kept on towards Tom and myself. A pistol shot I never saw, before or since, the deer ran yards ahead and the dogs close together, giving all the tongue they could. As the buck came opposite to me I lifted the gun to shoot, but dare not do so for fear of killing some of the dogs, so close were they together. At last the deer jumped a log and widened the distance, when I shot him in the head, killing him instantly. On cutting him up we found the rifle ball had entered a little to one side of the tail and entered the center of the body parallel to the vertebral column, lodging in the neck; but it did not appear to affect him in the least, or decrease his rate of speed. Although I have been at the death of many a deer, this was the most exciting hunt I ever took part in. The same afternoon a friend of mine informed me that the first deer we had run in crossed the inlet, and as a strong tide was running, was carried down some distance where it was killed by some Indians near their camp, and he had rarely seen as fat a doe as she was. MOWITCH.

Natural History.

BIRD NOTES FROM LONG ISLAND.

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE NICHOLAS.

[NOTE.—Our correspondent, Mr. Nicholas, has sent us a very interesting list of the birds observed by him during the summer of 1879 on and about Shinnecock Bay, Long Island. The list includes notes on 101 species, and contains no little valuable information. With our correspondent's permission we have made such selections from it as appear to be of the greatest ornithological interest and print them herewith.]

Sialia sialis.—Blue bird; very common. I have witnessed many a quarrel between these birds and the martins. The martins generally come off victorious, and the blue birds are compelled to resort to holes in trees, where they breed in great numbers.

Certhia familiaris.—Brown creeper. Saw a single specimen on the 20th of July.

Parula americana.—Blue yellow-back warbler. Saw a single specimen on the 14th of July.

Stercorarius ludovicianus.—Large-billed water thrush. Obtained a single specimen on the 31st of August.

Cotyle riparia.—Bank swallow. These birds are also very common, and breed in great numbers in the sandbanks. I took several nests containing eggs on the 6th of July. One of the nests contained a young bird, an egg nearly ready to hatch, and two perfectly fresh eggs. A number of the other nests contained eggs nearly hatched and fresh ones. From this I infer that the swallows at times get into each other's nest.

Progne purpurea.—Purple martin; very common; breed in vast numbers in the boxes put up for their use, and also in holes in trees.

Tachycineta bicolor.—White-bellied swallow; common. This bird, like the martin, breeds in holes in trees. They build their nests under the eaves of the barns and houses, and it is not uncommon to see the

eaves of a barn sheltering twenty or thirty of these nests and the nests of the cliff swallows.

Colaptes ludovicianus.—Logger-head shrike. Obtained a single specimen of a young bird on the 4th of August. *Tyrannus carolinensis*.—King-bird; common. While at the same place in the summer of 1877 I found one of these birds' nests, containing two eggs. I took one, and came down from the tree, and the bird came back, but left it again after being there about half a minute. On again ascending the tree I found that the other egg was gone. From this I think that the bird must have carried the egg to some place. [?—Ed.]—Jortalcorn; saw a single specimen in the latter part of August.

[Since this article was in type we have received from the author the following note with regard to this occurrence:—

Your favor of the 9th received, and I would say by way of reply that I am quite positive as to the identity of the jertalcorn (*Falco sacer*) which I saw. It was quite early in the morning, in a pine swamp quite near the bay. I first observed the bird perched on a tall dead tree; he afterwards came slowly up to where I was, not flying as hawks usually do, but flapping along much after the manner of a crow. He approached within about sixty yards of where I stood, and my companion, who was nearer to him than I, fired at him but failed to kill. I afterward observed him slowly moving over the marsh, and although I watched him until out of sight I did not see him sail as other hawks do, but he was continually flapping his wings. He perched often, and at one time saw him catch some kind of large snipe or curlew. I regret very much that I could not obtain it, and had such a short time to observe it, but from what I saw I am positive that it was none other than the *Falco sacer*.

In the absence of any more direct and positive evidence, we are inclined still to doubt that the bird seen was *Falco sacer*. It appears much more probable that it may have been *Falco communis*, a species which is known to breed in Connecticut and Massachusetts. By reference to Dr. Merriam's excellent list of the birds of Connecticut (Trans. Conn. Acad. vol. iv., 1877) our readers will observe that this species has been taken on Long Island Sound in June, and an occasional specimen might well be found on Long Island.—Ed.]

Orizyx virginianus.—Quail; very common; these birds are rapidly increasing in numbers; they come almost up to the doors in seeking their food.

Ereunetes pusillus.—Semi-palmated sandpiper; common in August. This bird is noted here in very large flocks. So abundant is it usually that a single discharge into a flock has been known to kill as many as one hundred. They are here known as the ox-eye.

Limosa fedoa.—Great marbled godwit; saw a single specimen. This bird is here known as the red marlin.

Totanus semipalmatus.—Willet; I had the good fortune to obtain one of these birds, which is almost pure white, having only a slight brownish tinge on the wings. The bill was lighter than usual. Its eyes were black, and the feet colored as usual.

Totanus solitarius.—Solitary tattler. This bird, I have reason to think, is quite rare here. I obtained but one specimen, and that none of the gunners of the bay could name.

Actitis bartramia.—Upland plover; quite common, but very wild. This bird is here known as "humility."

Macrorhamphus scolopacea (?).—This bird I obtained with another which was said to be the same, but I afterward found it to be a dowitcher (*Macrorhamphus griseus*). They were shot in the company of five dowitchers. The one which I am still in doubt about had a very strange note, being entirely different from that of the dowitcher; it was made up of several quick, sharp whistles. The length of the bird, taken from the crown, 8 1/4 inches, the bill over 2 3/4 inches long. I am quite sure that it is not a dowitcher, as it is quite different in color, the under parts being like those of *Tringa canutus*, and only the throat and sides under the tail being spotted. The tail when spread looks decidedly tawny. Mr. Lane, with whom I was staying, says that for the past three years he has seen these birds in company with the dowitchers, and that they seem to be increasing in numbers. He and the gunners of the bay say that they have never heard this bird give a note anything like that of the dowitcher.

RAVENS AND CROWS.

THE raven dwells mostly in the mountainous and rocky regions of the United States and British America, extending southward into Mexico. According to Prof. Baird they inhabit the entire continent of North America, but are rare east of the Mississippi river. See Pacific Railroad Report vol. ix, p. 560.

The raven is a rare bird east of the Mississippi, being seldom seen far away from rocky precipices and mountains. In botanical excursions among the mountains of the Southern States I have often seen and heard them, nor is their voice unpleasant to me, for it has been a frequent accompaniment of things which I love—mountains and lonely scenery. The raven dwells and breeds in the mountainous regions of Texas, from the mountains of Llano County northward to the Rio Grande and beyond into the mountains of Mexico. Beyond Fort Davis, on the route to Fort Quitman on the Rio Grande, in El Paso County, there is a noted camping place called the "Crow's Nest." Here there is a spring at the base of some perpendicular cliffs, in an inaccessible cavity of which the ravens have their nest. On a trip to El Paso in 1875 I saw this nest. Our party was large, and we always encamped at night. In the morning as soon as we started for the day's journey, and were beyond shooting distance from the camp, flocks of ravens went there to get the fragments of provisions we had left. In Texas the crow does not dwell in the region inhabited by the raven. In Texas north of Austin few crows are found west of the Colorado river, but they are increasing rapidly and enlarging their boundaries. An old surveyor who had surveyed and located much land in Western Texas told me that thirty

or more years ago in the latitude of Austin no crows were found west of beyond a few miles.

Audubon, appealing to the known generosity of the American people, says he "cannot but wish that they would reflect a little and become more indulgent towards our poor, humble, harmless and even most serviceable bird, the crow." But the crow is not poor, notwithstanding the old saying, "as poor as a crow." Blest with an appetite for both animal and vegetable food, nature provides bountifully for his wants, and he skillfully supplies them. Nor is he humble, for there are no birds more bold, arrogant and more than he; nor is he harmless, but a thief and robber. He robs the nests of other birds of both eggs and young, and this is one great cause why insectivorous birds are decreasing and crows increasing in many parts of the country. Here the crows destroy watermelons by going from one melon to another and picking small holes into them, as if testing each one, only making a hole just big enough to slip the melon. A near neighbor of mine who raises watermelons for market told me that the crows destroyed at least \$25 worth of his melons last year, and the damage would have been much greater had not the field finally been guarded by a man with a gun. This man said that he could not shoot any of them because one crow was always stationed as sentry to give notice of his approach. Crows are fond of pecans and acorns. The last fall they took most of the pecans in this neighborhood, more than usual being taken because a short crop of corn was raised and gathered early, leaving the crows without their usual supply.

Many years ago, when I was living in Northern New York, in Yates County, I could not find the nest of one of my turkey hens, and I knew she had been laying for several weeks. One day I watched until I saw her go on a house, and I then went to the house and up stairs to a window where I could see the turkey, and as soon as I saw her rise and begin to cover her nest with leaves I started, and when almost there a crow who had been watching also on a near tree flew down, darted his bill into the egg, raised his head and flew away triumphantly with it. There were no more eggs in the nest, the crow having carried them off as fast as I could. Audubon relates that he has seen them do the same thing with the eggs of wild turkeys. In Western New York they used to catch young chickens, and so they sometimes do in Texas; hence, for all these and many more sins, I dislike crows and would give them no protection.

Audubon mentions that a bounty was given by one State—he does not give the name—for the destruction of crows, and that 40,000 crows were there shot in one year, besides a great number of young ones which were killed in their nests, and also other old birds were destroyed by poisoned grain spread on the ground. My watermelon neighbor tried to kill the crows with poisoned corn, but they would not touch it. S. B. BUCKLEY.

Austin, Texas, Jan. 9th.

PASERCULUS PRINCES IN NEW JERSEY. *Philadelph. Pa., Jan. 30th.*—While gunning on the southern end of the Seven Mile Beach, New Jersey, December 30th, 1879, I took a female *Paserculus princeps*. I first noticed it flying in a flock of sparrow larks among the sand hills, and seeing that it was a sparrow different from any I had before met with, I followed up the flock and shot the strange bird while sitting on a piece of wreck. It proved to be an Ipswich sparrow, and on searching for others I came on one or two, but was unable to secure them. As I was only on the beach for about half an hour, I did not have much time to look for them, but have no doubt but that they were common among the sand hills. I believe this to be the most southern locality where this sparrow has been taken, its most southerly record being Coney Island (*Nuttall Bulletin*, July, 1877).

W. L. ABBOTT.

WINTER NOTES FROM IOWA.—Our correspondent W., to whom we have in the past been indebted for so many interesting bits of Natural History news, sends us from Coralville, Iowa, a few notes referring to the mildness of the present winter in that State. She says:—

Charles Hoover, of this place, shot a Wilson's snipe in this vicinity December 3d....On the morning of the 6th of January our ears were greeted by the sweet notes of robin red-breast....Several individuals report having seen flocks of geese passing northward January 18th.

MISSOURI ORNITHOLOGY.—We notice in the January number of the Kansas City *Review of Science and Industry* a pleasantly written article entitled "Peculiarities of Missouri Ornithology," by Ermine Case, Jr. The essay, though the information which it conveys is somewhat elementary, is written in a popular style, and is interesting.

ALBINO ROBIN AND BLACK OPOSSUM.—*Jacksonport, Ark., Jan. 8th.*—Two years ago I killed (one I think red, the other white) a paper-colored albino robin near here. The bird had the albino eyes, but the plumage, both the dark and the red, was evenly mixed in with white, alternating a white and slate-colored feather on back, a white and red on breast. Even the wings and tail were thus variegated. In my eagerness to secure the specimen I killed it at short range and could not preserve it. The appearance of the bird while alive was very striking. The appearance of the bird of this season is a perfectly black opossum (*Didelphys virginianus*), the skin of which I saw yesterday at the store of Mr. John McDowell, of this place. This may be common enough, but was the first for YELL.

NEW FLORIDA ROUTE.—A new steamer has been put on the Western Coast route of Florida. She is under the command of one George Greenleaf, and has a crew of 100 men to point below Homosassa, touching at all important and unimportant points, and with the good nature of the average Florida steambot, running up into all the creeks and swamps that may chance to attract the sportsman traveler's eye.

Fish Culture.

THE IMPORTANCE OF FISH CULTURE.

THE following extracts are from the speech of Hon. Levi P. Morton, of New York, before the House of Representatives, during the discussion of the bill to appropriate \$20,000 to enable the United States to be represented at the Berlin Fishery Exhibition:—

The production of fish is a source of national wealth, and in the early history of the world it was a preventive of famine and distress. Experience has shown that while it is a luxury of the rich it is preeminently the poor man's food. This is understood thoroughly in the countries where food production and cheap living are carried to the greatest perfection. It is estimated that about forty-five millions of Chinese subsist almost entirely on fish. It is not merely inland fisheries that are of importance to the poor. The sea fisheries are hardly less so. If properly developed, the price of fish would be so much lowered that the man who could not buy would be rare indeed, and so little capital is necessary for the business that there would be sufficient profit left to those who carried it on.

Other countries do not look upon fisheries as we do. One of these international exhibitions is being held at Bergen, Norway, in 1895, at which the fish of all the great countries and many of the lesser ones were well represented. Insignificant Bavaria sent 93 contributions; Great Britain, 174; Sweden, 363, and Holland, 435. How many came from this country? One! Another exhibition was held in France in 1866, and our fish were not presented at all.

The French government has given so much material aid to this business of fish culture that nearly all her waste waters have been turned into nests for the propagation of fish. One of the earliest and most extensive establishments for the culture of fish is that erected by France at Huningen, which went into operation in 1852, and in six months had artificially fecundated 3,000,000 eggs and produced 1,600,000 living fish.

It is only necessary to call the attention of the public to the subject for it to appear that there is not a State which has not interested in the matter.

Mr. Chairman, not many years ago the vast internal improvements of this country—the erection of mills, dams and factories—threatened the extinction of the most valuable species of fish in our rivers. This calamity was prevented by the timely discovery of the art of propagating fish by artificial means, and at the same time the demand was greatly increased through the aid of canals, which made transportation easy between remote points in a brief time.

In 1840-50 salmon cost twenty times the price it commanded when we ceased to be colonies of Great Britain. The Connecticut River, which had been one of the most fertile fish streams in the world, became almost depleted. Few, however, understand the methods of replenishing our waters from which the most valuable species of fish have been banished. This result is due to a discovery made in Germany, and afterward in France, that fish can be propagated to almost any extent by artificial means. This simple fact has led to the creation of one of the most important industries of modern times. The nations of the world have derived incalculable benefit from this discovery, and we are now invited to join in an international comparison of the character of our fish and the methods of our fish culture. It is to this science to which I have referred, and which this resolution is designed to encourage and extend, that we owe the restocking of our waters; to this we owe the fact that millions of young shad were hatched at Holyoke, Massachusetts, and turned into the Connecticut River.

In view of the possibilities of our shores, our measureless streams and our inland seas, we should lead all nations in the world in regard to the production of fish. Information on a subject of such importance to our people and their industries. The annual value of salmon alone in Ireland is now about \$2,500,000, while in this country it averages from thirty to forty cents a pound. The oyster-beds in Virginia alone cover an area of about seventeen hundred thousand acres, containing about eight hundred millions of bushels.

It appears that in 1874 Norway and France, each smaller than some of our States, produced respectively one-third more fish than the United States. In 1863 the tonnage of American ships engaged in the sea fisheries amounted to 204,197; in 1874 it had fallen to 78,390 tons.

In the fish trade in 1885 Norway had a balance of trade in her favor of \$12,588,975. Why was this? Because she resorted to fish production as it is proposed the United States should do. In this connection the United States Fish Commissioner again says:—

"Norway is the only European nation that has a scientific commission occupied officially in the supervision of the fisheries, and in devising methods by which they may be carried on and extended with the least possible waste. To the labor and observation of such men as Dr. Boeck, Professor Sars and others, is due much of the present efficacy of the Norwegian fisheries."

In 1867 we imported about as much fish as we exported. If we devoted sufficient energy to the business we could export one hundred times as much, and need import none at all.

Fish culture is in its infancy. Its resources are immeasurable. It may approximate and even rival agriculture in importance. Its development will give employment to thousands of men and bring food within the means of the poor as well as of the rich. The propriety and utility of international exhibitions, where the representatives of our nation can learn the nature of the products of the others as well as show its own in a universal market, can no longer be questioned.

Washington.—Prof. Baird appeared before the House Committee on Appropriations Feb. 17th and requested that an appropriation of \$12,000 be made to furnish a fish-hatching steamer to be employed along the coasts of South Carolina and Georgia, and also to destroy the Secretary of the Navy to be empowered to detail an officer of the navy and sufficient number of seamen to man the vessel.

PROTECTION TO POTOMAC FISH.—Washington, Feb. 16.—Mr. Samford, of Alabama, who is a member of the House Committee on District of Columbia, has introduced a bill for the much needed protection of fish in the Potomac River within the jurisdiction of the District. It provides:—

That it shall not be lawful to fish with fyke net, pound net, stake net, weir, float net, gill net, hand seine or any other contrivance, stationary or floating, in the Potomac, within the district of Columbia, after the 30th day of May in any year. That during the fishing season, viz: From the 1st of February to the 30th day of May, in every year, there shall be observed in each week a closed season, beginning at sundown on Saturday evening, and ending at midnight on Sunday night, during which time it shall be unlawful to lay out any hand seine or float net, or fish the same, and all seine-boys and the leaders of all hedge ponds, fyke nets or weirs shall be lighted clear of the water, so as to allow unobstructed passage to the fish: *Provided*, That in the case of weirs it will be sufficient to remove a section of the hedging net the pond or pen, not less than twelve feet in length. That it shall be unlawful for any person to take in any other manner than by angling or with the out-line, any fish of the species known as "black bass" or "salmon." That it shall be unlawful for any person to have in possession or expose for sale in the District of Columbia, after the 30th of May in any year, fish of the shad or herring species, fresh, under a penalty of \$5 for every fish so exposed or found in possession, that any person who shall offend against any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon sufficient proof thereof in the Police Court shall be fined not less than \$10 nor more than \$100 for each offense, and shall forfeit to the District his boats and other apparatus, which shall be sold and the proceeds of such sales and all fines accruing under the act, shall be paid into the Treasury, and therefrom to the informer, in each case where conviction ensues, shall be paid the sum of \$2. *Provided*, That nothing in the act shall be construed to prohibit angling or fishing with the out-line, or to prevent the commissioner of fish and fishing or his agents from catching from the waters named in any manner desired, fish of any kind for scientific purposes, or for the purpose of propagation.

HATCHING TROUT IN A CELLAR.—*Eagle's Nest*, Feb. 10th.—And now a word about a trout enthusiast in Stamford, New York. John N. Bennett is the man. He has now five line trout ponds well stocked with various sizes. Only last spring he lost over three thousand nice trout, many of them large, through the filthy drainage of a creamery on the stream which supplies his pond; but that has been remedied by more care at the creamery and a grated filter of ten feet depth at the inlet to the ponds. And now, in the depth of winter, with the thermometer much of the time below zero, Mr. Bennett is hatching trout in his cellar in a most ingenious and interesting way. He pumps water from his well into a barrel, and through a small pipe lets it run into a box constructed on the principle of the Holton hatching box. Heuses about one hundred and fifty gallons of water in twenty-four hours, and has succeeded in hatching seventy-five percent. of the eggs taken. He took the eggs from trout in his own ponds. The eggs taken on the 14th of November commenced hatching Jan. 24th, temperature of water kept about 43 degrees. The fry are lively and doing well.

Now this is also winter indoor angling, and perhaps next winter some more readers of the FOREST AND STREAM will try it. Mr. Bennett is one of our subscribers, and as earnest in fish worship and fish culture as Seth Green himself. NED BUNTLINE.

LIBERATING FRY.—*Miramichi*, Feb. 12th.—An article in FOREST AND STREAM of 6th inst. leads me to ask through you whether it does not occur to your fish culturists that the proper time to liberate artificially propagated fish is a week or two before they are to liberate themselves from the ova? Have any of your readers interested in fish culture tried the experiment of depositing the eggs on natural spawning grounds, and watched the result? There is an opinion held by many who know something of the subject that much better results may be obtained by disposing of the ova in the way suggested, than by keeping the young fish until they are familiarized with objects which, in their natural condition, would frighten them into seeking protection, and consequently become easy prey "to the almost innumerable finned, winged and furred enemies seeking to devour them." W. G. S.

NEBRASKA.—North Platte, Feb. 4th.—I was commissioned by our North Platte Sportsmen's Club last week to go for 5,000 salmon fish, which the State of Nebraska have been stocking their streams with to plant in the waters of some of county streams, which we did; and will put in bass and trout in their season. W. W. C.

—In the Salinas, or salt marshes, near Cadiz, Spain, a peculiar kind of crab abounds, of which the hind claws are considered a great delicacy. These are pulled off from the live crab, which is then set free to develop another pair.

—Efforts are to be made to secure the enactment by the Texas Legislature of some laws for the protection of fish. The only enactments now in force provide for the construction of fishways and prohibit the use of nets and traps between Feb. 4th and June 14th.

—The United States Mining Investment Company will be hailed with satisfaction by a great many of our Western friends who have an eye to the golden opportunities the untold wealth yet hidden in the "Rockies" is bound to afford. The hunter and trapper and the sportsman on a tour often meet with the chance of picking up some "prospect hole" for a more song and developing what was a "location" pure and simple into a promising mine. When they seek to float their lucky ventures, no quicker or surer method can be found than to obtain the official indorsement of the United States Mining Investment Company.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

SOUTHERN WATERS.	
Pompano, <i>Trachinotus carolinus</i> , Drum (two species), Family Sciaenidae.	Grouper, <i>Epinephelus nigricatus</i> , Trout (black bass), <i>Centropomus</i> <i>undecimalis</i> .
Knifefish, <i>Meuschenia nisholsi</i> , Sea Bass, <i>Siganus crenatus</i> , Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus probato-</i> <i>cephalus</i> .	Striped Bass, or Rockfish, <i>Morone</i> <i>viridis</i> , Black Bass, <i>Morone saxatilis</i> , Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
Red Snapper, <i>Lutjanus blackfordi</i> .	

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotels and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

SNARING AN ALLIGATOR.

IN my last I detailed the efforts made to snare a deer and the results attending, which efforts led to the following exciting adventure.

Our stay in the section referred to was protracted into the summer, and we spent much of our time fishing. We were truly in an angler's paradise. Two miles back of us was the W—River, with numerous large creeks emptying into it. Six miles west of us was the bay into which the W— and S—rivers emptied, making a very commodious harbor. In front of us, five or six miles away, was the Atlantic, with numerous small inlets and numbers of small islets. Fish of every description was abundant, and it may well be believed we enjoyed ourselves to the utmost. Our most serious drawbacks were snakes and alligators, and so numerous and so ugly were these that till this day the cold shivers creep down my back when I think of some of our narrow escapes from these venomous and disgusting reptiles.

One day we had been fishing in one of the "reserves"—an immense body of water reserved to flood the rice fields—and had found small snappers and alligators particularly numerous, so much so that they became almost our sole topic of conversation. We had shot large numbers of them, so many, indeed, that we failed to extract any further interest from it.

While we were talking, one of the party said: "P—, why don't you and Joe snare one of these 'gators? Your success with the old bucks warrants you in trying your hands."

A laugh followed, as it always did at any mention of our deer escape.

"What say you, Joe?" I asked, when the laugh had subsided.

"We can do it," he answered, "and if you say so, we will."

Of course I assented at once.

When we reached home we began to discuss ways and means, and in the course of the next few days we rigged up the following contrivance: we procured a strong seven-eighths manilla rope, forty feet long, a small halter chain (twisted links), eight feet long; and a piece of well seasoned hickory. The latter we cut to a length of eight inches, leaving the diameter one and a half inches, and bringing the ends down to a long sharp point. At the center we grided it with a quarter inch groove, leaving the diameter still one inch. We now repaired to the blacksmith, and had him forge a link three inches long of quarter-inch iron, one end of which we slipped into the groove on our stick, and then putting the halter-snap in the other end we put the center of the link into the vise, giving it a severe nip, bringing the sides of the links together, and securely fastening the stick of wood to the link. At the other end of the chain our rope we fastened. Our snare now had the appearance of a cap T with the upright stroke very much elongated. We now procured a ten-pound chunk of beef, into which we securely wattled the piece of hickory, and then, bringing one end of the stick parallel with the chain, we fastened it there with a bit of yarn.

Repairing to the reserve we selected a spot, secured our rope to a pine tree growing near its edge, and then by the aid of a canoe we carried the bait out as far as the rope would permit. To insure the floating of the bait near the surface of the water we laid the rope across a five-foot strip of plank. Everything completed, we retired to await developments. Early next morning we were at the reserve, and there, sure enough, we had a "gator" fast, and judging from the muddy condition of the water it was a whopper, and had been there some time. The rope was moving through the water in quite a rapid manner, and without unfastening it we made a pull with all our strength, but we might as well have tried to lift an elephant by the tail. The question now was what to do with the chap since we had him, and in order to solve it the whole party were invited into the discussion. After much talk it was suggested and agreed to that we make use of a small wagon and a pair of mules belonging to the party. I went for the team, and in my haste did not take time to put the body on the wagon, it having been removed for the purpose of hauling wood. Hastily throwing a plank across the bolsters, I seated myself and drove over to where the party awaited me.

The rope had been secured by a slip—low without passing it around the tree, so we had only to fasten the ends and to the hind axle. I went for the team and slip the knot and make a direct pull on the "gator." After securely fastening this rope to the axle I seated myself on the plank and gave the mules the slack. The mules were young, fiery and hardly broken to harness, and had repeatedly run away, endangering our lives on more than one occasion; but we had not thought of this in our excitement. For a moment after starting the team there was a strain on the rope, and then out came the monster, covered with mud and lashing the water into foam with his tail, the noise he made resembling to some extent the beatings of a huge propeller. The mules both looked around; and as they did so the monster gave a roar that made the very earth tremble—and the team, alligator, and your humble servant started for home. The distance was about two miles, and I think if Rarus had seen us he would have left the track with a broken heart.

GAME SLAUGHTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The grave of a Indian apostle, St. Acquinquid, is on a high hill at York, Me. He was converted and on the passed fifty years in preaching to the sixty-six Indian tribes of the country, and died on the 1st of May, 1682, at the age of ninety-four. His funeral was conducted with great pomp, and the Indians sacrificed 93 bucks, 67 dogs, 3 ermines, 22 buffaloes, 110 ferrets, 893 marlins, 240 wolves, 82 wildcats, 483 foxes, 620 beavers, 500 fishes, 90 bears, 80 moose, 50 weasels, 400 otters, 620 raccoons, 112 rattlesnakes, 2 catamounts, 900 musquashes, 69 woodchucks, 1,500 musks and 58 porcupines.

I know the gentlemen who are urging the change are earnest and thoughtful men; but if they will let our score system alone until they study archery one year more, they will not then desire a change. In good faith, with the cause of the good bow at heart, they are sowing the seeds of discord in the early days of the matchless pastime in our own land. Let us not do this. If we study more to hit the gold we have, and less about the elements of chance, we will be better archers. We all meet our competitors before the same target, under the same circumstances. Who is afraid of chance?

WILL H. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—The Saturday evening meetings for practice of this club are increasing in interest, a large number of spectators witnessing their shooting every week. They have had representatives also from the Brooklyn Club, Oriani Archers, Hackensack, N. J.; Ascham Archers, Brooklyn, E. D.; and North Side Club, Chicago, Ill., all taking an active part in the shooting.

In securing the skillful of the Ninth Regiment, where they are, the club did a brilliant stroke of business, causing an increase of interest among their own members as well as of those interested in the royal game outside of the club. The return match with the Ascham Archers is spoken of to take place Saturday evening, Feb. 28th, at the armory. The regular monthly meeting will take place Wednesday evening, Feb. 25th, at the residence of the Secretary, Jns. W. Auten, Jr., 339 West Thirty-second street.

BROOKLYN VS. ASCHAM.—The return match between teams of the above Brooklyn Archery Clubs took place this week at the Archery Hall, Division avenue and Clymer street, Eastern District. The Ascham team was in command of Capt. Chapman, and the Brooklyn under the supervision of Capt. Hoyt, Mr. Mandeville, the Ascham, scoring for the Brooklyn team, and Mr. Pearson for that of the Ascham. The distance was 30 yards, and each team shot 60 arrows in rounds of 30 arrows for each contestant, each round consisting of 10 ends of 3 arrows each from each bow of the team. When the last round had ended the score was as follows:—

SCORE OF ENDS.

Brooklyn.....	55	62	59	66	60	60	63	58	60	74	625
Ascham.....	51	55	55	55	63	55	40	55	61	547	
Brooklyn.....	63	63	61	70	60	74	60	48	57	620	
Ascham.....	70	45	62	47	54	47	61	77	49	61	588
Brooklyn.....	60	50	64	68	60	41	61	61	62	628	
Ascham.....	64	51	58	72	65	51	62	63	68	644	

INDIVIDUAL SCORES.

BROOKLYN.											
Blake.....	104	202	208	534							
Ascham.....	190	170	165	515							
Parker.....	147	120	121	388							
Stoutenborough.....	114	123	155	387							
Total.....	625	620	629	1,874							
ASCHAM.											
Chapman.....	139	171	177	487							
Marsh.....	116	176	139	431							
Howe.....	116	157	145	418							
Gorow.....	125	124	139	388							
Total.....	517	586	584	1,727							

Answers to Correspondents.

- H. W. A., Jr.—Send us your address.
- C. C. H., Lathrop, Mo.—See answer to your question elsewhere in this column.
- C. E. S., Orange, N. J.—Write to H. C. Glover, Tom's River, N. J., or to A. H. Crain, Forked River, N. J.
- J. C., Altoona, Pa.—It is unlawful to trap and export quail from North Carolina.
- G. W. W., Rockford, Ill.—Dr. Henshall's address is Cynthia, Kentucky.
- B. M. A., Troy, N. Y.—The open season for deer in Virginia is from Sept. 1st to Jan. 15th.
- H. F. D., Tecumseh, Mich.—We know of no book specially treating of ferret raising. There is some demand for them.
- THOUT, Easton, Pa.—You will find in the country accessible from Charlotte, N. C., deer and quail. The fish are pike, bass and trout.
- A. F.—Address the letter in our care, and we will forward it to Mr. Harvey. He leaves for England in a few days.
- A. W. B., New Preston, Conn.—See answer to your question elsewhere.
- O. H. R.—Coughtry's boat is very serviceable, and is all that is claimed for it. Send to him for circular.
- C. J. C., Hildesheim, Me.—We have never examined the device. It may be worth the price of the article for you to test it yourself.
- E. W. B., Olean, N. Y.—The Harpers publish the "Elements of Meteorology," by Prof. Elias Loomis; price \$1.75. We cannot vouch for the firm you inquire about.
- E. C. S., New York.—You might secure live wild turkeys through the dealers in game in Washington Market. For a young buffalo apply to Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, New York.
- J. B. K.—For information about the unimproved lands of Tennessee and Missouri write to the Commissioners of Immigration at Nashville, Tenn., and St. Louis, Mo.
- NEWSPAPERS, BROWNVILLE, Tex.—Your concealment under a *nom de plume* will not, we trust, prevent us thanking you for kind favor of late date. We recognize the courtesy, though it be anonymous.
- F. G., Bennington, Vt.—The recoil of a rifle begins with the movement of the bullet in the barrel, and ceases when the barrel is again filled with air after the bullet has left it.
- E. L. T., Fordham, N. Y.—There is no fishing in the Bronx River. You may find the tent you want by visiting the tent-folks advertised in this paper.
- J. S. D., Bethlehem, Pa.—We should advise you to send to the manufacturers, and they will fit you with the arm best adapted to the purpose.
- G. M. A., San Francisco.—They have a black-and-tan puppy. How can I keep him from growing? Ans. There are several methods which can be adopted for stunting a dog's growth; but as they are unsafe we cannot recommend them.
- P. S. R., Boston, Mass.—We must refer to our lady readers your inquiry for a receipt for the best mode of cooking eels and sheldrakes so as to remove their fleshy taste. Possibly some of our lady correspondents may give us the desired information.
- N. S., Monroe, N. C.—Will a gun chambered for a 21 shell shoot well with a 21 shell or 24? If not, why? Ans. You can use the smaller shells; but as they leave a little space for air the recoil will be greater.
- PRIMO, Harrisville, Mich.—I wish to buy a fine Newfoundland

bull pup dog; can you tell me where I can get one? Ans. You had better advertise for one in our kennel column. You will no doubt be successful.

T. M. W., Charlestown, Mass.—1. The name *Mortimer* is used by different persons in England. We do not know the particular mark you mention. 2. You can safely load your .12-gauge gun with 34 drs. powder, if it is a good one.

WESTERNER.—Wisconsin has three regularly organized yacht clubs—the Oskosh, Neenah and Madison. There are, besides, several summer or regatta associations. Yachting on the lakes is picking up very fast.

L. G. W., Manchester, N. H.—The firm of Allen & Wheeler formerly manufactured fire-arms at Worcester, Mass., but are no longer in the trade. They were among the earliest manufacturers of cartridge revolvers, and used to make the "pepper boxes."

W. H. C., Sardinia, Miss.—There will, in all probability, never be a match between Curver and Bogardus. Curver is now in England, or on the Continent, Bogardus is West. You need never look for a *liona die* \$100,000 pigeon match between them, nor between any other two men.

C. S., Keonansville, Can.—What constitutes off-hand shooting? Must a person stand upright, or can he rest the left elbow on his knee? Ans. The shooter must stand erect on his feet. He may rest his left elbow against the left side or on the left hip, but nothing further.

A. W. S., Chicago.—1. What rifle would you advise me to take to Washington Territory? 2. Is a reel necessary in fly-fishing? Ans. 1. You may form an intelligent opinion from the letters published in the rifle column from week to week. 2. A reel is the correct thing for scientific fishing.

W. A. C., Great Bridge, Va.—Where can I buy volume 2 of "Vanderbilt," by the author of "The Military Sketch Book," printed by J. & J. Harper in 1839. Ans. A copy might be picked up at some of our old book-stores. The Harpers know nothing of a copy to be had now.

READER, Boston, Mass.—There have been very exhaustive sketches of the Western cattle industry published in our magazines. By reading these you can determine for yourself whether to go into the business or not. You must make up your mind to "rough it" and to toll hard. The work is exceedingly laborious. Secure your situation before you start if you can.

SKETPER.—Plaid center of immersed fore-and-aft section; then cut sails so as to bring the center of effort a little forward of it, the amount varying with the bluntness of your model. If full forward on the inclined line, look toward the center of effort further forward, than if fine. See works on naval architecture. Gunne give specific answer without knowing something about the schooner.

S. P., Promised Land, N. Y.—The difference in the shooting qualities of your guns cannot be readily explained. The difference in the gauge has something to do with it, but that cannot fully explain it. The difference in material of barrel counts nothing. Two guns which are made exactly alike in regard to size and weight, and which are loaded in exactly the same manner, will give different results.

R. M. B., Philadelphia.—1. For breaking gun-shy dogs see our issue of Feb. 5th. 2. The gun is a good one. 3. The proper load for guns vary with the weight and gauge of the arms. If you give us these we can tell you about the proper load. 4. The target circle referred to in testing gun patterns is thirty inches in diameter. 5. We have conflicting statements about the party to whom you refer.

W. S. K.—I have a bitch eighteen months old that I would like to have spayed. Is she too old, or in other words, would she be more likely to die of the operation than if younger? Ans. The operation of spaying should be performed as soon after weaning as possible. We are opposed to the practice, believing it to be inhuman. Your bitch is too old, and she would, of course, run greater danger than if younger.

M. S., New Bedford, Mass.—1. My dog has a habit of biting his rump all through the summer, which creates sores on him. What will I do for him? Ans. Give two grains of arsenic each pound of dog, followed by castor oil. Rub the sores with the following ointment: Glycerine, four ounces; sulphate of zinc, four drachms; add one wine-glass of water. 2. Go to any gun store for rifle cartridges.

SARATOGA, Saratoga, N. Y.—"J. Cypress, Jr.," was a pseudonym adopted by Wm. P. Hawes (1803-1841), and over which he contributed sketches of sport, adventure and fancy to the magazines of that day. These fugitive papers were collected by Herbert and published in two small volumes in 1842. They are now of course out of print, and the volumes to be obtained comparatively expensive. There are many pleasing things in these random sketches.

C. A., Washington City.—Please tell me what to do for my setter dog. He is two and a half years old and weighs 45 pounds. Has had small worms, and after a dose of arsenic, passed a tapeworm. His nose is warm and dry; appetite good. What shall I do for him? Ans. Administer three drop doses of tincture of acetoate three times a day in teaspoonful of water. Do this for four days; discontinue for two days, and renew if symptoms prevail until cure is effected.

N. C. L., Salem, Mass.—What will prevent my dog from snapping his ears, and rolling his head violently? He has sores on the end of his ears. Ans. Your dog has external cancer. Weak mercurial ointments should be applied once a day. Tie a cap over the dog's head to prevent him from scratching and shaking his ears. Be careful to mix vegetables with the dog's diet. Give Epsom salts; half an ounce in eight ounces of water once a week. Write result.

W. E. V., Phila.—My setter bitch, nine months old, has been unfortunately lined by my old setter. 1. Will this interfere with her growth? 2. Will it break down her constitution, and interfere with her working qualities in the future? Ans. 1. Most probably. 2. Not necessarily, but do not breed her again for over a year. No bitch should be served until she has fully matured, and is eighteen months or two years old. The average breeder is too much of a hurry to raise stock.

J. J. A., Lawrence, Mass.—My setter, two months old, does not seem right. He is lively as can be out of doors, but when he comes inside he comes rather drowsy. His coat is dull, cysheaven, nose rather dry, and he sprawls himself on the floor at full length; jerks and trembles in his sleep; his appetite is poor. Ans. Try teaspoonful of salt dissolved in water, several times a day. This can be poured down the dog's throat. If relief is not found, then give doses of five grains of calomel, repeated twice within twelve hours, followed by small doses of castor oil six to eight hours after.

J. B. C., Canada.—2. Which is the best adapted breed of dog for

hounds, quail and woodcock in Canada? 3. Some time since we heard that a cross between a pointer and a setter was recommended. 4. Where can a good dog be obtained that has a fine nose and will work well, price reasonable? 5. Will there appear any articles in your paper on the working of dogs in the field? Ans. 2. Either a setter or pointer. 3. The cross between a pointer and a setter is called a dropper. They are at times excellent dogs. 4. A really good dog is a *rara avis*, and will command a good price. We must refer you to our advertising columns. 5. Yes. The first of the series will be on the handling of dogs on English snipe.

McG., Rutherford, N. J.—See answer to "J. T. P., Va.," in issue of Jan. 20th. It will inform you about fox-hounds. The dog you refer to is the dachshund, or teckel. The scenting power of these dogs is said to be very good. They are chiefly used in Germany for hunting the badger, whence the name. The ferret is a native of Africa, but has been domesticated in Europe, where they are used for driving rabbits out of their holes in the warrens. In this country they are used principally in ratting. They are always muzzled when being handled, which prevents their catching the animal hunted for, sucking their blood and going to sleep the holes.

G. A. R., Cleveland, Ohio.—Will you please give through the columns of your valuable paper the names of some of the principal books on the birds and mammals of North America? Also, please state where they can be bought. Ans. Birds—Coues' Key to the Birds of North America, Birds of the Northwest, Birds of the Colorado Valley; Baird, Brewer and Ridgway, Birds of North America. These are the most recent works on birds. Mammals—Audubon and Bachman, Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America (Lockwood & Co., New York); Coues and Allen, North American Rodentia; Coues, Fur-Bearing Mammals; Jordan, Manual of Vertebrates. For Audubon write to Lockwood & Co., New York; for Jordan's Manual to Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill., and for Coues' works, to Dr. Elliott Coues, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

J., Baltimore, Md.—My pug dog (age not stated) for some time past has been passing blood at intervals. I have on several occasions given worm medicine and followed it with a dose of castor oil and generally he comes around all right, but it is only for a week, when the trouble returns. I am sure the blood that he passes any worms after my treatment. His coat is in bad condition. If you can, advise me what to do for him? Ans. Your dog probably has congestion or chronic inflammation of some portion of the intestinal tract. Give small repeated doses of castor oil and laudanum, small teaspoonful of the former to one-half teaspoonful of the latter. Repeat once or twice a day until relief is found. Number of doses to depend on the severity of symptoms.

SPONT, Torresdale, Pa.—My red Irish setter has a large lump on his throat. It does not seem to trouble him. He eats well and seems to be in good health. I first noticed this lump a few days ago; it came nil at once. The lump is hard and not tender to the touch. Ans. You have neglected to state the exact position of the lump, whether it is in between the angles of the lower jawbone or back of the jawbone behind the ear. You had better, however, clip the hair off the part affected and paint the swelling with tincture of iodine once a day for a week; to prevent the dog from scratching the tumor, tie a cloth apron around his neck, which will cover his shoulders, and give him two grains of iodine of potassium twice a day, two hours before feeding. Feed liberally and allow plenty of exercise. Let us hear result.

KENO, Prairie, Miss.—1. What is the difference between a cocker spaniel and any other spaniel? 2. What are both good for? 3. Are they both land and water dogs, and are they first-class bird dogs? Ans. There are different varieties of the spaniel, the most common of which are the cockers, King Charles, springer, black and tan, bluebelly, clumber and water spaniels. At the last New York show these four classes were exhibited, namely, the Irish water spaniel, clumber and cocker, or field spaniels. The cocker is distinguished by being the smallest of the land spaniels, 2 and 3. The spaniels can be divided into two classes—land and water dogs. The former are used for flushing game, and the latter for retrieving wild-fowl and water birds. Cockers are much used in England for both woodcock and pheasant shooting. Mr. M. P. McKoon, of Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y., has some celebrated dogs; we will give notice of them next week. Mr. P. S. Van M., Indianapolis.—We are two boys aged eighteen and nineteen, both engaged in business as clerks. Our fathers offer us together \$3,000 to go out West into the cattle business. Both of us are utterly ignorant of cattle and farm life, and hesitate on that account. Which would you advise us to do, go or stay? What fire-arms would you advise us to procure for hunting game? Ans. Take \$500 of your money and go out to see for yourselves. You cannot expect to make cattle-raising or anything else a success without giving notice of them next week; you must have the only requisite. Success in any undertaking depends so much upon a man's individual character, energy and good sense that it would be hazardous for us to venture such advice as you ask of us. Scores of fortunes have been made in the cattle business, and scores of men, too, have failed. If after your trip of inspection you decide to embark in the business, you will probably have learned by that time the necessity of serving an apprenticeship in it. Take a rifle if you wish to combine pleasure with business.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.—A good way to keep cut flowers fresh is to lay them in wet clothes. Take them out of the vases at night, sprinkle with cold water and then wrap them in cloths made very wet with cold water. The weight of the cloth will not crush the most delicate flowers, while it keeps out the air, and prevents their falling to pieces or opening still more.

To preserve health use Warner's Safe Remedies. These are almost of miraculous power in removing diseases from the system. The wonderful curative qualities they are possessed of is vouched for by tens of thousands. —*Adv.*

—A few hours of time and an expenditure of a few dollars in setting out shade and ornamental trees will amply recompense him who plants them. Some of our New England villages have of late years organized village improvement societies for tree planting and otherwise beautifying the public streets. The tree-planting set is well worth following. We commend to our friends the notice to be found elsewhere of the Babylon Nursuries.

GOOD EVIDENCE.—When such men as the Rev. Dr. Rankin, Rev. D. Harvey, Prof. Green, Dr. Bartine, Col. John K. McKesney, E. W. Nelf, and a host of others equally trustworthy, certify over their own signatures to the marvelous efficacy of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, in the diseases for which it is recommended, it is time to dismiss doubts on the subject. —*Adv.*



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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*Any publisher inserting our prospectus above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto and sending name and copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

*We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

Send for Circular of Premiums offered by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

CONSTITUTIONS OF CLUBS.—We are in constant receipt of letters inquiring for forms of a constitution and by-laws for sportsmen's clubs. We shall esteem it a favor if clubs will transmit to us copies of their forms. Their dissemination extends the good cause.

The reception accorded the President of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game upon his recent visit to this city was highly gratifying, and gives evidence that the sportsmen in this eastern section of the State are rapidly increasing in numbers and are coming to take an interest in the affairs of the State Association. It has taken several years of persistent labor on the part of a few individuals to teach the sportsmen of this vicinity that there was a solid organization in the State, and that it has already held twenty-one annual conventions, each one of them superior to those before it. But now a sudden change has taken place in this respect, and when Mr. Silsby, the President of the association, came here, it appeared that the clubs of Long Island could not do enough to show their appreciation of the Association; and in making his stay agreeable. An impromptu banquet at Mouquin's, drives and receptions were the order of the day. The Kings County clubs will be well represented at the Seneca Falls Convention, and they are all working in harmony to that end. In their fellowship and concert of action they are setting an example worthy of imitation in every section.

—“The older I grow,” writes “Ned Buntline,” “the more I love fishing, for I can wade streams easier than I can tramp over land in search of game.” Angling is the gentle craft; *par excellence* the employment of a quiet day. Men may angle when they may not shoot. The tramp over the fields and through the woods with gun and accoutrements presupposes a certain superabundance of vigor. It is the fit sport of the young man whose glory is in his strength, and of those who are in the prime of life. As men grow older they forego the tramp after game and go out more often with rod and reel. The angler's passion never ceases. An old man finds in the solitude of the streams a fit scene for living over his life again in the memories which there gather about him, playing in and out with the shadow of the leaves and the flashing of the stream.

JUDGES AND THEIR CRITICS.

WITHIN the last few months, and noticeably immediately after the inaugural of the Eastern Field Trials, we have been in receipt of a batch of letters from parties requesting us to write scathing articles on the judges and their decisions. Applicants have also appeared in the body, who have urged and endeavored to persuade us to take up their cudgels and smite in a backhanded, covert kind of way the gentlemen who did not decide in favor of their friends' dogs. As yet, however, no winner has put in an appearance or written us abusive letters on the subject, so that we presume that to a few, at least, the trial decisions appeared to be just and correct. If they had been otherwise we are sure that there were gentlemen who were recorded as winners who would have been as ready to disclaim any errors of judgment or partiality regarding their dogs as the friends of the owners of animals that were beaten.

Really, matters are getting so bad, both here and in England, that it seems that there cannot be a bench show nor a field trial without the sporting press being for weeks afterwards flooded with communications from the large army of unsuccessful competitors, the poor judges being the bulls' eyes at which they aim. It therefore appears to us that a continuance of this course will, within a short time, deter, in a direct and indirect way, if it has not done so already, the very men who are specially adapted to stand as judges—in what may now be termed the annual sporting pillars. As a relief for this we occasionally hear it said by those of the broad-brim persuasion “that the only way so save this trouble is to award each entry an equal prize.” This ingenious method, however, is not the remedy we would suggest for stopping what is vulgarly called “kicking.”

It is to be presumed that every one that places his animal in a bench show, or runs him in a field trial, is aware that the dog is intended for competition, and that there are to be judges to pass on his merits and failings. That the exhibitor should know the names of the judges is of paramount importance. Once knowing their names he can determine for himself whether they are fitted for the position or not, and whether they will be perfectly unbiased in their decisions. If he resolves that they are not he should not enter his dogs, there being no obligation for his doing so. But if he does enter his animals he thus accepts these individuals as fit persons to judge his entries, and thus binds himself to abide by their judgments. If then he adopts the latter course and finds too late that he has been wronged in a willful manner, he would show more spirit, good sense and manliness, by quietly submitting to the injustice which he has no power to remedy, and ever afterwards refusing to enter his stock in any show or trial conducted by the same management.

In all sporting matters the duty of the judges is an onerous and an extremely thankless one, and a most liberal allowance should always be made for contingent errors. At the same time, however, it should be borne in mind that there is a vast difference between errors of judgment and intentional wrongs. We mark this distinction because we notice that correspondents of the “kicking” class usually begin their epistles in an incoherent tone, alluding to the mistakes of the awards, when they really point to supposed wrongs that have been done them, and, as is often the case, they wind up with direct charges. Undoubtedly there are at times just grievances, because in all sporting matters incompetent persons will be selected to fill the high offices of judges and umpires. Take, for instance, the old English game of cricket, and it is found that the only proper person to umpire the game is one who is a practical player himself; he must be this; but it is not because he is a crack player that it fits him to decide the points of the game; he must be something more. Thus on the same ground, because a gentleman owns half a dozen good dogs and is a rare good shot, it is no reason why this fits him to stand alone and judge the working of a number of dogs at a field trial. The only man who is really worth a rap for the position of judge in the field is one who has made shooting over dogs in all sections of the country a life-long study. What does an old woodcock shooter who has never been out of the cover of his county know about dogs that have been handled only on prairies? Is he a fit person to lay down the law? And yet he may excel in the cunning of that branch of his craft. No, he is no more fitted than the prairie sportsman is to judge the most killing cover dog ever littered. Therefore, to sum the matter up, let gentlemen of universal experience fill the list of judges; their names should be announced when the entry roll is open. Then will the exhibitors commit themselves morally, and either courtesy or a sense of shame will oblige them to quietly abide by the decisions of the judges whom they have practically accepted. All this will then tend to make shows and trials more popular, and exclude from both the bane of all true sport, the chronic grumbler.

—We commend to Professor Elliott Coues and other anti-sparrow partisans the experience of Tobit, as detailed in the ninth and tenth verses of the second chapter of the

Apocryphal book bearing his name. The marginal notes will in turn afford some consolation to the friends of the bird; putting these aside, however, the inference is that the habits of the ancient bird which dwelt in the walls of Nineveh, in the reign of Sarchedonius, were very similar to his modern Anglo-American cousins, who litter up the stoops of brown-stone fronts in the modern city on Manhattan Island.

WINGATE VS. LAIDLAY.—When late last fall Laidley's “Rifle Firing” was sent out among riflemen the close similarity of the work to the small compilation of Gen. Wingate on the same subject led many who were familiar with rifle literature to cast it aside as of no value, since it contributed so little that was not already known. It was evident that Col. Laidley had only a closet or theoretical knowledge of rifle practice, and that his work at best was only an attempt to provide a book for the army by an army officer in preference to one prepared by an outsider and a member of the National Guard. But while it was almost a certainty that the work was not to create more than a transient rifle in rifle circles, Gen. Wingate did not allow the bald and barefaced infringement of his copyright to go unnoticed. As the case went almost at once into the courts, the FOREST AND STREAM has abstained from making any comments on the controversy, not even going to the extent of a notice of the Laidley book. Within the past few days the action in the United States Courts has reached a conclusion, in a complete victory for Gen. Wingate, by the issuance of a decree of perpetual injunction against Col. Laidley and his publishers, the full text of the decree to be found in our rifle columns. The matter has been watched with a sharp interest by army officers, since the curious spectacle was presented of an officer high in the service of the ordnance department, when ordered by his superior, the Chief of Ordnance of the Army, to prepare a book, filching entire sections with the poorest shadow of a change in phraseology, and when the work was approved by the Secretary of War, and sent far and wide to army posts and officers all over the country, to have it judicially determined by an action in equity that Col. Laidley had appropriated that which was not his own and palmed it off on his superior officers as an original work. He did not give the least credit to the sources of his information, nor did his superiors detect the character of the work which was presented for their approval. The whole matter is one which does little credit to the army side in the controversy. It is a fair, flat acknowledgment that the man thought most competent in the whole army of the United States to prepare a work on rifle practice was not so competent, but did not scruple to appropriate, to use no stronger term, what he could not himself prepare. West Point has never had a work on this important branch of military science; there are many works on gunnery, many on the force of explosives, and reports many and various on small arms and magazine rifles, but a work from which the soldier may learn how to use his infantry arms has not yet been in possession of the army of the United States. The National Guard secured such a work, made rapid progress in rifle firing, so much so as to completely defeat picked teams of regulars, and now, as a crowning mishap in the chapter of accidents which regular army rifle practice has thus far been, an official high in rank is convicted of an offense which gives point to Gen. Wingate's closing phrase in his review of the infringing work, that Col. Laidley had shown himself unworthy of consideration as an officer and a gentleman. The matter, however, should not be made a personal one. The blame must rest on the army as a whole. It has been sadly and lamentably deficient in this important branch, and its ignorance and helplessness is in nothing so conspicuous as in this latest decision.

WHO WAS JOHN A. GRINDLE?—Where did he live and what disgraceful thing did he do, that that most detestable fish-reptile, the “Grindle,” “lawyer,” “dog-fish” (*Amia calva*), was named after him? Had any one else asked that question we should have referred them to our frequent correspondent “Salmon Roe,” of Jacksonport, Ark., who is well versed in the ichthyological lore of his section; but it happens that “Salmon Roe” is the very one who propounds the puzzle. We are probably safe in assuming that the question was sent to us, not because our friend really wished to know who John A. Grindle was, but rather an expression of intense disgust after a day of vexatious experience with the ugly and voracious fish in question. It is a summing up in one terse interrogatory of a whole page of anathemas and epithets. But “Salmon Roe” errs in casting the odium of the Grindle-fish back upon the memory of the man after whom it is named. It is surely an unsafe assumption to premise that because a specimen of natural history is an unpleasant thing to deal with, any ill repute should thereby be attached to its god-father. It is considered quite an honor than otherwise to have one's Latinized patronymic incorporated into the scientific nomenclature of what Oliver Goldsmith designates Animated Nature. We are acquainted with some men, whose craving after fame does not extend beyond securing for their names such a piscatorial immortality; nor, so far as we may judge, are they at all fastidious about the game qualities or specific

characteristics of the particular species which is to bear their memory into the bogs, swamps and ocean depths of posterity; finely flavored food fish or misshapen monstrous man-eater—it's all one and the same to them. Viewed from the æsthetic side of it, however, it may be urged that the name which is linked to that of the food fish will be oftener heard at the breakfast table of the pedant, while the name which is tucked on as one of the epines of the ugly denizen of the lakes and rivers will be sounded with the impatient exclamations of disgruntled anglers. The "Grindle" is a case in point—a greedy, ill-mannered and savage fish, tenuous of life and comparatively as powerful with his tail as a Florida alligator, and not the thing to meet when one is fishing for other game. By the way, this peculiar fish would have made a fair showing in our "Fish Swallowing Fish" stories, for here is what Dr. D. C. Estes says about one of their peculiar habits:—

While the parent still remains with the young, if the family become suddenly alarmed, the capacious mouth of the old fish will open, and in rushes the entire host of little ones; the ugly maw is at once closed and off she rushes to a place of security, when again the little captives are set at liberty.

This is all we can tell our correspondent in reply to his query. If he is not satisfied with our answer, possibly some one else may bring to gaff a better reply to his inquiry; and if so we should be glad to publish the size and weight of the catch.

WANTED.—Daft's American Eleven is to play the Eleven of England, a three months' match—17th, 18th and 19th of May, for the benefit of the Cricketer's Fund Friendly Society. The match is under the auspices of the Marylebone Club. Another charity which this much-looked-up-to organization could at the same time bestow, would be a set of rules, framed in a manner that people in a strange land might dimly comprehend. Except the account of the adventures of Alice in Wonderland and the Hunting of the Shark, the equal of the Marylebone laws for descriptive clearness has never been published. We have enjoyed studying out the mysteries of "shorts" and "puts" and "calls"; the terms of the race track have had some charm, and "bluff," "straddle," "ante," "call" and "go-you-one-better" have possessed their interest, but the length and infinite mystery of the present laws of cricket and their primitive nomenclature overcome one with dismay. Of course it is great fun to the initiated, but seriously it appears to us that if the laws were simplified it would help to make the game more popular in America.—"Ows that?"

NOTES.—The slaughter of buffalo goes on, and one wonders at the vast number of these animals there must have been and must be even yet to stand this wholesale destruction year after year. Outside of a regularly appointed *abattoir* and a winter deer-yard, there is nowhere in the world such systematic, business-like and relentless killing as on the buffalo plains. The Texas cow-boy, as pictured by our correspondent, is one of your ghouls who delights in bovine murder, and his craving for blood will never be quenched until his sport is spoiled by the extermination of his victims.

The Arion Ball to be held at Madison Square Garden this evening will be the most elaborate affair of the ball season. Among those present will be Capt. Diehl, Capt. D. D. Yuenling, Capt. Geo. Acry, and a host of other gentlemen whose names are well known in New York rifle circles.

Wisconsin has fallen into line by the formation of a State Sportsmen's Association for the protection of fish, game and birds. To the Kinnickinnic Club, of Milwaukee, belongs the credit of the inception of this movement. We welcome the new association to the ranks of the workers for game protection, and with all the more pleasure because the members of the body are men who mean business. All success to them. Wisconsin is a grand State for game and fish; to properly protect the present supply and to insure against diminution will demand systematic and untiring labor.

There has been an unusual crop of small boys in the police courts recently. Most of the little rascals were brought up on the charge of having run off from home or school with the avowed determination of fighting Indians or becoming pirates. There are many reasons why young folks become restless and dissatisfied at home and think that they can better their condition by starting out on the war path. One cause of the trouble is the vicious literature upon which their brains and souls are fed. It behooves every father and mother to see what kind of books and papers their boys are reading. There are so many good (not goody) books now that no lack of the proper mental food can be urged as an excuse for cramming young heads with pernicious nonsense. It is a most excellent plan as well to make a child interested in some hobby, or special pursuit; something which is not exactly play. Let him keep an aquarium and study the habits of the fishes in it; give him a quarry of rabbits; set him at breeding fancy pigeons or poultry; give him some hints in botany; when he is old enough fit him out

with rod and line, or with dog and gun; and when you have taught him to go out into the fields with his eyes open for the thousand and one wonders in his path, you need not fear that he will elope with the gun and start out after redskins. In short, you who love rod and gun and the fields and the landscape, see to it that your sons are learning of this wisdom of the natural world; cultivate in them your own sportsman's tastes, and our word for it they will repay the teaching ten fold.

One of the New York daily papers makes a specialty of the accidents which happen to sportsmen. By industriously gathering reports of these casualties from Maine to Texas quite a grim record is collected; formidable enough, in fact, to point a very capacious moral. Yet it would not be difficult to show that, even during the most perilous period of one's early acquaintance with fire-arms the handling of guns is a safe employment. Mr. Charles Francis Adams asserts that the statistics of railroad casualties show that the safest place in the world is on a railroad express train at full speed; and reasoning in like manner from the percentage of the sportsmen who are injured among the total number of men who use fire-arms, we might conclude that the safest position in the world is at the rear of a loaded gun. The fallacy that leads to so much disaster is the evident conviction entertained by thoughtless gunners that the safest position for themselves or their friends is at the muzzle of a gun which is both loaded and cocked. Nothing but a casualty ever teaches these men their error, and when they learn the lesson it is usually too late to profit by it. Meanwhile let no one be daunted by these industrious newspaper collections of shot-gun casualties. Tens of thousands of guns are handled with impunity, and more men have been killed within the last twelve months by the implements of labor than by those of sport.

Commenting upon a recent French novel, the Boston *Literary World* observes that a "passionate love for natural scenery is manifesting itself more and more all through modern French literature," which perhaps means an advance of French literature in general, and a purification of the French novel in particular, which would certainly not be injured by a liberal supply of fresh air and natural scenery. We do not naturally turn to France for word landscape-painting.

From the swamps of the euphoniously named Cow Island, in Louisiana, comes the weird, strange story of a hen which has hatched out seventeen alligator eggs, and now perambulates about the premises with her interesting brood. And Florida—emulous Florida, which is always one ahead—has her hen too. Three of her eggs were swallowed by a snake, which thereat he pursued into the woods and slew. Several days afterward a farm hand discovered three young chicks picking their way out through the skin of their reptilian incubator.

GAME PROTECTION.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

THE fifth annual session of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association convened at Bay City, Feb. 4th and 5th. The former meetings of the association have been characterized by earnest and practical discussions of live questions relating to game and fish and their protection, and the Association has earned for itself the name of being in reality what its name imports. The attitude of the members and the spirit by which they are actuated were admirably expressed by Mr. W. C. Colburn, one of the delegates from Detroit, who said:—

"We are neither more nor less than citizens of the State, who in point of character and intelligence, I claim, will compare favorably with any other body of citizens who assemble together in convention in behalf of any object that affects the business, health and wealth of the whole State. I hold that the especial work of this association is in the direct line of sustaining and producing wealth for the State, as important, in its measure, as the cultivation of the soil and the production of its grain or fruit food for the people. We go to the Legislature with no selfish ends to serve, but only in the interest of the preservation and perpetuation of all valuable food game, animals and fishes—a subject of far greater importance to the people, especially to the residents of the more recently settled portions of our State, than is generally appreciated. I think that the dignity of this body, and the importance of the work we have in hand, should be more plainly and emphatically asserted, and the resolutions under consideration, if adopted by this convention, will be a move in that direction."

The officers of the association for the past year were: President, E. S. Holmes, Grand Rapids; Secretary, H. B. Roney, East Saginaw; Treasurer, N. A. Osgood, Battle Creek; Director for four years, Cyrus W. Higby, Jackson; Director for three years, W. C. Colburn, Detroit; Director for two years, E. C. Nichols, Battle Creek; Director for one year, D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., Bay City.

The following clubs were represented by their delegates:—Central City Sportsmen's Club, Jackson; Cyrus W. Higby, John N. Squires, Chas. Woolcott, Geo. Allen, Moses K. Bortne, East Saginaw Game Protection Club, J. R. Livingston, T. B. Spencer, George L. Remington, C. M. R. Norris, C. L. Judd. Bay City Shooting and Fishing Club, George Greenwood, E. G. Carrier, E. A. Cooley, F. L. Westover, J. R. Hitchcock. Kent County

Sportsmen's Club, Grand Rapids; Harry Widdicombs, J. C. Parker, W. C. Dennis, George A. Gould, E. H. Barnard, Bay County Sportsmen's Association, Bay City; S. T. Holmes, D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., S. A. McLean, S. Van Dusen, John Willkins. Lake St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club, Detroit; W. C. Colburn, L. W. Tinker, John F. McMillan. Point Mouille Shooting Club, Detroit; E. H. Gillman, Howell Shooting Club; B. H. Rupert, Charles G. Jewett, R. H. Rumsey, E. G. Angel, Edwin Wilcox, Messrs. N. A. Osgood and E. C. Nichols were received as delegates from the Battle Creek Sportsmen's Club.

In his opening speech to the Convention, President Holmes suggested that the most effective way to secure proper game legislation would be to secure the services of some ardent and judicious game protectionist to go to Lansing with well prepared bills, and stay there, working in this interest till final action on the same. This is a course which has been adopted to carry out the ends of other interests, nor is there any reason why it should not prove equally effective in this branch of legislation.

One feature of the society's work has been the presentation of voluntary essays by its members and others, and the report of committees appointed to prepare papers on assigned topics. There were a number of these essays read at the last meeting which merit attention, both from the matter contained in them and also because they give evidence of increasing interest in the ethics of sportsmanship and the science of natural history. Mr. Gillman, who read a paper on sporting dogs, prefaced his thoroughly sound remarks by paying a high tribute to both the practical breeder and breaker, and their necessary qualities, not only as thinking men but as experimentalists. He most opportunely referred to the great revolutionary strike which has taken place during the last six years, showing that the starting point was in the initial bench show first held in Michigan, which has led to-day to the firm foothold of wonderfully improved stock throughout the length and breadth of the land. In touching upon the expediency of field trials, he strikes the key note in these ringing words: "An animal may be well-bred, and good looking and symmetrical enough to win first-class dogs, and even to win first-class stakes, in addition to blood and beauty, first-class field qualities are not worth breeding to." For the best season to run the trials, he rightly advocated the early and usually favorable weather of November; and he also wisely advocates a central location for the holding of same. The expenses attending all field trial exhibitions Mr. Gillman considers to be the stumbling block in their way, until a large number of first-class dogs are owned in each community. In the mean time a system of cooperative training has been suggested, based upon the support by all dog owners in each individual State. The abolition of nursery stakes is most properly advocated, as being injurious to the animal and leading to no conclusive results. The only proper stakes being for puppies, braces and the free for all. The proper time "when a dog shall come of age" is also discussed, and a preconceived attack upon railway dog rates and extortionate baggage men advised. The report concludes with a kindly plea for man's most faithful animal.

The report of the committee on nomenclature was an exhaustive discussion of the subject, designed to secure the use of a correct and uniform system of names for our game. This paper will receive further and fuller notice from us.

Mr. Frank N. Clark, of Northville, a member of the U. S. Fish Commission, read a paper on the "Red-tailed Trout of California," urging its merits as a game and food fish, and recommending that it be transplanted to Michigan waters. This was followed by a full history of "Michigan Fish Culture," prepared and read by Mr. J. G. Portman, of the State Fish Commission; and a further contribution to this branch of the Association's work was an essay by Mr. Mathew.

The committee on laws recommended that the provision against exporting deer out of the State be made separate bill, that the opposition thereto might not, as it had done before, defeat the measure which they deemed best for the protection of that animal. The bill recommended provides "that no person shall pursue, hunt or kill any wild elk, wild buck, doe or fawn, save only in the Upper Peninsula from the first day of August to the 15th day of November, and in the Lower Peninsula from the 15th day of September to the 15th day of November, inclusive, in each year, or kill at any time any deer when it is in its red coat, or any fawn when it is in its spotted coat, or have in his possession the skin of such deer or fawn in the red or spotted coat, and the having in possession the skin of such deer or fawn shall be *prima facie* evidence of such illegal killing. No person shall at any time kill or capture any deer in the waters of any of the streams, ponds or lakes within the jurisdiction of this State." It further fixes the open season for wild turkeys from Oct. 1st to Jan. 1st; woodcock, Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st; prairie chicken or pinnated grouse, partridge, grouse of any species, wood duck, teal duck, mallard duck and gray duck, from Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st.

The selection of officers resulted as follows: President, Dr. E. S. Holmes; Secretary, H. B. Roney; Treasurer, N. A. Osgood; Director for four years, D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr. The Convention then adjourned, to meet at Lansing on the fourth Tuesday in January, 1891.

There were so many topics of interest deserving of fuller mention than we can here give them, that we shall refer to some of them next week.

ANOTHER STATE ASSOCIATION.—The Kinnickinnic Gun Club, of Milwaukee, Wis., now three years old, is an energetic and earnest body of men who are making their influence felt for the protection of game and the advancement of the interests of sportsmen. The third annual banquet of the club was held last week at the Newhall House, Milwaukee, on Tuesday evening, at which gathered a large number of local sportsmen and invited friends from all over the State. There were the usual festivities of such a happy occasion; for Wisconsin sportsmen always know how to enjoy themselves when gathered together; but the movement which deserves special mention was the organization of the Minnesota Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish, Game and Birds. The laws and rules are much the same as the Michigan Association, with the following changes from the Michigan Association laws:—"And any member of this association who shall be found guilty of any violation of the game laws of this State shall be expelled,

and any auxiliary club which fails to discipline any of its members for such violation shall be dropped from the rolls of the association. The following are the officers elected:—President, Fred. Reitzbach, Milwaukee; Vice-Presidents, C. Simonds, Milwaukee; R. M. Boyd, Racine; G. A. Winchester, Whitewater; R. H. Strong, Baraboo; C. E. Norbeck, La Crosse; W. K. Delaney, Mayville; Chas. Felker, Oshkosh; Wm. Merrill, Prairie du Chien; M. T. Bailey, Madison; W. W. Corning, Portage; T. S. Powers, Tomah; J. G. Rowell, Beaver Dam; P. F. Tiel, Eau Claire; W. A. Van Brunt, Horicon; Sam. Fieheld, Ashland; J. C. Neville, Green Bay; F. A. Turner, Stoughton; L. M. Wyate, Fond du Lac; E. W. Jones, Waupun; John Laigh, Oconto; Peter Greeley, Muckwonago; M. J. Egan, Franklin; H. A. Taylor, Hudson; Jacob Kolter, Wausau; Lou. Walker, Plainfield; J. H. Boyle, Winneconne; F. W. Sackett, Berlin; Secretary, S. J. Williams; Treasurer, Stuart Murray; Committee on Legislation, James A. Mallory, D. W. Small and Geo. H. Markham.

The officers of the Kinnikinnick Gun Club are:—O. W. Robertson, President; Stewart Murray, Vice-President, and A. C. Jones, Secretary and Treasurer.

THE MIGRATORY QUAIL IN GEORGIA.—*Thomasville, Ga., Feb. 12th.*—In your last number is an account of a migratory quail caught on Mr. James Blackshear's place, near Thomasville. Some negroes working in a field saw the bird rise near them and pitch thirty or forty yards away in grass cover. Marking the spot they surrounded it and caught the bird, which was brought to Thomasville and kept in a cage for nearly a week. It was kept as a curiosity, no one having ever seen the like before in these parts. I begged its life, and asked to have it returned to the place of its capture and liberated.

Unfortunately it refused food (rice), and died the day before it was to have been freed from captivity. I have not heard of any others in Thomas County this year; but in the winter of 1878-79 a small brood—four or five—were known to be on Mr. Blackshear's farm.

THE OLD DOCTOR.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

Hares, brown and gray. Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FLORIDA.

Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Quail, Snipe, Ducks, and Wild Fowl. "Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limicola* or Shore Birds.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

THE STATE CONVENTION.—The Convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, which is to be held at Seneca Falls next spring, promises to be the largest gathering of sportsmen ever yet brought together in this State. Mr. Horace Silsby, the President of the Association, has been for several days in this city, securing prizes, and his efforts have met with most gratifying success. A large number of handsome and valuable prizes have already been secured, and the list promises to be more complete and generous than ever before. The following committees have been appointed by the Seneca Gun Club:—

On Birds—J. F. Lawrence, E. V. Burton, William Parrish, J. G. Stacey, Wm. V. Van Rensselaer.
On Prizes—C. H. Williams, Francis Bacon, E. W. Bull, John Cuddaback, Levi Van Buskirk.

On Grounds—M. Hoag, Sol. Carman, H. R. Selleck, E. H. Adair, J. A. Niver.

On Printing—Henry Stowell, E. A. Rumsey, E. C. Osborne, J. D. Pollard, J. N. Hammond.

On Finance—W. P. Elwell, R. C. Wayne, J. T. Miller, Jr., A. R. Palmer, G. M. Guion.

On Fly Casting—J. B. Murray, C. H. Tuttle, J. H. Parsons, C. H. Westcott, Henry Fox.

On Rooms—J. H. Gordon, J. G. Minges, H. Stowell, Millard Frantz, E. Rosencrans.

On Pistol Shooting—Sam. Jacoby, F. Neapras, E. Hill, H. J. Purdy, M. Burroughs.

On Rifle Shooting—J. B. Tabbs, H. R. Selleck, J. Crocker, John Neapras, Geo. Esterly.

On Reception—Gen. G. M. Guion, Gen. J. B. Murray, J. D. Pollard, A. L. Childs, W. R. Kennard, Henry Marshall, A. Cook, E. W. Bull, A. H. Comstock, H. Burt, R. Merritt, John Van Buskirk, John McIntosh, Francis Bacon, E. Lester, A. Hollenbeck, L. Goodman, D. Marsh, F. Maier, F. Brady, George Hayt, Wm. Van Rensselaer, N. Duntz.

PRACTICAL METHOD OF PREVENTING RUST.—Rust is one of the bane of the sportsman's life if the owner of a gun happens to live in a moist, damp region. A Bennington (Vt.) correspondent, R. M. L., sends us the following method of preventing guins from rusting while in disuse:—

Allow me to recommend to your readers a very simple, yet absolutely certain, method of preventing rust in the bores of rifles and fowling pieces. By this means I kept mine in perfect order for six years in the destructive climate of India, where the dampness and sea air during the monsoons are foes alike to the sportsman and his guns.

The method is as follows: Have made a cleaning rod nearly filling the bore of the gun. Then take a strip of cotton cloth (canton flannel is best) from an inch wide up to three inches, according to the size of the bore, and six inches longer than the barrel of the gun. Saturate it with any good oil or vaseline, double about two inches of the end over the end of the cleaning rod, and press into the bore. The remainder of the cloth will, with a little assistance, fold itself lengthwise around the cleaning rod as it is introduced, thus filling up the vacant space entirely. You will see that by this means the air is completely excluded, and even the small quantity originally in the barrel is driven out. Where air cannot go moisture cannot, and the gun may remain untouched for months, or even be immersed in water, without injury to the bore. Gen. Wingate recommends pouring melted tallow into the gun, filling the bore. You will see that the method I use is much preferable, as the gun can be examined at any time, or prepared for service in a few seconds, by simply withdrawing the rod. R. M. L., Bennington, Vt., Feb. 11th, 1880.

SAGACIOUS QUAIL AND IDIOTIC EMUS.—A correspondent of the Sacramento Bee claims that the California quail understand fully the import of the legend, "No shooting allowed," and he says that the man would be hooted who should express incredulity on this point. He adds:—

I was so fortunate the other day as to secure the privilege to shoot in a field well guarded on all sides with the usual inscription. I found quail only near the warning, but there in great quantities. I will suggest that all those gentlemen who contemplate a quail-shooting excursion shortly to provide themselves with a goodly quantity of signs marked, "No shooting allowed," and place them, without regard to order, in different places on the proposed ground.

A different bird altogether is the great, stupid emu of Australia, to capture which the hunters employ devices very similar to the artifices of antelope hunters on our Western plains. A writer in the last number of the London Field gives this amusing description of emu hunting:—

They may also be easily shot by adopting the following means: The emu seems possessed of an insatiable curiosity, and if it sees an unusual-looking object on the downs, it is not satisfied until it has fully investigated that object, no matter how difficult the circumstances under which it has to conduct its research. The plan adopted when emus are wanted is, on seeing a mob of them feeding in the open, to ride within a quarter of a mile of them, dismount, hang up your horse, walk a few yards away from him, and throw yourself flat on the ground, taking care that you are in full view of the birds. The more you then roll about, kick up your heels, shout, whistle and perform all manner of antics, the sooner will the birds come round you to see what new demon of the downs has made its appearance. At first they will stand and stare with astonishment, but they soon begin to approach nearer and nearer, till at last they are within arm's length. You may then, if so disposed, pot the whole lot, as the report of the gun or rifle merely causes the survivors to "jump round," to quickly return again to continue their examination of the unknown object. The emu forms a very primitive nest by collecting together a little grass into a small heap, on which she lays seven to nine dark green eggs, weighing on an average about two pounds each. The eggs roasted are extremely good eating, and the man who can polish off more than one at a sitting is blessed with a tall appetite.

SPORTSMEN'S ROUTES IN MONTANA.—The following memoranda from our correspondent at Fort Custer, Montana Territory, are of practical value. We published a short time ago from the same writer a short account of the excellent trout streams of that country:—

As I have received letters of inquiry in regard to routes to this country, I thought by giving you the information it would be more generally received by those who contemplate a trip to our country. Parties who wish to come in winter should take the Union Pacific Railroad to Rock Creek, where Colonel Patuck's stage line connects. From there to Custer is something near 400 miles. It is made in six to eight hours when roads are good. In the boating season Captain Grant Marsh runs from Bismark, landing passengers and freight at Fort Custer landing, and those coming by way of river will be well accommodated and cannot help enjoying the trip, as the captain is a perfect gentleman, and has made the fastest time ever made on the Yellowstone. Those wishing pack and riding animals can always buy such animals, as there is a surplus in this country. There is also a stage line running from Bismark to Miles City, at the mouth of Tongue River and on up the Yellowstone to the mouth of Big Horn. From there to Custer I do not know their schedule time. These different routes are well stocked with game and fish, but closer to the mountains is better for trout. Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone is alive with these speckled beauties, but not so large as I have heard of being caught. The largest trout I ever caught was in Snake River Water, which was eighteen inches long. They are not as sweet as the mountain trout, nor have they as fine a flavor.

WM. A. ALLEN.

GRAY HARES.—Miss Leslie in her famous cook-book heads the receipt for roast hares with the instruction to "first catch the hares." Now, if there is one person above another, of whom we have had a practical illustration, who is able to do this, it is Mr. F. C. Backus, of Pittsfield, Mass. He is not only an expert in the way of knocking them over, but has been kind enough to submit several fine samples for our discussion.

DORCHESTER SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—A club with the above name has been formed at Dorchester, Mass. The officers are: President, Col. Henry Smith; Vice-President, D. F. Eddy; Secretary and Treasurer, George E. King. The club is composed of influential gentlemen, and promises to be a strong addition to the sportsmen's organizations about the Hub.

CONNECTICUT TRAPPING.—REV. Ebenezer Gifford, of

Wallingford, Conn., did not waste time last year in fruitlessly bemoaning his meager salary, but killed 48 muskrats and 12 skunks, selling their pelts.

SNIPE OUT OF SEASON.—*Attica, N. Y., Feb. 7th.*—I shot a snipe on the 6th of February, and it is being set up by J. O. Ogden, a taxidermist of this place.

FRANCIS M. WILSON.

CAZENOVIA GUN CLUB.—*Cazenovia, N. Y., Feb. 12th.*—The members of the Cazenovia Gun Club had a pleasant entertainment a few months ago. The Secretary, Henry J. Mather, had a deer sent him from Michigan and invited the sportsmen to dine with him at 6 P. M.; need hardly say that all were punctual, and a right jovial time we had of it. Some one remarked that they were sorry that there were no deer sent; another that it would be too late for our Secretary. All united in saying that they hoped if any of the other members of the club had friends West that they would send on plenty of deer, and that the member would follow the example of our worthy Secretary. Crittenden having now the club medal, presented the club with another to be shot for the coming season. HAMMERLESS.

VIRGINIA.—*Upper Paxton, Feb. 12th.*—The gunners last fall did not bag near all the quail and rabbits in this township, and there is a fair sprinkling of that description of game still around.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Monroe, Feb. 11th.*—Game is scarce in this section. The quail have never recovered from the freeze out they had here three years ago. An attempt to have a game law in this county has resulted in the posting of nearly all the land, and the farmers say they won't raise birds in the summer for men to kill for amusement in winter, and it is difficult to get ground to shoot over. SNIP.

TENNESSEE.—*Savannah, Feb. 7th.*—This week the long-expected polar wave came to our relief, bringing the ducks with it. They were very wild, and no large bags have been made. The greatest number killed in one day to any one gun was five. It was unfortunate in having a bright, mild day, with little wind, for my excursion, and bagged only eleven. Nearly all the ducks are mallards, with a sprinkling of teal and an occasional woodcock. No sprigitts yet. WILL.

OHIO.—*Wapakoneta, Feb. 10th.*—A large flock of geese passed over this place to-day on their way to the big reservoir (17,000 acres) ten miles from this place, in this county. The water is open in places, and both ducks and geese have been here all winter. The shell drake has been most abundant. We look for fine sport in a few weeks, as the reservoir is bank full, and the old timbers and willows make fine cover and feeding places. C. P. D.

IOWA.—*Dubuque, Feb. 7th.*—A new shooting club has been formed here which is named the "Julien Gun Club." We have twenty members, and the officers are as follows: C. H. Gregoire, President; F. A. Miller, Vice-President; William Y. Bissell, Secretary; J. C. Gregoire, Treasurer. W. Y. B.

A NOTE FROM ABROAD.—*Dresden, Jan. 21st.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—Our shooting season is over, and was very poor. Last season we killed on ten thousand acres near the city of Dresden, 638 hares and 757 partridges; this year 287 hares and 425 partridges. A great deal of game was killed this spring by heavy frost.

H. STROVE.

THE SOUTH-SIDE CLUB.—The annual meeting of the South-Side Sportsmen's Club, of Long Island, took place Monday night at the Hotel Brunswick; there was a large attendance of the members. The report of the Treasurer showed that the club was financially flourishing, and that the membership, which is limited to one hundred, is full. The names of several candidates were necessarily laid over. The club passed a series of memorial resolutions relating to the death of its late President, Recorder Hackett, in offering which Mr. John E. Develin recalled the long career of Mr. Hackett as President of the club:—

"In his youth Recorder Hackett manifested an hereditary devotion to the sports of the field and water. He was a natural hunter, quick eye and rapidity of action placed him in the foremost ranks as an expert sportsman, so that the fame of his marvelous skill with pistol and gun preceded him wheresoever he went, and became known and excited admiration, if not envy, even in the first of the Pacific cities. Nor was he a mere blind devotee of the gentle art. He was pervaded with a deep love of nature. The forests he roamed, the hills he traversed, and he was ever engaged in pursuit of his favorite amusement consistent to this sentiment. Under their influences his manner and spirits, somewhat somber at times, would become joyous, and his quaint remarks or odd speeches would quicken and delight the brightest of his companions and enliven and amuse the dullest of his attendants. His merry form, his ready humor, his fund of anecdote and story, his inimitable powers of narration, his love of harmony and his genial spirits drew around him and endeared him to his many friends throughout the whole country."

An election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the unanimous choice of John Benhard as President; Charles Banks, Vice-President; William M. Fleiss, Treasurer; John E. Develin, Counsel, and George W. Hall, Recorder.

The keeper of the club's grounds at Islip reported that the prospect for trout-fishing for the approaching season was excellent, and that it would probably be the best fishing since the organization of the club in 1866. Since then it has acquired 800 acres, which afford preserves unsurpassed in any country for purposes of hunting and fishing. There are three miles of streams and water courses of ponds throughout the club's grounds and are filled with trout, and during the season of birds and deer there is much capital shooting afforded.

SOMETHING ABOUT SHOT AND PATTERNS.—*Philadelphia, Feb. 14th.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—When I desire to test the shooting qualities of a gun I invariably use Sparks' chilled shot, which I have never known to vary. About a year ago I wrote an article describing the manufacture of shot at Sparks' shot tower, which was printed in your journal, a short extract from which may not be out of place here. It is as follows:—

"The melted metal is poured into pans with bottoms of Russia sheet iron, perforated so small that for the No. 12 size the holes would scarcely admit the point of a pin. The metal oozes through these holes and enlarges and

to audiences derived from this side of the Atlantic. With each successive year, greater completeness in the book may be expected, and possibly American facts may find a place in its pages as well, so that international contrast can be made. In its yachting pages, the Annual does FOREST AND STREAM the honor of quoting extensively from our columns, and, what is more, has the honesty to acknowledge the source of its information. Especially attractive are the introductory articles with which each chapter is prefaced, giving an account of the origin of the various sports from the earliest period of their history. Even those who will take the liberty of quoting as occasion presents itself. The book is very presentable, in point of type and paper, and is ably edited by Mr. J. Keith Annes.

MATHEMATICAL TABLES. By Henry Law, C. E. Crosby, Lockwood & Co., London.

These tables comprise a handy little volume of the well-known "Wesley's Series," and contain all the mathematical references required for the solution of trigonometrical, astronomical and nautical calculations. Those relating to the latter two subjects have been added to the book by J. R. Young, formerly of Belfast college. The work is divided into two parts with a double object. The first to explain and illustrate the use and application of logarithms for the practical calculator, or second part. This, however, has been kept entirely separate, so that it may be used by any one without even understanding the theory underlying the construction and derivation of the tables. Many skippers, finding themselves promoted to the cabin without having enjoyed the advantages of good schooling, and not having the time at once to study the reasons "why and wherefore," they are anxious to avail themselves of just such an arrangement, and the ready sale of the book is proof of its popularity among this class. As trigonometry and the use of logarithms are the stepping stones to navigation, the concise rules given will suffice to find a ship's position; the mariner in the meantime making as much of a study of the theory as he has a mind to, and omitting what may not be of use to him. The book also contains tables of proportion, interest, mensuration, mechanics, hydraulics, etc., to which the intelligent captain will often find occasion to refer. Price 1s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.

The "Star Almanac for 1890, besides much of politics in which our readers may have a decided interest or none at all, has in it a good line of sporting events and summaries, prepared by John H. Robbins, the sporting editor, which is a sufficient guarantee of the accuracy of the dates and records. The turf is covered very fully, and in matters of interest to trap and ride shooters the notes are copious, and selected with discretion. Its price is ten cents, and in any one of its departments it is worth far above that figure.

Cricket.

WISDEN'S CRICKETERS' ALMANAC FOR 1890.—We have just received from Mr. John Wisden, of 31 Cranbourne street, London, England, a copy of his "Cricketers' Almanac" for this year. It is a complete record of the full scores and bowling summaries of the principal matches played in 1879. The little book, for though it contains 216 pages, is really only a single sheet, is as handy as a reliable and perfect record. Besides the data, which is interesting to all cricketers, it has a full account of the visits of Lord Harris' Team in Australia and Daft's in this country. The price of the almanac is one shilling; it can be had of Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

PRESENTATION TO WILLIAM OSCROFT.—On Dec. 16th, a large company assembled at the White Hart Inn, Red Hill, Wokinghamshire, on the occasion of the presentation to Wm. Oscroft, by his Arnold friends, of a gold watch, as a mark of their esteem, and a token of his success in the cricket world, especially during the late American tour of Richard Daft's Eleven. Oscroft, who is now thirty-six years of age, first developed his skill on the Arnold ground, and throughout his career he has been a favorite with the cricket administrators, have never forgotten him, and this feeling found expression on Tuesday in the presentation to him of a handsome and valuable gift. This distinguished cricketer may now be considered at the zenith of his fame, as he was the highest average professional scorer last season, which form he kept through Daft's tour, he being the top scorer among the premier cricketers of England. A dinner preceded the presentation, which was attended by over a hundred persons. Mr. Councilor S. Robinson presided, and among those present were Mr. J. P. Ford, Mr. R. B. Spencer, Mr. Herbert Walker, Mr. W. Lamin, Mr. W. Williams, Mr. S. Fisher, Mr. James Acton, Mr. W. Hibbert, Mr. Phipps, &c. In addition to Oscroft, there were several professional cricketers present, including J. Selby, E. Wild, J. Oscroft, A. Anthony, &c. The usual toasts having been proposed, the Chairman next read several letters apologizing for non-attendance; among those who sent being Messrs. R. Daft, R. H. Steegman, G. M. Boyle, E. Oscroft and R. Howett. In his letter, R. Daft assured the Chairman that Oscroft's conduct both in America and at home fully deserved any compliment or kindness they could show him. The Chairman then presented the testimonial to Oscroft, and in so doing, it was intended by the presentation of Arnold as a token of their esteem and appreciation of his merits. (Loud cheers.) The testimonial would have assumed a greater magnitude had not the subscription list been confined to the village in which Oscroft was born. The Chairman then said that the Oscroft family had been connected with cricket for seventy years past; six brothers of that name having challenged any of their brothers in England, one of the six being the father of William Oscroft. After some further remarks the Chairman made the presentation and proposed Oscroft's health, after which Mr. Councilor J. P. Ford followed: When his friend Richard Daft and himself took out the team to America, they were anxious to get, not only the best cricketers, but the most respectable professionals in the country. He believed the result showed that they obtained both. (Cheers.) They went out to show the Americans what true cricket was, and in that they also succeeded. The teams they met with took their defeats in a manly way, and had the Americans got a little bit the best of it, it would have been better for the tour in a financial point of view. They were determined, however, to uphold the cricket of England, irrespective of gates. He believed the English professionals, very highly of the respect of the English professionals, which was shown by the fact that wherever they went

they had invitations to come again at some future time. He commented on the fact that the Irish team, then out in America, declined to meet the English team, although they had promised to do so, and notwithstanding that there was a several desire for the match. For his part he should look back with pleasure on the tour during many years to come. If there was one more than another in the team whose conduct was more steady and respectable than another it was William Oscroft; his quiet demeanor, good character, and excellent cricket earned the respect of every one he met with. Mr. W. Oscroft, who was received with loud cheers, thanked his Arnold friends for the valuable present they had made him; he should forever cherish this present, and he hoped long to wear it. He thanked the Chairman and Mr. Ford for the remarks they had made concerning his conduct. When he went out to America he went with the intention of doing the best he could for his native village and his country, and he was glad to say he was now well recompensed for it. He thanked the committee and the donors, and also those who had by showing their faces that night manifested their appreciation of his conduct.

A REVOLVER HEARD FROM.—New York, Feb. 10th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—In your issue of the 5th inst. I notice your report of the annual meeting of the Staten Island Cricket Club of this city. After mentioning the amendment of the by-laws prohibiting members of other clubs who are members of the Staten Island Cricket Club from playing against the Staten Island Cricket Club, you comment thus: "This reform was much needed, not only to stamp the club's identity, but also to protect one or two other kindred organizations in this city." Now, Mr. Editor, with all due respect to your opinion, I very much doubt if this amendment can be termed a reform; nor do I see what protection it affords any other organization. Judging from the reports of the Staten Island Cricket Club in your paper and its great increase of membership, it should hardly think its by-laws needed any amendment in this respect, and apart from protecting kindred organizations in this vicinity, it seems bent on protecting itself, and there it ends. It doesn't fight to save its friends.

If I interpret it rightly, it bars its own members, who are members of another club, from playing against it. Now it seems to me if a man has belonged to one club for a few years and then joins the Staten Island Cricket Club and these two clubs were about to play a friendly contest, there is nothing unsportsmanlike or uncricketlike in that individual playing against the Staten Island Cricket Club; nor do I see how it affects any other organization except the individual who belongs to both clubs and who, having paid his money, is not even permitted to "take his choice," but to play with the Staten Island Cricket Club against the club which has the prior claim to his skill (i. e., if he has any) or not play at all, but simply "look on." And so, Mr. Editor, I fail to see the reform in this amendment, and I fail to see how it will benefit the club or the game of cricket, and the less restrictions the better.

A MEMBER OF MANY CLUBS.

At this time we refrain from any observations on the above, believing that an answer from one of the non-revolvers will be sufficient for the "Member of Many Clubs."

AVERAGES FOR 1879.

MERION CRICKET CLUB.

The official report of the Ground Committee of the Merion Cricket Club of Ardmore, Pa., as presented at the recent annual meeting by Mr. Richard H. Baily, Chairman, shows that "The club played in all nineteen matches during the past season. The first eleven played five, of which it won three and lost two. The second eleven played fourteen, winning seven and losing seven. During the summer the second eleven had visited New York and defeated both the St. George's and Staten Island second elevens. The club, for the first time in its history, had played on its own ground two foreign matches—one with the Gentlemen of Ireland and one with the Gentlemen of England. The grounds had been inclosed, and this year improvements and additions to the club-house and grand-stand were in contemplation. The season had been a prosperous one, the club's list showing that seventy new members had joined since the last report." All this is very good, and we congratulate the Merion gentlemen on their club's success. We are, however, surprised to learn from the above that the first eleven only defended their flannels five times during the season, though we presume the international matches interfered to an extent with the club's regular fixtures. The eleven began by defeating the Young America Club, and this should have been a sufficient incentive to have played more matches during the spring and early summer. The second eleven did bravely; fourteen matches is a good record, and shows that they do not mind a few defeats. We ourselves are rather partial to second elevens, and know that they must be cherished tenderly, not only on account of the "jolly old duffers" who play on them, but on account of the "rising generation" of cricketers who need our constant care and patient training. Although we take great interest in the doings of our young friends, yet our heart goes back to the older ones, who through thick and thin have done so much to keep the game alive in its darkest hour.

"Dear lightly on their forehead, Time! Strow roses in their way!
The young in heart, however old, that prize the present day,
And wish thus the younger crowd, and wish enough to play."

"I love to see a man forget his blood is growing cold,
And leap, and swim, or rather flounder, oblivious of his gold;
And mix with children in their sport, nor think that he is old."

"I love to see the man of care take pleasure in a toy,
I love to see him row his boat and trim his dullest boat with joy,
Or hunt the flying cricket-ball as lusty as a boy."

After all, a cricket match is not such a matter of life and death as may be supposed. Of course it is pleasant to be with the winners; but where is the game that one side or other does not lose? If with the unlucky ones, look cheerful, and say with Jacob Faithful, "Better luck next time." Why, for the fear of being defeated, debar from some old cricketer, who has set his heart on a game, the pleasure of seeing his old bones crack? Thus even a cricket committee has the dullest chance for utility. Give the golden rule, the doing of which will add more to the popularity of the game than the measuring of every one by its own individual one-inch tape. We claim that all members of a club, from the old gentleman who is plucky enough to turn up on our cricket fields, down to the modest, timid boy, should have an equal chance given them. Do not all lovers of the game uphold that both old and young can take a hand? If this is the case, why not carry out the doctrine if it be sound and true? In a country where the game is so new that many of its original founders are not yet dead, it is but natural that many old players should adhere to the customs of the past. Let the rising generation re-

member this, and the old boys that the young ones are to fill their places, and all will be well.

We learn that Mr. George Ashbridge, one of the leading spirit of the club, has retired from the management, finding that the committee business interfered with his usefulness as captain. Mr. Ashbridge has acted wisely; it is about one man's power to successfully handle a first-class eleven, and to keep in trim, so as to remain on it. No member of a club needs more practice and attention to the club's practice than its captain; he is looked up to by his eleven, and his frequent failure to "come off" has a demoralizing effect.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Edward F. Fayres, the club's Secretary, we are enabled to give the averages for the past season. They are as follows:—

BATTING AVERAGES.									
First Eleven.									
Names.	Matches.	Runs.	Times out.	Average runs per innings.	Times not out.	Runs in an innings.	Times out.	Average runs per innings.	Times not out.
Joseph M. Fox.	113	73	1	22.60	1	87	78	1	19.75
Albert L. Baily.	87	78	1	19.75	1	117	60	1	36.40
Frederic L. Bell.	117	60	1	10.00	1	102	32	1	10.32
John W. Thayer, Jr.	102	32	1	10.32	1	69	49	0	9.85
William Stroud.	69	49	0	9.85	1	57	25	0	9.00
Sutherland Ledy.	57	25	0	9.00	1	46	22	0	8.66
Horace Sayres.	46	22	0	8.66	1	38	18	0	7.40
Charles E. Haines.	38	18	0	7.40	1	31	10	0	6.20
John W. Phillips.	31	10	0	6.20	1	25	11	0	5.45
G. Ashbridge, Captain.	25	11	0	5.45	1	18	8	0	4.75
William P. Huston.	18	8	0	4.75	1	15	10	0	4.44
P. C. Morris, Jr.	15	10	0	4.44	1	12	3	0	4.00
George C. Thayer.	12	3	0	4.00	1	10	4	0	3.75
John S. Watts.	10	4	0	3.75	1	8	3	0	3.33

BOWLING AVERAGES.									
First Eleven.									
Names.	Matches.	Runs.	Times out.	Average runs per innings.	Times not out.	Runs in an innings.	Times out.	Average runs per innings.	Times not out.
C. Morris, Jr.	17	173	1	10.18	1	100	20	5.00	1
F. M. Fox.	100	20	1	5.00	1	65	19	3.42	1
S. Law.	65	19	1	3.42	1	54	18	3.00	1
J. L. Thayer, Jr.	54	18	1	3.00	1	48	15	3.20	1
F. L. Baily.	48	15	1	3.20	1	38	18	2.11	1

BATTING AVERAGES.									
Second Eleven.									
Names.	Matches.	Runs.	Times out.	Average runs per innings.	Times not out.	Runs in an innings.	Times out.	Average runs per innings.	Times not out.
Wm. Stroud.	12	21	33	34	3	13.1			
Dr. Casper Morris, Jr.	8	13	11	23	9	1.93			
Meredith Bailey.	6	11	10	39	0	8.88			
G. L. Phillips.	10	10	10	20	9	8.88			
J. R. Williams.	7	10	7	33	1	8.33			
J. S. Wain.	11	19	12	33	2	7.17			
W. B. Bailey.	8	11	7	21	1	5.85			
Philip P. Peace.	8	15	10	33	0	6.97			
M. Ewing.	15	10	33	18	0	4.75			
W. B. Bailey.	15	10	33	18	0	4.44			
T. Herbert Chase.	4	8	33	18	0	4.75			
F. L. Maule.	10	10	40	16	1	4.44			
A. Evans.	10	10	33	11	1	4.29			
R. A. Montgomery.	10	13	73	11	1	4.29			
L. Haines.	6	10	40	15	0	3.93			
W. R. Phillips.	10	10	33	11	1	4.29			
Clifford Lewis.	11	31	10	30	0	8.81			
H. C. Tugman.	4	10	3	0	0	3.50			
W. B. Bailey.	10	10	33	11	1	4.29			
W. B. Bailey.	12	14	7	4	1	7.75			

Bowling averages of second eleven not preserved.

MONTIC CRICKET CLUB.—This well-known St. Louis, Mo., club has now a member's list of over ninety members, and is able to place in the field one of the strongest elevens in the West. It is in a flourishing condition, and is hopeful that one of the cricketing organizations of the East will visit the West this season and try conclusions with them. The officers of the club are as follows: President, George Bains; Vice-President, Colonel Joel; Treasurer, F. Julian; Secretary, W. H. Chambers. Committee—A. Leslie, W. Fortes, F. Hackey, and J. Crutwell. The Captain is A. S. Treloar, well-known in cricket circles as having brought out the English Eleven to America in 1874, and as sometimes playing with the Peninsular Cricket Club of Detroit, Mich.

UNITED STATES VS. CANADA.—The Toronto Mail, which is considered the cricket paper of Canada, says: "The FOREST AND STREAM's article on the formation of a Canadian Cricket Association is a most valuable suggestion, which Canadian cricketers would do well to take to heart, and endeavor to utilize." Indorsement from such a source as this is indorsement indeed. If, therefore, Mr. L. Kennedy, Captain of the Hamilton Club, would take this matter in hand, Canada for once would turn out a representative team. Mr. Kennedy has had the experience of a visit to the States, and when here, he demonstrated that he was not only a good cricketer, but an excellent manager. As Hamilton has proved the crack club of Canada, they should take the lead in this matter.

Harry Carpenter, once professional for the St. George's Cricket Club, is wintering at Sandhills, Texas. We recently received a letter from him requesting that his best wishes might be distributed to all the members of his old club.

THE AUSTRALIAN VISIT TO ENGLAND.—Mr. James Lillywhite, of London, who is the authorized agent for the Australian Team which will reach England about the end of April, has just received a letter from Messrs. Mursbeck and Boyce, who were appointed by the Australian Association after its collision with Mr. Conway, to select the team, stating that: "Already we have from Victoria, Messrs. Blackham, Boyle, Hight, Palmer, Alexander, and MacDonnell; and from New South Wales, Messrs. C. and A. Bannerman, Spofforth, Murdoch, Massey, and we hope to prevail upon Mr. Evans to go." Mr. Hornby told us, when he was in New York last spring, that Massey and Evans were the best men in Australia. The team is supposed to be a more formidable one than the last, and that all Englishmen will forget the Sidney outrage of last year. It is presumed that Mr. Philip Sheridan will act as manager again.

—Martin McIntyre, once professional for the Germantown Cricket Club, has been engaged for the season by the Ulster Cricket Club, of Belfast, Ireland.

WESTERN CRICKET ASSOCIATION.—A movement is being made by the Mayor and many other prominent citizens of St. Louis, Mo., to establish a Western Cricket Association.

PHILADELPHIA-GERMANTOWN CLUBS.—There is a hitch in the contemplated consolidation of these clubs, the Germantown objecting to the abstract proposition to change the name and terms of organization.

THE NORTHWESTERN AMERICAN TEAM.—Has already arranged through its manager, Mr. Miller, many matches, the first to be played with the West of Scotland Club, at Glasgow, and second with the Marylebone Club, London. Foremost in the team stands Mr. A. S. Treloar, who is now residing at St. Louis. It will be remembered he brought over the Crown Cricketer Team in 1876.

MONTREAL CRICKET CLUB.—We learn with regret, from one of the prominent members of this old organization, that this club is about to be disbanded.

—Wycroft, the swift bowler, has been engaged for the season by Lord Sheffield to coach the Sussex Club. He is to be paid very liberally, to have fishing and boating, and to be allowed to play in all the great matches at Lord's, and to have certain other privileges, which causes the envy of all the professionals in England.

Yachting and Boating.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—The editor of these columns returns his thanks to the members of the B. Y. C. for his recent election to the club as an honorary member. Yachting is rapidly developing on the lakes, and the B. Y. C. will put forth all its energies to maintain the high place it now occupies among the promoters of the sport in the West.

YACHTING NEWS.

YACHTING IN FRANCE.—Our transatlantic contemporary, *Le Yacht*, has published its second "Annual," a little volume full of interesting and valuable material to French yachtsmen. What with complete tide tables, magnetic variation, calendar, list of clubs, knotting and splicing, French harbors, etc., the book is certain to be found in the Skippers' libraries of the rapidly increasing fleet of French yachts.

JERSEY CITY CANOE CLUB.—At a general meeting of the Jersey City Canoe Club, held in Jersey City on the 11th day of February, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected:—Commodore, Chas. E. Chase; Vice-Commodore, Robt. D. Wynkoop; Secretary, Edward A. Ransom; Treasurer, B. Frank Newton; Messengers, Robt. J. Wilkin. The Executive Committee consists of the Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Secretary, Treasurer (ex-officio) and Marcus L. Higginbotham. The Regatta Committee are Wm. Y. Fitch, W. Harry Potts and Karl F. Bergman. A Finance Committee consisting of Marcus L. Higginbotham, E. A. Ransom and Wm. Y. Fitch was appointed to investigate and report at the next general meeting, on the 10th day of March, as to the building of a club-house. A committee was appointed to arrange with the New York Canoe Club for canoe races on every Saturday. The Jersey City Canoe Club was organized one year ago and now has a fleet of twelve canoes, with many more in prospect this season.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year:—Commodore, C. L. Bryant, of yacht *Cypnet*; Vice-Commodore, G. M. Cordell, of yacht *Fledgling*; Treasurer, Jas. S. Prevost; Secretary, P. G. Cook, Jr.; Messengers, A. N. Chilcott. Regatta Committee:—J. J. Williams, Chairman; T. P. Frank, Edward P. Fields. House Committee:—H. A. Vedder, Chairman; G. M. Cordell, J. J. Williams. The fleet consists of six sloops and five schooners. The annual regatta will be sailed about the middle of July. Delegates to the National Yachting Association:—E. E. Benedict, H. B. Doyle and C. Leo Abel.

RACING IN 1879.—The following additions and revisions of our Lists of Racers and Winners have been collected since their publication:—

LIST OF RACERS.

May 30th.—S. F. Y. C. Hegatta. Pavn, not Pavn.
June 21st.—Bn. Y. C. Hegatta. Adrienne, not Breeze, won.
July 7th.—Name of winner was reported as Titania.
Aug. 7th, not 9th, was date of Newport Y. C. Regatta.
Sept. 19th.—Cat-bow sweepstakes. Add seven entries.
Sept. 22d.—S. Y. C. Race. Add five entries.
Oct. 16th.—18th.—S. Y. C. Race. Four, not fourteen races.

LIST OF WINNERS.

Abbie M., not Abbie II.
Capt. Gwinn, not Capt. Given.
Annie M., belongs to B. Tolman.
Clara, E. B. Y. C. Four races, not three.
Coquette, Salem Y. C. Cat, not sloop.
Daisy, E. B. Y. C. Two races, not one.
Dream, E. Y. C. Add one second prize.
Edith, Bn. Y. C. Did not win a second prize.
Edna, Osterville. Add one second prize.
Ella, Q. Y. C. Won one race of a series, not a champion.
Ella, Q. Y. C. S. L., not S. C.
Emma, B. Y. C. Four races, not three.
Fair, Bn. Y. C. Nine races, not eight, and two first prizes, not one.
Titania is a canoe, and add one first prize.
Hector, E. B. Y. C. Five races, not four.
Hollen, B. Y. C. Won one championship, add this, and take off one of the two stars against her name.
Ida May, Doughkears. Won one first prize.
Iola, Fairhaven. Did not win a first prize.
La Belle is B. 34, not B. 37.
Lady Emma. Four races not three.
Leona, Salem Y. C. A championship mark, not a star.
Lily, H. N. S. Y. S. Owner's name is Weeks, not Meeks.
Mischief, S. Y. C. Take star out of column of races and insert a star.

Sunbeam. Nine races, not eight.
Unknown. Six races, not four.
Wanderer, Calif Island, belongs to J. Turner.
Carrie Morgan, Oshkosh Y. C., sailed six races, winning first money five times.

DEIST.—South Boston Yacht Club may build a new club house this season.—The Boston and Dorchester Clubs are the only ones owning club houses in Boston waters. In the vicinity are those of the Lynn and Salem Yacht Clubs.—*Mariquita*, ketch sloop, is receiving new deck and cabin house in Boston; she remains in the Quincy Yacht Club.—Capt. Bass, of Boston, who owns the smart little *Rocke*, has not up a new rig for setting spinnakers on small craft.—McManis is the Saviour of Boston, and makes the mullin for the fast ones there.—Capt. Harris, of Day View, Boston, has finished his 45th yacht, a cat 21-ft. long

now for sale.—A. L. Jackson, Dickens st., Dorchester, Mass., is building a keel cat 23-ft. long, 11-ft. beam, for the S. B. Y. C.—S. A. Additt, Mr. Peabody, is having spinnons clapped on her side, and will receive a new pilot-house.—The old *Julia* is being re-decked near Chelsea Bridge, East Boston.—Pierce's now out for the Mediterranean will be shipped abroad shortly.—The new yawl built by D. J. Lawlor, in East Boston, has four tons and 800 pounds of lead in her keel, and is a very stylish craft throughout.

BRIGHTON YACHT CLUBS.—Brighton Sailing Club has 232 members. Royal Alfred, 230 members and 153 yachts. Royal Claret, 200 members and 230 yachts. Royal Irish, 300 members and 50 yachts. London, 450 members and 312 yachts. Royal Southampton, 600 members and 215 yachts. Royal Victoria, 323 members and 114 yachts. And many others of the same caliber. That looks like business.

SLOOP, CUTTER AND CENTER OF GRAVITY.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Mr. Center having given a reason for his unwillingness to accept my proposition to *Yachts* or any other 40-ft. keel yacht, it but remains that I should thank him for his unintentional incitement of my claim that the well-designed sloop is handier and more easily managed than the cutter. Mr. Center being well known as a long-time amateur tar, his opinion carries weight. From Mr. Center's standpoint—the deck of a cutter—a my proposition that two 40ft. yachts, handled by two men each, should make the circuit of Long Island in rough weather, is perhaps a wild one.

I am well aware that the cutter would require from four to six men if any speed were expected of her, but whether Mr. Center knows it or not, my boat—which is not a sharp after all—can accomplish the trip easily and speedily with one man and a boy for all hands.

This covers the whole ground of my claim as to the relative merits of the two types of boat. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

Roslyn, Feb. 10th.

THE NATIONAL YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

In a recent issue we publish a letter from the Honorable Secretary of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Club, setting forth the fact that his club sailed more races in '79 than any other in America.

It is little to the credit of yachtsmen this side of the Canadian border that the Halifax club, with a much shorter season, should take the lead in yacht-racing on this continent. Their entries are nearly all cabin yachts, we believe, and go to show how much sport can be got out of racing, when a sensible rule of measurement, fixed, ballast, and the authoritative sailing rules of the British Y. R. A. are enforced. Comparing the activity, the large percentage of the total fleet entered, the successful management of this club, with the meagre display of fighting flags and the first-class racing among our large clubs much more favorably stated, it becomes only too evident that, as racing yachtsmen, we have quite as much to learn as we have as cruising tars. There we have, on one hand, a population of not much over 50,000 supporting in inclement waters and a short season an energetic club of cabin yachts which sailed eleven races in one year; and here, in New York, with a million or more to draw upon, the leading club is actually engaged in considering the advisability of giving up racing altogether, and the other clubs are equal only to a race or two, and one club not even equal to a single match or a solitary cruise.

And in face of such an exhibition so unfavorable to ourselves, there are individuals so blinded by narrow "spread-eagle" prejudice as to claim that in yachting, racing or cruising, America leads the world, when, in fact, we are behind every nation which follows the sea for sport, especially in view of our unequal facilities for indulging in all the branches of this pastime. The corn might just as well be acknowledged; there is no sense in pretending what we are not. How is such a condition of backwardness to be explained?

First, the abominable, lubberly custom of shifting ballast among the junior clubs deters real yachtsmen from building small cabin crafts (the nursery of the seaman) to be enrolled upon their club books, for the honest yacht with the sailor-owner receives no sympathy from the sand-bag athletes, and the larger clubs debar from their books all sorts of moderate tonnage, either by statute, as in the N. Y. Y. C. and E. Y. C., or by the overwhelming interests of large yachts which overcloud the smaller "low-floors" efforts to such a degree that they are left out in the cold, and yet have not strength or enterprise enough to form a genuine racing club among themselves, in which not the length of one's purse, but a spirit of pluck and emulation in seamanship shall constitute the cementing influences.

Second, The prevalence, in consequence of the above, of a type of broad and shallow "open boats," unfit for most duties rightfully to be expected from a yacht, and in reality more "sailing machine" than cruising craft; lacking in the most ordinary requirements of storage and comfort; discouraging cruising and "yachting" in the full meaning of that term among owners of small craft; unhandy in rig; dangerous and treacherous in qualities; costly and generally worthless; contributing to the advance of nothing, unless making business brisk for the undertaker of the nearest town.

Third, The want of combined action, the localism and cliqueism which demands of every village owning half a score of yachts —boats is the proper term—the needless expense, red tape and ludicrously liberal distribution of office entailed by the formation of a "club," instead of joining a strong and established union of the kind in some other port. The low fees charged for entrance and the petty yearly subscriptions, leaving the majority of these infant organizations on the brink of financial distress from the very word "go," and necessitating racing for pleasure purses and tinware, and the short-sighted custom of opening entries only to the buccolic wonders that happen to constitute the "club."

Fourth, The tendency to make society affairs, excursions and drinking bouts the chief sailing, usually at the expense of the club instead of those participating in the social excesses.

Fifth, The practice of putting society leaders at the head of affairs, instead of active and experienced sailing members, and the general encouragement of the former class at the expense of the latter.

Sixth, The distressing mixture of class distinction and, time allowance and sailing rules; the want of confidence among owners as their slavery to sailing masters, and the slinking of the Anglo-Saxon's love for present models to safely take to distant cruising and the desire for large enough tonnage to overpower the sea; they are likely to meet, thereby confining "foreign" to the limited class fortunate enough to possess "big" craft.

Yachting in America is by no means what it might be—what it

ought to be. The National Yachting Association has a Herculean task before it, and work enough ahead for many years, if it is to be true to its duties, and live up to public expectation. On all the above subjects its voice should be heard in time. When fully constituted and safely established, the National Yachting Association will have upon its shoulders the responsibility of lifting the sport from its present crude and desultory ways to paths more dignified, more popular, beneficial, logical, liberal and lasting.

NATIONAL YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

New York, Feb. 13th, 1880.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

The committee representing the yacht clubs who initiated the movement for the formation of a National Yachting Association have decided upon calling a meeting of the delegates appointed by the clubs, to be held on Monday, March 1st, at 8 o'clock P.M. at the St. Denis Hotel, corner Broadway and Eleventh street.

Yacht clubs who have not yet appointed delegates are respectfully requested to do so before the 1st of March, in order to have as complete a representation as possible. JOHN TRICK, Sec.

A NATIONAL RULE OF MEASUREMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

IN your issue of the 6th inst. a discussion has been inaugurated which is of more importance to yachting in America, I would state than any other. I refer to the true method of "measurement." It seems to be conceded that what is needed is some measurement which shall not encourage the construction of a class or type of yacht in which the qualities most desirable in a sea boat must be materially sacrificed to insure her winning races. It is admitted that the English method of measurement has resulted in the building of one kind of yacht for racing and another for cruising. Is not this attributable to a rule of measurement which forces an absurd construction in order to win in their races? On the other hand, the American measurement, based upon length alone, appears to be equally vicious. It obliges the yachtsman who expects to win in our summer winds and waters to give his craft an abnormal breadth of beam, which impairs her seagoing qualities.

Such rules of measurement must be injurious in their ultimate effects upon this fascinating and manly sport. It reduces the yacht to a racing machine, in which no man cares to cruise for health and recreation, in preference to a good "all round" craft. Of the two rules mentioned, the American measurement, "inferred" by Mr. Smith, that of "cubic contents" and that of "length and beam," it seems to be admitted that the first mentioned is theoretically and practically correct when applied to yachts of the same or substantially the same freeboard. In such cases no yacht, whatever be her style or type, is handicapped in any way.

But when one yacht has more freeboard and better seagoing qualities, she gains nothing in racing qualities thereby, but rather loses on account of the center of effort being higher, and yet she is handicapped by it. This is a fair statement of the argument and of the difficulty encountered in the "cubic contents" system from those who have tried it. As to the other system of measurement—"length and beam"—if I understand Mr. Smith, he admits that theoretically it gives an advantage to the narrower beam or "cutter type" of yacht model, but thinks our summer weather will not favor a very narrow type for racing.

To this I am slow to agree. The yachtsman goes in to win, and very properly. That is his business. He will not take about a flat-ironed craft in America all summer and take about a flat-ironed craft as a sea boat and otherwise in order to come out ahead in two or three races. He will navigate a craft of about the general proportions of the same flat-iron, set edge up, in England all the season and stand the heat, and hatches battened down and decks constantly drenched in a sea way for the same object.

If, therefore, a rule of measurement is adopted in America which gives advantage to a narrower beam and the American yachtsman finds himself elbowed out by it, what would be the probable result? Summer weather, I believe, would not stand in the way of a moment. Our Yankee yachtsmen would take to narrow beam that would either better than the prototype; they would shave down the English flat-iron set edgewise until it would hardly cast a shadow, if possible, in order to win.

As a delegate to the National Yachting Association seeking information, I wish to propound a question or two for answer. Reverting to the "cubic contents" system, we have:—

1. A method of measurement which is theoretically and practically correct, but fair between two yachts of however different type, provided they have the same freeboard.

2. Every lack of additional freeboard added to either of these yachts over the other is only detrimental to her racing qualities, although it may be of advantage to her seagoing qualities.

If this is so, the question I wish first to ask is, why not leave off all the "cubic contents" due to this added freeboard in her measurement? It would not in a race be of value to the other yacht. It seems to me some rule can be adopted to practically accomplish this. There is certainly some minimum limit to the freeboard of a yacht to render her a decent vessel. Indeed it seems to me that there is a limit, proportioned to the length, below which it would not be advantageous to reduce the freeboard. This being so, could not yachts be divided into classes according to length or otherwise, and a line of freeboard be established for measurement at a certain height above the water for each class. Then let all the "cubic contents" below a horizontal plane passing through this line be estimated, and the yacht which actually has freeboard extending higher would not have it counted against her in "cubic contents."

Any yacht which was built with less freeboard than the height of this measurement line would probably lose more than she would gain, because, without doubt, she would not be fit for any average sea, and she would lose by the submergence of less counter at when by the wind.

Or if advisable, any yacht so built might have her "cubic contents" estimated, as if she was built up to this measurement line, on the ground that she could not be a suitable vessel unless built up, and should be handicapped for her departure from correct naval construction.

If in any way we can devise a modification of the "cubic contents" system which shall be fair as between all styles of yachts, substantially it will be of great benefit, because for all the parts of the yacht below the water line this system is conceded to be a fair one, and having a definite and unvarying line in the water line itself deal above that established horizontal plane to measure this visible portion of the yacht, we ought to be able to reduce the conditions to such an equality as to give fair play to any construction of naval architecture in comparison with any other.

Let us hear from the champions of each system, and we shall all probably learn from the discussion. DAVID HALL HICK.

Boston, Feb. 10th.

MEASUREMENT.

In order that a question, simply enough in itself, may be explained to the best advantage, it will be advisable to first obtain a clear understanding of the purposes to be kept in view. The object, and the only object, of measurement and time allowance among yachts is to eliminate differences of size, so that the real comparative value of various models may be established by the test of racing.

It is quite manifest that if one vessel outsails another smaller than herself, the result is not a true indication of the relative merits of the two, until a correction has been applied to the larger one and whereby the effect of her excess in size will be eliminated—wiped out, as it were. The result as it would then stand represents a just comparison of the value of the models for speed. We established from this the first axiom:—

I. Measurement and time allowance are applied for the purpose of eliminating differences in size, and for that purpose only, so that variety in size may not be a hindrance to the practical comparison of variety in shape.

The object settled clearly in our minds, the next step will be naturally directed to the means by which the ends of measurement and time allowance are to be attained.

That the reasoning adopted shall be logical and free from all secondary disturbances whereby side issues would be created, we will devote attention to the simplest and plainest case imaginable. A. and B. desire to match their yachts for the purpose of deciding whether A's *Finback*, of 100 tons, or B's *Shellback*, of 120 tons, possesses the lines or shape most favorable to the development of speed. The secondary considerations of wind, tide, salinizing, four bottom and the like, we presume to be equal in both yachts, so that the question at issue will not be overshadowed by irrelevant matters. The race is sailed, and *Finback* leads by 10m. at the finishing line. It will not be pretended that the 10m. represents a correct gauge of the superiority in point of speed of *Finback* over *Shellback*, for the latter has had the advantages of the momentum due to her excess of twenty tons. If, with this advantage in her favor, the rival *Finback* has, nevertheless, beaten her by 10m., the question becomes, by how much tons would she have been beaten with the momentum of twenty tons ("power," among yachtsmen) obliterated? The answer to this is to be looked for in the tabulated allowances which experience has shown to be the amount due as a correction for the excess of 120 tons over 100 tons. When this "allowance" has been added to the actual period (10m.) by which the larger boat has been outdistanced, then we will have a correct expression in time of the difference in the value of the two vessels' models for speed. Certainly nothing can be well plainer than this, and since sound logic compels us to allow for differences in size, our second axiom follows as a matter of course:—

II. Since is the correct basis upon which time is to be allowed, and therefore a theoretically correct system of measurement must be based upon size.

If a little digression be permitted, we will here explain a phenomenon, common enough in practice but explicable upon a rational basis to comparatively few, and also thereby meet an objection which we know will occur to almost everyone when trying to accept, for once and all, the two axioms above mentioned. We allude to the well-known fact that size *per se* is an advantage altogether apart from model, and that size should be paid for to the full extent, even though the excess may be used for filling up a vessel's model, and deteriorating from her speed. To obtain an accurate and correct estimate of her altered model in competition with another, it is necessary to make her account in full for the increase of size, in spite of such increase having entered

with speed, for an increase of size of itself carries with it an increase of "power," no matter what its effect on model one way or the other, and time allowance is granted, according to axiom I., for the very purpose of neutralizing such a difference in power, and not in the results of speed. A little reflection on this point may be indulged in to advantage, for it is through failing to have axiom I. before their eyes that many confound the purposes of time allowance, and declaim wrongfully against making a vessel pay for heavier tonnage because the excess may not have promoted her speed—in fact, may have made a slower boat. But then it is just to find out how much slower than another she may have become that she must, nevertheless, pay for her increased size. This must be clearly understood, and anyone wishing to advance a scheme of measurement and allowance must first master this proposition, and never get astray, or his logic will not bear the crucial test of close reasoning.

Why a larger vessel has a natural advantage over a smaller one will be gleaned from the following figures:—

Tonnage.	Speed.	Momentum.	Ratio of Resistance.
100	2 knots.	200	Say 2.
200	2 knots.	400	Say 3.
100	6 knots.	600	18
200	6 knots.	1,200	36

The comparison is made between schooners of 100 tons and 200 tons. Assume that a certain wind will drive both alike fast (2 knots) owing to the larger one having a somewhat clumsier form, and that their resistances can be represented by 2 and 3 respectively. When the speed of the two has increased, let us say, to 6 knots, in consequence of a freshening of the wind, the momenta will have grown from 200 to 600 and from 400 to 1,200, exhibiting a much wider limit at the higher speed than at the lower.

Speeds.	Ratio of Resistance.	Difference.	Ratio of Difference of Resistance due to difference of form.
2	2-3	1	0.5
6	18-36	18	1.0

If the whole of this increase in momentum be necessary to overcome the increased resistance offered by the clumsier model, then the two vessels will still remain sailing side by side. If, however, only a portion thereof is required to balance the increased resistance, then the remaining "power," or momentum stored up, will serve to drive the 200-tonner at some speed greater than six knots, and she will forge ahead of the smaller schooner in spite of the latter's finer model. To continue upon our assumption: The resistance in ordinary models increases as the square of the speed at low velocities, hence that of the 100-tonner will at six knots be represented by eighteen. That of the 200-tonner, however, we accept as increasing in a slightly faster ratio owing to bluffer form, and if taken as the 2^d power of the speed will amount to 36, as noted in the second table above. The same table shows in the third column the differences between the resistances and in the fourth those differences have been referred to the ratios of the smaller schooner. Now it is evident that if at two knots an excess in momentum of 200 was required to overcome the larger vessel's clumsiness, the amount required at six knots will have increased above 200 in the same proportion as the ratios 0.5 and 1.0. In other words, 400 out of the difference between 1,200 and 600 will be used up in overcoming the excess of resistance due to inferior form, leaving a momentum of 200 as yet unused. This will exert itself in driving the larger vessel at

a greater speed than six knots, from which it follows that when the 100-tonner requires that rate the 200-tonner will go by her.

From the above it will appear plain enough that to obtain a correct expression of the superiority of the smaller vessel's form for speed the larger one must be made to account for her total excess of size (100 tons), for the whole 100 tons has come into play—first, in making up for want of good form; and second, in actually driving her ahead. In estimating the difference between two forms it is manifest that difference in size must pay, no matter where found. Axiom I., therefore, holds in all cases.

The next requisites will be granted by all without argument

III. A perfect system of measurement for time allowance must not place a premium upon any one form in particular, but must leave the designer absolutely untrammelled in all directions alike.

Any rule which takes into account only one or two dimensions necessarily compels the designer to extend in the directions or direction not taxed. Only one special form or type can be the outcome of such a rule, independently altogether of the desirability of such type for other purposes than evading just compensation to rival in a race. Ample proof of this is to be found abroad and at home. In England, where length and beam are taxed, yachts grow narrower and deeper from year to year. In America where length generally supplies the standard, yachts grow shorter, stumpler, wider and deeper with each succeeding summer. On the other hand, the Royal Nova Scotia Y. S. and its system, in which all three dimensions are considered, not only thoroughly satisfactory from a theoretical point of view, but capable of matching the greatest varieties in type from one extreme to the other.

IV. No system of measurement should be permitted which has a tendency in practice to produce undesirable or dangerous peculiarities.

No words need be wasted upon this. If it is found in practice, as has been asserted, that measurement by size has a direct influence upon freeboard, and will compel owners to cut it down to the minimum permissible for summer racing, thereby losing in cruising comforts and endangering their vessels in squalls and storm seas, it is not very difficult to circumvent this objection. Adopt a standard "depth for measurement" for different classes or sizes of vessels, make such depth depend upon length or other suitable factor, and the yacht designer will at once build up to the limit and not short of it. Danger of low freeboard will then be removed.

V. The system must admit of ready application and verification in practice.

Though the exact size of a vessel is to be attained only from drafts or plans, a sufficiently approximate rule can be devised for every-day practice which will place the adoption of a theoretically correct system within the capacity of the smallest club. Substitute for the gauging or calculating of cubical contents the simple multiplication of the three principal dimensions, length, beam and "standard depth," and the whole problem has been solved. A tape line, a plumb bob and a man who can read numbers is the whole stock in trade. Such a rule is founded upon logic and common sense, is unassailable mathematically, and is the only one which will in addition conform to the demands of the five axioms mentioned in this article.

Any rule which does not conform to them is faulty in conception, and certain in the end to prove vicious in effect.

—A cricket match was played at Acapulco, Mexico, in 1876 with a temperature of 135 degrees in the sun.

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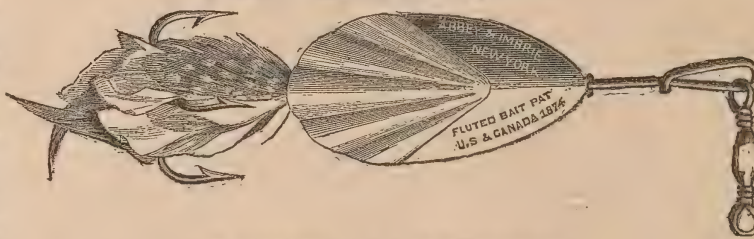
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The Kennel.
NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

New York, Feb. 17th, 1890.

PURSUANT to the authority invested in me by the National American Kennel Club, at its meeting held at Patoka, Ill., Nov. 21st, 1879, I have appointed as Secretary of the N. A. K. C. Mr. CHARLES DE RONGE, of No. 51 Broad street, New York City, who has accepted the position, and entered upon the duties of his office.

All entries for the Field Trials of the Club and for the American Derby of 1889, for the forthcoming second volume of the N. A. K. C. Stud Book, all nominations for membership, and all communications on business of the Club, should be addressed to
CHARLES DE RONGE, Secretary N. A. K. C., (P. O. Box 944.) 51 Broad St., N. Y. City.

CHARLES H. RAYMOND,
President N. A. K. C.

National American Kennel Club.

FIELD TRIAL DERBY OF 1880

THE first American Field Trial Derby will be run under the National American Kennel Club Rules, about the third week in November, 1880, and place to be hereafter announced, for setter and pointer puppies whelped on or after APRIL 1st, 1879.

First Prize, \$100; Second, \$100; Third, \$50. Entries, Five Dollars each, to be paid at time of entry; Ten Dollars additional each for starters, to be paid before starting.

Entries, giving full particulars as to color, markings, sex, pedigree and name, must be made on or before APRIL 1st, 1880, to the Secretary of the National American Kennel Club.

Any number of dogs, the property of one owner, can run for this stake. The names and pedigrees of all the puppies entered will be sent to all the sportsmen's papers for publication, and the points before the winning dogs in the same ratio or proportion as the stake is divided.

ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 1st, 1880.
For blank forms of entry apply to
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Newfoundland dog, "Keeper," four years old; first prize Westminster Kennel Show, 1879.
Pointer dog, "Crockett," liver and white; one and a half year old; out of Lord Sault's renowned stock—one of the handsomest pointers in the United States. Second prize in the Hanover International Show.
Blue Bolton setter, "Decimus Dash," eighteen months old; sired by Llewellyn's celebrated Dash—a magnificent stud dog—never exhibited.
Irish setter, "Rover II," pure red; son of Macdonald's champion, "Rover." Never exhibited.
English setter, "Tanger II," a pure bred Laverack, son of Macdonald's celebrated "Tanger." His get won first at Hanover and Paris shows, and second at Puy Stakes in Eastern Field Trials 1879.
Stud fee, \$25.00.

For Sale.
The get of the following thoroughbred Bitches.
St. Bernard "Hraunfels," rough coated, out of Prince Solm's celebrated stock; a magnificent bitch, in whelp to "Marco," 1st prizes in Hanover and Rochester show.
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Korral Show 1878, in whelp to "Crockett."
Gordon setter, "Beauty," 1st Boston Show 1878, 2nd New York show.
Pointer, "Dora," liver and white, out of "Queen" and "Sancho."
Blue Bolton setter, "Sue."
Irish Setter, "Moya," out of Col. Hilliard's "Palmerston," in whelp to "Rover II."
Pups can be secured by an early application. Besides 100 for sale pointers and setters of minor quality but of good stock and pedigree. Also, several puppies of champion "Queen," by champion "Sancho."
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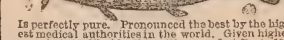
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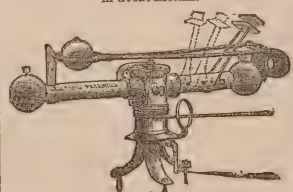
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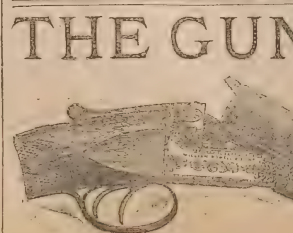
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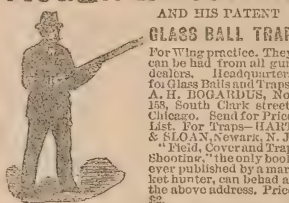
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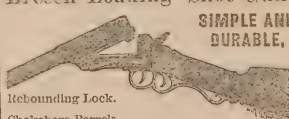
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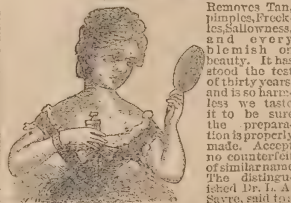
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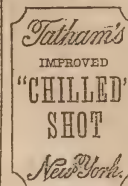
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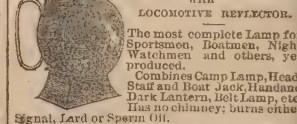
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Parmehenee and the Rangeley Circuit.

OUR party, consisting of N. A. Roberts, F. Stevenson, Jr., F. S. Fay and the writer, left M. on the morning of Aug. 19th, 1879, for the woods. At Boston we purchased a round trip ticket for eighteen dollars, and taking the Eastern Railroad at 8.30 A.M., reached Portland at 12.30 P.M. At this place a portion of the train is transferred to the Grand Trunk depot, thus avoiding expense of carriage across the city. At the Grand Trunk depot a fair dinner is furnished for fifty cents, and at 2 P.M. the traveler resumes his journey, via the Grand Trunk Railroad. Sixty-three miles takes him to Bryant's Pond, where he arrives at 4.20 P.M., and there he finds a coach in waiting to take him to Andover, twenty-one miles. As soon as the coach is loaded we move onward, and in a couple of hours' time we reach Rumford, eight miles inland, where horses are changed, and we get a very comfortable supper. After a half hour's delay the driver cracks his whip, and we resume our journey in the deepening twilight. Shortly after leaving Rumford we move cautiously down the west bank of the Androscoggin River, but when we reach the border, look in vain for a bridge. Before us is a stream of some thirty rods in width, with a brisk current, whose waters are dark and threatening, and over which we are to be transported. There is no ferryboat, only a small floating wharf, just large enough to hold a coach and four, but with no safeguards. Without ado, however, the horses are driven thereon, but there they are sure to stop. "Never fear," says the whip; "they don't love the water any more than you do." Fairly upon it, and the ferryman, by means of ropes connecting with a large cable tethered to either shore, draws the nose of the wharf up to the cable, and the current setting against it, it starts like a thing of life, and in a few minutes the horses dash up the opposite bank. The sensation is both exciting and agreeable.

Evening is now fairly upon us, and we creep slowly along in the darkness thirteen miles further, over a rough and hilly, but picturesque, road, till we reach Andover, a matter of three hours' journey, arriving usually from 9 to 9.30 P.M. At Andover are two good hotels—the

Andover House, the ancient hostelry, and French's, lately built.

From Andover to "Arm of the Lake," on the Richardson (or "Welokenabook") the distance is twelve miles, but no Concord coach takes one there; the road forbids, for it is rough, rugged and rocky, and it requires a buckboard to accomplish the journey. Leaving Andover at 8 A.M. you soon leave denuded fields behind, and plunge into wooded lands, where tall and shapeless trees obscure the sun and partially shut out the light of day, the only opening visible being a rugged, narrow road, which winds its sinuous course through the unbroken forest.

About noon you emerge from the wilderness to find yourself once more in the sunshine upon the borders of a beautiful lake, the Welokenabook, where, planting yourself upon a rock or stump, you possess your soul in patience, till in the distance you see a faint trace of smoke rising heavenward, and soon the little steamer, the *Welokenabook*—a mere toy—approaches the landing. An hour is spent after its arrival in "wooding up" and getting things aboard; then the little crew slowly worms you across the lake to Middle Dam, four miles distant in miles and forty-five minutes in time. "Anglers' Retreat" is the name of the new "hotel" that holds out its invitation to receive you, and as there is no "opposition" house here there are no vociferating hackmen clamoring in your ears the various hotels they run for; but you get quietly off the boat and pursue the even tenor of your way up a long plank walk to the backwoods retreat, where you are kindly taken in charge for the moderate sum of \$1.50 per day. The old Retreat has outlived its usefulness, and is now falling to pieces from gradual decay. Worms find a home in its rotting timbers, and horses and cattle find protection from the inclemency of the weather beneath its roof. What an ignoble use to dedicate its historic walls to! How many a merry gathering have its timbers witnessed! How many jolly songs and cheery laughter have its primitive walls reechoed!

Alas! never more will its dumb sides resound the hearty jokes that went round in those early days when few drank in the glories of this famous fishing ground. But it is not my purpose to moralize, but to paint as nearly as possible an accurate picture of this delightful country; and having reached this point in our journey let me say, taking Middle Dam as the starting point, it is my purpose to give practical information of time, distance and expense of making the Rangeley circuit, if I may be allowed the figure of speech, and at the conclusion of this article may be found a compact summary table for the scrap book of the sportsman.

From Middle Dam there are two routes to Parmehenee, viz., via Indian Rock, and the Megalloway. Having chosen the latter my description will be by that way. The old carry from Middle Dam to Umbagog—Cedar Stump—has been abandoned, and the new carry now follows the old road about three miles, when it turns to the northward and strikes the east arm of the Umbagog, five and a half miles all told from Middle Dam.

The steamer *Diamond* at present makes three trips weekly, starting from Upton about 8 A.M. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, reaching the arm at 9 A.M.; the old carry from Middle Dam, turning up river reaches Brown's Farms, on the Megalloway, about four miles, where a comfortable spring wagon takes you to the farms, two miles distant, for dinner. A buckboard leaves M. D. each steamer day at 7 A.M. The road is very rough and rocky and you ride for \$1 or walk, as you choose, sending your luggage by buckboard at seventy-five cents per 100 pounds. If you ride, the fare of \$1 includes the carry of your luggage.

At Brown's Farms you make a bargain to carry you to Fred. Flint's camp, at the head of Ariscoos Falls, seven miles, or previously arrange for boats to meet you at Brown's and pull to the foot of the falls and then carry around. The former is the better way. Five dollars took our party and luggage from Brown's to Flint's. From Brown's to foot of falls the road is good, but the carry around the falls is very bad, and luggage must be taken across on a buck and you must walk or take a terrible jolting.

You reach Flint's usually late in the afternoon, and if wise you tie up here for the night, for you will find a comfortable dwelling of modern pretensions—neat, comfortable beds and a good table, with plenty of milk, for Fred. keeps a cow, and I can vouch that she gives rich milk. Terms, \$1.50 per day for sportsmen and \$1 for guides.

At 6.30 A.M., Aug. 23d, we shoved our boats into the current, and the strong arms of our guides began pulling us up the Megalloway. The river at this point is some eight or ten rods wide, with no perceptible current upon the surface, yet with a strong undertow. Four miles the hour is called "good time," and as the distance to the foot of the Little Megalloway—where you disembark—is thirty-three miles, it's a pretty good day's work to make the river in one day from Flint's Camp.

The points of interest between Flint's and the Little Megalloway, i. e., the fishing points, are, from point to point—Flint's to Beaver Brook, two miles; Parker Hill Pond Eddy, two miles; Bog Brook, one mile; Narrows,

four miles; Hunter's Camp, five miles; Lower Metallic Pond, one mile; Foot of Meadows, four miles; Upper Metallic Pond, five miles; Head of Meadows, five miles; Foot of Little Megalloway, four miles; total, thirty-three miles.

As we were anxious to make Danforth's Camp by nightfall we omitted fishing en route, and at 12.45 P.M. we found ourselves at a camping spot near the Upper Metallic, twenty-four miles from Flint's. Tethering our boats to the bushes on shore, we disembarked and soon had a fine kettle of tea steeping over a brush fire. Tea, by the way, is the nectar of the guides; give them plenty of meat and they will rail as long as the oars hold out; and right here is a good time, while we are waiting for the pot to boil, to say a kind word for our guides, John Eastman and John Olsen, both faithful, trustworthy and reliable guides, and thoroughly familiar with this section of the country; ever willing to do all that is required and strictly temperate in their habits, both denying the use of ardent spirits. While waiting for steam to get up—in the teapot we visited Metallic Pond to look for deer; we saw a fresh trail but the deer which made it was *not* *not*, as so the law "was on" we didn't shoot him. After a hasty, but by no means light lunch, we resumed our boats, and lighting our pipes, drunk in the beauties of nature as we lazily and dreamily puffed our way up stream. A word about the Megalloway. It is what might be termed a flat, lazy stream, with clear and creeping waters, bordered on either hand by low lands thickly covered with spruce, tamarack, hemlock, etc., mostly soft wood. Its course is very crooked, and it often "boxes the compass" in a half-mile run. This, added to the wild, rugged aspect of the surrounding country, gives a touch of romance to the journey.

Resuming our journey we find nothing of special importance to interrupt our dreamy thoughts till we arrive within three-fourths of a mile of the landing. Here we encounter rapids too strong to stem with loaded craft, so we leave our luggage to the care of our guides and find our way along a well beaten path near the river, while our guides pole up the boats. A delay of some thirty minutes is occasioned by the rapids and we again embark, but only to make about one-fourth of a mile, when we find ourselves, at 3.30 P.M., at the foot of the Little Megalloway, thirty miles from Fred. Flint's, and our journey is over. Spiked to a tree hard by you will find these words:

"For a team to cross the carry fire two shots, and on being answered fire two more. G. S. FLINT."

Elevating our double-barrelled Parker at an angle of 45 degrees, we fired in quick succession two shots of buck, then attentively listened, when, after a little, through the branches of the tall forest trees came the sharp crack of a rifle, when again we gave two more, and in less than thirty minutes there came lumbering down upon us an ordinary stone drag, drawn by a dilapidated loping horse, which presented the appearance of an animal fed upon the provender of the country, brush. But, *nil importe*, he took our truck safely over the carry, four miles, to Parmehenee Lake, at the modest charge of five dollars, while we made the same on foot in one hour and ten minutes. The carry, after leaving the Megalloway, is less than thirty rods, and then we came to the Megalloway, where you reach "Spoff Flint's Camp," or G. S. Flint's, which is situated on the border of "Sunday Pond," which he has stocked with trout for the entertainment of his guests. His camp is a comfortable one, and, on *dit*, he sets a very good table. At this point the carry turns northward, and three and one half miles further, over a comfortable but some foot hilly path, you reach the south border of Parmehenee. At the termination of the carry is erected a flag-staff which boasts a white flag of peace. Quickly to the pinnacle we hoisted the emblem, and in a few moments our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a miniature speck a mile and a half up the lake, which upon approach proved to be a boat to take us to "Camp Caribou," the name with which John S. Danforth has christened his wilderness lodge. In twenty minutes we were all safely stowed, and in twenty more we moored our boat at his wharf, just as the hands of our watches had passed the figure which divides 6 from 6 P.M.

We were greeted by our old guide with an enthusiasm which awakened the pleasant memories of four years ago, when we first penetrated this section, and before any lodge disturbed the quiet of its waters. The cool breeze of the lake, after our hasty doing of the carry, sent a slight chill through our frames, and we were right glad upon stepping into the lodge to find a merry white birch fire blazing upon the iron hearth of an old-fashioned Franklin; and after the usual introduction to the brothers of the rod present we made ourselves at home before the genial fire glow. A short history of Danforth and his camp I am sure will not prove uninteresting at this time.

Some four years ago "Johnny Danforth" conceived the idea of planting his foot in this beautiful and sequestered spot, and to that end set about erecting his cabin on the shores of this mountain-hemmed lake; but ere he had it inclosed against the elements of the fast-approaching winter a voice of authority stayed his

hand. Again he essayed to fell the towering pine to the same end, but again were his labors stayed in their progress, and now he found that a petty jealousy of a camp proprietor was exercising its influence against his getting a foothold here. Being a stranger, with no influential friends, he was unable to get a permit from the land-owners, while he and his motives were grossly traduced by his jealous opponent. Nothing daunted, however, he now determined to anchor here. So with the indomitable pluck of a master backwoodsman, as he is, he shouldered his ax, marched up the lake, selected a quiet spot where there were no signs of a cherry blaze that beamed from his hearth, and with a few well-timed strokes laid a goodly number of the denizens of the forest low, and in a short time had constructed a raft of mighty logs, thoroughly secured together as only a skillful woodsman knows how to do. Upon this solid foundation, anchored off shore, he piled his logs and raised his cabin, and ere the winter snows visited him in earnest we find him toasting his weary limbs over a cheery blaze that beamed from his hearth.

Man has too much reverence for genuine pluck to suffer it to go long unrewarded. His indomitable perseverance won him the respect of the land-owners, and an acquaintance began which ended in a permit to erect his lodge upon a small island at the upper end of the lake, and last winter he gave the finishing touch to his now roomy and comfortable camp.

The island upon which his burglar's (three in number) are located contains about one and a half acres in area. All the buildings are framed of spruce, with spruce studs and rafters, and clapboarded with planed clapboards. All of the timbers, studs and rafters are peeled, and, there being no finish inside, their glossy surfaces give appearance of varnish, and render the rooms decidedly cheerful. The main building, which stands immediately in front, is two and a half stories high, 20x30 on the ground, and is a fine example of the "cabin," Mr. and Mrs. Pickett, formerly of Brown's farm, who attend to the culinary department and "run" the hotel for "Johnny." The kitchen and dining room occupy the first floor, and bed-rooms above. Immediately in the rear of the main room is the general comfort room, or guests' sitting room, a building 17x20, all in one room even to the ridge. A large open Franklin sends out a mellow warmth into its ample space, while the delicate "cabin," of spruce, glitters and shines in the bright, cheerful light. The appointments are simple. A small writing desk fixed against the wall, a half dozen shelves with a few books and papers, the *impetumetum* of departed sportsmen, a sink with wash bowl and towels, two small tables, a wooden bench, a few home-made chairs and a swinging hammock are all its walls are decorated with actual drafts of three large trout, caught here since the camp was erected, the largest representation having been taken by Henry C. Haven, June 1st, 1879, at Little Boys' Falls, and weighed five and a half pounds. Further back, but to one side of this building, is the lodging camp, 20x30, having six comfortable rooms on the lower floor, and six beds, all in one room, in the attic.

Through the long and dreary winter of '78 and '79 "Johnny," with only one assistant, toiled and struggled with his pet scheme, seeing no friendly face but his companion from far and near. Boards and timber were all wrought by hand, with the aid of ax, saw and plane. To appreciate the task one must see the whole affair, which is a marvel of handiwork. But I will not weary the reader with description, only simply add Camp Caribou is the most comfortable lodge I ever came across in the wilderness. Somewhat difficult of access, rates of living here are higher than in some places, being \$2 per day, or \$10 per week, including board and timber, and also, for the hungry fisherman to such fare as trout, venison, ham and eggs, griddle cakes and maple syrup, tea, coffee, etc., etc. I must be pardoned for saying a kind word for "Johnny." He is the best guide I ever went into the woods with. Eleven years of hardship in the forest primeval have given him a thorough knowledge of all that is useful to a sportsman. He is naturally very intelligent, and possesses a good natural knowledge of woodcraft, and what he does not know he acquires by the way of the learning. Trapping in winter, and fishing and hunting in summer, have given him a familiarity with the country and a store of useful knowledge. He is thoroughly honest, reliable and temperate.

The points of interest about Parmeneche are, first, the lake proper, about the shoals of which trout are plentiful, and may be taken in quantities in the season, ranging from four to six or seven pounds, and the lake itself is about three miles long by two wide, and is almost entirely surrounded by mountains, which are thickly studded with trees and thick undergrowth, and presents upon a still day a most charming picture. The most promising fishing point is Little Boys' Falls, three miles from Camp Caribou, viz., one mile to the mouth of the inlet (the Megalloway), and two miles up river. The "Falls" are a small affair, being a drop of only six or eight feet over a broken ledge, but at the foot of the pool, where large trout love to congregate. We tried our flies here, but got nothing larger than half pound.

At the outlet of the lake, one and a half miles from camp, the fishing is fine in June and September, and large trout are frequently taken here. The largest taken by our party weighed about two pounds.

Farther down the stream, about a mile below the outlet, Black Cat Brook empties into the river and trout are abundant, but not so large as above; however, they are often taken weighing from one to two pounds.

Our party remained at Danforth's five days, and, although we had trout at every meal, we had to stop catching, because we could not eat them fast enough.

Parties visiting Danforth's, if they have a taste for something wilder, will find good hunting and fishing in the back country, and, if they are not tired of the lake, being plenty ten or twelve miles back, or up the Megalloway River. Rump Pond, eight miles up stream, is a favorite camping ground, and parties can get fitted out at Danforth's for the expedition. I would remark in passing, that, to visit Parmeneche, parties need not take blankets or any outfit whatever for camping out, for they can be had at Danforth's. From the Rangely Chain to Parmeneche is now but a day's journey, however you may go, unless you prefer to idle by the way and try the favorite fishing pools which abound along the river banks.

After a pleasant tarry of five days at Parmeneche, we turned our faces homeward.

At 8:30 A.M., Friday, Aug. 29th, we bade adieu to the pleasant island, and at 9 A.M. we reached the mouth of the Black Cat, two and one-half miles, where the west and Cuscutup Rivers terminate. A few minutes sufficed to pack our goods and gather our own load, and we started across the carry. This carry is called five miles; but I have walked over a great many and value my opinion, and I enter it upon my journal as eight miles. We were all pretty good walkers and loaded light, and were three hours and five minutes making it. This, however, included thirty-five minutes in stops, making the actual time two and one-half hours. As *pride* we came upon a flock of partridges and bagged the lot—seven. We could not help it, they would not fly; and we shot them down in cold blood, not for sport, but because we wanted them for our supper.

Much has been said about this being a bad carry, but we all pronounced it an exceedingly good one. There is, occasionally, a windfall, it is true, but they are few, and now and then a steep locality, but they are not many. The underbrush is all cut away, the path well-beaten, and but few rocks beset your footsteps. I wish, indeed, I might never encounter a worse.

Reaching the banks of Cuscutup River about 12 M., we waited thirty minutes before our guides came up. It should be borne in mind that they carried about seventy-five pounds of luggage each, which may explain their delay.

It rained quite hard at spells while crossing, and we were somewhat wet when we got over. We built a fire, however, and as the rain held up we got pretty nearly dry by the time our guides arrived. We found our boats in waiting to take us down the river; and I will remark by the way that Danforth keeps boats constantly at both ends of this carry for the accommodation of sportsmen going and coming.

After a hasty lunch, which all did ample justice to, we started down the river, and pole our way down the narrow and shallow Cuscutup a distance of eight miles, where we encountered rapids, and leaving our boats at the head of the same, again shouldered our luggage and made a carry of a half-mile to the foot of the rapids, where other and better boats awaited us. At this point the rain came heavily upon us, and we were glad to avail ourselves of a friendly tent which a brother sportsman had erected here, but who at this time was completely away. About 1 P.M. the rain cleared away, and we continued our rubber coats and pushed our boats into the current. The stream now becomes wider and deeper, and our guides bent to their oars. Shortly after starting the rain came in torrents, enlivened occasionally with thunder and lightning. One of our party discharged his gun, which burst a cloud in our immediate vicinity, and its contents threatened to deluge us for a few moments, but by the time we had bent our heads down to the rapids to Indian Rock the distance is eight miles, viz., four to the head of Cuscutup Lake and four more across it to Indian Rock.

Two hours' pulling took us to Camp Kennebec at Indian Rock, which is situated about one mile up Kennebec stream, where it and Rangely stream unite to empty their waters into Cuscutup Lake. The view from the foot of the rapids to Cuscutup Lake is very delightful, wild, romantic.

Cuscutup River for most of the way is very narrow and very crooked, more so than the Megalloway, which is so crooked that the water sometimes forgets which way to flow. The channel is shallow and narrow, and at points we had difficulty in getting through the narrow passes, which were choked with the dry float-wood. Along its banks, where sand bars make their way out into the stream, we saw multitudes of deer tracks, and in one instance those of a caribou. Ducks, too, are quite numerous in its waters, but it requires great care to get within shooting distance.

Having reached Indian Rock our journey is nearly over. Camp Kennebec is owned and run by an association of sportsmen who love to angle, and who believe—may their tribe increase!—in obedience to law of fish and game. They have a large building devoted to their comfort (now just finished), besides one for guides and other necessary out-buildings. The Superintendent, C. S. Richardson, remains here the entire year and looks to their affairs. He is a genial, good-natured soul, with proper gifts to fill the position to which he has been assigned. Of medium height, with beaming face and piercing eye and long gray whiskers and moustache, he looks a very Puritan. A Miles Standish is it were. He greets you with a hearty smile, and happily and cheerily you stay his quaint remarks furnish you an untold fund of pleasure.

Camp Kennebec is open to visitors during the season, except in June and September, when it is devoted to members of the club and their friends. The regular charge for board is \$1.50 per day, and less by the week, and they set the best table in the wilderness. The camp is situated on a sandy point, between the confluence of Kennebec and Rangely streams, and one of the finest fishing hereabouts is at this junction where the waters unite.

Leaving Indian Rock to complete the lake circuit we pass down the river on the little steamer *Ogussee* into Cuscutup Lake, thence into the Moosecumagantic, making our first stop at Soule's camp, about two miles from Indian Rock, a comfortable lodge looking out upon the lake, and whose doors are always open for a consideration to the sportsman.

Leaving Soule's the steamer makes its way across the lake, eleven miles, when it enters a narrow outlet a mile in length and finally brings up at Upper Dam, where a small hotel and a half dozen other buildings look out upon this narrow neck of water. The fishing at this dam is often very fine, and while we were stopping at the rock Marshall Whitney, guide and tyer of flies, of Upton, took three good trout, weighing respectively six and a half, five and a half, and three pounds.

A carry of one-fourth of a mile takes us to the head of Lake Molechunemunk, where the steamer *Welokenebacook* makes its connection with the upper lakes. Leaving Upper Dam the steamer passes down the lake above named through a narrow neck of water about a mile in length and into Lake Welokenebacook, or more often perhaps it is called Lake Richardson. From Upper Dam to Middle Dam is about ten miles.

I have now given the complete circuit, having started from and returned to Middle Dam; and I have little more to add, to conclude this sketch of the Rangely section.

Coming in *via* Andover we determined to go out *via* Farmington. From Indian Rock across the carry to Rangely Lake is one and three-fourths miles. Travelers walk and their luggage is carried across on a buckboard for \$1. The steamer runs on the Rangely every day, Sundays included, and leaves foot of the lake at 10 A.M. From this point to Rangely City is six miles, which the little steamer *Mollychunemunk* makes in about an hour, arriving about 11 o'clock. The stage from Rangely City, however, does not leave till 2 o'clock, thus giving ample time for dinner. There are two hotels here, the latter, the *Law House* and the *Greenvale*. The former is much the larger. Rangely has a population of about 500 inhabitants.

After touching at Rangely the steamer continues on to Greenville, at the head of the lake, three miles distant, and passengers can stop at either point for dinner. Greenville has only two or three houses. Rangely Lake is considered the handsomest of the lakes, but it does not afford the best fishing.

Leaving Rangely at 2 P.M., you soon find yourself upon a very hilly and somewhat steep road—now up, now down, but affording a very fine view of the surrounding country, which presents on either hand lofty mountains and deep valleys. Your progress is necessarily slow, especially as the horses upon this route are none of the best.

Four miles an hour is a fair average. The first stopping place after leaving Rangely City and Greenville is Beach Hill, or half-way house, where we changed horses, nine miles from Greenville and twelve from Rangely.

About 5 P.M. we renewed our journey, and about 7 P.M. we drove up to the Barden House at Phillips, Me., nine miles from Beach Hill and twenty-one from Rangely. A word for the Barden—it is first class. Phillips has a population of about 1,500, and supports two or three good hotels.

To reach Farmington in time for the train (8:45 A.M.) you must leave Phillips early; so at 4:30 we were called to breakfast, and at 5 A.M. we were smoking our pipes on the stage top just as the sun was putting in an appearance. About 7 A.M. we reached Strong, a small township, where we crossed Sandy River upon a suspension bridge, exchanged mails, and re-crossing, resumed our route over a rough and hilly road. At 8:30 we drove up to the depot, and the train drove out of the station. From Farmington to Portland is eighty-four miles, and the train arrives here at 12:57, giving thirteen minutes to connect with Boston and Maine or Eastern (or Boston). The train runs into the Eastern Depot at Portland, but if you wish to take the Boston and Maine you change at Boston and Maine transfer station.

For convenience of reference and for the scrap-book I give below a table of distances, time and fares from Boston to Parmeneche and return:

	Distance, Miles.	Time, H. M.	Fares.
Boston to Portland.....	308	4 40	1 20
Portland to Bryant's Pond.....	62	2 30	84 00
Bryant's Pond to Rumford.....	8	2 00	0 50
Rumford to Andover.....	12	3 00	2 00
Andover to Arm of Lake.....	4	0 45	0 75
Arm of Lake to Middle Dam.....	5	2 00	1 00
Middle Dam to Arm of Umbagog.....	10	2 00	1 00
Arm of Umbagog to Brown's Landing.....	2	0 30	0 25
Brown's Landing to Browns' Farm (hotel).....	5	0 50	1 00
Browns' Farm to Arisenoa Carry.....	1	1 00	for party
Arisenoa Carry to Fred. Flint's.....	23	0 60	Best.
Fred. Flint's to "Spoff's" Camp.....	3	0 15	Best.
"Spoff's" Camp to Farmington.....	14	1 00	Best.
Farmington to Danforth's Falls.....	11	0 40	Best.
Danforth's to Black Cat Brook.....	21	0 40	Best.
Black Cat Brook to Cuscutup Lake.....	8	2 30	Best.
End of Carry to Cuscutup Falls.....	9	2 30	Best.
Cuscutup Falls to Indian Rock.....	1	0 15	Foot.
Indian Rock to head of Megalloway Lake.....	4	1 00	Best.
Head of Cuscutup Lake to Indian Rock.....	4	1 00	Best.
Indian Rock to Soule's Camp.....	2	0 20	0 25
Soule's Camp to foot of Moosecumagantic.....	11	1 30	...
Foot of Moosecumagantic to Upper Dam.....	1	0 10	1 10
Upper Dam Carry to Mollychunemunk.....	10	0 30	Best.
Upper Dam to Middle Dam.....	10	1 30	1 00
Middle Dam to Rangely Lake.....	11	1 30	1 00
Rangely Lake to Rangely City.....	6	1 00	...
Rangely City to Greenville.....	3	0 30	1 10
Greenville to Beach Hill.....	9	2 00	2 00
Beach Hill to Phillips.....	9	2 30	1 00
Phillips to Farmington.....	20	3 30	1 00
Farmington to Portland.....	84	3 15	...
Portland to Boston.....	308	4 40	6 25

The following are the steamer connections:

Steamer connections on Mollychunemunk, or Lower Richardson—leaves Middle Dam for Upper Dam, 8 A.M.; leaves Upper Dam for Middle Dam, 10 A.M.; leaves Middle Dam for South Arm, 11 A.M.; leaves South Arm for Middle Dam, 12 to 1 P.M.; leaves Middle Dam for Upper Dam, 1 to 2 P.M.; leaves Upper Dam for Middle Dam, 4 P.M., connecting on each trip at Upper Dam with steamer for Indian Rock, etc.

On Moosecumagantic or Upper Richardson the steamer leaves Indian Rock for Upper Dam, 8 A.M., and Upper Dam for Indian Rock, 2 to 4 P.M., making only one trip daily, connecting with the steamer on lower lake.

On the Umbagog, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays the steamer leaves Upton for Middle Dam Carry about 8 A.M.; leaves Middle Dam Carry for Errol and Brown's Landing, 9 A.M.; leaves Brown's Landing for Upton, 12 to 1 P.M.

On Rangely Lake the steamer leaves Rangely Outlet for Greenville and Greenville for A.M.; leaves (return) for Greenville for Rangely Outlet at 2 P.M. One trip daily.

I have now, patient reader, finished the task which I set myself about, viz., to furnish information which no guide book contains, yet the want of which I experienced when contemplating this most delightful trip. By its aid you may, with patience, calculate the time required and expense necessary to make any trip you may desire to make. I would remark that a small party can easily make a two weeks trip from Boston for 300. You can add to this by extravagance and save upon it by camping out part of the time. If you attempt it, take the advice of the writer of an article which appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM* a few weeks since—its author

cannot be questioned. Make up your mind to begin your enjoyment with the beginning of your trip. Make up your bargain in advance when you can, and if you know precisely where you wish to go, buy through tickets; you can easily deviate here and there and strike your circuit again. You will find a delightful country and plenty of trout, but it may not fall to your lot to capture the large ones. Take such as rise to your fly and rest content. An ordinary stock of little use, as a rule, for birds, without a dog. They are too tame to fly, and the chances are you will pass without seeing them. For deer, a rifle or gun with buckshot is what you need; at the proper season you can shoot all you ought to with either.

Finally, aim to be a true sportsman, keep your temper, don't bully your guides, and you will be happy and return a better man from your intercourse with nature.

GEO. A. FAY.

Natural History.

WINTER IN WYOMING.

COMO, WYOMING TER., Feb. 7th, 1890.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I sent you a little while ago a list of some of the birds which have ventured to brave the severities of a Wyoming winter. Small as that list then was, it has become of late still smaller. For the past month I have looked in vain for a wing to darken the wintry sky. Even our solitary *Colinus ludovicianus excubitorides*, the common snipe, has left, and eagles and hawks have either kept at home or gone elsewhere. The weather has been more severe of late than in December.

We notice that on a day prelude to a storm, after a very mild one, birds are about, especially birds of prey, and for a good reason, for at the same time there seems a general premonitory stir among the other animals. Snow-white jack-rabbits begin to run about, as if seeking for a suitable shelter against the impending storm. Towards evening many of these run frolicking out into the open prairie, and sit on their haunches like specters; then not unfrequently an owl is seen hovering over their playground, while eagles and hawks have been watching them during the day. There is an uneasiness, too, among the herds of cattle, and in our mines we not unfrequently find the abundant footprints of those little marauders, the mountain rat (*Neotoma cinerea*), showing that they, too, have been on the stir during the night, looking for something to steal and amuse themselves with, during the time that they are to be snowed in. Snow-birds begin to appear in small flocks around the railroad station. The snow-bunting of late has been the commonest of these. The gray crowned finch (*Leucosticte tephrocotis*) has not called on us for some time. With the snow-buntings a few days ago, during very severe weather, I saw a shore lark (*Eremophila alpestris*), the first I have seen doing duty in this region as a snow-bird, though common enough during the summer months, when I have often found its nest in a slight depression at the roots of a tuft of grass, especially in Colorado, and later on have caught the fledglings. In South Park, Colorado, at an altitude of 10,000 feet, I have noticed them during the early fall, and thought I recognized some change in their plumage. This specimen was very lame, and was feeding with a couple of snow-buntings around the station at Como. It seemed as if its colors were brighter than usual, especially the yellow under the black cravat and the soft roseate hue on the back, like the last blush of a winter sunset on the prairie. Perhaps he was getting himself up with a view to Valentine's day, or possibly the colors may have seemed brighter by contrast with the snow.

One summer day in Colorado, myself and three companions were caught in a terrific thunder and hail storm on the open prairie. We took shelter in a broken-down claim shanty, and amid the roar of the thunder and a perfect bombardment of hailstones as large as marbles, a number of these little birds came in under the boards for shelter and nestled at our feet, fearing less the presence of man than the storm of frozen bullets outside. Mr. W. H. Reed, of Como, who is well known to the readers of this paper as a hunter and close original observer of nature, says that once during a heavy snow storm an *Eremophila* came into his tent and took shelter there for some days, feeding out of his hand and allowing itself to be freely handled. He also relates that one day on passing a bank of drift snow lying against some sage-brush he noticed some little holes in the snow, and on removing the bank he found a hundred or more of snow-birds of two species—the *Eremophila* and the *Junco hyemalis*, or Eastern snow-bird, and the common snow-bird—huddled together. The holes, he thinks, they had pecked in the snow for air-holes, and the whole party was passed, reminding one of the sheep in Colorado, which when overtaken in a snow drift are said to work down to the bottom of the feet on the ground till released. Of this batch, however, they caught fifty or more, and

Five and fifty snow-birds made a Christmas pie.

Such being the premonitory signals of a snow storm among the feathered and four-footed animals, it behooves man to take warning, gather in a pile of firewood, put an extra blanket on the bed, and bethink him how he is going to spend two or three days in which it will be next to impossible for him to stir out. In the night up-springs the northwester; the lanes fairly rocks; no amount of blankets seems to keep out the intense cold. In the morning he comes down stairs to find the windows opaque and garnished with strange delineations of ferns and foliage. He would fain warm the handle of his knife at the stove at breakfast, for it is like a clunk of ice. The clocks have all stopped during the night, and everything

that could freeze is frozen stiff. I once tried to paint in water colors with a wet-hot stove on my back, but the brush would throw nothing but ice on the paper. Thermometer is between 20 and 80 degrees below zero, and on Christmas Day, 35 to 38 degrees.

Outside a storm is raging; not merely the falling snow, but a dense cloud of driving drift—so dense that the station, only thirty yards distant, is barely visible. Owing to the tremendous and almost ceaseless gales the snow never lies more than a few inches deep on a level in Wyoming, but is often drifted into enormous banks. The trackmen, whom the storm rules of the Union Pacific Railroad oblige to, are the only ones to turn out, and they come back at dinner time veritable pictures of old Father Christmas, beards and moustaches one sheet of ice, and not unfrequently with frozen noses and ears which have to be brought to by a cold application of snow. Large herds of cattle fly before the storm, and many drop out by the way, and their frozen carcasses dot the prairie next day. At this season they are also, especially the long-horned Texans, particularly ferocious. Many an encounter has occurred this season between our men and them, in which the genus *Homo* has been glad to take to the rocks. The bulls do not always have it their own way, however, for one of them happening to meet a stout Irish the man armed with a sledge-hammer, in a railroad cutting, disputed the right of way and charged. The man struck him fair between the eyes, and "*Sternit huius bos*."

The storm generally lasts for two or three days, and is then as suddenly followed by soft, mild-weather. Then appear the tracks of all the fauna of Como on the snow. Rabbits have sallied out in the night to call on other rabbits and inquire how they have weathered it; hares have crept out from their thick sage brush to listen to the howl of the coyote, whose tracks are seen everywhere, and in some places a general scurry on the snow shows where some hare or rabbit has doubled on his pursuer. Then again curious little imprints at regular intervals, with a straight furrowed line between them, show where some mouse or gopher has made plunging leaps through the snow, so much out of its depth, dragging its tail after him. Below are the "footprints" of the night.

If the weather is fine a few hawks or eagles may rarely be seen against the sky. Such is a brief sketch of pretty tough winter weather in Wyoming. A. LAKES.

ABOUT THE BOHEMIAN WAXWING.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

IN November of 1839 I first met with *Ampelis garrulus*. That beautiful, strange, wandering bird, of which so much has been said and so little known. I was in company at the time with the late Dr. Jared P. Kirtland, and as a student, was in search of some kind of a bird in order that he might teach me the art of taxidermy. We only met that afternoon with a flock of birds that we supposed at the time to be the common cherry bird (*Ampelis cedrorum*). By a lucky shot we secured a number for the evening's work, which was spent in skinning and mounting a pair of them, the Doctor remarking all the while that they were the largest and most extraordinary colored cherry birds he had ever seen; in fact before we got through our work he declared them to be the regular, genuine Bohemian waxwing, which up to this time had never before been taken in hand by an American naturalist. To be sure Dr. D. D. Baird, in his "Barns, Boreal America," mentions seeing a single male specimen at the Hudson Bay House in 1831, but was not able to procure it. From his observation Audubon added this species to the fauna of North America. Dr. Kirtland, after his discovery, was not slow to make it known to Audubon by letter. The returning mail brought an answer that the bird in question must be the common cherry bird, as the Doctor had seen a number of European birds, as mentioned by Richardson, was only a wanderer from the Old Continent. Doctor Kirtland then sent to Audubon a fine skin of this bird, but I do not know that the latter took further interest in the matter or even recognized in any way that the bird was common to the country.

Until within the last ten years the Bohemian waxwing has been a constant winter visitor here, arriving the last of November in close flocks of fifty to two hundred and more, remaining in certain localities where food abounded through the winter. A few stragglers have been often taken as late as the 1st of May. In December of 1841 I saw a flock of these birds on their way South that must have numbered many thousands by careful calculation. The flock was over two miles long by twenty rods in width. I procured several specimens from among them. The day following this flight was the commencement of the heaviest snow-storm that has visited this locality since. The great attraction for the waxwing here was the abundance of mountain ash berries; every lawn and front yard grew many of these trees; of late they have gone out of fashion, and the waxwings with them.

I have asked of the Park and Cemetery Commissioners to plant the mountain ash so as to call back this beautiful winter visitor.

The Bohemian waxwing does not breed in this region, but I am informed by Captain John Standard (the discoverer of Standard Rock, Lake Superior), that during four years' residence at De Tour, on the Sault St. Marie River, he has never missed seeing this bird in numbers during the entire summer months. He believes they nest in that locality, and as Captain John is a good naturalist and observer, I believe with him that they nest there.

DR. E. STERLING.

Our correspondent, J. K. Lum, who writes to us from Skookum Chuck (Oh ye gods!), Lewis County, Washington Territory, about *Ampelis garrulus*, says:—

Numbers of these beautiful birds have made their appearance here this winter for the first time in the history of the country.

YOUNG BIRDS IN WINTER.—In view of the unusual severity of the present winter in Europe, the following notes, contributed by Mr. Frank Norgate, of Sparham, to the London Field of January 31st, have a peculiar interest. The writer says:—

The following notes, if they do not record any very unusual dates for young animals, seem to me particularly

interesting in such a severe winter as we are having. Had the season been unusually mild, the occurrence of young birds probably would have been noticed as one of the signs or consequences of such mild weather. I need not give the readings of the thermometer for more than one day, but the winter here is the severest one I ever experienced. In the first week of last November I found a young slowworm (about 5 in. long) on the road in Sparham. On the 14th of the same month I dug up three living maggots of *Melolontha vulgaris*. Is it the custom of this species to hibernates in the perfect state? Nov. 16, I heard the snoring noise as of young barn owls in the roof of Sparham church. Do adult barn owls make this snoring or hissing noise also, or is their cry confined to the cackling sound which I believe is peculiar to old barn owls? Nov. 20, At Holt I saw two young barn owls (downy nestlings) unable to fly. They were dead, but fresh enough for stuffing, and Mr. Duck told me he had two similar ones brought in the previous week. Nov. 26, In Sparham I shot two young wood pigeons with long filaments of down still adhering to the upper wing coverts and secondaries. Dec. 2, Thermometer registered half a degree below zero. Dec. 4, I bagged two more very young pigeons. The next day I shot one more pigeon with downy nestling filaments on its wings. On the 11th of the same month the two levers, the size of rabbits, were seen in Sparham. Dec. 17, I saw a faint hissing noise as of still younger barn owls, as well as the older ones, in the same part of the church roof. The next day I shot a very young ring dove, Jan. 7, 1890. We found a dead nestling barn owl in the nest in the church roof. There were probably more alive, but a great part of the nest was inaccessible, and we only saw the dead one, which was rather "high," but fresh enough to have been alive, I am confident.

On the 18th of the same month I heard a faint hissing noise as of still younger barn owls, as well as the older ones, in the same part of the church roof. The next day I shot a very young ring dove, Jan. 7, 1890. We found a dead nestling barn owl in the nest in the church roof. There were probably more alive, but a great part of the nest was inaccessible, and we only saw the dead one, which was rather "high," but fresh enough to have been alive, I am confident. On the 18th of the same month I heard a faint hissing noise as of still younger barn owls, as well as the older ones, in the same part of the church roof. The next day I shot a very young ring dove, Jan. 7, 1890. We found a dead nestling barn owl in the nest in the church roof. There were probably more alive, but a great part of the nest was inaccessible, and we only saw the dead one, which was rather "high," but fresh enough to have been alive, I am confident. On the 18th of the same month I heard a faint hissing noise as of still younger barn owls, as well as the older ones, in the same part of the church roof. The next day I shot a very young ring dove, Jan. 7, 1890. We found a dead nestling barn owl in the nest in the church roof. There were probably more alive, but a great part of the nest was inaccessible, and we only saw the dead one, which was rather "high," but fresh enough to have been alive, I am confident. On the 18th of the same month I heard a faint hissing noise as of still younger barn owls, as well as the older ones, in the same part of the church roof. The next day I shot a very young ring dove, Jan. 7, 1890. We found a dead nestling barn owl in the nest in the church roof. There were probably more alive, but a great part of the nest was inaccessible, and we only saw the dead one, which was rather "high," but fresh enough to have been alive, I am confident.

UNIFORM NOMENCLATURE.—We publish below the scheme presented by the Committee on Nomenclature before the late Convention of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, at Bay City, and which, with the exception of the substitution of the name "quail" for the name "colin," was adopted by the Association. The views expressed by the Committee are founded on the right idea, that of absolutely local names, and substituting the names which belong to the various species, and by which they are known to biologists, the men who may fairly be supposed to know more about the animals than other people do, because they have made the animals their special study. So far as the English names go, what the Committee says is very well, but they have tried to do too much. It is very doubtful whether the masses of the people can ever be educated to the point of calling even our common game animals by their scientific names; and, if they can be brought to this point, it will be just as easy for them to learn the proper names as wrong ones. The various genera into which the grouse, for example, have been divided, are generally accepted by ornithologists and should be employed; and the same is true of the deer. If we are going to try to teach people, let us teach them what is right in the first place, and thus save double labor:—

DEER GENUS.—Elk, *Cervus alces*, commonly called moose. This animal is identical with the elk of the old world, and should be called by its native name, the American name, moose, is not a misnomer.

Wapiti, *Cervus canadensis*. Improperly called elk and grey moose. This is an American form, probably having no representative in any other part of the world. The name elk should never be applied to him, as it belongs to another species.

Deer, *Cervus virginianus*. Also called Virginia deer, red deer, and American red deer.

Caribou, *Cervus tarandus*. Also called woodland caribou, woodland reindeer and reindeer.

GROUSE GENUS.—Grouse, or pin-tailed grouse, *Tetrao capidus*. Also called prairie chicken and prairie hen.

Ruffed grouse, *Tetrao umbellus*. Improperly called partridge and pheasant. As this fine bird is neither a partridge nor a pheasant, but a grouse, he should be respected by the name of his own name.

Spruce grouse, *Tetrao canadensis*. Synonyms: Canada grouse, spotted grouse, black grouse, and Canada partridge and spruce partridge. As it is not a partridge, of course these last two names will not be applied to this bird by any intelligent person.

Sharp-tailed grouse, *Tetrao pediceetes*. Sometimes called prairie hen or chicken, or sharp-tailed partridge.

COLIN GENUS.—Colin, or Virginia colin, *Ortyx virginianus*. Synonyms: Quail, partridge, Virginia quail, Virginia partridge, Maryland quail, or partridge, and Bob White.

These synonyms are all inappropriate, or belong to other birds, except the last, and should not be applied to this excellent and useful species of game. Bob White is not inappropriate, and has been used considerably of late by some enthusiastic name-makers, but we like the name colin, but it is euphuistic, easily spoken and written, and has the merit of age and the claim of priority. Webster defines colin, the American partridge, *Pendix virginianus* or *Ortyx virginianus*, and gives Baird as authority. "Chamber's Encyclopedia" says, "Colin—see Virginia quail." On turning to that page, we find Virginia quail,

or calm (*Ortyx*), a genus of birds of the family *Tetraonidae*, closely allied to the quails and partridges, but differing from both. * * * The best known species is the Virginia colin (*O. virginianus*), etc. Why this old and appropriate name has been dropped is an enigma, but the propriety of reviving its use is clear.

Crows.—*Washington, D. C., Feb. 21st.*—I read with much interest the article on "Ravens and Crows," by Mr. Buckley, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of this week, as I do all your articles on subjects of natural history, and was reminded of some traits of *Corvus americanus* in this section of the country. Vast numbers of crows may be seen morning and evening flying over Washington, on their journey to and from Chesapeake Bay and the pines of Virginia, where they roost. Dead fish, defunct quadrupeds and a thousand and one detectable reminiscences of Baltimore sewers, cast up from the deep, are the attractions. While I wanted particularly to mention, however, is the fact that in the early spring these ugly birds have a bad habit of finding unprotected lambs on the loosely managed farms in Maryland and Virginia, and pecking the eyes out of them. In this matter the crows are great epicures. An experienced oculist could hardly remove an eye with more ease and facility than these merciless crows. They are also death on young chickens, and are as busy as hawks on the prairies in finding and destroying new broods. In some of the pinceries large quantities of guano are obtained and used in fertilizing the thin soil of these States, which is about all the benefit the crows are, and that is small recompense for the damage they inflict.

J. C. B.

OTTERS UNDER THE ICE.—*Houlton, Me., Feb. 14th.*—My experience coincides with that of "Fred," as stated in the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and I will add further, that it takes a smart hunter to run down one of these animals swimming under the ice. Otter, mink, and muskrats are taken by spearing through the first-formed ice when clear and thin, just strong enough to hold a man while in rapid motion. The hunter strikes them as they rise to breathe. The breath is oxygenized by contact with the water almost as soon as expelled, but when hard pressed more or less is wasted and the quarry soon weakens for want of it. JACK.

WHAT MARTIN LUTHER THOUGHT OF THE SPARROW.—*Chicago, Ill.*—A large tree in front of my library windows is the perch nearly all day of innumerable sparrows, to my cheerful entertainment, and an alley at the side of my house is their principal feeding ground, where I observe their food is grain.

Yet I remember picking up some five or six months ago, a helpless callow bird, unmistakably sparrow, with a fresh angle wound in its bill. Is it yet settled what is their chief food? and has the sparrow war ceased, or only subsided for a time?

Among the miscellanies of Luther's "Table Talk" (Bohn's edition, page 368), are the following lines, which I cite for the benefit of Mr. Coues, to show the opinion that Luther had of them three and a half centuries ago:—"The sparrow is a most common animal and does great harm to the crops. The Hebrews call it *tschirp*. It should be destroyed whenever found." T. D. L.

Fish Culture.

FISH CULTURE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Massachusetts Commissioners are from year to year perfecting the system of fishways in the various rivers of the State, and in this way providing free passage for the fish to and from their spawning grounds. The large fishway built at East Taunton, over what is known as Squaw Ditch Dam, has given general satisfaction, and the conflict which has existed for half a century between the mill-owners and the fishermen has finally been settled, or at least transferred to other battle-fields. The inspection of the passage of fishes up the Lawrence fishway was continued through the year from May 5th to Nov. 1st, and a record kept of two observations daily. The number of salmon thus noted was twenty-eight; the other fish being alewives, suckers, chubs, bass, shad and eels.

Serious depredations were committed at the South Hadley fishway. Thousands of fish were taken from it, and the services of a Superintendent were found necessary here to protect the State's interests. The efforts to obtain shad spawn here were rendered futile by the exorbitant prices insisted upon by the owners of the seining ponds there, and the Commissioners of both Massachusetts and Connecticut felt warranted in resisting their demands, even with the loss of the spawn. It is suggested that another pond might be provided lower down the stream, where the Commissioners would be independent of the private establishments.

The breeding of trout, though not strictly within the province of the Commissioners' work, has been prosecuted to utilize the breeders acquired by the State in the lease of the hatching ponds at Plymouth, N. H.; over 100,000 spawn have been produced, of which one-fourth belong to Massachusetts, and it is proposed to distribute these to parties who will keep a record and furnish statistics regarding them. They will be ready for delivery in April.

Massachusetts received as her share of the land-locked salmon (*Salmo sebago*) from the works at Grand Lake Stream, Maine—340,000 eggs—of which 224,763 were successfully hatched and distributed to some twenty-eight ponds throughout the State.

The returns from most of those who received these fish are sufficiently encouraging to warrant a further distribution of them. All parties must make application in writing, giving a careful description of the pond in which they desire to place them. The plan is to furnish them at the State hatching-house in Winchester, free of charge, to all applicants having under their control any of the

great ponds of the State. For transportation, parties should bring with them good clean half-barrels or milkcans, holding ten or twelve gallons, a thermometer, and a dipper for aerating the water. The half-barrel will carry from 4,000 to 5,000 of the milkcans about 3,000. The introduction of these fish into ponds having neither inlet nor outlet will for the present be discontinued. There will probably be about 200,000 for distribution next spring. No orders will be received after the 20th of April.

None of the spawn of the California salmon, although freely offered by the United States Commissioners to the States, has been accepted by any of the New England Commissioners this year.

There seems to have been a general feeling, without preconceived action, that it was best not to incur any further expense in trying to introduce them in our waters until something more was known about them. The oft-repeated assertion that these fish all die after spawning has been pretty thoroughly exploded. But although rapid in their growth, and apparently very healthy, they have, from some unknown cause, failed to report themselves. Of the hundreds of thousands that have been put into our rivers, not one adult fish has been seen or taken, and so far as we know, not a single smolt has been caught in any of our streams. It is to be hoped that the cause of this apparent failure will be discovered, and that the energetic and praiseworthy efforts of the United States Commissioner to introduce them into Eastern waters will yet be successful.

There was an increased run of salmon in the Merrimack the past season over that of the preceding one. They came in schools during the month of June; but very few made their appearance after that month. During the greater part of June there was scarcely a day that they were not seen either in the fishway or around the mouth of it.

An unusually noticeable fact was that some of the fish were unusually large for the river; one which passed the weir at Plymouth during a heavy rise of water was killed in attempting to scale Livermore Falls. It weighed over 23 pounds. Doubtless it was of the first year's plant.

The season has been an unfortunate one for securing these fish for breeding purposes. Either the water would be so high that the nets could not be maintained, or so low that the salmon were deterred from making any effort to reach the spawning-grounds. A few heavy rains in the mountains will raise the river at Plymouth very rapidly from four to six feet. During the low stage of water many salmon could be seen in deep pools below Plymouth. At New Hampton, late in the season, no less than eight large ones were seen in one pool. The drought has been severe this fall, and it is probable that many salmon have spawned in the rapids below Livermore Falls, instead of going above, as they otherwise would have done.

The exact number of young salmon deposited alive in the river in 1875 is not known. They were entrusted to the care of Mr. Wadleigh, then Commissioner of New Hampshire, whose inexperience caused considerable loss; and in one instance the fish were disposed of in a direction not contemplated by the Commissioners of this State. These things have had their effect in lessening the number of adult fish taken at the hatching-house. The plantings of 1876, under the care of John McNeil, was by far the largest and probably the most successful effort that has been made in any one year toward re-stocking the river. The result of this planting will be due the coming season.

A good many salmon have been taken along the coast in pounds, weirs, and gill-nets. One man near Newburyport took twelve, and many were taken near New Bedford, and sold in that market. Yet of all the statements received from the fishermen giving the number of edible fish taken by them, only two report any salmon.

There were many pairs and smolts found in the Pemigewasset the past summer, which must have come from spawn naturally deposited by the salmon that reached the head waters during the last two years.

Below will be found extracts from the report of Mr. A. H. Powers, Commissioner of New Hampshire, and superintendent of the hatching-house, in the joint interest of the two States:—

"The 367,500 California salmon mentioned in my report one year ago were distributed in the month of January as follows: 25,000 were put in the Contoocook River, 25,000 in the Salmon Falls River, and the remainder in the Pemigewasset. At any time till the last of August these salmon (parrs) could be seen in large numbers anywhere in the river near the hatching-house, from three to five inch long, and of a fine, apparently healthy, color."

"From our breeding from 160,000 eggs have been taken. Twenty-two Atlantic salmon have been taken this season, weighing from eight to twenty pounds each. The first was caught June 13th, and the last Oct. 29th. All were caught at night, or before 6.30 A. M. Thirteen were females, and from them we have secured over 100,000 eggs. For over thirty years not a salmon passed up the Pemigewasset. This is the first time, in this country at least, that any considerable quantity of eggs has been taken from mature salmon caught from a depleted river artificially re-stocked. The result cannot fail to be highly gratifying to those who have, or have had, the matter in charge, and has, to a certainty, demonstrated that the faith of the few, who argued that the rivers could be re-stocked to advantage, was well founded. Those who have believed it impossible must now be convinced that it is not only possible, but quite practicable."

That the California salmon, put into this river in 1875, survived the winter and summer up to the last of August, making a much more rapid growth than the Atlantic salmon, is certain; but whether they will be found next summer as smolts, or whether their sudden departure last summer was final, remains to be seen. Of the large number that have been turned into the Merrimack during the last five years, this is the only instance in which any trace of them has been detected so late in the season.

The Bucksport establishment for taking Penobscot salmon spawn was reopened this season, and the money heretofore used to pay for the transportation and expenses of California salmon was used to secure spawn from this place.

The 100,000 eggs taken at Plymouth, with what may be obtained from Bucksport, together with the natural deposit in the river, will make a fair planting for the coming season.

The State of New Hampshire has passed a law extending the time for taking salmon to 1892, in order to carry out what has been so successfully begun; a similar law should be passed by Massachusetts.

"SETH PERKINS'" HYSTRIES.—*Elk Lick, Somerset Co., Pa., Feb. 16th.*—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Mr. Seth Perkins, in the last issue, says he has crossed the catfish with the "muscle." Will he please give us the details? He is respectfully requested to stand up in meeting and tell what he knows about the matter. H. M.

The number of *animulae* in a single drop of water is past finding out, but it has been estimated by careful students that this host of living creatures is doubled and trebled when the drop of water is dyed with pigment and flows from the tip of an ordinary Gilt pen. Let our correspondent first read and comprehend the facts detailed in the paper published elsewhere with the title "New Discoveries in Natural History." Then he may be prepared for the next step in the mysteries of ink-bottle fish culture.

WHITE FISH FOR LAKE ONTARIO.—*Rochester, Feb. 12th.*—I think there will be an effort made to stock Lake Ontario with white fish, and many parties knowing where the fish are taken in large numbers during their spawning season, will confer a favor by letting me know by letter.

SETH GREEN.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

SOUTHERN WATERS.		GROUPER, <i>Eptenelphus nigritus</i> .
Pompano, <i>Trachinotus carolinus</i> .	Family	Trout (blue, bass), <i>Centropomus</i>
Drum (two species).		<i>striatus</i> .
Kingfish, <i>Menticirrus nebulosus</i> .		Striped Bass, or Rockfish, <i>Roc-</i>
Sea Bass, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .		salis.
Sheepshead, <i>Acanthopagrus prob-</i>		Tallish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
topcephalus.		Black Bass, <i>Microporus salmoi-</i>

Red Snapper, *Lutjanus blackfordi*.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the *FOREST AND STREAM* Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access. Hotel and other accommodations; Game and the Season; Fish and Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

DR. ROLLIN'S TEST.—The dimensions of the segments of the tent described in our issue of Feb. 12th, are: 10 centimeters wide at top; 94 centimeters wide at bottom and 240 centimeters in length.

CONNECTICUT.—A land-locked salmon weighing four pounds has been taken from Simpson pond, Rockville, this winter.

MICHIGAN.—*Alpena, Feb. 2d.*—Long Lake is six miles from Alpena, which is situated on the border of Lake Huron. Reached by daily boats in summer from Bay City, four boats per week from Detroit. Long Lake is a beautiful sheet of water nine miles long by one and one-half miles wide; plenty of black bass, perch and pike and partridges. Over 1,500 deer killed in this county last season; good accommodation at Long Lake House; charges reasonable.

FIVE BLACK BASS FISHING.—*Oswego, N. Y., Feb. 21st.*—As the February sun casts bolder and yet bolder glances over our shoulders; as he climbs the southern heavens, and the springtime crow begins to examine the half-naked fields with critical eye and noisy cawing, the fisherman's blood gurgles in his veins with freshened vigor, and rods, lines and reel are taken from the shelf and overhauled with a business-like air which discounts the weeks that yet intervene between the mud and slush of to-day and the rustling leaves and purring ripples of June, and while the time yet serves and a decision is still to be made as to "where shall we go this year," let me call the attention of my brethren of rod and reel to what this location can offer.

We have here a summer city delightful beyond comparison, a temperature of from 75 to 78 deg. F.; the grand Ontario before it, the blue Chouaguen in its midst, and as charming a country upon either hand as the Indians ever gazed upon. From our breakwater and piers in season we take pike, ciscoes, bass and shad, all with the fly, and all to be caught within thirty minutes' walk of any of our hotels. Our river, now civilized under the name of the Oswego, swarms with black bass, pike and shad, and for several miles above the city it is wide and shallow, with numerous riffles and falls, rendering it a paradise for the fly-caster.

Within a dozen miles we number as many good trout brooks and ponds, and from this point one may with equal ease go down the St. Lawrence, up to the Falls, or into the Adirondacks. Our air is clear and bracing, our nights cool, our scenery beautiful, our citizens friendly and hospitable. Fine accommodations may be had at any of our hotels at reasonable rates, and the expenses of the fisherman in his journeyings, either upon lake, river, or into the country, are ridiculously small. A boat with oarsman can be had at any time for twenty-five cents per hour or two dollars per day, and board and camping, the opportunities for which are many, will not exceed one dollar a day.

From New York, Oswego may be reached by the O. & W. R. R., the N. Y. C. and D. L. and W. via Rome or Syracuse; from the west by the N. Y. C., the S. C. and the L. O. S.; from the east by the R. W. & O., and by water from Ogdensburg, Charlotte or any of the upper lake ports, by a daily line of propellers. The expense from New York is seven dollars, and proportionate rates from other points.

We raise the finest strawberries in the month of July of any State in the Union, and our black bass are (we the most gamy. With a welcome for all I remain,

J. E. HAMILTON.

Class 14.—**Campion Pointers**, over 55 lbs.—**dogs**, \$35;
Class 15.—**Over 50 lbs.—bitches**, \$35. Class 16.—**Under 50 lbs.—**
ers, over 55 lbs.—**dogs**, \$30 and \$20. Class 17.—**Over 50**
lbs.—bitches, \$30 and \$20. Class 18.—**Campion Pointers**,
under 55 lbs.—**dogs**, \$35. Class 19.—**Under 50 lbs.—**
bitches, \$35. Class 20.—**Pointers**, under 55 lbs.—**dogs**,
\$30 and \$20. Class 21.—**Pointers**, under 55 lbs.—**bitches**, \$30 and
\$20. Class 22.—**Pointer puppies**,—**dogs**, \$10; **silver medal**.
Class 23.—**Bitches**, \$10; **silver medal**.
Class 24.—**Campion English Setters—dogs**, \$35. Class
25.—**Bitches**, \$35. Class 26.—**Imported English Setters—**
dogs, \$30 and \$20. Class 27.—**Bitches**, \$30 and \$20. Class
28.—**Native English Setters—dogs**, \$30 and \$20. Class 29.—
Bitches, \$30 and \$20. Class 30.—**English Setter pup-**
pies,—**dogs**, \$10; **silver medal**. Class 31.—**Bitches**, \$10;
silver medal.

In Classes 32 to 37 inclusive, a white spot or frill will be allowed; but a black, white and tan dog must go in the English Setter Class.

Class 32.—Champion Black and Tan Setters—dogs, \$35; Class 33.—Bitches, \$35. Class 34.—Black and Tan Setters—dogs, \$30 and \$20. Class 35.—Bitches, \$30 and \$20. Class 36.—Puppies—dogs, \$10; medal. Class 37.—Bitches, \$10; silver medal. Class 38.—Champion Red Irish Setters—dogs, \$35. Class 39.—Bitches, \$35. Class 40.—Red Irish Setters—dogs, \$30 and \$20. Class 41.—Bitches, \$30 and \$20. Class 42.—Puppies—dogs, \$10; silver medal. Class 43.—Puppies—bitches, \$10; silver medal.

Class 44.—Irish Water Spaniels—dogs or bitches, \$15; silver medal. Class 45.—Clumber Spaniels—dogs or bitches, \$10; silver medal. Class 46.—Cocker or Field Spaniels—dogs, \$15 and \$10. Class 47.—Bitches, \$15 and \$10. Class 48.—Puppies—dogs or bitches, silver medal.

Class 49.—Fox-hounds—dog or bitch, \$15 and \$10. Class 50.—Bengals—dog or bitch, \$15 and \$10. Class 51.—Dachshund—dog or bitch, \$15; silver medal. Class 52.—Fox Terriers—dogs, \$15 and \$10. Class 53.—Bitches, \$15 and \$10. Class 54.—Puppies—dogs, silver medal. Class 55.—Bitches, silver medal. Class 56.—Collies—dog or bitch, \$20 and \$10. Class 57.—Puppies—dog or bitch, silver medal. Class 58.—Bulldogs—dog or bitch, \$15 and \$10. Class 59.—Bull Terriers—dog or bitch, \$15 and \$10. Class 60.—Puppies—dog or bitch, silver medal. Class 61.—Slate Terriers—dog or bitch, \$15 and \$10. Class 62.—Pugs—dogs, \$15 and \$10. Class 63.—Bitches, \$15 and \$10. Class 64.—Puppies—dog or bitch, silver medal. Class 65.—Scottish Terriers—dog or bitch, \$10; silver medal. Class 66.—Black and Tan Terriers, over 5 lbs.—dog or bitch, \$15; silver medal. Class 67.—Dandy Minnott Terriers—dog or bitch, \$15; silver medal. Class 68.—Yorkshire Terriers, blue and tan, over 5 lbs.—dog or bitch, \$15 and \$10. Class 69.—Same, not exceeding 5 lbs., \$15 and \$10. Class 70.—Toy Terriers, other than Yorkshire—dog or bitch, \$15; silver medal. Class 71.—King Charles or Blenheim Spaniels—dog or bitch, \$10; silver medal. Class 72.—Japanese Spaniels—dog or bitch, \$10; silver medal. Class 73.—Italian Greyhounds—dog or bitch, \$10; silver medal. Class 74.—Miscellaneous or Foreign Class—dogs or bitches not included in above classification, \$20, \$15, \$10; two silver medals.

The entries closed April 12th. Catalogue of classification and prizes, with rules and regulations and entry blanks, may be obtained of the Superintendent, Mr. Charles Lincoln, whose office is at 111 Fulton street, N. Y., over Morgan's Restaurant.

The number of entries already received is largely in excess of any of the entries formerly received at such an early date; and this, with other indications, leads the management to anticipate a very large show.

Mr. M. P. McKoon's COCKER SPANIELS.—In a late number we made brief mention of the excellence of Mr. McKoon's stock, and at the same time noticed that we had received for our album, ten card photographs of his little cockers, taken by Mr. John T. Walters, a neighbor of the proprietor of the Blue Star Kennels. The reputation of Mr. McKoon's fine collection of handsome and healthy dogs is so well established in this country that further remark as to their beauty is unnecessary, but before noticing the distinguishing features of cockers, we wish to call attention to the fact that experience has shown Mr. McKoon's dogs to be superb workers, as in almost every case they have turned out well. It is an astonishing thing that cockers are not more generally used in this country, particularly in sections where the underbrush is so dense and intertwined that full-sized setters or pointers cannot force their way. Take Montauk, for instance, where woodcock at times are plenty in the scrub-brush thickets that help to fill up the hollows between the hills. One little cocker would move more birds than a dozen setters and all King Pharoah's descendants put together. Unlike the pointer or setter, the spaniel always works with his nose to the ground, and does not carry his head in the air feeling for a booby scent. Thus, this peculiarity places him at an advantage over other keen-scented dog in covers where the air has but little chance to circulate. Experienced trainers tell us that kindness is quite out of the pale of possibility in breaking the spaniel, and that nothing will do but severity; we do not agree to this. Let the puppy be eight months old, handled with a twenty-yard cord, and then introduced among three or four broken dogs, and the task of breaking is a comparatively easy one. When he has been taught to work at a proper distance—far with spaniels distance is to be inculcated first and principally—then turn to teaching him to "down charge," and work and time will do the rest. It was Herbert who first called the attention of the sporting public to the invaluable qualities possessed by this sprightly, jolly little field companion, whose merry laugh would drive the top woodcock from his morning lodge. The breaks and thickets surrounding Merritt's Island forced the thoughts of the newly-ledged Englishman back to the covers of the British coast and the woodcock's haunts in the Norwegian inland woods and marshes. He saw at once the advantage of the cocker for woodcock shooting in this country. And as far as his theory went Herbert was "a dead to rights."

GEORGIA FOX-HOUNDS.—*Americus, Ga., Feb. 15th.*—The breed of fox-hounds mentioned by "J.A.G." in issue of Jan. 29th, is a favorite with us—sensible, fast, reliable and splendid bottom. One thing about them rather peculiar is, the ring never goes entirely around the neck, the original stock came from Maryland. The peculiarity of shedding the hair in summer seems to be common to the dogs, but it makes them liable to mange, unless well cared for.

We run both fox and wild cats with our dogs, but this breed of dogs is not so good for cat as for fox, because they circle too far.

IN-BREEDING.—*Winchester, Mass., Feb. 18th.*—You say breeding a bitch to her sire would be injurious. Is not this a mooted question? I have a flock of partridge Cockerhens, which I have bred in-and-in for six or seven years—it would be hard to beat them. The famous short-horn cattle were obtained by breeding in-and-in, and has not every strain of animals been established in the same way? I know very well what is said and the theories that are put forth in regard to it, but practically every successful breeder owes his success to breeding in-and-in.

The leading physiologists and scientists of to-day are very unanimous in opinion that in-breeding in the human race, even within bounds permitted by law, is not conducive to either physical, mental, or moral development, but decidedly the reverse. In proportion as we descend in the scale, the ill results are less pronounced, or manifest; chiefly because the various developments of the animal are less pronounced, but the evil still remains; and where in-breeding is recklessly indulged in, soon becomes manifest and very serious. We do not declaim against all in-breeding, but where it can be avoided and still secure the prominent or desirable features of type which we desire to reproduce or develop, it should be done. Thus in-breeding, *per se*, is an evil, and has been marked by the disapproval of all ages, deteriorating diseases and sterility being the most prominent evil results in the human race.

IMPORTED PUPPIES FOR THE MONTVIEW KENNEL.—In the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 12th, we noticed the arrival of a fine brace of Laverack puppies; we are now enabled through the courtesy of Mr. Jos. H. Dew, of Columbia, Tenn., to give the particulars. The puppies, Blue Queen and Blue Princess, were purchased through Mr. George Lowe, Secretary, E. K. C., of Mr. H. F. Grant, of Newport, England, their breeder. They are by Mr. Lowe's son, O'Shanter, who is by champion Rock out of champion Runt; and out of Mr. Grant's bitch La Reine, who is by Blue Prince out of *Corra*. These puppies are as pure Laverack as can be found anywhere, and combine fine crosses to old Blue Dash. La Reine is own sister to the field trial winner, Blue Bell III. The brace reached Columbia in fair condition after their long rough trip by both water and land.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB'S NEW KENNEL.—We are informed by Mr. Robt. C. Cornish, Secretary, and Treas. of W. K. C., that the club has just taken a lease of sixty acres of the old Litchfield Farm at Babylon, L. I. Possession will be taken by the club as soon as the house and kennels are put in order, which will be in about two weeks.

ST. LOUIS BENCH SHOW.—The St. Louis Kennel Club's Bench Show will be held Oct. 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.

BRED.—*Countess Bear-Count Rocket.*—The Montview Kennel's Countess Bear to Count Rocket.

Daisy Dean-Count Fred.—The Montview Kennel's Daisy Dean to Count Fred.

Blaze-Lincoln.—The Montview Kennel's Blaze to Lincoln.

Daisy II-Sensation.—The Westminster Kennel Club's Daisy II to Sensation, Jan. 23rd.

Pallas-Sensation.—The Westminster Kennel Club's imported Pallas to Sensation, Jan. 24th.

Placie-Gray.—Mr. Robert C. Cornell's fox terrier bitch Pixie to Mr. Howard Mitchell's Gray.

Venus-Victor.—Messrs. B. Skiles' beagle-bitch Venus to Messrs. Pennell and Elmore's Victor, Christians, Lancaster Co., Pa., Feb. 6th.

Psyche-Rush.—Mr. H. N. Munn's Psyche to Mr. Edmund Orgill's Rush.

Flirt-Glen.—Mr. E. Francois' (Newark, N. J.) black and tan setter bitch Flirt-Munn's Dink out of Field's Aloe. Litter sister to Mollen's Belle and Pryor's Belle—to Dr. Aten's Glen, Jan. 29th.

Ruby.—Mr. Edmund Orgill has sold his pointer bitch Ruby to Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia.

Countess Royal-Faust.—Mr. S. B. Dilley's Countess Royal to St. Louis Kennel Club's Faust.

Spot-Bow.—Mr. James Brittain's Spot to St. Louis Kennel Club's Champion Bow.

SALES.—*Count Fred and Dashing Model.*—The Montview Kennel, Columbia, Tenn., sold last week, Count Fred and Dashing Model to Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia. These dogs were imported in 1870.

Viceroy.—Mr. W. W. Smith, Raleigh, North Carolina, has purchased from Mr. Henry W. Livingston, of this city, the lemon and white pointer dog pup Viceroy, whelped November 24th, 1879, by Orgill's champion Rush (Flake-Lille), out of Livingston's Rose (Snaphot-Gypsy).

The notice of sale of Berkeley and Duck to Mr. Moore, of Philadelphia, in our last issue, was erroneously printed Berkeley and Duke.

Kestrel.—The St. Louis Kennel Club's imported pointer-bitch Kestrel has whelped one dog and three bitches to Mr. Pilkington's Gamet.

STATE CONSTABLES.—Commenting upon the inefficiency of the "duck police" of that neighborhood, appointed by local political influence, the *Haare Republicain*, of Havre de Grace, Md., makes a point for the system of having game constables appointed by the Governor. We are pleased to see such an intelligent opinion expressed.

One of the radical defects of the law is the appointment of the duck police by our county commissioners. A bill is about to be presented to the Legislature placing their appointment in the hands of the Governor. The position of duck police is now made a political appointment, and as such is a subject for bargaining and trade. Place the appointing power in the hands of the Governor, and let the gunners unite in recommending gentlemen who they are satisfied will faithfully carry out the law in all its provisions, and the result will be more satisfactory.

Woman's Column.

LETTERS FROM MICHIGAN AND CONNECTICUT.

BAY CITY, MICH., February, 1880.

Editor Forest and Stream.

The pleasantly written letter from my friend J. M., which appeared in this column not long since, attracted my attention and recalls many pleasant associations, chief among which was six weeks spent together in Northern Michigan, accompanied, of course, by one of the sternest sex, Mr. M., a Nimrod and an angler of good prowess. The scene of our chief delight was the Jordan and Boyne Rivers, whose cool, bright waters flow into Pine Lake, and from thence, at Charlevoix, into Lake Michigan. The banks of the Jordan, luxuriant with vine, fern and moss, and overhung with cedar, whose dark green is here and there relieved by the lighter shade of tamarack with an occasional beach and maple, together with the sweet wild perfume and deep solitude, broken only by the merry ripple of the swiftly-flowing water, and the music of the whispering pines, furnishes a retreat infinitely in primal beauty the classic shades of more frequented streams and twice-told here. This too, is the fit home of the much-sought mountain trout. A jutting moss-grown log, round which the eddying water whirls, and the spreading cedar shades, may be the friendly protection of several lively individuals, too wary for the temptation of brown hackel or green dragon.

Arriving at this cool seclusion, our heretofore vigilant companion declared he would not be bothered by women, and procuring us the services of a trusty guide, left us to follow our own devices. Often

"With gun and rod he'd leave us,
Pursuant of his sport."

Nor would we see him again until the hour of noon brought him to the trysting cedar tree, where a lunch would be spread, followed by a siesta enlivened by a pillow of fragrant moss, and a cool breeze which never failed, and lulled by the weird song of the water-thrush.

Mrs. M.—being much inclined to rival her husband in the use of the rod, and skill in throwing a three-weight leader, and I quite approving such an ambition, much of our time was spent in fruitless attempts at scientific wrist movements; and it was with praise-worthy patience and skill that our good guide, who changed from tamarack to cedar, and from cedar to spruce, on three-ply leaders. But do not imagine that so much patience could be without its reward, for besides many lesser beauties that graced our boat-well, was a two-pound attraction, so shy and active that it required all Mr. M.'s skill and the assistance of a landing-net to induce him to change his quarters.

While pursuing these rod exploits upon the river we made our headquarters at Mr. Webster's, whose domicile was the only house for many miles around. And better comfort could not be found. The house is built of squared timber, piled up in block fashion, reminding one of the legends of their grandfather's time. The upper story was one large comfortable room, capable of becoming as many as there were blankets to hang from the beams above, thus making a wall at once silent and useful in the way of a pillow, and so forth. And this recalls an incident. Coming in late one afternoon, I and I were in time to witness the arrival of a lady and gentleman from Chicago. And standing in the background, thinking dubiously of our short gingham gowns and thick boots, beside this exquisite lady, we heard her inquire loftily of Mrs. Webster to be shown furniture in a little room, where she had assured the lady into, but politely asked her to leave, and assured the lady into, a nice little room, whose gray partitions were gently undulating in the summer air. They did not stay long.

Again we were gliding swiftly and silently down the river, in the soft light of the setting sun. A shadow, then a duck, in quick succession came flitting up the stream. A gentleman in the boat behind us arose, expecting to bag the game, after giving the lady a first chance. A report from the lady's 10-gauge shot gun, followed by a splash and a headlong race, was the result. It was a triumphant moment for her, being among the first of her wing shots.

After four weeks of this delightful sport we betook ourselves to sailing. Our craft, which was too large for the river, we had left at its mouth. Embarking with sufficient provisions we cruised along the breezy expanse of Pine Lake, tending over night beside a pair of herons. It was our purpose to reach by slow degrees the head of the lake where supplies the Boyne River, and there in small boats to try the fishing. My friends caught numerous fine trout, while I had an opportunity of thoroughly doing an adjacent duck marsh, with but moderate results. My game was of an undistinguished sort, such as hawk, mink, porcupine, bluejays and squirrels, with a few partridges and pigeons. And here let me say, with due modesty, and for the encouragement of my gently sisters, that I seldom aimed at anything without feeling confident of success. Of course, my confidence has been frequently shaken, but still holds out, and I love to shoot.

Among the attractions of this river—which, in my opinion, does not equal the Jordan—was a spring of ice-cold water bubbling from a bed of rocks, and overhung with mossy logs. Lying here for a few days, we again took to our boat and bory patches, trawling for bass and catching a muskungee as we went. Never shall I forget the first night we camped. The day had been warm, but breezy, and we flitted from shore to shore, while the water, as it parted from our bow, made a merry monotone accompaniment for the banjo and guitar above, and our songs rang out and were echoed back from the wooded shores around us. As length we were summoned by the howl of a certain hillside to tarry for the night in its shadow. And running in under the lee of Horseshoe Island, we came to a stop in the stilly waters and went ashore in small boats—scurrying to the summit of the hill for a look at the surrounding country in the light of the dying day. Slowly descending, we found our guides had been not idle, as a large pile of red trout testified.

The picture still lingers in my mind. The last red glow of the sun, the pale shimmer of the rising moon upon the white sails of our little craft anchored upon the placid water, our bright camp-fire and frugal supper of bread,

berries and barbecued trout on forked sticks; while with the merry laugh and stories were mingled the sad notes of the whilplover's song. And thus was a bright day closed, and night came.

Many morning and shooting excursions have been my happy lot in company with genial companions; but of that another time.

P. C. G.

LAKEVILLE, Conn., February, 1880.

Editor Forest and Stream.

I wrote my former communication to you while my husband was off on one of his camping tours, and he saw it first in his paper, after his return. After reading a little he commenced laughing and said it reminded him of old Duke, but he soon recognized its author by the faithful picture portrayed. A friend in the city of N. B. also recognized the facts and said "Ruth forgot to tell about the pup losing his tail!" So I think it appropriate right here. This friend is also a sportsman, and at that time had more knowledge of dogs than my husband, so he said if he were in his place he would have the cords drawn out of the pup's tail so he would always carry it straight, and that the mode of procedure was to take the tip of the tail between the teeth, then give a sharp pull, and all at the same time, and the cords would draw out to the roots of the tail, and he also volunteered to do the job. They were in the sitting-room, and thinking to get it done before I knew it, and not thinking it would bleed, caught the pup and bit off his tail. Of course he got away as soon as possible and went around the room close to the wall making good time with both tail and feet, then out through the hall, and every jerk of tail, go with me. I put him in the baggage car and when I reached home I made him come to heel and took him to my husband's office and left him and the remains of my umbrella.

I saw one communication which pleased me very much. I think it was signed R. T. S., who says she goes hunting with her husband, but I think if she lived in Connecticut she would soon tire of hunting, as she seems to be a gun, but on prairie or open ground. Now I can shoot a gun, but I never tried going out hunting, for my husband is a man nearly six feet tall, and dresses in heavy boots and leggings and a waterproof suit that is heavy; and when I see that all scratched and torn and covered with mud, I feel sure he has seen some briars and swamps. But I can fish, and often go trolling on our lake and have caught some fine bass myself, and I am the fisherman of the family as my husband is the hunter.

I can cook the birds after they are shot. Perhaps you would like to know my methods of cooking, so I will tell you some of them. Woodcock are best broiled; quail and snipe are best fried with bacon, till done to a good brown, and grouse are good made in a pie or stuffed with oysters and crackers, but they should be parboiled always, as it takes all the strong taste from them. Of course this is no fancy method of cooking, but I assure you they are good, and I should like some one else try and see for themselves.

I think I must tell you of some dogs owned once by my husband and a friend. They were setters, six months old, when they came to them, and as they arrived in the evening were shut in the wood-house till morning. They were tired and so did not disturb us till morning, when they managed to get the door open and went on an expedition over the grounds. Seeing some hens by the barn they started to raid them. They singled out each a hen and went for them, and I never saw hens plucked so quickly before. There was a cloud of feathers, and the dogs were collared and shut up again, but no chickens were raised that summer, and only four were hatched, and those Duchess tossed up and caught till they died the second day after they were out of the shell. The following day the ducks raised a few, but they all had a cracked back, and I presume Duke tossed them too, but probably did not commence on them as young.

There is one dog in the village which seems to be a general favorite with the people. He belongs to a sportsman and has seen the day when he was hard to beat hunting, but alas! he is growing old and independent; he goes where he pleases and will go half a mile to beg a drink rather than help himself at the stream clog by. He is a great tease and also very affectionate. RUTH.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. O. O., Cincinnati, N. Y.—See advertisement pages for latter.

W. J. P., Pittsburg, Pa.—We cannot tell you where to look for live quail.

BRECK-LOADER, Pennsylvania.—This name is that of the gunmaker, who makes the gun.

G. S. O., St. Paul, Minn.—The *Nuttall Bulletin* is published at the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass.

H. W. B., Bangor, Me.—See note elsewhere relating to the dimension of Dr. Rollin's tent.

R. D. M., Cleveland, Ohio.—See "Sea and River Fishing."

F. E. FRANK, Lyndon, Ill.—For books on Natural History see answers in last week's issue.

W. J. R., Roxbury Station, Conn.—For bait seines, write to J. P. Travers, Hockman street, N. Y.

J. R. W., Greensburgh, Pa.—Black bass spawn when three years old; possibly they may reproduce when two years of age. They spawn in May and June.

SHIELDRAKE, Vincennes, N. J.—A good twist barrel will slightly expand when fired, but the contraction of barrel afterward has no effect upon the velocity of the shot.

C. S. S., Cincinnati, O.—The maker is at Liege, and makes good, cheap guns. The lever under guard is a strong action. When not in use leave hammer down on plungers.

A. B. L. You can run the river, and if there are falls or dams take them. 2. The only one of your lot which is not that of a maker. The guns bearing it are generally of low grade.

C. W. B., Boston, Mass.—By the term "Native" English setter, in the New York Show, will be understood a dog born in England, or whose sire and dam were both imported from England.

G. E. N., Bath, Me.—You should chamber buckshot in choke-bores, of course. Its use is dangerous and injurious to the gun. The matter has been pretty thoroughly written up of late in this paper.

MODEL YACHTS.—A correspondent writes that an English boat on model yachts, by Jas. E. Walton, Victoria Model Yacht Club, can be obtained from book-sellers generally. Price in London, 2s. 6d.

L. W. G., Greenfield, Mass.—Wm. Tallon, 111 Bloomfield street, Hoboken, N. J., can furnish you with pedigree of the dog to which you refer, if you are willing to pay for his compilation or copying in Ireland.

G. H. T., Philadelphia, Pa.—My setter pup, six months old, is rather curly. Will he outgrow this, or will it increase? Both his father and mother have straight coats. Ans. Unless inherited the curl is likely to decrease.

J. H. K.—The fish has been boiled out of your marine glue, and the residue is insoluble and useless. Begin with a fresh lot and do not allow it to evaporate over a fire any more than possible. Keep fluid by mild heat only.

W. No. 8, Columbus, O.—Please tell us what an 8-gauge shot gun ought to do at target, and the proper loading loads. Ans. We can tell you if you give weight of gun, tell us whether it is choked or not, etc. Your question is too vague.

BACK ACTION, Hartford, Conn.—You will find quail shooting at Tom's River, N. J., Focked River, N. J., or in North Carolina. For the former two, see pointer numbers under our Game Directory; and for last, consult note in another column.

L. M., New York.—Can you give me the name of a trainer of *Canis*, or black French poodles? Ans. We knew of a man, but he has disappeared from New York, and is probably away from some traveling show of trick dogs. Perhaps one of our readers may know. Ask the Aquarium managers.

W. S. K., Lawrenceville, Ga.—Was the Winchester rifle used in the late war? If so, did it shoot sixteen times? Ans. The Winchester is an improvement on the old Henry, which was used in the late war and carried seventeen shots. The gun did not take the name of Winchester till 1860.

CRUISER.—Wishes to know from our readers who have had actual experience in the use of the following designs:—1. Portability and facility of stowage. 2. Carrying capacity. 3. Sea-worthiness. 4. Wear. For yacht ensigns and burgees write to Annin & Co., 59 Fulton street, New York; also for price list.

P. F., Boston, Mass.—If you do not approve of the sports discussed in the *FOREST AND STREAM* and to the advancement of which it is devoted, do not read the paper. There are a good many thousand people in the United States who do participate in out-of-door sport, and ten years from to-day there will be as many thousands more.

F. AND A. J. C., New London, Conn.—The eyes of my pointer puppy are filled with matter all the time, and his breath is bad. What shall I do for him? Ans. Keep the eyes clean with tepid water, and perhaps use occasionally a little weak alum water. As to any dog who roars, howl from the disemper, proper feeding and plenty of exercise will in time correct the bad breath.

H. V. F., Rutheford, N. J.—Can you give me pedigree of my Gordon setter bitch, now in her fourth year? She was sired by Jerome's Shot, her dam being Duchess, which I think also belonged to Jerome. Ans. Shot was imported by Mr. Carroll Livingston; pedigree unknown. Duchess was imported by a son of Mayor Havemeyer, having been presented to him by Sir John Blight.

H. L., Hoboken, N. J.—Please inform me what I can give a dog who has the mange, to make his hair grow out. He is perfectly bare on some parts of his body. Ans. Attend to his general health and groom him once a day. No ointments or lotions are of any avail. Tepid wash twice a day, without soap, with plenty of friction, may be used to advantage. Is there any irritation of the skin? If there is, write again.

C. W. P.—My setter puppy is six months old; ever since he was three months old, has been troubled with belching. Has a large yard to exercise in and a good warm kennel in which to sleep. Has been fed on a general diet. Can you suggest a remedy? Ans. The dog will probably outgrow the hiccoughing, but you might administer a dose of oil, followed by twenty grains of sub-carbonate of bismuth after each meal.

S. P. O., Coudersport, Pa.—My spaniel dog has been lame off and on for some time. For the past ten days he has been quite lame, and on examination of his foot I found that between his toes it looks red and raw, and is swollen some. Ans. This is probably one of the various forms of mange, as I have seen it several times. Cure, advertised in another column. Give five drops of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic twice a day in food. Continue for some time and write us fully the result of treatment.

A. J. C., Bridgeport, Conn.—The sketch, "Spring Time by the Blue Ridge Trout Streams," was substantially the same as two sketches published in the *FOREST AND STREAM* last November. The mistake arose from a very curious train of circumstances, the author supposing that his original article—the one published last week—was lost, and rewriting it from memory. A comparison of the two forms in which it appeared is exceedingly interesting, as showing the working of the author's mind in rewriting a partially forgotten article.

J. A. C., Howard, Ohio.—Is it injurious to allow fox-hounds to lie on a haymow, preparatory to running? 2. Should they be tied up or allowed the freedom of the building? 3. Should they be thin in flesh, or in tolerable good flesh and solid? 4. What is the best food in preparing for a race? Ans. 1. Hay does not make a good bedding, as it is too dusty for dogs to lie or move upon; good clean straw is the best. 2. All dogs should be allowed their freedom. 3. They want to be in good training trim, as is the case with the race horse. 4. Meat diet, with plenty of exercise.

J. I., Bath, Me.—I send you a piece of dry, solid, hard spruce with a BB shot, fired from a Scott breech-loader at sixty long paces. It is one of three shot which, fired from the cylinder barrel, struck a No. 6 envelope. With the choked or left barrel I put seventeen No. 8 shot in the same envelope at forty yards, embedding them the full diameter in the wood. Have wound a kingfisher at eighty yards. The cylinder barrel will pattern 120 No. 8 shot in a 30-inch ring, at forty yards, and the choked barrel 235. How is this for a 12-gauge? Ans. Your gun has excellent penetration, and the pattern given of the choked barrel tip-top; that of the cylinder more ordinary.

J. S., Brooklyn, L. I.—I have a bound bitch which is expected to whelp on the 10th of March; will she be too cold to have her whelp in yard? Is also continually calling grass. 2. Will a gun 12-gauge, 28 inches, carry the same distance and have like penetration as one

12-gauge, 30 inches, both full choke and made by same maker as 1. Certainly; she should be comfortably housed. 2. The powder is generally supposed to have expended its full force at 24 inches. Hence a longer chamber is an advantage in aiming simply. But as we said last week, we cannot compare the shooting qualities of guns satisfactorily by these data. Two guns of exactly the same make and dimensions will shoot very differently.

F. L. S., Washington, D. C.—My setter, a pure Llewellyn bitch, eleven months old, came in heat a few weeks ago, and thinking her too young, I decided not to breed her at present; but by accident she was served by a native liver-colored setter of fine blood qualities, but with inferior points for breeding. Other points for breeding if any will this have upon her future progeny, and how will it affect her as a brood bitch, supposing hereafter she be served by dogs of as fine breeding as her own? Ans. She is liable in subsequent litters to have puppies resembling the size of the first. If the dog has the merits attributed to him by you, it will not affect her injuriously as a brood bitch.

J. A., Popin, Wis.—I would like to get some live carp; could you tell me the nearest place where they can be obtained? 2. Would you give me the color, height and other points of the King Charles spaniel? 3. Is he a good retriever? Ans. 1. Apply to your State Fish Commissioners, of whom the Secretary is Mr. G. L. Valentine, Janesville. 2. The King Charles and Blenheim originally belonged to the group known as cockers, but they are now only used as toy dogs. The color liked at present is black and tan, or black, tan and white. The original King Charles were black and white, with long ears and noses. The weight of a full-grown dog should not be under ten pounds. In *FOREST AND STREAM* of Jan. 23, 1880, there is an article on spaniels, to which we refer you. 3. The King Charles, like any other dog, can be taught to catch and carry, but his long hairy coat is apt to become covered with mud and wet, which occasions him so much distress that we consider him useless after an hour or two.

A. R., Cape Girardeau, Mo.—When I want a few hours' pure enjoyment I take down my file of the *FOREST AND STREAM* and revel in its pleasant pages, whereas I find no politics nor other party or personal strife to stir up bad feeling. In it all is harmony. I have a fine breech-loader which, after two years of constant use, I do not understand. We are told to use, for common use, three drachms of powder and sixteen grains of shot. I have no doubt it is fearful, often making my shoulder so painful that I have to stop for the day, and sometimes will be lame for several days at a time. To remedy this I have of late reduced the charge to two drachms, and as before one ounce No. 5 shot; with this charge I fail to bring down the game; bring showers of feathers, but few fowls. One gunsmith states that the shoulders of the shell chamber are too high, and the rebound is caused by the walls striking against them when they leave the shell; and he proposes to break them down a little, and lighten it. I have brass shell. The trouble is undoubtedly in the shoulders of the chamber. Have them trimmed down; it will greatly improve the shooting of your gun. We have known of many guns being improved by this. You cannot bring the birds down with two dr. powder.

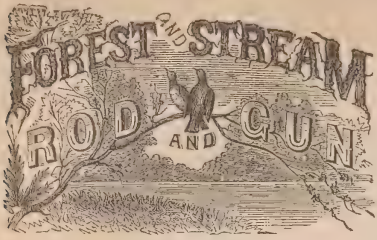
FLEXION, Staunton, Va.—B. and S. shot a pigeon snail, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, each having 10 birds and entitled to both barrels. S. at the gun winged his seventh bird with the first barrel, the bird dropping about 30 yards from the trap. B. remarked to S.: "You need not shoot again, I will give you that bird." The bird was retrieved from within the boundary, a few feet from where it fell, and scored to S. B. at the gun winged both barrels at his ninth bird, which being struck it about 55 yards from trap. S. remarked to B.: "I will give you that bird." In attempting to retrieve the bird it rose and flew some distance over the boundary. Referees decided the bird as lost and scored it against B., taking the ground that B. and S. had no say in the matter. Was the decision a correct one? Ans. Yes, so far as the actual performance of the contestants was concerned. S.'s seventh bird should have been scored, because he retrieved it within bounds; B.'s ninth bird not scored, because he did not get it within bounds. But B. gave S. the latter's seventh bird regardless of its being retrieved, and S. in like manner gave B. the latter's ninth bird; hence in getting the score S. should, as a simple point of personal honor, count B.'s ninth bird as dead. The custom in such a case also, where the shooters agree, is to score accordingly; as there was no disagreement here, the referee excused his authority.

NEWTON.—I have a pointer bitch pup, eleven months old, which for several months has been silling and very drowsy; poor appetite, cats but little; is exceedingly thin; about every two weeks she has a violent erythema, and lies on her back with feet extended; whines and barks as though in constant pain; then she will stretch, lowering her hind-quarters to the floor, fore-quarters well up, in which position she will stand five or ten minutes, when she will reverse, lowering the forward part of her body and elevating the latter part. One of these positions she occupies most of the time for three or four days, when she quiets down and becomes sluggish again. Her first attack was last fall while we were out grouse shooting. At this time she laid down, whined and backed, and seemed in the most violent pain, reluctant to move, and paid no attention to birds we shot. She is warmly housed, has been fed with scraps from table principally, also scraps of meat cooked with meal; have fed her raw meat some within last two months. She prefers sweet cake, doughnuts and any kind of sweet food to anything I can give her. Ans. Symptoms described seem to be those of a disease, in which case a dose of castor oil and laudanum when the symptoms first appear will afford relief; tablespoonful of former and half-teaspoonful of latter. It would be well to investigate carefully whether there is any existence of muscular rheumatism. Discontinue the sweet-cake-doughnut diet.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

[From the "Old Salamander Drug House," CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 12th, 1880.] Messrs. H. H. WARNER & Co., Rochester, N. Y.: Gentlemen: We trust our order will reach you in season to be promptly filled. The demand for your Safe Remedies, especially the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, is continuous and increasing, and our customers speak in the highest terms of their efficacy. Several cases of cures which have come under our observation are complete and most remarkable. Very truly yours, VAN SCHAACK, STEVENSON & Co., Adm.

—The tours planned and conducted by the Messrs. Cook, whose advertisement will be found elsewhere, embrace travel in every part of the globe, and by removing all the fatigue of planning and schedules, etc., the system is greatly improved. For several years it has been even more generally adopted than ever before. Whether the tourist goes alone, or with a party, he should avail himself of the numberless advantages of traveling under the care and direction of this bureau.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE OF MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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*Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

*We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

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FISH AND GAME IN QUEBEC.—The third annual dinner of the Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec was recently held in Quebec, the following members and invited guests being present, Mr. Romeo Stephens presiding and Mr. W. H. Kerr, Q. C., occupying the Vice Chair: Hon. Peter Mitchell, Andrew Robertson, S. B. Foote, Lieut.-Col. J. H. Isaacson, Dr. F. W. Campbell, Jas. Stewart, Euclide Roy, Louis Sutherland, A. N. Shevan, J. H. Stearns, Hugh Beckett, W. S. Walker, J. Try Davies, F. Henshaw, A. Force, E. C. Monk, A. F. McIntyre, J. C. Wilson, P. Drummond, James Johnson, Jr., L. R. Ord, G. U. Ahern, Dr. Alloway, F. J. Brady, W. H. Rintoul, J. B. Robertson, A. Webster, Chas. Cassils, Arch. Cassils, Hugh Patton, C. Holland, W. S. McFarlan, A. Davidson Ross, John Robinson, P. E. Normandean, J. Reeves, representative of the Sherbrooke Club; Dr. Mayrand, representative of the St. Andrew's Club; Capt. Kane, Chas. Robinson, G. S. Wilson, Alfred Rudolf, G. H. Matthews, R. A. Alloway, W. Crowthers, etc. The occasion was one of much good feeling and mutual congratulation upon the success of the Society's work. Special and well deserved compliments were paid to Mr. Whitaker and his officers for their efficient services in fish culture and protection.

—London has had another six-days' walking match, Boston is threatened with a "female pedestrian" show, and Weston and O'Leary are to go-as-you-please in San Francisco. With these wars and rumors of wars on all sides of her, New York city is certainly to be congratulated upon her immunity and present freedom from this particular form of lunacy. Possibly a few more dog shows at the Madison Square Garden may elevate the sporting tastes of the populace to a higher form of amusement. New Yorkers could well afford to give up these walking matches, and, following the admirable example set them by the Westminster Kennel Club, substitute a series of annual horse and cattle fairs, pigeon shows, yes, and even catshows.

—The man who brought his pigeon to pot by shooting up the chimney, as detailed elsewhere in the account of a shooting match, performed an unparalleled feat in the annals of pigeon shooting, and as he probably devoured his bird, may reasonably lay claim to the discovery of a new species of "chimney swallow."

AN ADMIRABLE SCHEME.

SOME two years ago we described and commended the plan of the Jolly Club, a New England association of men, women and children, who repair each year to one of the beautiful headlands jutting out from the Vermont shore into Lake Champlain. Here the club has a miniature wild-wood village of rough and rustic but comfortable cottages, with the forest aisles for streets and the vast stretch of wood and water for corporation limits. The members leave their homes in various Eastern cities in the spring and gather at this delightful rendezvous for the summer months. Shooting, fishing, boating, archery, croquet, botanizing, sketching, dreaming in the hammock, and a dozen other diversions and amusements, make up the vacation life. The gentlemen come and go as their business demands, while their families remain to gain health and pleasure. We once fell in with a hard-working New York physician, who in mid-summer was hastening here and there among his patients and looking longingly away from the noisome streets of the city to the restful camp of the Jolly Club up in Vermont.

We referred to the club when we wrote of it before as a New England institution, and held it up as "a bright and shining example to be known and imitated of all good people, North, East, South and West, throughout the land." It is with much gratification, then, that we now note the probable adoption of the same plan by some of our friends in Michigan. Granted that the western projectors of the plan never heard of the Jolly Club, it is still on the platform adopted by the Vermont institution that the new club is to be founded. It is then a triumph for the Jolly Club party of American pleasure seekers, and we hail with much satisfaction the growth of such sound and healthful ideas of summer recreation. For the meaning is that men and women are coming to see in the great world of nature, and outside of the town, fit dwelling places for body and soul; and this in turn promises increased participation in the health-giving recreation of the forest and stream.

In his opening address to the members of the Michigan Association, at Bay City, the other day, President Holmes introduced the project of a summer or fall encampment for the members of the Association and their families. The meeting at Bay City, like all the conventions of the Michigan Association, was so wholly devoted to the more serious work demanding attention that there was not opportunity for much sport, nor did the season invite to the field. The proposition therefore was to select a suitable site on the bank of some lake or river, where, in the later summer or fall, tents and lodges might be erected, and where the members of the Association, with their families, might gather for such a time as might be found convenient.

Such a scheme in its main features is admirable. It proposes, first of all, to gather sportsmen together where they belong—in the field. Save for a business meeting, a convention of sportsmen in town is a manifest anomaly. The practical instruction to be gained, the theories to be advanced and tested, the mutual giving and receiving of instruction in woodcraft and field work, all these things are to be accomplished out-of-doors. Two days of actual field work will accomplish more than two weeks of theorizing in a hall.

Again, the comprehensive plan proposed includes the family. The views of the FOREST AND STREAM on this point are so well known as to require no exposition here. We have set before us as our mission the advancement of field sports in their proper places and a participation in them not as the chief end of man but as conducive to accomplishing that end. We have taught that the man who is engaged in commercial pursuits is a better business man if he exchange for a time his day-books and ledgers for the fly book and tourist's guide, and that the professional man will be most successful in the long run, who breaks away from the routine of his work for a trip into the woods. Some men become so nervous and fidgety and out of sorts that their fellows are glad to miss them for a time while they are battling the black flies up in the Adirondacks. Society ought to ostracize such of its members and send them off to become men again in the wilds. We do not have room for the expansion of our souls in the city. The best natured men in the world are those who come into the FOREST AND STREAM office on their return from a vacation trip after quail or trout. One cannot help breathing in good nature with the ozone of the pine woods; one's jarring spirits must come into tune again in harmony with the strains of the forest trees swept by the night winds, and the metallic music of the woodland rivulets. There is no such soothing melody of man's handicraft as these harmonies of nature's chords. And if this dwelling in tents or sleeping beneath the sky be good for one man, it is good, too, for a score or a hundred, and for old and young, men and women. It is that we may instill into our children something of our own tastes that such schemes as this of a woodland encampment deserve to be put into execution. The plan offers an excellent supplement to the sportsman's regular field days.

Michigan and Wisconsin and Minnesota are rich in beautiful sites for such enterprises. Within their borders

are scores and scores of inland lakes, surrounded by dense forests, where fish and game abound, and will abound for a century to come. The railroad facilities are such that easy access may be had to the chosen camp, and men or families may come or go as they choose.

The plan just in the form proposed by the President of the Michigan Association may, however, prove impracticable. Hail fellows well met, who are the best companions in the world for a genuine roughing turn, will not stand the ordeal of a family encampment. What means quiet enjoyment to one man is an insufferable bore to another. A miscellaneous gathering of sportsmen—admitted to the hospitalities of the grounds on the strength of their sporting proclivities alone—might not prove the congenial company anticipated by the projectors of the scheme. Indeed, the demands of such companionship are exacting in the extreme. To make a success of a woodland camp the membership must be determined by the same rigid rules which obtain in society—those who make up the controlling element must have the privilege of excluding uncongenial factors, and for this reason it strikes us the plan of President Holmes may to great advantage be so modified as to provide for a careful selection of the guests.

This is something which time will try. Let the experiment, in some shape or another, be put to the test not only in Michigan, but in every State in the Union. If it has already been introduced and successfully accomplished, let the fact be known through the FOREST AND STREAM, for the instruction and benefit of others.

NATIVE AND TRANSPLANTED FISH.—Our angling friend, "Dexter," of Albany, commenting upon the gradual disappearance of our strictly indigenous fish, agrees with us that the artificially grown fish lack the pluck and gaminess of their predecessors. He says:—

Ten years ago, when first I commenced fishing in the Mohawk River, the black bass, small mouthed, were there in abundance; and noble fellows they were, too—strong, heavy biters and savage, vigorous fighters; their flesh hard, slaty and delicious. In a few years they commenced to grow scarce and a fresh supply was added. The past few years we have been catching plenty of them, a trifle under size. When they bite there is not the slightest resemblance to the actions of their predecessors, but just the opposite; they are not as strong fighters when hooked. Neither do I consider them as good eating.

Making all due allowance for the lapse of years, during which the fishing of the past, in common with other pleasures, takes on the excellencies of a backward vision, there are very patent reasons why the artificially bred progeny should afford comparatively tame sport. In the natural state the fish are all subject to the law of the survival of the fittest. It is then only the strongest, most vigorous, and best fighters that live to take the fly. Give us the dwellers in the swiftly rushing streams, whose months of battling with the turbid waters have developed their full game qualities; they are worthy of a man's best skill; to drive them quivering and palpitating from their watery home is no child's play; they alone are fit objects of costly tackle, railroad fares and long trips. One lordly monarch of the wild wood pool, lying on the grass while your own heart beats with exultation, will make the beam descend, though there be a dozen liveried sluggards in the opposite scale.

GOOD QUAIL SHOOTING.—A gentleman who has just returned from Cleveland County, N. C., reports the quail shooting there the best he ever found anywhere. He stopped at King's Mountain, which is on the Piedmont Air Line, thirty-three miles from Charlotte, N. C. The route from New York is to Washington, thence Richmond and Danville Railroad to Charlotte; fare, \$16.50, which includes tickets only. King's Mountain has two hotels, terms moderate. The country is rough and the shooting grounds close at hand. The birds are abundant, every after bevy flushed in succession, and large bags the rule. Visitors should take their dogs with them, as the local supply is limited. If this information is not specific enough, a letter may be sent to Capt. Bell, at King's Mountain, who is one of the two sportsmen in the place.

BURROWING QUAIL.—The same gentleman relates a novel incident which transpired during his stay at King's Mountain. With his companions one morning he was approaching a little ravine, where from appearances he judged there were birds, when sure enough his dog came to a standstill. Coming up, they found a dead quail a few feet from the dog, which evidently had just been killed by shot, presumably from their own guns, and then mangled by some animal or bird of prey. But this was not the object of the dog's attention; he was pointing to a hole in the ground, a discarded burrow perhaps, some few feet away. Wondering at this, our friend's guide stooped down, put his arm into the hole as far as he could reach, and pulled out a live quail. They took some sticks and dug away the mouth of the hole; the arm was again inserted, and out came another quail; a third bird was added to the novel capture, and then they stopped, not because there were no more quail in that hole, but because they could not reach any more. The presumption is that the birds, frightened, had taken

refuge in this underground retreat; but their ignoble capture, like that of Reynard in his hole, was certainly extraordinary in this country, where we are not accustomed to run our birds to earth.

NOTES.—The table of contents which will hereafter be found upon the first page will materially facilitate reference to current numbers and to the files. This is an improvement which, with the introduction of date lines now at the top of every page, will be appreciated by our readers.

The pot called the kettle black, and it is not an infrequent thing to hear a self-confessed violator of game law sportsmanship and decency envenom against the professional pot-hunter.

Every aggrieved angler owes it to the craft to resist the implication in the current newspaper squib that "it's the amateur fisherman who hires a haul."

Several months ago we commended the plan of a FOREST AND STREAM scrap-book, and we have since learned of several such books being made. Those who do not preserve their files will find the scrap-book an excellent thing. The amount of matter worthy of preservation in such form is greater than one would think without trying the plan. One of our correspondents writes of a set of books kept by himself, one devoted to natural history, another to hints and instructions in shooting, another to fish and fishing, etc.

We wish to call especial attention to the advertisement in another column on wild rice. Many of our inland ponds might be made the resort of wild fowl by a judicious distribution of this very nutritious and thrifty cereal. It has proved of vast benefit in the West. Mr. Chas. Gilchrist is a sportsman of practical experience in the habits and feed of the aquatics and knows whereof he speaks. The rice is very prolific after the first sowing, and spreads very rapidly. It is also very fine in flavor as a dessert.

The paper on our first page descriptive of the route to Parmachenee Lake and the Rangely Circuit contains as much information as the average guide-book—and more, too, for the author wrote it to supply just the facts omitted in the hand-books of travel. Prospective Maine tourists may profitably adopt the suggestion to preserve the pages for future reference.

The index to Volume Thirteen will be forthcoming shortly. Its publication has been unavoidably delayed, but we trust its usefulness may be in no wise impaired thereby.

As the spring is near advancing we are receiving requests for information about fish and game resorts. The directory which has been organized at this office is receiving the attention of our friends and has already proved of material assistance. We again remind our correspondents all over the land that they may render valuable aid in this work by sending in at an early date such details of shooting and fishing resorts as they may be informed of. Postal card reports are amply sufficient. See the notice in another column.

To our correspondent, "Guy Rivers," who some time ago detailed in these columns his luckless adventures during a voyage down the Mississippi, we commend the newspaper accounts of the tour of Capt. Hemphill, now on a honeymoon trip down the Father of Waters. The happy couple have their boat all to themselves—not another soul on board. The craft is decked with flags, streamers and evergreens, and the popular captain is everywhere hailed with steam whistles and cannon.

Ruskin will lecture on St. Patrick's Day before the London Institution, and his theme will be: "A Warning to Snakes." He is reported to be a student of snakes. What Ruskin has to say about them, whether his lecture be scientific or not, will be well worth listening to.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—It will be remembered that we noted some weeks ago the sad death of Mr. E. B. Staples, of Sarasota, Fla., who had been known for years to our readers as Major Sarasota, and we mentioned at the same time the straitened circumstances of his family. It gives us pleasure to publish this acknowledgment from Mrs. Staples, which is dated at Sarasota, Fla., Feb. 5th:—

I desire to express through your columns my grateful thanks and appreciation for the sympathy and aid which has been extended to me and mine in our hour of great desolation and destitution. On the 15th of November I received from your corporation twenty-five dollars; Thanksgiving day, from Capt. Silas Stearns, appointed by the Smithsonian Institute, a magnificent supply of groceries and ten dollars in money; Dec. 9th, from Mr. John H. Knapp, of Wisconsin, five dollars; Feb. 1st, from Mr. W. Crosby, of New York, five dollars, and from Dr. Ferber, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Steels and Mr. Benedict, twenty-five pounds of bacon and five pounds of coffee.

GAME PROTECTION.
Secretaries of game clubs and others are invited to send us early notices of changes in game laws, reports of the doings of societies and other notes of news.

THE DEPLETED GAME OF LONG ISLAND AND ITS RESTORATION.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 15th.
LONG ISLAND, that once famous Utopian, but now almost deteriorated paradise of the sportsman, has not been totally exiled from the memory of a few gunners still living, whose conviviality filled the halls of Jim Smith's tabernacle in years gone by, and who still seek employment for the spaniel and the fowling piece among her meadows, bays and woodlands; scenery rivaled by none elsewhere on the continent of North America. The painted grouse, once abundant from Brooklyn to South Hampton, takes no more its noon-day siesta within those obscure coverts; the drum of the ruffed grouse is heard less frequently than in former years, though this bird is by no means extinct, and the noble stag, who in early days broke his fast and slaked his thirst where grew the lily pads in many limpid streams, have, save a few degenerated stragglers, left the slopes for holts far remote from the mirth and merriment of man.

Albeit these denizens, like the red man, have fell by the tyranny of the pale face, Long Island still possesses attractions for the sportsman which might be multiplied were her game laws properly enforced. It was the neglect in this respect that suffered the extermination of the heath hen from the brush plains, though as early as 1791 laws were framed for her preservation, but alas! they were not enforced, and before those who have never been there, the facts would be given the widest incredibility; and not wishing to fill the young sportsman's heart with the sorrowful regret that he had not been thrown into this world twenty years earlier, I may be pardoned if I omit the record of some of the bags made in this vicinity, and simply add that if the eel pots be destroyed, and the luxuriant duck-weed allowed to grow again, in a few years quite respectable shooting may be had at this old haunt; otherwise I prophesy the absence of those days forever.

But Long Island is yet a favorite hunting-ground. Myriads of wild ducks and geese throng to the placid bosom of her bays and inlets, and the little quail is also abundant in some of the rural districts. Though I do not admire nor countenance summer woodcock shooting, I could take you, reader, were I so inclined, to where you could indulge to your heart's content in this unsportsmanlike sport; but I know you would refuse to go. I know of a covert whose familiar picture is now before me; a small piece of swamp and thicket whose full radius does not exceed two furlongs, where, on the 3d of July a year ago, well known parties from this city killed woodcock whose aggregate numbered into the forties; and on the day following another party, numbering four gentlemen, killed a similar quantity in a brake about a stone's throw from the first mentioned locality, which had been reserved for them; and had they swayed over other lands adjacent the result of that day's woodcock shooting would have reached a heavy figure. All this was accomplished within a few hours in the morning. I have to add that ere they found their way to the tables some of them were as fat as the turkey.

Such is a faithful representation of the past and present of the once famous one hundred and twenty-five miles of sand bar, and all, yes, I shall venture to say all, for the lack of wise legislation.

There are, perhaps, no gurgling streams, no meadows, no glens or leafy woods, in which the errant cow-boy can pillage with such safety as those upon Long Island. Obscured in a Suffolk County hamlet, he sets his snares when the sun is sinking behind the woods, and knowing their whereabouts, he scarcely awaits the dawn when he has his traps emptied, account of stock taken, and while yet the villagers are dreaming has found ready sale to some baggage master on the railroad. What does he know about section so-and-so of the game laws; much less, what does he care when ten cents may be readily obtained for a "plump" or perhaps a half-starved "Bob White"—poor "Bob," my heart beats with love for thee! and when he has promised the baggage master the day previous to bring such-and-such a number the next morning, and then roaming about the village "cock-a-doodle-doing" as to how he "ketched" "leven" quails and "tree" woodpile quavkers and "a duced of a big buck rabbit," and changes the silver from one pocket to the other, or goes out at noon, when, if by chance he should meet farmer Jones's African—gun he has none. So how can he be made to respect a legal notice? Who is going to watch him? What will be done with the small boys?

It has been said to me: "What care you or I what these fellows do, so that we have birds to shoot at?" I'm thankful that my mind was never trained to such a view of things, or good as it is, and to tell the frank truth I pay far greater attention to the movements of the habitants of the woods than I do to the maneuvers of my own race. I want to see the lower class of animated nature protected; I want to see the few sections of law worth anything at all duly enforced; I want competent men to handle all the game legislation; and I don't want a two years prohibitory law, nor the shot gun taxed. It is not necessary to go that far at present.

And now, how shall we get about this thing effectively? I will tell you. Let every sportsman put in an appearance at Seneca Falls next July. Let the council fire be kindled, and let our supplications rend the winkle. Let us agitate this subject to such an extent as to demand attention. It is an American idea that when a portion of the community feel burdened with that portion of law relative to them, they shall have a say in the matter. It is the duty of the State Association to think gravely upon this subject.

Mr. Editor, I give the prefatory notes upon Long Island to show what that locality was once, and to show what it is now, and what its future is likely to be.
HARRY PENWOOD.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.

BOSTON, Feb. 20th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

The quail reach Messina in their migrations about the middle of March, and the flights continue until the middle of April, sometimes until 1st of May. A letter is from two to three weeks going from here to Messina. The latest possible time for sending an order (and getting it executed) would be the first part of April. The latest date at which an order could be sent and be probably executed would be considerably earlier. To make this clear I quote as follows from a letter of Mr. Braun, dated Jan. 17th, 1880: "A short time ago one of our Messina papers brought out an article stating that the catching of quail was to be prohibited entirely before next spring, and consequently I abandoned all hope of further exportations. But now I hear that the licenses which were given out last spring for the duration of one year will remain in force for their full term, so that those catchers who took their licenses late last spring can make use of them for a part of the next flight. No licenses are no more given out under the previous conditions. Before, any one who had a license could go catching anywhere in the whole Kingdom of Italy. The license was personal, and cost only 20 shillings. Now a new law has been issued, according to which the new license is personal and can be used only for a marked piece of ground not exceeding 25 meters (about 27 yards) in length, and 20 meters (about 21½ yards) in breadth; and, besides that, the cost has been raised to 60 shillings for each license. These determinations of course do away with all hope of getting any more quail after next spring, as nobody can see his way clear to pay 60 shillings for a license on which he may, perhaps, be able to catch not twenty birds during the whole flight. This is the work of our sportsmen, who fear that the increasing demand for live birds will reduce the stock of quail, and perhaps in time will end to our quail hunting. As the birds appear here in such immense quantities, I doubt whether this would ever be the case, but I must acknowledge that the bird-catchers are very annoying indeed when one is out gunning."

It is plain from the above extract that it is better to have all orders in by March 1st at the latest. At the same time, it is not at all improbable that orders sent in as late as the middle of March, or possibly, the 1st of April, would be executed. Our first order will be sent forward on or before March 1st. If any who desire to import cannot get their plans completed by that time they can order later, and all orders received before April 1st will be sent along to Mr. Braun, the gentlemen ordering bearing in mind that in all cases Mr. Braun reserves the right to return the money, less the small cost of the exchange, if he cannot obtain the birds without loss to himself. After April 1st I think it would be useless to forward orders.

The following letter from Mr. Braun may be interesting to your readers.
HORACE P. TOBEY,

MESSINA, Jan. 26th, 1880.

Mr. Horace P. Tobey, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.:—

DEAR SIR:—According to your request in your last favor, I will write you a few lines upon matters connected with migratory quail, giving you in a few words such facts as I have gathered from my own experience. I will begin by saying that the quail are not stationary with us, or at least not here in the vicinity of Messina. A few have, however, been found to breed in the plains near Catania. During their short stays here in spring and autumn they must be considered as travelers, and their habits are not the same that they are at their home there, as at their resting place. They are here almost first to death by their long flight across the sea, and oftentimes they are so exhausted that they fall down in the streets of our city; then they can be easily picked up. Some that cannot stand the long flight are often seen to drop down into the sea, where they show themselves to be clever swimmers. They lie quietly on the surface of the water and lift one by one to the wind, thus spreading a miniature sail, by which they are carried safely to the shore.

They migrate almost exclusively at night, very rarely in the day time. They generally arrive here in the morning early, remain during the day, and continue their migration the coming evening. When it is moonlight they fly high and alight upon the mountains; while with a covered sky they fly low and alight on the plains. I have not been able to find out here that the quail have a particular time for feeding and another for resting, as I have seen them move about in all hours of the day. This is owing of course to the irregularity and disturbance they meet out here. But in Germany where they nest I have noticed that they have about the same habits as the partridges, viz., feed in the morning early, toward noon and at sunset, and lie up the rest of the day. They make their nests upon the ground, and have no nest, but are in the choice of their nesting place. The female lays from eight to eighteen gray-colored and duck-sprinkled eggs, which are about the size of pigeons' eggs. The young, like the young of the partridge, are able to run about the day they are hatched. I have seen them run with a part of the egg-shell still on their backs. The quail generally does not breed more than twice a year.

The catching of the quail is done with nets and snares. The former implement, which is mostly used on the Italian continent, is the same kind of net that is ordinarily used in other countries for catching birds. The entangling is done at night, and in order to attract the passing birds the catcher uses a decoy whistle, with which he imitates the monotonous "pick-trick-wick" of the quail. The implement mostly used here in Sicily for catching quail is the snare. It is used in the following way:—

The catcher digs in the winter small trenches, about twelve centimeters (about four and seven-tenths inches) broad, in the field, on each side of which he sows rye, which forms in spring, when grown up, a kind of an alley. Across the trenches the catcher fastens, about fifty centimeters (about nineteen inches) apart, small sticks in such a manner that a quail can comfortably pass below them, but the middle of each stick, which is a "hot" hair, is fastened, and in the trench some seed (her-

is the best) is scattered. When the quail goes into the trench to feed on the seed it gets caught by the neck. To your question what kind of dog we use here to find the quail, I must reply that in this country, where almost every one pretends to be a sportsman, all kinds of dogs are used, even terriers and poodles not excepted. But no doubt, spaniels and pointers are the best dogs for quail shooting. The quail generally squats before the dog, and remains a good while before starting to fly; but when it is rainy weather I have experienced that they don't squat, but run before the dog. Shooters here generally go out alone, and every one shoots on his own account. During the flight in spring our mountains and corn-fields are perfectly covered with shooters, and when quail are plentiful the firing seems like that of a general engagement. With a good dog a successful shooter can well kill 100 or more quail in a day. Two years ago last April I shot with my central fire gun, caliber 16, powder FFF and shot No. 10, seventy-three quail, from 3 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and might have shot many more if I had been better provided with ammunition. Though the quail arrive here in large flocks they separate during the day, and are mostly found singly. Toward the end of the flight in spring, they are often found in pairs. They stay only one day with us, and as they always fly against the wind it often happens that one day we have plenty, and if the wind changes in the evening not a single one can be found the next day.

Yours, very truly, CARL F. BLAUN.

MIGRATORY QUAIL IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The following, taken from the *Westchester (Pa.) Republican*, will be of interest to many of our readers:—

Since the close of the shooting season sportsmen have been comparing notes in regard to the Messina or migratory quail, which were turned loose in Chester County last summer, and the general conclusion has been that the birds scattered over a large area of country on being set free. In conversation recently with a resident of West Marlboro Township, he informed us that while out shooting with a companion in the fall the dogs flushed a covey of birds consisting of a hen and seven or eight half-grown birds. On rising they flew close to the ground in such a way that made it exceedingly difficult to get a fair shot, and the hunters only succeeded in obtaining one young bird, which they decided to be a cross between the imported and domestic breeds. This is the only case of this nature coming to our notice, but we would be glad to hear of anything in connection with the introduction of these birds.

MIGRATORY QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.—*Rock Spring, New Baltimore, Va., Feb. 9th.*—As it may be of interest to those gentlemen who have been to the trouble and expense of importing and turning down the "European" quail, I wish them to know through your paper that one pair settled close to me last year, bred and reared a brood of about a dozen. They never were disturbed by gun or dog all season, and only one young one was killed by chance, in this way: the colored boy when crossing a branch at the head of a swamp the whole brood fluttered under the horse's legs, and he made a cut at them with his whip and killed one. What became of the others I can't tell. On rising they are "away down in Tennessee" by this time, and should I hear of them again, or others, this fall I will report.

BOB WHITE.

THE NEW JERSEY LAW.

RAVEN ROCK, N. J., Feb., 1880.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Your Morrisstown, N. J., correspondent, "Jersey," goes over those who oppose his pet woodcock law rough-shod. There is before the present Legislature some bill a dozen or so in all; not one that should be allowed to become a law, if the true sportsman and the people of the State could have their say. No one of them is intended for the whole State, but for some favored localities. For instance, in Hunterdon, Mercer and other counties, woodcock breed in goodly numbers, and leave on the first full moon in July, or sooner if the season is favorable, and are seldom afterward seen in these localities; consequently they have no fall woodcock shooting, although they breed there. Northern Jersey will receive the benefits of such a law, as they go there during their moulting season, so there is nothing wonderful in the opposition to the proposed law from parts of the State affected, while other localities more favored are advocating it.

The Game Protective Association have inclosed a proposition to open the close season for rabbits and quail from the 10th or 15th of October, instead of November 1st as at present, and I have reason to believe their bill is now before the Legislature. Such a bill should be branded as the pot-hunters' bill, calculated to exterminate the game of New Jersey before it is fit for use. What an exhibition of skill it would be to see a member of the Association rally forth on the 15th of October, flush a covey of quail, drive them into some grassy meadow, and then shoot them all singly while they are yet tame, and some of them not much larger than sparrows. None but villainously bad shots and pot-hunters advocate such a law. Still this Association does it. Am I correct?

If Senator Lawrence will introduce a bill for the prevention of wood-chopping, and to stop the gun from shining so hot, so as to not dry up our swamp lands, he will accomplish as much in the way of woodcock protection as by the proposed law. No true lover of shooting wishes to see our game birds ruthlessly destroyed; but when one section of the State attempts to legislate in their own interest and against another section, they will find opposition, and not altogether from selfish persons or notoriously bad shots, either.

Of the half dozen bills before the Legislature, there is but one that deserves consideration, and that is Senator Lockman's bill, prohibiting the use of gunno birds and rabbits from Jan. 1st to Dec. 1st. Amend his bill, make it read from Dec. 15th to Nov. 15th, then those villainously bad shots early in the season, and tracking snow hounds in the late season, will have to confine themselves to one month, which, owing to the growing scarcity of game is enough for all practical purposes, the Association to the contrary notwithstanding. FAIR PLAY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Although at the present not a resident of New Jersey, I consider myself somewhat of a Jerseyman, having lived there formerly, and there for the last fifteen years.

"Jersey's" belief that nine sportsmen out of ten are in favor of a law prohibiting summer shooting is, I think, wrong. I agree with him in regard to the law, but I do not believe that nine sportsmen out of ten are in favor of it. According to an old law of New Jersey, any man has the right to shoot on his own land the year around, or he can transfer his right to any of his friends, provided he gives him his permission in writing. The upshot of it is that every year by the 15th of June the woodcock are nearly all killed. A few years ago—not so very many, either—I had occasion to go to Paterson on a visit on Decoration Day—that is, the 30th of May. Happening to take a walk through the country with a friend of mine, a resident of Paterson, we heard, or rather counted, thirty-two shots fired in a piece of wood adjoining a swamp. We crossed the fence, and came face to face with the shooter. His dog was then on a point. Up jumped a half-fledged woodcock, and bang! went the gun. Evidently the bird was untouched, but as he could not rise three yards above the ground our sportsman's dog caught him in the air before he could alight. This sportsman proved to be a permanent and most active member of the Paterson Game Association—so I was told afterward; but as he was shooting on his own land, he could see no harm in shooting woodcock on the 30th of May.

I have not the slightest doubt that if "Jersey" counts among his nine-tenths this kind of sportsmen, he is certainly right; but if he counts as sportsmen people who cannot go out shooting whenever they please, but only do so when the law is off, he is certainly mistaken.

I have not missed in New Jersey one single Fourth of July for the last ten years, but I must confess I have found the birds becoming scarcer and scarcer every year, because they had been killed before the season by parties that hunted on their own grounds, or by some friends of theirs from the city, to whom they had given permission to shoot.

If "Jersey" can prevail on Senator Lawrence to have this old law repealed, I have no doubt that he will find very little opposition to his bill; otherwise there will not be any necessity for this new law, as by the 1st of October there would not be left any more woodcock than there is now under the old law. The land owners and their friends would shoot anyway, and, as the boys say, would have all the "pudding" to themselves. Rise up, Jerseymen!

There is no such provision in the present New Jersey game law; and the old law referred to by our correspondent is repealed by the late laws.

BLISSBURGH, N. J., February, 1880.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

In this vicinity (eastern part of Warren County) we have very good woodcock grounds, and the birds found only enable us to break our young dogs. During July we generally find a few birds and can manage to bag five or six in an hour or two of hard work. In October or November we very seldom get a chance at them. This is owing, I suppose, to their being all shot off during the summer. I agree with "Jersey" in all that he has said on this subject. There is little pleasure in shooting half-grown or partly-fledged woodcock, especially when the thermometer stands at 90 deg. in the shade and nearly every thread of one's garments is saturated with perspiration.

Old sportsmen here tell us that fifty or sixty years ago there were plenty of good woodcock grounds, and it was no straining feat for two guns to secure a bag of sixty birds in a few hours. Now nearly all of these grounds are utilized, and where once were large tracts of alder swamps there are farms or fields.

Some of our selfish sportsmen argue that if we get no shooting in July we will get none in the fall, as woodcock move southward then and are not to be found. How they know that none will be found in the fall I cannot tell, for there has never been any left for July to be found at all until the next year. Let us have no summer shooting at all and then we can know the truth. I am in favor of having quail, woodcock and grouse shooting open Oct. 15th. If we are to have no woodcock shooting until October I think we ought to quail shooting at one and the same time.

P. H.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN FEBRUARY.

Hares, brown and gray. Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FLORIDA.

Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Quail, Snipe, Ducks, and Wild Fowl. "Day birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, snail birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., couling under the group *Limicola* or shore birds.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the *FOREST AND STREAM* Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Correspondents are desirous of information of the above nature relating to (1) Bush River, Md.; (2) good quail shooting in Ohio on the line of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad; (3) localities for camping out in the vicinity of Gratton, or near the Cheat Mountains, in West Virginia; (4) snipe shooting within 60 miles of Indianapolis, Ind.; (5) the name of a guide living at or near Brulé Lake, ninety-five miles north of Ottawa.

COOKING SEA FOWL.—*New Bedford, Feb. 21st.*—Your correspondent asks the mode of removing the fishy taste of sea-fowl. It is well carefully remove the fat from the inside, and then skin them, soaking a few hours in water to remove the blood, he will find that sheldrakes, white-wings, etc., will taste no more fishy than a duck or goose, and, in fact, a sheldrake served in this way is as palatable as a wild partridge. Even an old loon under this treatment makes a very good dish. I write from experience.

COSCHA.

Brooklyn, Feb. 23d.—My mother used to cook ducks and sheldrakes in the following manner: First, put inside of each bird one or two onions, then put them into a pot of cold water, and set the pot over the fire until it just comes to a boil. Then take the ducks, rinse them out, and roast them same as any other fowl. Even coots, when cooked this way and served up with currant jelly, are not to be despised.

LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—A meeting of five delegates from each of the following sporting clubs of King County—Long Island Shooting Club, the Brooklyn, Fountain and Nassau Gun Club, and the Long Island Foresters' Club—was held last week at the rooms of the Long Island Club, and after a long discussion growing out of a misunderstanding on the part of the delegates of the Long Island and Brooklyn clubs, they supposing that the former meeting was merely temporary in character, it was resolved that in order to remove all misunderstanding on the subject the "members of the several clubs now present do now enter into a permanent organization, known as the Long Island Sportsmen's Association." This was passed unanimously, and the following officers were then elected:—President, Mr. G. A. Chappell; First Vice-President, Dr. H. P. Aten, Brooklyn Gun Club; Second Vice-President, Dr. W. Wynn, L. I. S. C.; Third Vice-President, W. Solover, Nassau Gun Club; Fourth Vice-President, Charles E. Fiske, Fountain Gun Club; Fifth Vice-President, Henry Thorpe, Long Island Foresters' Club; Secretary, Abel Crook, Fountain Gun Club; Treasurer, R. Robinson, L. I. S. C.; Assistant Secretary, H. B. Cook, Fountain Gun Club. An Executive Committee, consisting of five members from each club, was then appointed, the officers of the Association being members *ex-officio*. The meeting adjourned for two weeks, when by-laws will be adopted and active measures engaged in toward effecting the object of the Association.

A NEW PENNSYLVANIA CLUB.—*Northumberland, Pa., Feb. 16th.*—A meeting of the sportsmen of this place was held on last Saturday evening to form an association for the protection of fish and game. Officers were elected as follows:—President, Jesse James; 1st Vice-President, Jos. Auckst; 2d Vice-President, Sam. D. Burk; Treasurer, W. E. Taylor; Secretary, J. C. W. Brown; Members present, Zachary Taylor, G. W. Smith, C. C. Jones, Jos. P. Heine, Geo. Saridge, Jas. K. Bright, Levi Busler, W. F. Garrihan, Geo. Fiegew.

This is something that has long been needed in this section, and if the right steps are taken it will be a great advantage to farmers and sportsmen. The association was named the Susquehanna Sportsman Association, and a bounty of fifty cents will be paid for all hares and birds, at certain distance, except to members of the association.

J. H. C.

OMO—Woodstock, Feb. 18th.—This has been a sorry old winter to the lovers of field sports in Ohio. No quail shooting, and on account of the mild winter, no other shooting to speak of, until within the last few days. There have been a few wild pigeons flying, but no regular flight that I have heard of. I have not seen a dozen wild ducks this winter, which is something remarkable in our part of the State.

T. M.

OREGON—Portland, Jan. 28th.—In company with B. of Cedar Creek, W. T., I paid a short visit to the flooded grain fields of Washington County last Saturday, and we had some fine sport, bringing home thirty-five quail, seven numbers of ducks, geese and swans. We experienced a hearty welcome from Mr. J. L. Hallett, at whose handsome farm we made our headquarters, and whose hospitality is always extended to the sportsman. At a small lake near this place a short time ago one of the farmer boys killed twenty-nine ducks at one shot, and crippled several more.

MULTNOMAH.

JUST WHAT WE THINK.—*Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 16th.*—Of course I cannot get along without *FOREST AND STREAM*. No orthodox minister can live without it and not suffer. I am waiting for the duck season to open, and meantime occasionally clean my gun.

M. W. H.

Ellsworth, Wis., Feb. 8th.—I have shot buckshots at deer with good success. First, you can't expect shot to go true unless they are round; and, as you buy them, there is usually a perfect oval in a sack. Play off your tents and feathers, which used as rudders to steer them. So I take an old ale and brush off all of these one by one, and drop them into an old stone jug, throwing away all that have holes in them. Then shake for about a minute, till they are all smooth—then I have perfect shot. Now, in loading shells, the more powder you use the more force you get on the shot, and the more they scatter. So in loading, decrease the powder instead of increasing, as most men do. I use in twelve shells 24 drams E. powder, and four layers of buckshot; that will chamber four. I find they make an even spread, with sufficient penetration.

S. W. S.

SOME GUNS THAT I HAVE OWNED.

IN what I am about to write, I solemnly disclaim any intention of either praising any make, or makers of guns, or to record anything to their disadvantage, but simply to give my own honest impressions of a good gun, and to say something of some that I have owned.

It was in 1849 that I bought my first gun. The callow days of sweet sixteen made me look upon that gun as perfection. Thirty-six inches in the clear, with a drop of seven inches in the fore-end, a long, straight, and slender barrel, which would kill squirrels like a stroke of lightning, and would kick like a newspaper male. Years have rolled over my head since, and I have had many hairbreadth escapes by flood and field, but on looking back, with my present knowledge of guns, I think I was never in more danger than when I fired that gun with a full-size charge.

In the light of subsequent events I now know it. My uncle owned a slave, about my own age, whom I had taught to shoot, and who was my *Edna Achates*, accompanying me in all my hunting excursions. The highest ambition of this sable sportsman was to kill a "green-head" duck. Finding that he was never allowed to kill one when with me, he stole the gun one Sunday and marched down to the creek, accompanied by the whole "drumshot" gang of the plantation. Reasoning, like many other poor fellows, that a sound shot, but arriving at an erroneous conclusion, Pete put in two charges of powder and shot in each barrel, thinking that, if one charge would kill, two would do the work much better. Finding a large flock of "green-heads" trusting to the sanctity of the day, and quacking as they never do quack except on Sundays, aided by the shelter of a water-fence, Pete crept to within twenty yards of the devoted birds. Resting his gun on the fence and taking careful aim, he

Onro-Cincinnati, Feb. 19th.—Score of a pigeon match shot at Ross Lake Park, between H. J. Koch and Ferd. Witte, both of this city; 15 singles; ground traps; 26 yards rise; and 10 doubles from plunge traps at the usual distance; each party,

MICHIGAN ARCHERS.—Battle Creek, Mich., Feb. 6th.—The following record may not be uninteresting to some brothers.

archers. It is a practice score of ten days—Jan. 21st to Jan. 31st inclusive. Sunday excluded—made by six men's man, Mr. Frank H. Duncan, of the Battle Creek Archers, at a distance of thirty yards. Its chief interest lies in its particularity—

Total number rounds.....	101
Grand average.....	233 93-101
Average of best six consecutive rounds.....	254
Best 30 arrows (consecutive).....	254
Best 45 arrows.....	286
Best 30 arrows.....	246
Arrow to end in 101 rounds.....	229
Arrow to arrow in 101 rounds.....	74 (approx.)
Total number arrows.....	3,030
Distance walked.....	244 miles.
Time occupied.....	40 hours (approx.)

BATTLE CREEK ARCHERS.—Battle Creek, Mich., Feb. 19th.—The cold weather forces us to shoot indoors, and consequently at short range. The following score, made by Frank H. Duncan, of the Battle Creek Archers, Feb. 9th, may excite to emulation some beginner in the winking sport.

Eight successive rounds of 30 arrows each at 30 yards; average to each round, 250; highest 90 arrows, 754; highest 45 arrows, 412; highest 30 arrows, 256. In the eight rounds he made 165 golds, 70 reds and 5 blues, but once making below 21 in an end. He made no blacks, whites nor misses. He four times made 12 golds in succession. N. A. O.

OHIO—Toledo, Jan. 31st.—Match between John Wilkinson, of the North Side Archery Club, of Chicago, and Dean V. R. Manley, of the Toledo Archery Club; number of arrows, 90; distance, 40 yards—

	1st 30.	2nd 30.	3rd 30.	Total.
John Wilkinson.....	23	170	30	104
Dean V. R. Manley.....	40	69	29	138

THE DES MOINES TOXOPHILES.—Des Moines, Ia., Feb. 5th.—As "experience meetings," or more properly retrospective views on the past year of archery, seem to be having a boom, I feel that the West should not withhold its mite. The Toxophilites of Des Moines have had a very pleasant and satisfactory season, and can look back on the past and note with commendable pride their progress as a club since their organization, two years ago. Our scores by the lady members at the Columbia Round have ranged from 300 points down. No long ranges were attempted last season by the club. Our weather is too cold and the winds too boisterous for successful practice of archery during winter months; and only in a few instances since last October has any archer been rash enough to attempt it. I am aware of the fact that it is early to speak of the grand national tournament to be held at Buffalo, N. Y., four or five days of next July. It seems to the writer that as everybody is entitled (or ought to be) to a fortnightly vacation in midsummer, would it not be a good idea for all who desire to go to lay their plans and husband their resources with this in view. There certainly cannot be a more delightful trip—by land or water—to this beautiful city by the lake to enjoy a few days' recreation in one of her many handsome parks and almost in earshot of one of nature's grandest and most wondrous works—Niagara Falls.

TAC HUSSEY.
A COMANCHE BOW.—Boston, Feb. 4th.—I have read with interest the articles on the different woods for bows, and beg leave to offer a mite on the subject. Years ago I was in the habit of making bows of red cedar, which our people preferred an inquiry about. I found the material excellent, so far as elasticity was concerned, but brittle, and apt to warp. Pursuing my experiments, I glued a strip of leather along the back to counteract the latter fault, and, pouring oil over the wood, lighted it, and scorched it, I found it toughened the wood considerably, and for years never used any other bow. I have in my possession a Comanche bow, the description of which may be interesting:—

Length, 3 feet 3 inches; width, 2 inches; thickness, 1 inch; made of spruce, and backed with a mat of buffalo sinew, glued so firmly as to defy both weather and time. The string was also of sinew, and after I broke it, I never could get another that would stand the strain. A sheaf of arrows accompanied it, that were also a curiosity in their way. The shafts were in two parts. (1.) A 30-inch wood apparently, with a woody outside. (2.) A short piece of wood inserted in the end, of an equal diameter as the shaft, to which the stone and head was fastened with sinew resembling catgut, while both joints and feathers (hawk) were fastened with thin bands of the same. The whole was about thirty-three inches in length; and I have seen a strong man draw that three-foot bow in his head, and send an arrow over a fence one hundred and sixty-three yards away! I could not do it though.

J. P. TRAE.
ANOTHER INDIAN BOW.—Putnam, Conn., Jan. 31st.—Fifty years ago I saw a very old bow and arrows at Yarmouth, Mass. It was said to have been used by an Indian who lived near Plymouth at the time of our forefathers. It was worn very smooth. Around the middle was a fine braid, which was filled up with a kind of glue. It looked as if it had seen a deal of service. There were two arrows with it. I thought they were made of walnut. They seemed to be heavy, were pointed with sharp stone, and other end feathered for about seven inches. The arrows seemed to be stained with blood. I carefully measured the bow, and afterwards made one as near it as I could, and it was the best bow I ever saw. I killed considerable game with it. I pointed my arrows with glass, and many a woodchuck I have tumbled over. I once recollect shooting two partridges from a tree that our dog Bose had tied. Game of all kinds was abundant there, especially about the Plymouth woods. G. F. W.

HORSMAN'S ARROWS.—New York, Feb. 21st.—Editor Forest and Stream.—My attention has been called to a communication from Mr. L. L. Pedinghaus which appeared in a recent issue of your paper. While Mr. Pedinghaus' remarks were, to some extent, complimentary to my make of arrows, they had a tendency to mislead the public mind in regard to what I am now manufacturing. I quote from his letter:—

Horsman's arrows are excellent; we have used more by him than any other maker. But when he makes the pile to fit the steel perfectly, so they will not bend whenever they strike anything hard, and thus the feathers on the shaft without cutting creases in the steel, then they will be the par excellence of arrows.

While these remarks may apply to last year's goods, they do a great injustice to the "par excellence of arrows" which I am now making. The "pile" I now use is bored from solid metal. The "steel" is made from the same English steel as used by Aldred, of London (which I think I need not say is the pile perfectly).

No longer cut "creases" or grooves in the "steel," but glue the feathers on the outside surface. All my footed arrows are feathered with peacock feathers.

I have spared no expense to make my arrows absolutely perfect, and have succeeded, as the following letter will prove.

E. I. HORSMAN.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Feb. 24.

DEAR SIR:—On Thursday, the 23rd of January, after the meeting of the National Association at Chicago adjourned, several of

the distinguished archers present—among whom were Mr. Henry O. Garrow, Mr. W. B. D. Gray and others of the Highland Park Society; Mr. Tac Hussy, of the Des Moines Toxophilites; Mr. E. P. Chester, of the Commodus Archers, of Lawrence, Kan.; Mr. E. T. Church, of the Charlotte Archers, of Charlotte, Mich.; Mr. Walter Burnham, of the Chicago Archers, and several others, including your humble servant—went down to the Exposition Building, and shot twenty-four arrows at sixty yards. Every man used your new footed, peacock-feathered arrows, and without exception pronounced them to be the best arrows ever shot.

You have achieved perfection, and American archers ought to rise up and thank you. Since I came home I have shot them with Maurice, and he pronounces them simply "superb."

Sincerely yours, WILL H. THOMPSON.

Cricket.

AVERAGES FOR 1879.

YOUNG AMERICA CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

This crack club of the United States played in all, twenty-five matches, thirteen first eleven and twelve second eleven. Of the first, nine were won, three lost and one drawn. The second eleven won eight and lost four. The first eleven visited Hoboken to play the St. Georges of New York, and Baltimore to contest with the organization of that city. The second eleven played three matches and won them all with ease. It is unquestionably the strongest second eleven in America. The following summary of matches and averages, both batting and bowling gives the record of the season:—

FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.

Date and Place.	Sides.	First Innings.	Second Innings.	Total.
May 10—Ardmore.	Merion.....124	—	—	124
Lost by 31 runs.	Young America.....93	—	—	93
May 17—Nictown.	Philadelphia.....59	—	—	59
Won by 106 runs.	Young America.....163	—	—	163
May 30, June 1—	Germanstown.....77	57	135	205
Nictown.....	Young America.....128	—	—	128
Won by 70 runs.	Young America.....128	—	—	128
June 4, 5—Hoboken.	St. George's.....43	76	119	195
St. George's.....	Young America.....176	—	—	176
Won by an innings and 56 runs.	Young America.....176	—	—	176
June 7—Haverford.	Dorian.....77	146	—	146
Won by 7 wickets.	Young America.....119	23	—	142
June 14—Baltimore.	Baltimore.....49	23	—	72
Won by 8 wickets.	Young America.....49	—	—	49
June 21—W. Phila.	Belmont.....113	—	—	113
Won by 17 runs.	Young America.....102	—	—	102
June 28—Chestnut Hill.	Chestnut Hill.....56	74	130	204
Won by an innings and 5 runs.	Young America.....130	—	—	130
July 3—Nictown.	Baltimore.....62	100	—	162
Won by 156 runs.	Young America.....218	—	—	218
July 21—Nictown.	Staten Island.....59	—	—	59
Won by 109 runs.	Young America.....172	—	—	172
Aug. 27, 28—Stenton.	Hamilton.....74	50	—	124
Lost by 10 wickets.	Young America.....28	—	—	28
Sept. 13—Stenton.	Philadelphia.....—	—	—	—
Drawn.	Young America.....315	—	—	315
Oct. 17, 18, 20—Stenton.	Dale's Team.....171	—	—	171
Lost by an innings and 60 runs.	Young America.....61	—	—	61

SECOND ELEVEN MATCHES.

Date and Place.	Sides.	First Innings.	Second Innings.	Total.
May 3—Nictown.	Germanstown (24).....72	95	167	262
Lost by 71 runs.	Young America.....35	61	—	61
May 10—W. Phila.	Belmont (24).....56	85	123	198
Lost by 2 wickets.	Young America.....35	63	—	63
May 31—Ardmore.	Merion (24).....127	68	—	127
Won by an innings.	Young America.....242	—	—	242
June 7—Chestnut Hill.	Philadelphia (24).....74	114	—	114
Won by 74 runs.	Young America.....118	—	—	118
June 14—Nictown.	Germanstown (24).....46	77	—	123
Won by 83 runs.	Young America.....74	—	—	74
June 28—Nictown.	Wakenfield (1st).....71	137	—	137
Lost by 63 runs.	Young America.....53	63	—	63
July 12—Ardmore.	Merion (24).....53	115	—	115
Lost by 24 runs.	Young America.....34	50	—	50
July 17—Nictown.	Staten Island (24).....60	—	—	60
Won by 166 runs.	Young America.....236	—	—	236
Sept. 4—Hoboken.	St. George's (24).....29	49	—	49
Won by 112 runs.	Young America.....141	—	—	141
Sept. 5—Orange.	Newark (1st).....124	50	—	124
Won by an innings and 53 runs.	Young America.....27	—	—	27
Sept. 6—Staten Is.	Staten Island (24).....32	—	—	32
land.....	Young America.....302	—	—	302
Won by 170 runs.	Young America.....302	—	—	302
Oct. 21—Stenton.	Newark (1st).....61	—	—	61
Won by 30 runs.	Young America.....97	—	—	97

BATTING AVERAGES.

First Eleven.

Names.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.	Times Not Out.	Average Runs per Wicket.
1. R. S. Newhall.....	13	18	464	72	27.3
2. G. M. Newhall.....	13	19	268	46	15.3
3. D. S. Newhall.....	13	9	116	29	14.4
4. E. W. Clark.....	13	5	112	29	14.4
5. J. L. Large.....	13	11	123	50	10.2
6. C. A. Newhall.....	13	15	102	50	10.2
7. A. Van Rensselaer.....	13	15	119	18	9.1
8. J. H. Dixon.....	13	11	83	25	7.3
9. A. P. Bussler.....	13	9	69	26	7.3
10. H. L. Baird.....	13	13	89	23	6.1
11. H. L. Brown.....	13	10	56	18	5.6
12. C. Gibbons, Jr.....	13	9	11	9	1.2
13. J. O. Pease, Jr.....	13	6	3	8	1.0
14. H. T. Fensho.....	13	1	8	8	1.0

The following men played in the number of matches attached to their names: J. B. Morgan, 2; K. Gowen, 1; Kingston, 4; J. Carpenter, 2; R. Randall, 1; E. S. Wright, Jr., 2; G. Sargent, 1; Woodson, 1; T. Dando, 1; S. L. Wright, 1; H. Brown, 1; J. Clark, 2; N. Noble, 2; J. Wright, 1.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Second Eleven.

Names.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.	Times Not Out.	Average Runs per Wicket.
1. J. Henry.....	4	4	89	30	23.1
2. J. O. Pease, Jr.....	11	16	230	61	18.10
3. H. L. Brown.....	9	9	163	44	18.3
4. R. E. Gowen.....	2	4	69	50	14.3
5. H. Brown.....	10	13	164	23	12.8
6. J. S. Clark.....	10	15	164	23	11.0
7. S. Potter.....	6	8	62	45	11.3
8. J. C. Patterson.....	2	4	31	20	10.1
9. R. Wistor.....	10	15	130	33	9.4
10. F. Henderson.....	12	4	23	20	9.1
11. W. Noble.....	7	10	70	33	7.7
12. E. Woolston.....	9	9	21	12	7.3
13. H. L. Murphy.....	8	10	57	40	5.7
14. T. Baxter.....	4	4	15	13	5.0
15. W. Johnson.....	10	16	61	23	4.9
16. E. Wright.....	4	4	17	8	4.1
17. W. D. Church.....	8	13	31	9	3.8

Seven others played, but their averages did not reach 3.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

First Eleven.

Names.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.	Times Not Out.	Average Runs per Wicket.
1. H. L. Brown.....	37	40	9	0	6.3
2. E. W. Clark.....	717	199	54	30	18.3
3. C. A. Newhall.....	1,552	406	139	62	7.51
4. D. S. Newhall.....	1,716	417	75	69	8.2

Second Eleven.

Names.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.	Times Not Out.	Average Runs per Wicket.
1. J. H. Murphy.....	53	18	23	49	8.36
2. H. L. Brown.....	639	195	33	33	8.12
3. S. Potter.....	89	28	3	4	6.50
4. S. Clark.....	1,004	386	26	4	1.85
5. H. Brown.....	342	190	19	0	6.79
6. R. E. Gowen.....	211	74	7	10	7.4
7. R. Wistor.....	113	69	3	1	8.2
8. T. Baxter.....	42	20	1	0	1.0

OUR POLICY.—We have recently received from many prominent cricketers, both in the United States and Canada, the warmest congratulations in regard to our policy in editing the cricket columns of this paper. We must confess that these encomiums have made us feel more than repaid for our care. Let us, however, at this time define clearly what our policy really is.—It is not only the correct publishing of a certain number of scores and averages, but it also aims to advance the popularity of our game of games. It is an undisputed fact that the large and widely scattered circulation of the FOREST AND STREAM has done more in one year to unearth the lovers of cricket in this country than was ever done before. We, therefore, often leave the cricketers behind us, believing that Philadelphia and New York, and other like places, are full able to care for themselves, and go out into the by-ways where the broomstick stumps and string-hands bats still hold undisputed sway. To their enthusiastic owners the cookies of our heart are warm, and we would now say a word in their behalf. If an annual match could be arranged by the American Cricketers' Association, the proceeds of which to be devoted for the encouragement of the game in charity schools and out-of-the-way places in the United States, where proper cricketers material otherwise would never find its way, it would do a vast amount of good, and at least practically attempt to do what is talked about a great deal—"the advancement of American cricket."

Yachting and Canoeing.

Meeting of the National Yachting Association, March 1st, at the St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and Tenth street, at 8 P. M.

THE BUSINESS OF THE N. Y. A.

ON the national coat of arms of Belgium is the legend, "L'union fait la force." In all great enterprises, whether of a commercial nature or otherwise, combined action has been found conducive to the best results. That a powerful and influential body should move more rapidly to the goal of ripe development and complete success than the isolated and limited efforts of individuals stands to reason. It is for promoting the common good that clubs are formed in which the individual loses his identity in a class, and similarly it will be for the benefit of all that the clubs again should combine in a general association of national range and strength, in which the preponderance of local influences should be sunk with a view to the production of grand results beyond the accomplishment of clubs in their capacity as detached bodies. Almost all varieties of sport have come to recognize the force of these remarks, and have banded together for the attainment of general prosperity and the welfare of those devoted to a specialty. The time has now arrived for yachtsmen to follow suit and take up the wake marked by the jockey clubs, base-ball leagues, athletic organizations and boating fraternities. The growth of yachting in America has, owing to the great extent of our coast, the distance between ports, and the different local influences at work, as a matter of course, been surrounded and affected to a more or less extent by a great variety of customs and practices. It is desirable to unify, codify, purify these, and settle down to sound and rational principles of government, so that in the future the sport may more rapidly attain the promising spread in popularity and healthy expansion upon permanent foundations which have of late years opened up to it.

It is for this reason that FOREST AND STREAM was the first to advocate the institution of a central national com-

blination of yacht clubs, and we are glad to see that our influence seems to have been sufficiently powerful to bring about the convocation wished for, and our thanks are due to several minor contemporaries for the ready manner in which they have fallen into line and taken their cue from these columns. We will now point out, in a general way, in what directions the National Yachting Association, soon to assemble, can exert its labors to the best advantage. Among the many subjects it should lend its consideration to, we deem the following the most essential, premising that as liberal a course of deliberations as consistent with beneficial and tangible effects will bring about the most far-reaching and acceptable results:—

1. The adoption of a strong constitution and by-laws, under which the National Association is to have life and act.
2. The appointment of a committee of appeal, to whom questions at issue and disputes of local or club authorities and judges can be referred for final adjudication; in short, an executive committee, with defined duties and jurisdiction.
3. A uniform system of classification for the entire country, so that the single and intelligible denomination of class may be adhered to from Maine to Texas.
4. A rule of measurement, the same for all yachts without exception, in which the five axioms enumerated in our last issue shall be strictly observed.
5. A common set of sailing rules, defining the rule of the road and the amenities of yacht to yacht, whether cruising or racing.
6. All matters relating to ballast must be settled according to an accepted plan. If shifting ballast cannot yet be abolished, the manner of shifting, the kind of ballast permissible, and the classes of yachts which are at liberty to avail themselves of shifting, should be fixed upon. Riggering out dead or alive ballast on planks or by means of rope spans should be discontinued, and the evil limited as far as possible, if deemed advisable, by offering the inducement of more liberal prize money to races sailed with fixed ballast. An expression should also be given concerning dumping or spilling ballast after the starting gun.
7. The limitation of crews to the number necessary to handle racing yachts, so as to do away with live ballast and excessive rigs.

8. The definition of a Corinthian and a professional for obvious reasons.
9. Time allowance adapted to various measurements and lengths of courses.
10. Races to be held by the association.
11. The publication of an "Annual," containing list of members, clubs participating, yachts and their details, registration of private colors, addresses, officers and other matter.
12. Allowances to different rigs in mixed rig races.
13. Annual dues to give practical effect to the operations of the Association.
14. Fines and penalties to be administered.
15. Club-house and museum or repository of models, donations and library.
16. Distinguishing colors of the Association, their shape and size.
17. A systematic course of lectures and entertainments conducive to the spread of a taste and knowledge of the science and art of the sport, which may be printed in the "Annual" for the benefit of those unable to attend.
18. Rules for compiling records of races to be observed by Secretaries of clubs belonging to the Association.
19. Cruising with prizes for seamanship, as explained in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 5th.
20. The general interchange of opinion and courtesy, the rights and civilities to be extended to yachts of the Association visiting strange waters, and a yearly banquet when the treasury is full.
21. Application to Congress for the simplification of the Revenue and Treasury regulations governing yachts.

We suggest the appointment of one or more committees to consider the more important and pressing of the subjects, and the forming over to a special committee of all that is left, with instructions to report upon what additional legislation they deem desirable to incorporate in the Association rules, besides devising the means to accomplish what they recommend. This will avoid confusion and delay at the meeting.

In conclusion, we remind the delegates to the first general meeting, which is to take place March 1st, as announced, that many conflicting interests and ideas will be represented, and that it will be the duty of each delegate to overlook some extent personal preferences and hobbies, so that out of chaos order may be made. In the end all are to be congratulated and will benefit alike from united action, and even though some influence may unduly preponderate at the outset through oversight or want of experience in common, everything is sure to find its proper level in time, and what cannot be accomplished to-day can be finished or rectified to-morrow.

Delegates unable to attend in person should be represented by proxy. Nothing will be final at the first meeting, until placed before each club for consideration and approval. The meeting stands in no wise committed to anything which has appeared in these columns, but is free to act according to its own choice upon all points.

ACTION OF THE S. F. Y. C.

BELOW we append a copy of a letter received by the Secretary of the Committee on National Yachting Association from the S. F. Y. C., and which is here published as an example of the approval the formation of a National Association meets with on the Pacific Coast, and which illustrates the liberal spirit of the San Francisco yachtsmen, and their generous and willing support of a movement initiated for the advancement of all parts of the country:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Feb. 14th.
MR. JOHN VICK, Secretary National Yachting Association.
DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to inform you that the following delegates have been appointed by the San Francisco Yacht Club to attend to matters connected with the National Association:—
Rex-Commodore R. L. Ogden (yawl *Mist*), at present at No. 51 Broad street, New York; J. Clem Uhler (yawl *Emerald*), at present at Lebanon, Pa.; and Charles G. Yale (yawl *Elm*), 203 Sansome street, San Francisco.

The San Francisco Yacht Club will heartily endorse any movement calculated to promote the yachting interests of America on their P. open footing. Although at a great distance from the yachting center of the United States, and to a certain extent, isolated, we feel none the less interested in all which shall promote the general welfare of our favorite pastime.

The yachtsman's road between New York waters and those of

San Francisco Bay, although the length of two oceans, has already been traversed by one of your yachts, and we hope some day to return the visit in a vessel of Pacific build.

Although debarred, from force of circumstances, from social companionship with the fraternity in the East, we hope, through the Association, to see established a community of interests which shall result in closer relationship in each of the next two different parts of the country. So far as we can assist in accomplishing this object in any way, the Association can command us.

Let me add that you can assure a hearty welcome to all members of clubs belonging to the Association who may at any time come to our shores. If they will be kind enough to make themselves known as yachtsmen to any of us, they will be made free of the club-house, and may, on any of our yachts, "wet their jackets" with the spray of the Pacific.

Respectfully,

CHAS. G. YALE,
Sec'y San Francisco Yacht Club.

YACHTING NEWS.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA YACHT SQUADRON.—The annual meeting was held on Thursday, Feb. 12th, Lieut. E. R. Hussey, R.E., Vice-Commodore, presiding. The annual report of the Committee of Management was read by the Hon. Secretary. It congratulates the Squadron on the large increase of membership and of yachts, the fleet now numbering thirty-eight vessels. The Squadron has justly earned the title of "the racing club of America," bestowed upon it by *Parsons* and *McDonough* in each of the past two years sailed more races than any other club in America. In 1878 the number of races sailed was ten, with forty-eight starters; and in 1879 the number rose to eleven, with sixty-eight entries and fifty-eight starters. The number of prizes grew in proportion, nineteen being won in 1878 to sixteen in 1879. Of these prizes twelve were given by the Squadron, one by *Mayor* Tobin, two by the officers R. A. and R. E., who repeated their handsome gifts of 1878, and the remainder by the officers of the Squadron. The prizes were won as follows:—

Yachts.	Rig.	Owner.	Tons.	1st.	2d.
<i>Psyché</i>	Sloop.....	W. H. Brookfield.....	7	3	1
<i>Hebe</i>	Sloop.....	E. B. Brookfield.....	5	2	1
<i>Mutua</i>	Sloop.....	Lieut. Dunlop.....	5	2	1
<i>Seafoam</i>	Schooner.....	Lieut. C. O. Carter.....	27	1	1
<i>Liberty</i>	Sloop.....	H. W. Weston.....	5	1	1
<i>Lily</i>	Sloop.....	W. H. Weston.....	5	1	1
<i>Una</i>	Sloop.....	F. S. West.....	3	1	1
<i>Volante</i>	Schooner.....	Rudolph.....	9	1	1

For the coming season His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Archibald has kindly offered a cup to be sailed for.

The Hon. Treasurer's accounts were, as usual, referred to the Committee of Management for audit, and the discussion of questions proceeded with. A resolution proposed by the Hon. Secretary to alter the present rule of measurement was voted on by yacht owners, and negatively, whereupon the mover gave notice of a resolution, to be brought forward at a later general meeting, providing that in the case of yachts with immersed keels the whole length of immersion shall be added to the mean length on keel and between the perpendiculars for the calculation of the tonnage. The rule governing flying starts was amended by enacting that in all class races no time shall be allowed for difference of start, and that in open races the difference of time at the start up to five minutes shall be allowed for in calculating the time allowance, but any yacht crossing the line after the expiration of five minutes from the starting gun shall be disqualified. A motion to allow yachts to enter in unit races at three-fifths their real tonnage, and to give and receive time allowance on their reduced rate, was, after being amended by allowing yachts to enter at four-fifths their real tonnage, carried on a division. Mr. F. S. West gave notice that at the next meeting he would move that this be rescinded. The Hon. Secretary gave notice that he would move a resolution defining the status of the officer of the day in charge of a race. The election of officers and committees for the current year was then proceeded with by ballot, with the exception of the Commodore, the result being: Commodore, His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., G.O.M.G.; Governor-General of Canada; Vice-Commodore, Lieut. E. R. Hussey, R.E.; Rear-Commodore, F. C. Sumichrast; Hon. Secretary, F. C. Sumichrast; Assistant Secretary and Hon. Treasurer, W. H. Troup. Committee of Management: The Flag Officers and Hon. Treasurer, *ex officio*; J. Cronan, S. A. White, J. W. Stairs, J. E. Butler, F. S. West. Sailing Committee: The Flag Officers and Hon. Treasurer, *ex officio*; F. M. Passon, Lieut. C. O. Carter, R. E. W. H. Brookfield, W. Hedley, L. J. Second, Messrs. J. E. Butler, W. L. Lake. The first meeting of the season of 1880 will be announced at the general meeting in April.

THREE MORE CUTTERS.—The little iron schooner *Ida*, 18ft. waterline, which has cruised several thousand miles along the coast, has been bought by Mr. Fagan, of this city, and will be altered into a cutter. She may be termed a white-hull model of large displacement and deep draft, having 6ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. water. We have also just finished the design of a 4-tonner for a Canadian gentleman, and an 8-tonner is to be laid down immediately for New York owners.

OUR YACHT BUILDERS.—Scarcely a week has passed of late but that it has been our agreeable task to call attention to some fresh accession to the advertisements of yacht-builders and others in the trade. The support given to the yachting community by the *Journal* is the best proof of its extended and very rapidly growing circulation. And well they may take advantage of our lead, for this journal enjoys a virtual monopoly of the yachting interests of America, having driven all rival flags from the sea. Our circulation among the yachting community is larger than that of all other publications combined, taken several times over, and we have among this one class alone more readers than the entire circulation of many a minor contemporary devoted to the stable or to the retailing of "longshoreman's yarns." We deem it but a duty of the *Journal* to warn them against the false representations of sundry little sheets which do not hesitate to seek trade at the expense of truth. There is a wide margin between the brazen perversion in an advertisement of "a million and a half copies issued to date" and the reality of a petty circulation of not much over five hundred, if that many. Sheets which have to resort to such palpable falsehood to secure even the recognition of their existence cannot offer much inducement to advertisers, and of no value to readers. The *Journal* is well attention to the card Mr. Samuel Ayres, yacht-builder, who has the best facilities in his shop for any class of work. Besides a number of small craft he has about completed a 45ft. sloop, of which we may give further particulars.

ITEMS FROM THE PACIFIC.—The sloop *Nelle*, Mr. Hyde P. Bowie has been in commission all winter in San Francisco. A new 35-ft. launch will be built in the same city, and the *Fletcher* is receiving a new cabin. The schooner *Pearl*, built by Captain Turner, is for sale; likewise the *Sappho*, the *Yacht*, of Benicia, and the

sloop *Etta*, and Stone's new craft. It is also reported that the schooner *J. C. Conus* has been sold to C. O'Connor and may be put into the trade. Mr. McDonough, her former owner, will build a new craft, also the owner of the *Sappho*.

TWO BIG CRAFT.—Mr. Sears, of Boston, formerly owner of *Weymouth*, is having a new schooner built down East, said to be 110 ft. long; and Sam Pine, of Greenpoint, has contracted to build a steam yacht, 75ft. by Mr. Hinds, of Brooklyn; engines, 100hp, by Rowland, of Norwalk, Conn.

SEAWARD'S YACHT CLUB.—The annual dinner of the club at Delmonico's last Friday was participated in by a number of guests representing other yachting clubs. The best of feelings prevailed, and at 10 o'clock, when all hands seemed away for home, the hospitality of the club was fully unreciprocated.

YACHT FOR SALE.—In another column will be found the notice of a 25-ft. keel yacht for sale. She is just the craft for extended cruising and can be purchased at a great bargain, fully fitted.

CRUISING IN CHALDER BAY.—It was blowing fresh, very fresh, from north, and as we got abreast of Meagher's Beach Light, old Milleet, foremast Jack, nodded, in the direction of a "smoker," traveling rapidly toward the yacht. There was time to shorten sail, but we were not wise in time, fancying that she would drag what she could not carry. With cabin doors wide open to the cockpit, we old mainsail, foresail, jib and mizzen on her, let her take it. Where! the next second we started the *Nymph* in deep water, and carried her ballast low down. Where would your famed shallow mallow be now? Ugh! unpleasant to think of. I can't swim a stroke, and if I were good as Wobb I should have no chance with this lee-going tide. All right, skipper; keep her on her course again. And so we beat up under headsail and mizzen and crawl into Portcell Cove. . . .

A word about the yacht. She measures 32ft. over all, 29ft. on the water-line; has a beam of 9ft. 6in. and draws 5ft. 6in. She is rigged with a pole mainsail, a standing bowsprit and a gaff mizzen; makes the right thing, I know: so does her owner, Mr. E. B. Brookfield, who is cruising in these waters with the *Ida*, the cruise whereof I write, that a running topmast, running bowsprit and big mizzen would be improvements. She is too open also for outside work. Her vast cockpit is uncommonly comfortable in landlocked waters; but, oh, ye gods and little fishes, isn't it a mistake in open water! There were days, and worse, nights, in the course of our wanderings when every man aboard heartily wished she were flush-decked, and that she shall be when she again ventures out along the coast. But her cabin is pleasant and snug, and in fine weather the discomfort of the cockpit is not apparent, while its convenience is undoubted, the punt fitting in nicely and being out of the way when sailing. . . . Cape George was our furthest point on the way; no wind to speak of, but luckily a strong tide, which swept us up to the breakwater under the cape, where, as the tide turned, we deemed it prudent to remain. It was very pretty country all round, and quite enjoyable. A similar experience on the Tuesday; wind a shade stronger and fair, and we glided past Pictou Harbor, intending to go aside where the island and house look like a bird's nest, but which would have involved a pull against wind and tide, and there was too much of the latter and not enough of the former to risk the boat. We rested content with speaking the pilot-boat and sending a telegram to our friends at home to apprise them of our safe progress. The same pilot-boat, by the way, had had a lesson about yachts and their speed which I fancy her crew will not soon forget. The famous *America*, with that wondrous pace of her's improved by the substitution of lead for iron, a good part of the precious metal being on her keel, was cruising in these waters, blowing very fresh, and her owner, yielding to the wishes of his guests, determined to make for Pictou Harbor. Up went the signal for a pilot, and shortly afterward the pilot schooner tackled to fetch the yacht. Somehow, instead of ranging just ahead of her, the Pictou fellows found themselves about a mile astern, nor was it till the *America* was hove to that they were able to fetch up to her. "Sure you're a steamer," says Pilot Macdonald, as he stepped on board, to the General. And it took a little while to convince him that the *Ida* of 1851 was not a tea-kettle.—*Boats Cruise in Hunt's Magazine*.

TIME CARBON LOCKER.—To Preserve Colors: Nothing will remove mildew. Scrub with Castile soap, sprinkle with diluted lime water, and scrub with a stiff brush. Use water to treat all new sails as follows, and thereby prevent mildew: Dissolve in 14 gallons of water 1 pound of finely powdered alum, and 2 ounces of finely powdered sugar of lead; when thoroughly dissolved, steep the sail to be prepared so that the solution will permeate every part of the same for ten hours. After drying, it will be ready for use. For heavy canvases, increase the amount of alum and sugar of lead. *Yachting Journal* for Mending Hair: Rubber: Fuse together equal parts of gutta-percha and genuine asphaltum; apply hot to the seams or joint, using a moderate pressure. *Strength of Yachts:* The sheathing strength of a 1-inch rivet, passing through the hull plates, is ten tons; and the double sheathing strength of a 1-inch rivet, passing through three plates, is eighteen tons. This will be, for a 1-inch rivet, single shear, eighteen tons; double shear, thirty-two tons. *Plating of Steamers:* In the steamship *Queen*, 400 feet long, the garboards are 1-inch thick, sides 1 inch, with the strakes at beam-ends doubled.

MARINE ART IN WATER COLORS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

To the Academy of Design, where the annual exhibition of water color paintings is at present to be seen, I went, not long ago, specially to view the marine display. Not with the eyes of a professional critic or artist, but simply with a yachtsman's eyes, and I wrote them up (or down) with a yachtsman's pen, a pen which will prove, I trust, to be as quick to recognize artistic excellence and technical merit as ready to notice faults.

In the North Room we saw:

No. 25, "Morning on the Shore," by C. M. Dewey, which is a pleasing picture, well drawn, well painted, natural and dewy, as it should be in the morning. Nos. 35 and 58 are scenes on the Rhine and Scheldt, by Samuel Colman. Not up to his high-water mark. Water and sails indicate a calm; smoke and pennant call for a breeze—"a most amusing paradox." Dutch sails always seem to be ridiculously disproportionate to size of boats,

Remind me of story about W. R. Travers. Travers hired Mr. Hatch's yacht for the season, with crew aboard. Found that the steward couldn't make a cocktail, Mr. H. having run a temperance yacht, and "never carried any whiskey, sir." "Well," said Mr. T., "you'll have to learn to make it. We sometimes carry more sail than whiskey, and sometimes we carry more whiskey than sail; but we never hoist more than we can carry of either one. Don't be afraid."

No. 66, by Fred S. Cozzens, represents a paddle-wheel coasting steamer making her way at half stroke through floating ice, in a snow storm. Excepting a slight oddness of shading on the starboard bow, she appears to me to look remarkably like a coasting steamer making her way through floating ice in a snow storm.

No. 75 is a characteristic sketch of DeHaas, showing a rough-looking schooner on the starboard tack under three lower sails. Execution bold and toney, but the drawing of fore and mainsail leaches is decidedly faulty. Sorry to see none of A. Cary Smith's here. His outlines are always right.

There is a lovely bit of surf and shore in this room by Wm. Huston (103), but "skied" outrageously by the committee. Near it hangs a quiet but effective twilight scene on the Thames, by Geo. Hitchcock. Reminds one of some of Dickens' descriptions of the London docks. The old dismantled hulks are wonderfully hulky, but their shrouless masts are vilely stepped.

The best marine in the room, by all odds, is No. 113, by H. P. Smith, and as good as any marine in water color need be. Water, rock, cloud, gull, yacht, each is *suí generis*. "A group of boats," by Reinhart, (135) is nicely drawn and boldly treated, but rather unnatural in coloring, which however is somewhat harmonized by distance.

Passing into the East Room the first picture to deserve attention is 143, by Henry Farrer. I never saw the moon rise on the East River, but doubtless it is as Mr. F. has depicted it. Nor did I ever see a bark with masts in one single stick from keel to trucks, and I don't believe he did either. But the picture is a pretty one, though not so pleasing as Nos. 268 and 316 by the same artist.

No. 224, "The Wreck," by R. P. Bloodgood, although unpretentious, is enough to show that the artist can draw a boat and color it. The effect is not marred, moreover, by the natural stock properties in the way of anchors, buoys, cables and other articles, which would certainly have been long since appropriated by the regulation wrecker in the red shirt, who is generally to be observed busily engaged in doing nothing whatever, while ple-

thoric seagulls hover fearlessly around. For having spared us these the artist has our thanks.

No. 242 is a very creditable contribution by D. M. Bunker, representing a small oyster-sloop moored to the meadow bank at low tide. The sail lacks texture, to be sure, but the drawing and foreshortening are so correct that it is scarcely worth mentioning. It is evidently an outdoor study and not mere studio work, barring, perhaps, the mainsheet traveler, which should run over instead of under the tiller—an arrangement which is very unhandy in tacking and dangerous in jibing.

In the West Room we find another gem of Huston's in the "Wreck on Long Island Coast," and not far off another wreck-piece, called "The Morning After" (293, by J. Thorpe). A better name would have been "The Following Year," for the wreck is altogether too weatherbeaten for one but twelve hours old. But it is well handled, and the clouds are better than usual.

"David and Goliath" (297, by E. W. McDowell)—a small tug towing a large vessel, with a very black hawser, by the way—is stiff and amateurish, but above the average in tone and coloring, though these will not redeem defective drawing. I shall look for something better next year.

"Morning off the Isle of Shoals" is the name of a carefully studied composition by Mr. Cozzens (No. 323), and no less carefully painted. A group of sloops and schooners in the doldrums, the sails idly flapping to and fro, with reef-points slatting, booms creaking, and the sun struggling through the yellow mist—all these are not easy to transfer to paper. But Mr. Cozzens has done this with rare success. His work shows much improvement over last year's; but as he is quite a young artist that is to be expected. His craft are as a rule correctly drawn, sparred and rigged. His weakness may lie in his shading, but his sails are canvases and his ships float in water, not in paint.

No. 346, by F. A. Silva, covers a good deal of paper, and a closer view discloses much inaccuracy, for which there can be no excuse even on the ground of "artistic effect," notably in the elevation of the schooner's foremast, the peak of which, though dropped, is already higher than the springstay, while the port main shrouds are over the forward cross-tree at the masthead. Like those of Mr. Farrer, his masts and topmasts seem to be all of a piece. In his "Connecticut Shore" (210) the same inattention to trifling essentials is observable in the unnatural hanging of the lazy jacks of the inevitable big sloops in the middle ground, which otherwise is very good.

Mr. Symington's "Morning on the Lake" (363) is good though rather hard and cold, but much better than his "Young Fisherman" in the North Room. Neither can be strictly called marines, however, though boats and water enter into both.

A pretty drawing by F. H. Smith, in the corridor, called "Noon, Seabright," is worth more than a glance, but is scarcely a marine, so I pass on to No. 683, "A Bit of South Cove, N. J.," which one may recognize from afar off as the work of Henry Muhrmann, the "impressionist." The "impression" it produced on me was—well, it looks like a lot of boats, bridges and buildings as they might appear after an earthquake, dynamite explosion and tidal wave which, having subsided, has left things pretty badly mixed. But perhaps the paints got mixed, or it is hung side up. However, it is artistic and bold, very bold.

A triple "Study of Boats," 648, by G. Reynolds, deserves a better place than a dark corner. They are very cleverly drawn and painted.

No. 684 is a breezy drawing (in chalk and crayon, I think) by S. G. W. Benjamin, full of marine spirit and correct, except perhaps the position of sloop's mast.

"Homeward Bound" (709), by J. G. Brown, in black and white, is the best example of its kind in the building. Strongly, clear and true to reality. The old boatman is a boatman, and his boat is fairly flying over the waves, though I observe with regret that she carries a leeward lead.

The Black and White Room contains but few drawings that can properly be mentioned here. But Nos. 374 and 381, by Farrer, will serve as examples of an all too common error—namely, that of leading shrouds too far forward on the side of the vessel which is away from the spectator. The result is that the vessel and her rigging give out other the lie, whereas the artist ought to father it.

Trout fishermen will thank me for calling their attention to a little Adirondack gem, 257, by John Johnson. J. L. K.

—It looks as if the ground hog prediction might be fulfilled after all. The old prophecy on which this faith is founded has a much more substantial basis of authenticity than the spurious rhymes of Mother Shipton, and is as follows:—

Yf ye wudd-chukkie seer hys shaddo inn ye mnne,
Six wokes of wynter sholl have begunne;
Yf ye wudd-chukkie hys shaddow doe not see,
Six wokes of sprynge like weather thayr shall be.

Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

AS WE do not employ any authorized agents or canvassers, we offer our friends in every locality who will give any time or attention to collecting and forwarding subscriptions, the following inducements to obtain subscribers for the "FOREST AND STREAM" at the rates and commissions given below:

Collect Subscription price, 3 months, \$1.00	6 months, \$2.00	1 year, \$4.00	2 years, \$7.00	3 years, \$10.00
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To any Person sending us before July 1, 1880, two new subscribers for one year, or four new subscribers for six Months, and Eight Dollars Cash, we will send, in place of commission, any of the following Articles:

Jordan's Manual of Vertebrates. A copy of FOREST AND STREAM for one year. A three-piece double-ferule, lancewood tip, full mounted, polished Bass, Trout or Bald Rod.	Coues' Field Ornithology. One Fishing Outfit, consisting of Rod, Reel, Line, Snells and Hooks. One Russia-leather Fly-book, and one dozen assorted Flies.	One five-foot lancewood Bow, Horn Tips, and one dozen 25-inch Arrows. One pair Club Skates.
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To any Person sending us, before July, 1880, sixteen Dollars cash, and Four New Subscribers for One Year, or Eight new subscribers for six months, we will send, in place of commission, any of the following Articles:

Two copies of Forest and Stream for One Year. A four-piece, double ferule, guides and reel-band, hollow, built, extra tip, full mounted, Bail or Brass Rod. One 3-piece do. Fly Rod.	A good Fishing Outfit, consisting of rod, reel, line, hooks or flies and snells. One full-length Fly Book, and two dozen assorted Flies. Coues' Key to North American Birds.	One Gen'l's six-foot self-lancewood Bow, made to weight, and one dozen half-notched polished Arrows. One Set Parlor Archery, complete in box. One pair nickled-plated Club Skates. One Parlor Air-Gun.
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Write your name and the name of the person to whom the paper is to be mailed, plainly, and do not forget POST OFFICE ADDRESS, TOWN AND STATE. Remit, if possible, by postal money order, check, or draft on New York, payable to order of FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. If neither money order nor draft can be obtained, inclose money in Registered Letter. Address

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New York City, N. Y.

New York, January 1st, 1880.

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FOR SALE.

250,000 BROOK TROUT FRY.
At reasonable rates. Address for prices to
J. B. & F. N. EDDY,
Hampden, Cattaraugus County, N. Y.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—Two Nichols and
Lefever breech-loading shot guns; one 10
bore, 32-inch, 10 lbs.; the other 10 bore, 28-inch, 9
lbs. Each cost \$150 each; will be
sold for \$100 each; both laminated steel, rebounding
hammers, pistol grip, pad fore-and, and absolutely new. Address B. E. this office.

For Sale.

RICE LAKE, CANADA—WILD RICE

For sowing in fields, lakes and fish ponds.
Delicious for desserts. Very scarce this season.
One bushel to twenty-five, 25 per bushel. Next season or-
ders before August 1st, 1880, honored one to four
hundred bushels. Address CHAS. GILCHREST,
Overseer of Fisheries, Port Hope, Ontario, Can.
Feb 22-21.

WILD RICE SEED for sale, \$3 00
per bushel. Supply limited.
R. VALENTINE, Jameville, Wis.

For Sale.

FINE BRECH-LOADER FOR SALE—P.

Webley & Son, maker. Pistol grip, top ac-
tion, rebounding locks, extension fore-and, 10-
bore, 32-inch. Every improvement on the gun; eleg-
antly finished; used but very little; perfect
order; lowest price, \$55. Address "WILEY'S"
BREECH-LOADER, office "Forest and Stream."
Feb 22-21.

5 TON KEEL CABIN YACHT; Either
cutter or sloop rig; handy, fast, completely
fitted for cruising; one-ton iron on keel; sails
new. Address "CAPTAIN," Forest and
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Wanted.

AUDUBON'S BIRDS.

ANY GENTLEMAN having a set of Audubon's
A birds, half size, in good order, which he
woud like to sell for \$75, will please ad-
dress at this office. Jan 23-41.

WANTED—Live, pure white pigeons.
Address TAXIDERMIST, 124 E. 10th St.,
New York. Feb 24.

OWLS WANTED.

50 ets. each paid for the dead birds delivered
in good condition at my address. W. J.
KNOWLTON, 166 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.
Feb 22-21.

The Kennel.

Neversink Lodge Kennels.

The following celebrated Dogs are in the stock.

Dogs.

St. Bernard dog "Marco", rough coated, two years old; a magnificent animal—Rev. J. Cumming Macdonald's stock—second prizes Hanover Show and Rochester show.

New Foundland dog "Keeper", four years old; first prize Westminster Kennel Show, 1879.

Pointer dog, "Croxtoth", liver and white; one and a half year old; out of Lord Seton's renowned stock—one of the handsomest pointers in the United States. Second prize in the American International Show.

Blue Belton setter, "Decimal Dash", eighteen months old; sired by Lievelly's celebrated "Dash"—a magnificent stock dog—never exhibited.

Irish setter, "Rover II", pure red, son of Macdonald's champion "Rover", never exhibited.

English setter, "Ranger II", a pure bred Lavacok, son of Macdonald's celebrated "Ranger". His get won first at Hanover and Paris shows, and second at Puppy Stakes in Eastern Field Trials 1879.

Stud fee, \$25.00.

For Sale.

The get of the following thoroughbred

St. Bernard "Brantels", rough coated, out of Prince Solm's celebrated stock; a magnificent bitch, in whelp to "Marco", 1st prize in Hanover and Rochester show.

Pointer "Queen", liver and white, 1st Westminster Kennel Show 1878, in whelp to "Croxtoth", 2nd New York Show 1878.

Pointer "John", liver and white, out of "Queen" and "Sancho".

Blue Belton setter "Silk".

Irish setter "Moya", out of Col. Hilliard's "Palmston", in whelp to "Rover II".

English setter "Donna", white and lemon.

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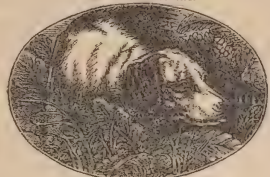
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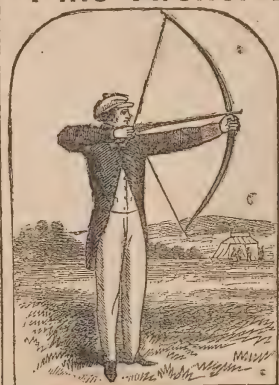
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The Attractions of Arkansas.

I HAVE entertained the idea of writing down, for the benefit of my fellow sportsmen, something about the game and fish of this region. The imaginary person I represent, belonging as he does to one of the oldest, most respectable, and aristocratic families of the State, respectable for their virtues, eminent for their abilities, and venerable for their antiquity, naturally takes great delight in anything that redounds to the past, present, or prospective glory of the Commonwealth. He takes great pleasure, therefore, in giving you some account of the game and fish resources of his native heath, which, though gradually diminishing from indiscriminate slaughter and no protection, are still more considerable than in any other part of the Union with which he is acquainted.

Since the publication of "Travels in Arkansas" by the English naturalist, Nuttall, and the humorous sketches of Col. T. B. Thorpe and "Peter Whetstone"—long since out of print—no extended account of Arkansas has appeared in general circulation. The limits of one letter would hardly be sufficient for this purpose, even if the interest would justify. To be brief, then, the game of this State may be divided into two classes, the same as the population; local and migratory—old citizens and carpet-baggers; no offense toward that worthy class of our fellow-citizens is here intended. The migratory portion of the game may be subdivided into such as come to stay all winter, and such as merely pass us on their long spring and fall journey. To the former subdivision belong many of the ducks, to the latter the geese. Most of our local game is semi-migratory, that is, it moves about and changes location accordingly as the mast hits or misses, always keeping an eye to the main chance, passing from upland to bottomland, from open woods to canebrake, as the food supply requires. It always happens when either deer, bear, or turkey are unusually plenty in any locality, the others will not be far away. Your correspondent is exceptionally fortunate in living on the border land between the low and hill country, from whence it is easy to go to either, and where the opportunities for accurately locating the best hunting grounds are unusually good. But more of this under the appropriate head. Arkansas has an area of more than 50,000 square miles and a population of less than half a million—less than ten to the square mile, rather unequally distributed in town and

country—the towns far outnumbering the country districts in the matter of growth. The State, for the purposes of a brief account of its game resources, may be divided into four sections: the Northeast, Northwest, Southwest, and Southeast, each possessing distinctive characteristics.

The northeast portion of the State extends southward to White River and westward to Black River, and borders on the State of Missouri and the Mississippi River. It is, as a rule, low and swampy, possessing heavy timber and heavy canebrakes. The "sunk lands" constitute a considerable portion of this part of the State. It is traversed by innumerable sloughs and has many lagoons and cypress swamps. There is a range of low hills running through it, known as Crowley's Ridge. The general direction of the ridge is from northwest to southeast; it terminates at Helena on the Mississippi River. The principal rivers other than those named, are St. Francis, L'Aquila—pronounced "Langell"—Bayou de View, and Cache, all sluggish, chocolate-colored streams, mere ribbons in dry weather, immense floods when up. These streams and their tributaries, as well as the lakes, or lagoons, are well stocked with black bass, pickerel, all sorts of perch, and such coarse fish as drum, buffalo, and cat *ad nauseum*. As might be inferred, this vast region is alive with game, and owing to the inaccessibility of a portion of it in the winter and spring months, serves as a sort of a game preserve. It is more sparsely populated than other portions of the State. Deer and bear abound, and it is not long since elk were known to exist in the vicinity of the sunk lands. There are large areas of fertile land, elevated just above the regions of eternal wet, and these are the sites of such settlements as have been made. By the use of light boats nearly the whole of this region might be traversed. That it is capable of yielding the finest of sport may readily be inferred. In the late fall and winter months countless millions of ducks and geese literally cover the waters. The far-famed Swan Lake is situated in this section. In the western part of this region the proportion of dry land grows greater. Here deer, bear, and turkeys are found in their native simplicity. Tradition tells of wild turkeys breeding with the tame fowl of the barnyard. Parallel with, and a few miles from Black River, flows Cache, through a veritable sportsman's paradise. On its banks, in days past, lived a sportsman, known to fame and your columns as "Guyon." Numerous tales illustrating his prowess as a deer-slayer, are still to be heard. Said an old friend of his, sadly, "He, Guyon, must be growin' old; he don't hunt nothin' but birds, and don't keep no dogs but these settin' pointers."

I had almost forgotten to mention Rob White. He is here with his cheering note, not in great abundance, but sufficient for royal sport. Snipe and plover are plentiful at times, but don't tarry long. There are a great many fur-bearing animals throughout the entire region. Swans and geese tarry awhile—sometimes all winter. A full and detailed description of this quarter of the State would make my letter too long.

Northwest Arkansas extends from Black River westward to the Indian Territory. Immediately on emerging from Black River bottom, going west, one comes to upland, then hills, then mountains. The surface is diversified, however, and there is some prairie. Water fowl are not so abundant as in the part first described. The country is better settled. There is, however, a broad expanse of waste land, unbroken wilderness, and of course abundance of game. In seasons when the mast fails in the lowlands and "hits" in the hills, deer, bears and turkeys are found here without trouble. The streams are rapid and clear, and fishing bears a closer resemblance to sport. Black bass, jack salmon, striped bass, pickerel and all sorts of perch are found. There being more small grains raised than in other parts of the State, quail are consequently more abundant.

Southwest Arkansas lies between the Arkansas River and the Louisiana line, extending far enough east to embrace the town of Hot Springs. It is mountainous in places, but has more water courses than the part just described. In the matter of game it resembles the Northwest, but has also some water fowl. The fishing is reported not so good as in other parts of the State. There are, however, localities that form an exception to the general rule.

The southeast part of the State lies south and east of Little Rock, having Lower White River for its northern boundary. It abounds in quail, turkeys, deer, bear, and has a fair supply of water fowl. There are immense canebrakes and some extensive prairies. On the latter is to be found as good prairie chicken shooting as the United States affords. The area, however, is limited to the two counties of Prairie and Arkansas. Here are also sand-hill cranes. Plover and snipe in countless millions in their season visit these prairies. In the river bottoms close to these prairies are immense canebrakes, where deer and bear may be found. I had almost said—undiminished numbers. At Crockett's Bluff, on the Little White River, right in the very midst of all these good things, lives that prince of Arkansas sportsmen and good fellows, Col. Bob Crockett, not a rough and burly back-

woodsman, but a "sure-enough" gentleman sportsman, of good address and polished manners. Col. Bob is a man of fine ability, full of anecdote, well informed, and wields a facile pen. He delights in field sports and engages in them without stint when his professional engagements do not interfere. If he could be drawn out he could "a tale unfold" about Arkansas that would cause all other tales to seek obscurity. He was here in the halcyon days "before the war."

It will be observed that in speaking of fish I have not said "trout" once. This is because the speckled trout (*S. fontinalis*), is not found in Arkansas, nor is the ruffal grouse. The absence of these daintiest of the dainty among fishes and birds, is a sad deprivation to one reared in their haunts, and it takes a very long time—how long I do not know—to conquer the "hankering" after them. Not even the eloquent and persuasive article of your able Kentucky correspondent has been sufficient to render me forgetful of my first love of the mountain stream, or to make me altogether satisfied with the black bass. While I am sincere in my admiration of the game qualities of the bass, still from putting together the rod to the "grace after meat," I can see nothing to entitle him to the misapplied name of trout. Then the surroundings of their respective dwelling places, the clearness of the water, the purity of the air, the grandeur of the scenery—there is no comparison. The truth is, that in the South and a great part of the West, the black bass is "the best Bill can do," and that is the whole story. But here the venerable Governor, whom I represent, feels called upon by his regard for his name and fame and the traditions of his family to reassert himself; He wishes it to be distinctly understood that what his native State may lack in quality, she makes up, and more too, in the quantity of the game she possesses. Besides the black bass, anyhow, is no "slouch," and the wild turkey no "fool hen" to be killed by any novice just because he wants to. To an unstinted abundance of game, which by judicious legislation is capable of being fostered and preserved, or even increased to any desirable extent, may be added a winter climate as near perfect as any in the Union—just cold enough to lay insects and reptiles, and warm enough to make it pleasant to be out all day long. Surely these afford a most potent reason for the most abounding thankfulness. The stranger sportsman will find in Arkansas a generous old-fashioned hospitality, which while it "vaunteth not itself," is none the less sincere. In a word, genuine old Virginia hospitality, with the reservation, the wind, the "old Virginian," left out. The people of the State are Southern in their manners and habits of thought; but they have imbibed much of that "broad spirit of freedom," and possess in an eminent degree the "game" qualities attributed by Irving to the frontiersmen of the West. Plain and unassuming, but hearty and cordial—rough, it may be in exterior, but sound at heart; there are no people among whom the sportsman, whatever his party or creed, or if he have no party or creed, will feel more at home. YELL.

Jacksonport, Ark.

REEL FOOT LAKE.

Musing upon the shore I said,
"Oh, lake and waters blue,
"Tis time to shoot the gray-green-head,
And the sad wild goose, too."
—AFTER SOME FELLOW WHO WAS AFTER TESTNYKOV.

HAVING been prevented by the prevalence of yellow fever in Memphis, and the consequent quarantine restrictions, from going to Grand Prairie, Ark., after pintado grouse, for two seasons in succession, we determined to try Reel Foot Lake this season for ducks. Consequently on election day, after having duly deposited our votes, we boarded the north-bound train on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Our party consisted of Col. W. L. Walter C. Gray F., Forney G., and the chronicler of these records.

It was a clear, still day, cool and bracing; a good road and splendid cars, and plunging through receding woodlands bright and glorious with the many tints of autumnal foliage; through cotton fields, white with the dewy stalk; through corn fields, sere and naked; through blue cuts and red cuts; over treaches, and across long reaches of swamp lands, we reached Union City, Tenn., at nightfall. Here we left the train, and having dispatched ahead, found a good square meal awaiting us. From this point the lake is distant eighteen miles, according to the reckoning of the inhabitants—by our count, at least twenty-five.

When it was noon struck with a liverny man to be on hand at daylight with a conveyance to take us to the lake. We consumed the time after supper, until 11 o'clock, loading shells; and it is the next thing to a miracle that the roof was not blown off the Planters' or whatever is the name of the hotel. However, we got through safely; and the Colonel and I, having been assigned to the same room and one bed, rolled in together; and just as we had got comfortably straightened out, down came the two-dollar bedstead—a most fearful and irreparable wreck. I am satisfied they thought below

stairs—from the way they came pouring up—that we had hurled a keg of powder. Nothing was left us but to go to another room, where we found two beds, but one with a man in it. So we laid our four hundred pounds of humanity on the mattress as gently as possible, and were entering the borders of dreamland, when pop went a shot! This necessitated a little movement to get out of the snagged place, when rattle-bang went two or three more. We got up and put them in again, but it was time wasted; for, as soon as we would lie down, out they would pop again. In the meantime the man in the other bed was sleeping as soundly as old Rip Van Winkle in Catskill Mountains, and doing some as admirable snoring as one ever listened to. Now, W. intimated, next morning, that I indulged in some "appropriate remarks," and wanted to throw my boots against the door to wake the fellow; but I deny the allegation and denounce the allegator.

The floor was so taken up by a stove, our impedimenta, etc., both under the bed and all around, that we could not find space enough to put down our bed—and as there was no help for it—we had to lie there, doubled up into the shape of a couple of figure 8's, until dawn. I have slept on the battlement, surrounded by the dead and the dying; I have slept in the snow; I have slept on the golden earth, with a winter's rain beating down upon me; I have slept on the top of a staked and ridged fence; I have slept in the saddle; I have slept in a bug-infested bed, in a hut in the pine hills, but nowhere and with no surroundings have I passed a more miserable night. And still the fellow in the other bed snored on. "Not poppy, nor hyson, nor mandegora, nor all the drowsy syrups in the world, could ever medicine him into a sounder sleep," than was on him then.

At the first peep of day we were up, and, having hauled the rest of the party out of bed, we breakfasted by lamplight, deposited ourselves and baggage in a two-horse so-called spring-wagon, and rolled out for the lake. The road runs past some splendid farms, and through some magnificently timbered woodlands; indeed, I never saw finer timber anywhere. Some of the poplars and pin-oaks were simply immense. The face of the country is, at first, gently undulating; but as you approach the lake it becomes more broken. Further on, deep valleys and steep ridges take the places of the gentle rises and flat valleys. At length, on the summit of one of these hills, five or six miles from the lake, the bushes begin to give to our ears the sound of the far-away skishish; plainly the gunshots could be heard; and how instantly and vividly it brought back the recollection of those dreadful days, when those rambling discharges foretold the terrible shock of battle that swept over the bloody fields at the first Manassas, at Shiloh, at Perryville, at Murfreesboro', at Chickamauga, at Franklin,

"When the ranks were rolled in vapor, and the winds were laid with sound."

It was precisely like a skirmish; the continuous and irregular popping, with an occasional big gun that sounded like a piece of artillery. "Hurry up, driver, they are at it below there." Whaling his animated equine skeletons, he urged them into a trot on the down grade portions of the road. Ascending a long rise, we came suddenly in view of the valley in which the lake lies. Although we could not see the water from the summit of the hill, on account of the intervening timber, we could trace its limits by the dead trunks of trees that stand in it. It is a scene of surpassing beauty. From the point where we stood, by a precipitous break-off, the valley lay before and beneath us, level as the ocean, billowed with the foliage of the gigantic forest; golden and bloody red with the dyes of autumn, and glorified by the sunlight of a perfect autumn day, it stretched far away, and seemingly swept on to the Missouri hills beyond the river. From that valley came the incessant boom of guns, and far beyond we could mark the smoke curling up from the chimney of some steamboat that plowed the bosom of the Father of Waters.

"Boys," said W., "if I don't kill a duck, I am repaid for my trip. Long we stood there, taking in the beauties of the scene before us. It is the generally received belief, that all the valley slid down to its present level at the time the lake was formed. This is all sheer bosh. The water covers but a small portion of the valley, and the timber in the lake is totally different from that on the adjacent shores. It is almost entirely cypress, showing that the land now submerged was, since the time the present forest has grown up, lower than that which is uncovered, as cypress always grows in very low and marshy ground. It would have been a matter of utter impossibility for such a slide to have occurred without affecting the perpendicular of some of the trees, as the valley is two or three hundred feet below the level of the adjacent hills. However, we will leave this to the geologist.

Descending by a steep and rugged road we reached the level below, and rattling on a mile or more reached our hotel—"the Algonquin." The house is a two-story affair. The parlor is situated right on the bank of a small bayou that runs parallel with the lake for some distance. A sort of pontoon bridge, made of floating logs, stretches across the bayou, opposite the house. The house itself is a rude structure, built in a sort of lacustrine style of architecture, set up above high-water, on large posts or sections of logs. Its holding capacity seems unlimited, as there were about thirty couples in the room, besides the family—consisting of the old man and his wife, several sons, and the inevitable pretty girl. Now, I did not intend saying a word about Walter and the Colonel trying to pass themselves as unmarried men, because their wives might get hold of this paper, and I don't want them to lose their hair; but they would stick to it, that I *cussed* the sleeping fellow at Union City. Hence this revelation; and when their better halves get hold of it, *hine ille tachymus*.

The fun came in the shape of wild pork and ducks—stewed ducks, baked ducks, baked ducks, roasted ducks, smothered ducks and shooed ducks—and the space below the dining-room was festooned with strings and bunches of ducks. Having hastily worried down some of the afore-said grub, Gray and I stepped—or rather crawled—into a dug-out and paddled down the bayou. On the way down we met our friend Tom C., and Capt. S., of Hickman, Ky., who had just killed a few ducks and a few fish, whence they had gone—guns, shells and all, in some twelve foot water. By a streak of good luck they had

managed to fish out their guns. These dug-outs are the shabiest concerns, in the way of water craft, that I ever attempted to navigate. They are not much bigger than an old-fashioned plantation brent; say, you have to part your hair in the middle to keep them level—and the least bobble, slap over they go, bottom upward. I would as soon attempt to shoot from the back of a kicking mule as from one of them. At a fish-house on the shore, we procured a guide and struck out for a point about three miles off. Pulling through a narrow ditch we entered the lake. The first view is dismal in the extreme, the water is covered with a brownish green scum, the floating logs and brush are everywhere, and the soft ooze in the bottom, stalks of the lotus or water lily with their umbrella-shaped leaves, dead and sere, lift themselves above the brown scum, weird and ghost-like, and rustle and shiver with every passing breeze. On either hand, far as the eye can reach, stand the branchless trunks of gigantic cypresses, bleached and worn by the sunshine and tempests of nearly seventy years. It is a scene of utter desolation and impresses you at once with the conviction that some sudden and awful convulsion of nature hollowed out this dreary waste of water. Long ago—as long as the Good Book allots the years of the life of man—these blanched and fire-scarred trunks lifted their heads, green with their feathery foliage, to the light and air of Heaven. The shock of the earthquake came, the ground was upheaved near the river and depressed further back. The water in Reel Foot Creek, find its outlet, gradually filled the vast depression. The trees died, and their bleached skeletons stand and will stand until the next generation shall have passed away, silent witnesses of that fearful convulsion. The lake is some eighteen or twenty miles long, and from one to four miles wide. Where we were the water was at no place over twenty feet deep. Towards the centre of the lake the water is clear and of a slightly bluish color, the reflection of the cloudless skies above.

**** Off from out it leaps
The my darter with its glittering scales,
Who dwells in the water, and its gassy scales,
While chance some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its babbling tales."

The water-lily, or lotus, grows in all the shallows. It has a seed-pod shaped some what like an inverted wasp's nest; containing from one to two dozen nuts, very much like a small acorn and as hard as iron. After these nuts the ducks come, according to some; others swear a duck never eats them. A friend, who has shot them for years, told me he had opened a great many of all kinds, and had never found a single quonpin in one of them. But whether they eat them or not, the ducks come there in myriads. The navigation of this lake in a dug-out is not the easiest thing in the world. Thousands of stumps stand just far enough below the surface of the water, invisible in the moss, to strike your boat. They are as slick as ice, and if you are not careful you may run on one, and, slipping off your duck, will find yourself in submerged logs and "limber jims" add to the difficulties.

Pulling through all these in our tottering craft, we reached the point and took our stations. The ducks are kept stirred up by the constant firing, and fly from one part of the lake to another, usually going over some projecting point of land; or they fly in and out of the numerous arms that project far inland. We had taken our positions in some high places, and the city was a great mass of ducks and small bunches were flying by. Presently a magnificent mallard, gorgeous in green and purple, with incurved wings, swooped right down on Gray. Picking up his gun he cut away at him with both barrels, and Mr. Mallard, without a feather touched, sought other quarters. "If I was over there I would feel like taking that paddle to you." "I'll be hanged if I can see how I missed him," said he. "Carefully I held on her and pulled trigger. With a loud quack, quack, she screamed upward, and I cut away at her with another barrel; she continued to mount and I stood looking at her in much astonishment. "Shall I come over with the paddle?" asked Gray. Then the evening fight having commenced, they began coming thick and fast. Mallards, gadwalls, wigwags, blue-bills, and pintails, came in great numbers. Finally we sailed, and the day was nearly spent when we got the hang of it, and began to knock them right and left. I wish some of those "holding-on-theory" fellows had been there. Night coming on, we pulled for the other shore. Going back, we came near going to the bottom. Contrary to the advice of our guide, we pulled hard for the land, as we were fearfully hungry; while going at a very fast rate, the punt squatted and we tumbled up such a way that the bow of the concern was lifted high above water, and a perfect torrent came pouring in astern. G. had presence of mind enough to fall flat in the bottom of the dug-out and thus shift his weight forward. It was as dark as Erebus, and when our guides came up, we were about a quarter of an inch above water at the stern. The least motion and down we would go. He tried in vain to get us off, and was about to give up, when Col. W. and Capt. S. came along, and after a long trial got us afloat.

It is needless to add that we went slow from thence to land. We were terribly tired when we reached the house, and our shoulders were considerably hammered. We found that the rest of our party were ahead in the number of ducks bagged, albeit Gray and I considered them all mere tyros and ourselves veterans. Some of them declared that we took them a good deal easier. "But," they used to say, "here he comes," and another to say "there he goes," and that a cannon-ball was nowhere in point of speed to one of them.

We were up betimes next morning and pulled for a point farther up the lake. It had turned warm during the night, and we did not see many ducks until late in the afternoon. I had killed eight fine mallards and a few small ducks from a point, and Gray several more. When we pulled up to the mouth of an arm and had some shooting at long range, the ducks flying very high. I shot from a log behind a muskrat bed, and G. from an immense hollow stump, but it took a good many shots to get a duck. After sunset we started to row back, and had not left our places a hundred yards when the ducks commenced pouring in to us. Now if we had remained where we had been all afternoon we would have had more. Our boatman could have picked them up as fast as they fell, and we could have done much better shooting from a solid footing than

from a tottering dug-out. The fact is, I could shoot only those that came in square from the front, for whenever I fired over the side I was certain the canoe was going over. Well, we made it hot for them until dark-ness put a stop to our shooting. I never saw anything come in faster, except a rascal to a chimney on a summer's eve. "The air was dark with pinions," and rustle of wings and loud splashing as they dropped into the water was continuous. The yonquaps were very high and as thick as the hairs on a dog's back, and it was very dark, so we got only a small per cent. of those shot down. It was late at night when we got back and our boys were just on the point of organizing a party to go in search of us. But potatoes were not fired and hungry, and the brown eyes of the pretty girl opened in astonishment as fish and potatoes, and ducks and pork disappeared beneath the folds of Gray's capacious canvas, and I was not far behind, if I was handicapped with a headache. When we went back to our room we found Walter, Forney and the Colonel piled in bed, boots, hats and all, and as sound asleep as the fellow at Union City, and we were not long in following suit.

The next day Gray and I went back to the point we had occupied the day before; the others went down the lake. Col. W. killed a goose—the only one bagged. For easy rowing we went further from shore, where the water was free from vegetation. It was quite clear, and of an average depth of six feet. I noticed some very singular water tortoise. They were about the size of a common "highland terrapin," iridescent, with an orange-colored bottom shell. Prodigious numbers of coots kept flapping up before us, but we did not molest them as we were after larger deer. The day was warm and clear, the ducks flying very high. We did not get many shots until late in the afternoon. While I was on my log my friend Major Val. Y., of Columbus, Miss., came by with a darky paddler and his miscellaneous cargo of a common "highland terrapin," iridescent, with an orange-colored bottom shell. The ducks did not come so thickly as on the previous evening to the roost, and commenced coming in later, so we did not have half the shooting we anticipated. One old mallard came along by Gray. He cut away at him, dropping him about ten feet, but he climbed up again. Then he gave him the other barrel, letting him down about the same distance as before. Passing me I gave it to him right and left. The first shot dropped him about ten feet; the next put him in the water. When he hit the water he struck out like a champion rower. Then I slapped in two more shells and opened fire on him again. The first shot turned him bottom upwards, but he righted and struck out again; the next shot knocked him clear out of the water, but he still kept going, and the boatman, becoming unmanageable, broke shot, rushed in and knocked him in the head with a paddle. He was just a little the hardest duck to kill I ever saw. "He wore a charmed life that would not yield"—except to a paddle. We shot until pitch dark, the flashes from our guns leaping like tongues of flame far up into the air. Pulling back through the darkness the black shadows of the trees along shore made the surface of the water appear to slope landwards, and we could scarcely divest himself of the idea that he was going down the river into the plane.

This was our last day, and our bag was far from being a good one. But, comrades, whose fault was it? For did we not shoot until our shoulders were battered black and blue? But we had lots of fun, and learned enough of the lake to do better next time. And, friend Forney, if you did not eat enough fish and duck and ketchup whose fault was it? Not the landlady's, I am sure. The sportsmen of the lake were mostly from Natchezville. We found them genial, courteous, whole-souled gentlemen, and the writer is indebted to Mr. Nicholson for a large bunch of mallards that helped out his bag amazingly. Capt. Atwell Johnston and the Messrs. Young, from Columbus, Miss., and Mr. Vass, from Mobile, were encamped opposite Carpenter's with a splendid outfit. They killed a great many mallards. Toward the close of the evening we pulled to the big hill going up from the valley. We had to take out everything, even the seals, and carry them to the top, and the teams barely made it with the empty wagon. When we got to the summit we were dry with rage and extreme toil, breathless and faint, and nothing stronger than lake-water within seventeen miles of us, while W. lay on the ground fresh as a bridegroom, having kindly consented to watch the horses while we carried the mud to the top. After a weary drive we reached Union City in time for a late dinner. That night, not wishing to have any more bedsteads mashed, the landlord separated the Colonel and I, and the last thing I heard from him was yelling for "Bob" to bring some water. They put me in the bridal chamber, and all night long I was trying vainly to shoot from a tottering dug-out—with a gun that would never fire, the myriads of ducks, and the deafening, noisy and noiseless pinions the boundless air of mysterious dreamland.

"For a mallard I've waded the marsh,
And I'll catch each bird in the lake, oh!
Mine is not the luck
To obtain thee, O duck,
Or to dream thee, O drake, like a draco." GUYON.

Corinth, Miss.

Natural History.

A CORRECTION.—In our remarks on Uniform Nomenclature in our last issue we were made the victim of an unfortunate printer's error, which we desire to correct without loss of time. Referring to the action of the committee on Nomenclature of the Michigan Sportsman's Association, we are made to say: "The views expressed by the committee are founded on the right idea, that of absolutely local names, and substituting the names which belong to the various species and by which they are known to biologists," etc. The sentence, as printed, means, so far as it means anything, the very reverse of what we intended to say. We wrote: "The views expressed by the committee are founded on the right idea, that of abolishing local names," etc. Our readers will see the importance of making this correction.

REMINISCENCES OF MY PET CROW.

COOPER'S POINT, Feb. 2d.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Having read many very interesting accounts of the sagacity of birds in the FOREST AND STREAM, I am induced to present the following recollections: One afternoon while pushing the marsh I noticed what I at first supposed to be a king rail. As I approached the bird I discovered it to be a young crow crippled in its port wing. I took it in the skiff and soon forgot the circumstance. On my return to the boat-house, however, the crow reminded me I had left something. I took it home, and with careful nursing he soon became strong and fat, and correspondingly saucy. I was at the time in the wholesale dry goods business at Front and Market streets, Philadelphia, and lived just over the water at Cooper's Point. I invariably crossed the river in a small sailing skiff (barring stormy weather) in the morning, returning in the evening. "Jim" always accompanied me, and his favorite roost was either at the masthead or on my weather shoulder. A long sand-bar running north from Smith's Island divides the eastern and western channels, terminating in a bulkhead from the Jersey shore, leaving a small swash passage between, difficult to navigate. Jim had the soundings down fine, and always gave orders to tack ship in pure crow language when we were approaching the bottom. On one occasion he was resting on my shoulder and watching me intently. The tide being low and the wind ahead I was obliged to make short tacks and maneuver skillfully. Presently a "header" put the skiff ashore on her center-board. In an instant the bird struck me in the face with both wings, and with a shrill derisive cry flew away, evidently disgusted. For a long time he refused to go with me on the water, until one afternoon I was racing with a larger boat, and just as I passed her Jim settled down on my shoulder with delighted approval. We were friends after that. He never allowed me to let the sail shake along the luff for an instant without making a fuss about it, and understood when it was time to jibe over, and always let me know it. His great delight was to see the skiff driven through the heavy seas, though half drowned by the spray. He never seemed quite to understand the utility of reef nettles. When a flock of crows would pass over us Jim generally left me for a few minutes to indulge in the innocent amusement of making them "git." He was the fleetest bird I ever saw and the most graceful. He was game all the time, but one day he tried hard to chase him into the skiff. He tried hard to make me believe he was unwell, but somehow I never understood it that way. He never entirely got over the mortification, and it was his last battle. He was extremely fond of me, and as I write he seems to look at me approvingly from his perch, though his eyes are glassy now. I was always under the impression that Jim was (the Jersey) man or born, not so much from his superior intelligence as the peculiar sand-bar color of his wing tips. Delaware passed a law giving five cents per head for every crow killed. I presume on account of his color. As he could not well be put in the stocks or dogged, the next best thing was to cut his head off. The crows naturally sought protection in early morning flights across the water to Jersey, where they fed sumptuously all day, returning home in the late twilight to roost. Jim had great powers of discrimination, and could tell a foreign crow at long range, and on such he made terrific slaughter, but the State never "divided." As we have champions for almost everything in these latter days, I would like some time to give you an account of our champion "boat upsetter." A large and handsomely devised silver medal attests his prowess.

R. G. W.

NOTES FROM CORRESPONDENTS.—Our friend, C. M. C., of New City, to whose capture of a king rail with a frog in its throat we referred recently, has sent us a note in regard to the matter giving fuller particulars of the circumstances. He says: The frog was about four inches long when extended, and about one inch in breadth, and was alive when drawn from the bird after it was shot. About one-half an inch of the feet protruded from the bill of the rail.... A. F. de N., notifies us of the shooting in the "Pines," of New Jersey, of a ruffed grouse of a bright golden color, and asks if it is not a *rara avis*. We presume that it is a blanché specimen, or partial albino, though normally colored birds of this species are sometimes very pale.

DRUMMING OF RUFFED GROUSE AT NIGHT IN WINTER.—I am an ardent admirer of the FOREST AND STREAM, and have been recently re-reading the back numbers, in which I have noticed many articles on the ruffed grouse, but have not seen anything like the following: While en route on Negro Mountain, Somerset Co., Pa., Dec. 1st, 1879, I heard ruffed grouse drumming at the hour of midnight. The moon was shining brightly; the ground covered with three inches of snow, and mercury about 12 degs. above zero. This is something very unusual, is it not?

G. H.

Grouse often drum during the night in spring and fall, but we have never known of their doing so in the winter. The case you cite is an exceptional one, we imagine.

BIRDS AND MAMMALS INTRODUCED INTO NEW ZEALAND.

WE have been favored by the following epitome of a paper on the above subject by H. M. Brower, Hon. Sec. Wanganui Acclimatisation Society, New Zealand, lately read (January 15th) at the Linnean Society of London.

The author refers to Dr. Buller's volume on the New Zealand Birds, and says that too soon for the total disappearance of many highly interesting forms is to be deplored, to wit, the Kakapo (*Strapops habroptilus*). New Zealand quail (*Colinus Novae Zealandiae*), bell bird (*Anthornis melanura*), etc.

But to import English birds to supply their places is not without its difficulties. Native enemies are to be contended with: for example, the New Zealand owl (*Ninox*), it is asserted, wages destructive warfare against the smaller finches and songbirds. Of 100 diamond sparrows liberated on the Island of Kawan by Sir George Grey, few escaped the ravages of this little owl; and on the Hon. Mr. Stafford's grounds at Wellington, a number of insectivorous birds being let loose, these soon attracted a host of owls to the serious discomfiture of the former.

Notwithstanding, finches of various sorts have succeeded, and undoubtedly increased to such an extent that there is now no danger of their extermination. The skylark may even be found enlivening some districts with its cheerful, varied music. Of other species acclimatized there may be mentioned starling, thrush, blackbird, chaffinch, goldfinch, yellowhammer, house and hedge sparrow, Indian mynah, ringdove, golden plover, jay, Australian and Tasmanian magpies, Muscovy duck, black and white swans, Californian, Australian, and Madagascar quails, partridges, pintails, grouse, and pheasants of various sorts, etc.

The pheasant now abounds, and even shooting licenses are granted. Fifteen birds were turned out in the Wanganui district in 1896. These have now spread all over the province, even far inland. Two friends of the author lately bagged seventy in one day, and this by plain, open shooting.

The China pheasant (*P. torquatus*) is most numerous, although the common sort (*P. colchicus*) is less so. It is a singular circumstance that on the occurrence of a tremor of the ground from an earthquake the cock pheasants set up a continuous crow either of fear or defiance.

In the North Island the partridge (*Perdix cinerea*) thrives less vigorously than in the South Island; Canterbury especially, with its cereal crops, affording perhaps a better feeding and breeding ground. The red-legged partridge (*Ardeotis rufa*) is plentiful in the Bangitike district of the Wellington province, but it appears to remain where first located. Blackbirds and thrushes, and the Indian mynah (*Acridotheres ginginianus*) are seen in large numbers in the Nelson province.

Of mammals imported by the societies the following are the chief:—The red, the fallow, the Sambar, and the California deer, Angora goat, hare, kangaroo, wallabies, and opossums. A considerable number of deer and fallow deer was lately made by Mr. Larkworthy, and of twenty-eight which arrived in safety eight were turned out in the Waikato, and ten in the Wanganui district. On the hills in the neighborhood of Nelson large herds of wild deer are reported to have been seen. Fallow deer set free near Richmond have increased. The author here appeals to the proprietors of English deer-parks for some of these foxes annually killed when it is desirable to procure fat deer venison.

Hares have multiplied almost too rapidly, and one peculiar feature is that the female in New Zealand produces six or seven instead of two or three at a birth. Already the southern farmers complain of the hare's destructive qualities, and culling clubs meet bi-weekly during the season. Thus from a former paucity of mammalian life in New Zealand there begins a tendency to the contrary, and possibly ere long its fauna will have approximated to that of the Mother Country.—J. MURIE, in *Land and Water*.

THE HEARING OF FISH.—We printed, some time ago, some observations on the voice of fish, contributed to *Nature* by an East Indian correspondent, which seemed to indicate that these animals were capable at least of producing vocal sounds; and recently Mr. Hugh Owen has sent to *Land and Water* some interesting observations and conclusions of his, which we are sure will be perused with pleasure by most of our readers. He says:—

It is exceedingly doubtful if fish possess the faculty of hearing in the ordinary sense of the term. Mr. Buckland has accurately described the nature of the sensation they do possess, as vibration. There cannot be a doubt that fish have no possible conception of either vicinity, direction, or distance of the vibratory disturbances they receive. A distant vibration disturbs a shoal of fish as much as a near one; and fish feeding eagerly at the bait will be alarmed and dispersed by the beat of a steam vessel a mile off. All the stories of fish coming to be fed at the sound of a horn or of a whistle are, of course, fables. Such sounds made in the air will not communicate vibrations to the fish beneath the surface of the water. They assemble only because they see a figure, and are accustomed to be fed upon such occasions.

In trying some experiments on this point, I kept carefully out of sight, and simultaneously discharged the two barrels of a double gun on the bank of a pool, the surface of which swarmed with small fry. Not one was alarmed. I merely dropped the breech of the gun sharply on the ground, and the whole surface of the water was in an instant flashing with the fish frightened at the vibration caused by the shock. Any experiment on the hearing of fishes, made in the sight of them, must necessarily be imperfect and illusory. On the other hand, the heavy footstep of a fisherman on the bank will as effectually scare the shoal as any sound.

The perfect use of the auditory organs of the higher mammals is just as much the effect of education as is that of the tongue, the hand, or the eye. A young child has no apprehension of the direction of any sound until practice has instructed the brain. A puppy, on hearing a call or a whistle, will look all round in perfect ignorance whence the sound proceeds. When the education of the organ is perfected by experience, the direction and esti-

mate of distance is arrived at with unconscious rapidity. Wild animals are sensitive to the direction and distance of sounds. The *all* is not much disturbed by a distant noise, and only *goes* slowly away in a contrary direction. This power of estimating distance and direction cannot be possessed by *fish*, to which the element in which they live only communicates a universal vibration, equal in all directions.

The auditory apparatus of fish is curiously analogous to that of mammals in some particulars, especially in the ear-bones already mentioned. The otolith is probably the analogue of the *menus* of the human ear, and in some fish the rudimentary evidences of the other two—*malleus* and *incus*—are to be found. The principal divergence is in the absence of the eustachian tube, although the late Mr. Jonathan Couch, of Polperro, the eminent ichthyologist, thought he discovered a trace of its analogue in certain fishes which have an open tube attached by a nervous plexus to the chamber containing the otolith, and in communication with the surface of the air-bladder. This discovery was, by consent, communicated by me to the Naturalists' Society of Bristol, on Oct. 1, 1880, and if the deductions are correctly drawn, the air-bladder is not only the organ of buoyancy, but a huge tympanum also, by which every vibration, however slight, is communicated to the animal.

The subject is an interesting one, and by no means exhausted. Any naturalist, who will carefully investigate and record his observations on the still obscure theories of the hearing of fish, may obtain a European reputation at little more cost than the exercise of industry and perseverance.

WINTER BIRDS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Warner, N. H., Feb. 2d.—In this vicinity, I am sorry to say, there is almost a dearth of the feathered tribe the present winter. There were a few redpolls about in the fall, but I have neither seen or heard of any since; no grosbeaks at all. About the middle of December a fine flock of snow buntings (*P. nivalis*) appeared, containing several individual birds, and this is the first flock of more than a dozen or so I have seen for three years, they having been very scarce here during that time. I wanted a few and went for my B.-L. They had alighted on a flat piece of field up a little rise; I went for them; saw three or four near together just on the top of the rise; thought perhaps they would answer my purpose, and fired, but on going up to those was somewhat surprised to see the snow. For some rods beyond the snow with a few birds. I secured fourteen, twelve of which were in fine condition for mounting. Since that day I have not seen, I think, more than a dozen individuals of this species. There have been very few yellow birds (*O. tristis*), or tree sparrows (*S. monticola*) about, and almost none of late; and not one pine finch or crossbill have I seen this winter. Even the jays have absented themselves to a great extent, though occasionally, but do not remember to have set eyes on one for two months, or near that. Parties who were to procure me specimens of this species do not bring them in; they were very plenty in the fall. This would seem to prove the partial migration of the species, not perhaps to a warmer latitude, but certainly to a different locality. An occasional visit from a pair of nuthatches (*Sitta carolinensis*), and a few days' sojourn of a pair of brown creepers (*Parus familiaris*), complete or very nearly so, my observation on birds for the past two months. The familiar chickadee I have not mentioned, as that little genius we always have in our woods. A friend reports having seen a white-throated sparrow about the 1st of January and taken a fine male purple-finch (*Cardinalis purpureus*). These are rare winter birds in this vicinity. We now have a feeling that spring will be a very merry one, but our little friends will be very scarce, as they cheer us with their glad songs and lovely presence. Although the season has been quite mild here, I hope some winter to report from a less blue-rind (boreal) locality, and where bird, beast and fish do more abound.

M. C. H.

WHEN DO BEARS HAVE YOUNG?—Menominee, Mich., Jan. 21st.—A large black bear was killed a few miles north of here the 15th of this month. The bear was first seen the day before near the railroad, but no effort was made to kill it. Its appearance on the 15th brought out a few men, well armed, who had no trouble in killing her. They found her above the average size and quite fat. By looking around they soon found her den, and in it three small cubs. They must have been but a very few days old, as they were small and eyes not yet open. They were carefully handled and taken away to be brought up on a bottle.

Is not this very early for bears to have young, and is it not very uncommon for the old bears to be out while the cubs are so young? I have seen bears in the latter part of the month of May so small that two could and did sleep comfortably in a common hat. Thus it appears there must be a great variation in the time of bringing forth their young.

M.

The subject of the breeding of bears is one about which comparatively little is known. We think that they usually bring forth in January, but believe it to be unusual to find the mother about when the young are so small. As bearing on this subject of the breeding of bears, we quote the following note contributed to the *London Field* by Richard J. Rowley. He says:—

In April, 1873, I was driving from Pueblo into New Mexico to see the Maxwell grant, purchased by Mr. Wadingham and some other Englishmen. I stopped all night at the Overland Hotel, in Trinidad, on the Purgatoire (called Picket Wire in Colorado), and found in the office, under the stove, wrapped in flannel, a young cinnamon bear, a week old, perfectly blind and fed on milk out of a baby's bottle. Some Indians had found a female bear on the Boston Mountain, and when opened found two young ones just ready for birth; one died, this was the other. I took the trouble afterwards to inquire what became of it, and learned it had been sold to Capt. Schuyler, to take to Philadelphia. The cub had a good thick coat of black hair.

A FLYING SEDER.—Warner, N. H.—I had heard of spiders flying, but until about twelve years ago had never seen the thing done. One day in the fall of 1867, while

resting with a few others near the top of a hill called the Bald Mink (from its having three near its summit and being one of a group called Mink Hills). I noticed a spider, in appearance much like our common house spider, having rather long legs, with not a large body. This spider, when I first saw it, was perhaps fifteen feet away towards the southwest, from which quarter the wind was blowing lightly. Its position was that of a spider hanging on an upright web, but I could see no web at all; it sailed along without the least perceptible motion, and I wondered how it was held so gracefully in mid-air and at the same time moved along so smoothly. It passed within a few feet of us, and all saw it plainly, but just as it had passed a little and was at a point opposite the sun I saw what before had not been noticed but what the reflection of the sun then revealed, a single line of web, which I saw distinctly on both sides of the spider for a foot or more in the direction it was going and several feet behind it. I could see it plainly as it passed a particular point, and noticed that the web was seemingly bent down at the point where the spider rested with its two forward legs slightly bent over the thread. I think I did not see the end of the web on either side of the spider, and could not tell whether it was sliding on the line or whether both were floating together, but feel very sure that there was no other line or web in the immediate vicinity of my first flying spider. M. C. H.

IS IT A MIGRATORY QUAIL?—Philadelphia, Jan. 27th.—While out gunning on Jan. 22d, at Georgetown, Del., Mr. Jacob Fawcett, of that town, killed a bird that resembles our quail very much, but which is entirely white above, breast and lower part, and very much resembles a field lark on the back. In shape it differs very materially from our quail, as it is not near so plump, having quite a long, slim appearance. Mr. Fawcett very kindly presented me with the bird, which I am having set up, and any person wishing to see the same can do so by calling at my place, 1403 South Eleventh street, Philadelphia.

EDWARD MAHER.

We presume that the bird is a migratory quail.

Fish Culture.

FISH CULTURE IN IOWA.

THE Third Biennial Report of the Iowa State Fish Commissioners (1877-8 and 1878-9), now before us, contains abundant evidence of the energetic efforts of the Commissioner, B. F. Shaw, Esq., in addition to the public labors of the State Commission there has been a largely increased interest in fish culture among the people, shown by the establishment of numerous private hatcheries, of which there are now some thirty in successful operation. The total distribution of fishes in various waters during the past two years have amounted to 4,807,800, being an increase over the same period immediately preceding of 1,342,100. These have been—of foreign fish—

"Shad"—40,000 in Cedar River at Cedar Rapids, 40,000 in the Des Moines River at Moingona, and 20,000 in the Boyer River. Lake trout—619,000 in 1878 and 411,000 in 1879, Salmon—as the period of the return of the fish planted in the Cedar River in 1874 is not until 1880 or 1881, the Commission has thought it best to defer further operations in this field until the success or failure of the former trial has been ascertained. California salmon—281,500. Land-locked salmon, of 500,000 hatched in the spring of 1878, only 155,000 were saved from an epidemic. They were distributed to Silver Creek, Clear Lake, Cedar River, Imas River and the Des Moines River. Brook trout—the success of the distribution of 1877 has shown that some of the Iowa streams are remarkably suited to these fish, and attention has therefore been paid to them. Of 110,000 eggs, the majority were successfully hatched and distributed, some being kept as breeders. The report advises that carp and smelts be introduced into Iowa waters, and we doubt not that the former at least will prove an invaluable acquisition to the food supply of the State.

By far the most interesting work of the Commission has been the preservation of the young native fish left by the receding waters in the shoal sloughs of the Mississippi River. This undertaking has already been described in the FOREST AND STREAM, but we transcribe the sentences of the report:—

Millions of native fish die in sloughs along the Mississippi river every season when the water is low. The fish deposit their eggs in these sloughs in high water in the spring. The young fish are hatched in due time; are cut off from the river and gradually dry up, and the young fish perish. The soft-rayed finned-fish die first, leaving the hardier varieties, such as black, yellow, and striped bass, wall-eyed pike, crappies, sunfish, catfish, bullheads, drumfish, etc. To save a portion of these fish from certain destruction, and plant them in waters where they could live and thrive, has been one of the most cherished plans of the Fish Commission. To aid in the accomplishment of this purpose, I first saw the superintendents or general managers of the various railways running across the State from the Mississippi River, and procured their consent to assist in the work, by moving an aquarium car, giving us water from their water-tanks, stopping trains to distribute fish, etc., which necessary assistance they cheerfully gave free. The superintendent of the C., B. & Q. R'y, kindly furnished a suitable car for the purpose, which in a proper time was arranged in a similar but more effective manner than the one described in a former report, that was used for the same purpose in the fall of 1876. Arrangements were made for the use of the little steamer *Dark*, and a flat-boat or barge, and they were fitted up for the convenience of an effective crew of

fishermen. These boats, a skiff, twelve live-boats for young fish, minnow nets, etc., constituted our outfit.

On the second day of September, 1878, with a crew of twelve men, all told, we started on the trip, which was eminently successful, especially so in the first part. As estimated each day by the men engaged in the work, there were taken during the trip 16½ bushels of these young fish. Estimated at the same rate per bushel as in 1876 we took 3,290,000. We fished usually only such sloughs as were entirely cut off from the river and nearly dry, and such as have since been entirely dry. The fish taken from these were saved from the fish dealer, and were just as much of an accession to our waters as if they had been hatched and reared to the same size and age. They were natives of our waters, healthy and beyond the most hazardous period of their lives, and used to finding their own food. If the waters of a great river can be stocked in a few years with a few dozen fish, as has been done with bass in the Potomac and Connecticut rivers, surely we have a right to hope that from so extensive a planting as this in our rivers and lakes. The total cost of the trip was less than eight hundred dollars, which amount would make the cost of the fish caught and distributed less than twenty-five cents per thousand. This work, for cheapness and effectiveness, I think can scarcely find an equal in the whole history of fish culture, and for this our Commission and the people at large are greatly indebted to the railroads for their free and generous aid, without which the work would have been impossible.

As a whole, the work of fish culture in Iowa has been a success, and the report concludes:—

In estimating the results of any labor, it is only fair to also estimate its cost. If we take from the total amount of appropriations for fish culture in Iowa the cost of fixtures and implements, with cash on hand at this writing, we will have expended on fish culture and distribution only a sum equal to one cent for each individual in a population of 1,500,000, during the past six years. In making public improvements in some moderately populated township, if we were limited to a sum equal to only one-sixth of one cent per year for each individual, we certainly should not expect very great results. With an amount equal only to this in the past five and a half years, the results obtained point to lasting benefits that will more than equal those produced by any other equal amount of money ever expended in the history of the State. With the small resources at hand, and nearly three hundred miles square of territory, it has been impossible to visit and stock every small stream or body of water, but the work has been as general as possible, and it is hoped in due time will benefit every available water in the State.

Evidences of success in fish culture are peculiarly hard to obtain. We can see growing crops from the time the seed bursts the ground until the harvest is gathered; but a lake or stream may be full of growing young fish and present no sign of the fact. They may be caught in large quantities, and the fishermen may have never taken from the waters this is to a certain extent the case, as I have learned in several instances. Abundant evidence has, however, in spite of these facts, come to hand.

NEW YORK—Rochester, Feb. 25th.—Feb. 23d we took 6,000 spawn from two California mountain trout and impregnated them with the milt of the Eastern brook trout. This is the earliest time we have ever taken from a California mountain trout spawn. We shall continue to take spawn from our brook trout until about the middle of March.

SETH GREEN.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MARCH.

SOUTHERN WATERS.	GROUPER, <i>Epinephelus nigritus</i> .
Pompano, <i>Trachinotus carolinus</i> .	Trout (black bass), <i>Centropomus</i>
Drum (two species). Family	(<i>striatus</i>).
<i>Sciaenidae</i> .	Striped bass, or Rockfish, <i>Morone</i>
Menhaden, <i>Brethonia menhaden</i> .	(<i>oxymurtus</i>).
Sea Bass, <i>Serphoideus ocellatus</i> .	Tanagers, <i>Pomatomus</i>
Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus probato-</i>	Bluefish, <i>Morone americana</i> .
cephalus.	M. <i>pallidus</i> .
	Snapper, <i>Lutjanus blackfordii</i> .

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

GOOD NEWS FOR ANGLERS.—We called at the store of our friends Abbey & Imbrie last Monday. While there we were shown some extra grade fish-hooks which they have been making. They label these hooks (whether loose or snelled) "Highest Quality." They are of all the approved bends, such as sprat, Carlisle, snook, Kendall, etc. Of course the finer are higher than the same bends in regular quality; but no angler will grudge the trifling advance.

It may seem a light thing to improve the quality of hooks, but when it is remembered that the demand for the very best goods is always comparatively small, and also that the expense of the undertaking is just as great as if the demand were large, we think all anglers will feel thankful that this enterprising firm is far-sighted enough to see that such efforts are certain to prove eventually a good investment.

It may be remembered that we said last April that Mr. Imbrie had gone over to Redditch, England, the great manufacturing centre of fine fish-hooks. Well, he spent the whole of last summer in that little uninteresting town of Worcestershire. While there he entered into an arrangement with the best and largest house in that place (T. Hemming & Son) by which his firm con-

trol the whole product of their factory. The price of wire ruling at Sheffield and the general stagnation of trade in England enabled the Messrs. Hemming and Mr. Imbrie to obtain concessions as to quality and price that put them in a position to accomplish the results we now see before us.

We hope some day to see this firm manufacturing all their goods in this country. They assure us, however, that there is as yet no prospect of making their fish-hooks here. Almost everything else they can make here and export to England at a profit.

While at their store we saw also a lot of their very best goods, which have been ordered by the United States Government for the Smithsonian Institution and for the Berlin Exhibition. The excellence of their rods, reels and flies is well known, but we were astonished at the magnificent collection of flies. Some of these flies cost over \$150 a gross to tie. It would pay any angler living in this vicinity to call and see them before they are delivered to the Government.

FLY-FISHING FOR SHAD.—New York.—As the shad season will soon be upon us, I would like to ask Mr. Hamilton, whose letter from Oswego appeared in FOREST AND STREAM Feb. 26th, if he will be kind enough to give a brother angler some points with regard to fly-fishing for shad; what kind of tackle, how much line, kind of fly, and any other particulars which he may call to mind. Also, if he knows of any bait that has been successfully used in angling for shad. This subject I have never seen fully written up, although I have read the FOREST AND STREAM for a number of years, and if Mr. Hamilton can and will gratify us in this respect he will receive the thanks of many fishermen who are now in the North.

SHAD O.

The approved flies for shad are the white miller and coachman. They should be about the same size as those used for bass. In fishing, let the fly sink a bit below the surface, as in early fishing for trout in cold weather. The mouth of the shad is exceedingly tender and great care must be exercised lest it be pulled all to pieces. We should be glad to hear from shad anglers who may detail their experiences for the benefit of our correspondent and others. The fish may be taken with a fly after they have left the salt water, where they are never caught in this way.

GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN AND THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.—The number of distinct contributions by Gloucester fishermen to the National Museum of the United States now numbers 617, embracing many thousands of specimens, some of great interest to science. A recent contribution from the crew of the schooner *Olis P. Lord* numbered over twenty specimens, some of them quite curious, taken on a single trip to Georges banks. Among the contributions of great value is a curious fish known in scientific nomenclature as the *Astronotus niger*, which was found in the stomach of a halibut taken on Grand banks. This fish is a native of the South, being found in the Gulf of Mexico and other warm latitudes, and has never before been taken so far north. This specimen was about eight inches long.

ONONDAGA COUNTY FISHING CLUB.—Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 24th.—In the fall of 1877 a few gentlemen of this city, seeing and appreciating the necessity of a united effort in enforcing the law protecting fish in waters of this county, met and organized the aforesaid club, the sole object of which was protecting fish in this section from the rapacity of marketmen, who were taking fish by seines, nets and other devices not permitted by law, and in quantities and at such times as had never before been taken in the waters of this county, particularly Onondaga Lake, situated as it is just on the borders of and within twenty minutes' drive of our city.

In the spring of 1878 the club employed as detective a "Jolly John Bull," who has since proved that he cannot be bought or driven, and who "does not scare wily wents," and instructed him to ascertain by whom, when and where, the game law protecting fish was being violated, and report to the club. Upon receiving such information summons were issued to such violators to call at the "squire's office" and show cause why judgment should not be taken against them in sums stipulated by law. Conviction followed in every case, and many of these men gave up their nets and signed an agreement not to again break the law, and were let off by payment of costs. These promises were generally broken, and "would do this and would not do that," found themselves in the Onondaga County penitentiary, serving a day for every dollar of judgment taken against them. This manner of enforcing the law was deemed the most effectual and more conclusive than to first destroy the nets, as has been done in some other sections of the State, thereby involving embittered and angry litigation, that not only arrays the marketmen against all protective clubs and organizations. Depredations have since been, and undoubtedly will be, committed, but these "sinners" have had fair warning and a liberal treatment, without persecution, and if again caught they will get the full extent of the law without favor. The lake and streams in question are rapidly filling with countless small fish; and larger fish in greater numbers were taken last season than in years before.

The club has over two hundred members, composed of many of our best and most prominent citizens, and has accomplished much that commends it to the public, and intends to continue the good work. Now if other similar organizations be formed in every county of this State, having the protection of fish their only object, and the law be so enacted as to forbid taking fish in inland waters except by hook and line, it would not be many years before there would be such quantities of fish in every lake and stream and rivulet that none but a lunatic would ever again think of using a net or seine.

Incidental to this subject, I would like to say that I notice in the FOREST AND STREAM that protective clubs

are continuing to organize in every State of the Union, but I do not see, and cannot learn, that any special, decided, or continuous efforts are made to enforce the law, and these clubs, without such action, are a sham and an expensive delusion. It is time that what has heretofore been no man's business should now be made by concentrated action every man's business. SYRACUSE.

—Next season the Leatherstocking Club, of Oswego, will have a fleet of a dozen or more skiffs and canoes on the Little Sandy pond, which has been leased by a few of the members. Major N. A. Wright has just received a white cedar ducking skiff from Rushton, of Canton, St. Lawrence county, which will go into the fleet. It is a regular nonpareil.

—One day last week at Ogdenburg, Wm. Stillwell, while fishing through the ice, caught fifty-eight fine perch. He baited a double hook with worms and fourteen times he hauled up two fish.

The Kennel.

THE NEVERSINK LODGE KENNELS.

THERE is probably no place in this vicinity where the traditions of the past in connection with big and small game shooting cling more closely than they do with the once wild and inaccessible valley of the Neversink. It is in this beautifully picturesque location, now within easy reach of New York City, that Mr. A. E. Godeffroy, proprietor of Neversink Lodge, has laid out his game preserve and established his kennels. The farm, which covers over one thousand acres, is within two miles of Guyard, Orange Co., N. Y., on the Erie Railway, and about eighty miles from this city. Nestling as it does from side to side of the valley, it is most favorably located for being thoroughly preserved, nor have we ever seen any section better adapted naturally for the purpose for which it is intended.

The preserve is divided by skirtings of low brush and wild grass into a series of large open flats, these being subdivided by a magnificent trout stream of over four miles in length. This has been dammed in four places, thus enabling different sections of the woodcock cover to be flooded and kept in fine feeding condition. Another wrinkle, also adopted to attract the much prized long-bill, is that from time to time during the autumnal flight, spots on the ground are raked clear of the underbrush and drift stuff before the flooding is resorted to, so that when the water drains off the cover is dotted with bare patches of loamy soil. Paths have been cut through the centre of the strips of cover, but the brush and undergrowth have otherwise been left unmolested, leaving a large number of native quail. There are an excellently contrived quail house stocked with over one hundred and fifty birds. These are to be turned out shortly to make room for a large shipment of over seven hundred which has been ordered and will be delivered within a few weeks. Ruffed grouse are quite abundant, and English pheasants are to be introduced. Twenty-five couple of English rabbits are now on their way to a newly made warren in a Yankee home, the hounds having been sent by Mr. Fleetwood Sandeman, of London.

Before speaking of the main kennel it would be well to state that each of the outlying tenant houses are provided with a small kennel, so that as occasion requires dogs can be farmed out and separated from the rest of the stock. On the same principle the puppy kennels are removed by over half a mile from the main kennel.

It is delightful to say that poachers and trespassers find but little comfort in wandering on this spot, and that when captured, as they are nearly sure to be by one or other of the sixty men employed on the farm, their "lot is not a happy one." During the winter an unrelenting war against both ground and winged vermin has been carried on and a rather novel means resorted to for shooting off of the latter. It is a method much adopted in Germany, but little known in the United States. In the centre of one of the open fields a pit is dug large enough to admit a man; this is roofed so as to conceal him; a live owl, the larger the better, is then wired to a tip-up or pedal about twenty-five yards away from the pit; this is controlled by a cord, and worked to make the owl flutter as occasion requires. The owl soon becomes the object of attack of all the hawks and crows in the neighborhood, and as they circle about the head of the emblem of wisdom, they are easily shot from out the blind. Besides this there are certain gins and steel traps placed in convenient perching places that tend to make the life of a lazy hawk extremely monotonous. Altogether, it is one of the most complete, and in many respects the best systematized kennel farm that we have ever seen in this country.

The location of the main kennel is simply perfection for the sporting and larger classes of dogs. Situated as it is on declining ground between the sheltering hills that form the northern and southern boundaries of the valley, and within a stone's throw of the head of the sparkling spring water stream, it receives both the morning and afternoon sun. The building, which is of wood, is eighty feet in length and sixteen feet in width, is admirably ventilated by rows of windows under the eaves of a high peaked roof, and we noticed a wonderful absence of all doggy smell. The flooring is raised from the ground, thus precluding all dampness, and the kennels are ranged on either side of a long and moderately wide entry that runs through the length of the building to the cook-room, which occupies the width of one end of the structure. Entering the building from the other end we pass six kennels on both sides, each of these being six by eight

feet, and each one provided with a separate yard six by fourteen feet. These are used for the general stock, and are occupied by one or a brace of dogs. We then come to four larger kennels, two on a side, for brood bitches and puppies, the two puppy kennels having a large covered extension jutting out into their large yards. All the kennels being so contrived that the dogs can be viewed from either the inside or out, and be moved about from one kennel to another without being brought in contact with either of the stock. The cook-room is supplied with boilers, cooling-troughs, and all the appurtenances of a well appointed kennel. Mr. Godeffroy superintends in person the whole management, but he is also assisted by Philip Thurtle, who was sent out from England about a month ago by the Rev. J. C. Macdonald. Since then Thurtle has had charge of the kennels and the handling of the dogs; he is known as a thoroughly competent man, having gained a reputation on the other side as a first-class field trial trainer, having successfully broken and handled Plunkett and other well known winners. Approachable from the cook-room and two outside gates under the lee of the L shaped barn buildings, is the exercising ground, a very large enclosure with plenty of sun, yet shaded here and there by several old apple trees. This has been thoroughly gravelled and bedded with stones, and is an admirable place to help keep the stock in good condition.

Of the thirty-eight dogs now kennelled on the farm, the large liver and white pointer Croxeth, by Lowe's Young Bang, —S. Price's Bang—Davies' Luna; out of Macdonald's Jane; —Lord Sefton's Sam and Flint, claimed our special attention as an animal that would do well on the bench, and still better in the field. He has only been in this country since last August, where he was brought by the Rev. J. C. Macdonald. He is now a little over two years of age, strongly built, with great propelling powers, and his character is fine; hence it may be well to say that Croxeth, through his ancestors Sam, Hamlet and Drake, combines the best blood of Lord Sefton's, Mr. Whitehouse's and Sir Richard Garth's strains, and is half brother to Sir Thomas Lennard's wonderful pointers, Priam and Scamp, winners of first and second prizes at the Field Trial Derby, 1878, and is also grandson of champion Bang, winner of ten field trials, and never beaten at a dog show; thus combining good looks with good work in the field. This dog was sired by Captain Leonard and Mrs. Newton's Ranger, and Garth's Mite, he inherits the grand strain of blood that culminated in Mr. Garth's extraordinary pointer Drake, who, with Mr. Macdonald's wonderful setter Ranger, ranks among pointers as Ranger does among setters, as the fastest and greatest champion field trial winner of this century. Croxeth won fourth in the English Field Trial Derby, 1879, out of 27 entries, and was runner up at the latter event at the Dog Show at Hanover, May, 1879. For Southern quail, and especially for Western shooting, Croxeth would be a grand dog; he possesses an easy lope, which carries him over the ground which he has an excellent notion of covering as it should be done. We had an excellent opportunity of seeing him handled by Thurtle, who has him under right control, and Croxeth exhibited a nose of admirable quality. The day was spent in a most enjoyable way, and the dog's ability, but although the wind blew fiercely in eddies, and at intervals the snow squalls spattered in his face, he placed his birds astonishingly well and went to them as straight as an arrow, thus illustrating the form that has been accredited to his ancestors. All this was the more commendable when it be remembered that the dog has never scented or been worked on quail until the day previous to this private trial.

Returning to the kennels, we made a thorough tour of inspection, and at once recognized the half imported and half native liver and white pointer bitch Queen, winner of first prize at the New York Show in 1878; she had beside her two fine puppies of two weeks old by Croxeth. Next came another bench favorite, the liver and white pointer bitch Dora, Queen-Sanche; she has but one puppy left three months old, also by Croxeth. This sprightly little bitch was noticed in the puppy's kennel, where we also saw a brace of puppies by Sensation out of Queen. Turning to the English setter class of dogs, first came the imported blue Belton Decima Dash, sired by Llewellyn's celebrated Dash out of Duchess. Dash is about two and a half years old, is a splendid stud dog and has never been exhibited. Close to him was kennelled the celebrated Ranger II, son of Macdonald's wonderful Ranger, upon whose pedigree and remarkable fox exploits the owner has bestowed the name of Ranger II (alluding to Ranger I). Imported red Irish setter Moya, Col. Hilliard's Palmerston-Miley's Rouge; she is in whelp to Rover II. Champion black and tan setter Beauty, Mr. H. S. Jaffray's Ned-Juno, first prize Boston, 1878, second champion class New York, same year. Lemon and white English setter Nelly II. Ranger II-Grainger's Nelly; she is in whelp to Decima Dash. Lemon and white English setter Decima Dash, sired by Ranger I's Lassie, and the blue Belton setter Slick white, tan and black ticked. In addition to the above there is a fine brace of puppies, one black and white and the other lemon and white, out of the latter bitch by Ranger II.

Of the non-sporting classes there are two splendid rough coated St. Bernard dogs. The bitch Bramfels was born in 1876, and was imported by Mr. Godeffroy from the kennels of Prince Solms; her color is lion yellow with black marking, particularly on the head; she is a noble dog and is in whelp to the dog Marco, who is also a fine animal; he is by Macdonald's Pasha out of Prince Solms' Mink; his color, lion yellow and white marking. We cannot close this list of admirable dogs without alluding to the very pretty little fox terrier bitch Lady

Gay, by Paulo out of Nettle; she has just whelped four fine little puppies, by Rattler, and was in her most amiable mood when we met her at the keeper's house.

In bidding good-bye to the Neversink Lodge, its kennels and inmates, we must stop to say to Mr. Godeffroy that we wish him all the success and enjoyment that his enterprise and good taste richly deserve. May his game register show for years to come, the jolly good days that it has recorded in the past.

NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.

Premium lists and entry blanks for the Show may now be had on application to Mr. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, No. 141 Fulton Street, New York.

The following railroads have, through their superintendents and agents, agreed to transport free of charge over their lines, to and from New York, all dogs accompanied by their owners, which are intended for exhibition in the Show.

Pennsylvania Railroad—Frank Thompson, Gen. Manager.

Long Island Railroad—C. M. Heald, Gen. Ticket Agent. New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad—J. N. Abbott, Gen. Pass. Agent.

New Jersey and New York Railway—J. W. Hasbrouck, Supt.

Atlantic Railroad of New Jersey—L. P. Baldwin, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Following are some of the rules and regulations:—

2. Every person who enters a dog for exhibition must be the bona fide owner (or the duly authorized agent of the owners), at the time of closing the entries, and must identify it in the entry by its name, and, if known, its age, and also, if known, the names of its sire and dam. If the name of a dog which has won a first prize has been changed, his name at the time of its winning any and every such prize, and the place thereof, as well as its present name, must be given. If the names of its sire and dam are not known, he must be entered, "pedigree unknown."

4. Puppies may compete in grown classes, except in classes where they are specially excluded, and will be judged as if matured, but cannot compete in more than one class.

5. A dog which has, when a puppy, won a first prize in a puppy class, is not thereby disqualified from competition in a class where first prize winners are excluded.

6. A dog, to compete in a Champion class, must have won a first prize in an open class at Springfield, New York, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston '78 or '79, Detroit, St. Paul, or Pittsburgh; and a dog, having won a first prize at any show held above, cannot compete in an open class when there is a Champion class for its kind, but must compete in such Champion class.

7. A dog affected with mange, or other contagious disease, is disqualified from exhibition.

8. The scales of points given in the third edition of the "Dogs of the British Islands," by J. H. Walsh (Stonehenge), will be used by the judges, when necessary, in judging the dogs.

9. Imported English setter is understood to be one directly imported, or whose sire and dam were both imported.

9. Exhibitors will be permitted to take home their dogs every evening after ten o'clock upon leaving a deposit of five dollars with the check clerk, and surrendering their identification tickets, both of which will be returned on the reproducing of the dog in the morning before nine o'clock. If prize winners should be taken out and not returned, the prizes will be forfeited.

11. Exhibitors need not accompany their dogs. They can be sent direct to the exhibition hall.

12. The managers will use due diligence for the care and safety of all dogs exhibited (watchmen being on duty both night and day).

13. The members of the committee and managers will be in constant attendance, and especial attention will be given to the care of pet dogs, commodious boxes with wire netting being provided for the same. Each of these boxes will have a hamp and staple attached, so that the owners may, if they see fit, keep their dogs under padlock and key.

15. No dog will be received unless supplied with a suitable leather collar and chain, and puppies weaned, will be provided with suitable pens, if application is made at time of entry.

17. No dogs, except those from abroad, will be received before 7 A.M., Monday April 26, or after 8 A.M., Tuesday, the 27th. All dogs will be received at the Madison avenue entrance.

18. The show will be opened from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. each day.

21. Railway arrangements for the transportation of dogs are in course of completion with all railway companies centering in New York, and will be duly announced.

22. Each exhibitor will be furnished with a season ticket, free. No attendant's ticket will be issued, except as season tickets, which will be sold at the usual rates.

23. All disputed questions except those of merit, in any way connected with the judging, will be referred to and decided by a committee composed, if possible, of members of the Massachusetts, Philadelphia and Westminster Kennel Clubs, who will act as a Board of Appeals.

24. Foreign breeders are invited to exhibit at this show and their dogs, which can be shipped to the care of the Superintendent, will receive every care and attention. In the event of dogs from abroad, sent expressly for this show being entered in the non-sporting classes, the premiums in such classes will be raised fifty per cent. It is particularly requested that foreign exhibitors will advise the Superintendent in ample time of their intention to compete, and of steamer by which their dogs are to be shipped.

25. Certificates of award will only be issued to winners of 1st, 2d or 3d prizes.

26. No dog can be permanently removed from the building until 10 o'clock on Thursday night.

A HINT FROM TEXAS.—Galveston, Texas, Feb. 14th.—I am much surprised that those who own good sporting dogs in the West, and who wish to dispose of them (sportsmen, I mean, not professionals), do not advertise them. Am satisfied buyer and seller could get together soon if such were the case.

INFLUENCE OF PREVIOUS SIRE.

BLACKSBURG, VA., Feb. 12th.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent asks "Are the whelps of a pure setter bitch by a pure setter dog, pure setters, provided the bitch had a litter formerly by a bull dog," and you say no. I am aware of all that has been written on this point by able authors, and yet I doubt it. I speak from experience, for I have been looking for a case of transmitted influence of a former sire for more than thirty years, and have not found one. In an extensive experience as a medical practitioner, I have examined the children of a large number of women by second marriages, and never saw anything more than a mere fanciful resemblance to the former husband in moral, mental or physical traits. I have had setters for many years, and very often bred setter bitches alternately to pointer and setter dogs, finding the so-called droppers the best field dogs, but never saw any case of the influence of a former sire in any of the many litters so bred. My experience with fox hounds has been greater, with the same result. I have examined the foals of some thousands of mares bred alternately to jacks and stallions to see if I could find any traces of the former sire, but entirely without success. I have also made extensive examinations of cattle, sheep and swine, and have made experiments to see if I could produce any such thing. I have done the same with chickens, cats and other animals. Now, therefore, unless such cases were excessively rare, I think I ought to have hit upon one in thirty years' observations. I have examined all the cases which form the stock in trade of authors, and there is scarcely one of them that does not admit of explanation as a common case of atavism, for little or nothing is pretended to be known of the ancestors of the animals in either male or female line. I find no such cases where there is a pedigree of authentic character. As to Mr. Darwin's panglossian hypothesis, it seems to me to be the most extravagant and extraordinary of all recorded hypotheses. If Prof. Agassiz had not written anything on the question, I would look upon the whole thing as moonshine. The facts brought forward by that great naturalist go to show that in the lower animals an individual may in a certain sense have two or more fathers for in certain cases the egg is partially impregnated in a very immature state of development. For instance, the father which impregnates the ova which produce one litter, say of guinea pigs, may at the same time partially impregnate those which form the crop for the next litter, and they, being fully fertilized subsequently by another male, and then the young produced having two fathers as are apt to be like one as the other. But in higher animals, where for longer intervals elapses between the successive ovulations, the chances of such a thing are vastly lessened. I speak from very ample experience, however, and regardless of all theories, when I advise that no one shall give up breeding from a valuable setter bitch which may have been unfortunately impregnated by a dog of another breed.

M. G. ELLIZY.

You will see we say below to A. W. B. that "it is a natural tendency, not an absolute law." Your negative experience does not disprove the positive experience of other reliable observers, nor have we said that this natural tendency extends to other classes of animals than those which have their progeny in litters. There is no reliable evidence that it applies to the human race.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 16th.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 29, X Y Z asks: "I have a pointer bitch three years old; has been bred two or three times to a No. 1 pointer; is now in whelp to an English setter. Will this cross affect her future progeny, and in what way?" Your answer to him, and also to B. C. Cooper, is "Necessarily so, but it is not positive that it will not affect her future progeny. Should the bitch have been bred in the first instance to a setter there would have been indications of the cross ever afterwards." Now, for the benefit of the above persons, I should like to relate my experience in the same subject. On the 17th of October, 1877, I had a St. Bernard bitch accidentally covered by a Newfoundland dog, and as it was her first heat I supposed that she would in her future progeny show the cross. When she whelped she was dam to seven as black puppies as I ever saw. Words were inadequate to express my disgust, but I thought I would try again, and watch the result. July 4th, 1878, she whelped, the sire being a thoroughbred St. Bernard dog, and as fine a litter of puppies as I ever saw. I have since bred several litters, and never saw the slightest indication that she was ever cross-bred. I have also seen several crosses when it showed itself in the next litter, but not in the third.

A. W. B.

We should have said there *probably* would have been indications of a cross ever afterwards. It is a natural tendency, not an absolute law.

—Mr. Robinson, of the N.Y.N.H. & H. Railroad, has a very fine pug, which, having been picked up on the London streets, was brought over to America by Capt. Goss, of the *Constantine*. Puggy, who richly merits a more dignified name, has all the points of the finest pug strain, is really a handsome animal, and, we understand, will be entered at the coming New York Show.

LARGE IMPORTATION OF DOGS.—Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, intends sending a large string of entries to the New York show. Mr. M. has coming over from the other side seventeen or eighteen dogs—pointers, setters, etc. It is to be hoped that these will reach here in season to be exhibited.

THE DERBY.—Remember, entries for the National American Kennel Club Field Trial Derby close April 1st. Puppies born on or after April 1st, 1879, are eligible.

MONTCLAIR HUNT.—*Montclair, N. J., Feb. 28th.*—The Montclair Hunt, of Montclair, N. J., are about to send to England for another importation of boagies. They breed only from thoroughbred stock.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Victoria.*—Miss Julia Wygant, of Peekskill, N. Y., claims the name of Victoria (Beau-Belle) for her black and tan cocker, from the kennel of Mr. C. Waddell, Topeka, Kansas, whelped Nov. 23d, 1879.

Prudent and Marvel.—Mr. Garrett Roach, of this city, claims the names of Prudent and Marvel for his two pointer bitch puppies by Mr. Orgill's champion Rush out of Mr. Van Wageningen's champion Duchess, whelped June 21st, 1879; bred by Mr. Geo. Van Wageningen, this city.

Marion and Charm.—Mr. Geo. Van Wageningen, of this city, claims the names of Marion and Charm for his two pointer bitch puppies by Mr. Orgill's champion Rush out of his champion Duchess, whelped June 21st, 1879; bred by Mr. Geo. Van Wageningen.

Elaine.—E. & C. Von Culin, Delaware City, Del., wish to claim the above name for their lemon and white setter bitch puppy, by Pontine (he out of champion Petrel out of Pride of the Border) out of Dr. W. W. White's Queen Anne; she by Carlowitz out of Queen Bess, whelped Jan. 1st, 1880.

Nipp.—Mr. C. H. Hauptman, of Irvington, N. Y., claims the name of Nipp for his red Irish setter bitch, presented to him by Mr. H. R. Bishop, of Irvington, N. Y. Nipp is out of Mr. Bishop's Biddy by his Doctor, born March 2d, 1879. Mr. George Laick, of Tarrytown, N. Y., is breaking her.

Byron.—Mr. Tinsley, of Hamilton, Ont., claims the name of Byron for his white and tan colored cocker dog, by his Dash out of Mr. R. Day's Floss; whelped Dec. 27th, 1879.

Sis and Bub.—Mr. James Chubb, of Cleveland, O., claims the names of Sis and Bub for his two red Irish setter puppies, bitch and dog. Sis for bitch by champion Elcho-Gip, prize winner Pittsburg, Pa., bred by Mr. W. A. McIntosh, Sept. 10th, 1879. Bub for the dog, Arlington-Flora, both prize winners, bred by Messrs. Lincoln & Haller, Warren, Mass., Oct. 15th, 1879.

Trip.—Mr. Geo. H. Bigelow, of Natick, Mass., claims the name of Trip for his dark liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, weight 20 lbs., bred by Mr. Chas. Allen, of Worcester, Mass., out of his Cate by Grip; whelped June 3d, 1878.

Livy III.—Mr. Geo. H. Bigelow, of Natick, Mass., claims the name of Livy III for his dark liver and white Livy-Livy setter bitch, out of Livy II-Livy-Primer owned by Mr. Llewellyn, by Dan, Leicester-Peeres; whelped June 20th, 1879.

SALES.—*Racket.*—Mr. Garrett Roach, of this city, has sold to Mr. D. Ferguson, of Milwaukee, Wis., his liver and white pointer dog Racket, by Sensation out of Queen I.

Rob.—Mr. J. Yeasley, Jr., of Coatesville, Pa., has sold his setter Rob (Rob Roy-Pochontas) to Mr. Arnold Burgess, of Hillsdale, Mich.

WHEELS.—*Floss.*—Mr. N. L. Lafreniere's Floss whelped Feb. 23d, seven puppies, four dogs and three bitches, by Mr. H. F. Deane's Lavacret setter Pride.

BRED.—*Belle-Lord Dufferin.*—Mr. George C. Colburn's pointer bitch Belle has just returned from a visit to Mr. C. DuBois Wagstaff's lemon and white pointer Lord Dufferin. Belle left Babylon, L. I., yesterday, and has gone to Boonton, N. J., for the season.

Countess-Roderick.—Mr. J. Yeasley, Jr.'s, Countess (Lavacret-Pochontas) to Mr. A. W. Moore's imported Roderick.

DEATH.—*Mack.*—Mr. D. D. Lawlor, of the Grand Central Depot, had the misfortune to have his Irish water spaniel Mack run over and killed on Feb. 14th. Mack was a veteran prize winner and was well known to all exhibitors in the East.

Archery.

TARGET VALUATIONS.

BOSTON, FEB. 25th.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The typo in archery appears at first everything as it is, having the sanction of the authorities. As they progress and become better acquainted with its practice and theory, those of a thinking mind who find things which to them seem to be wrong ask, "Why is this as it is?" and they look to those whom they consider authority for an explanation or reason, that they may understand what may be corrected, and that they can go on with the feeling that all is as it should be.

Such was the writer's condition when he put the question, Are the rings of the target valued in equitable proportion? Having no feeling in the matter save to get at a right and just conclusion, he hopes that others will have got the same intent, and that the views of those interested may be fairly presented, not only as opinions, but with reasons for those opinions.

Mr. Will H. Thompson, in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of Feb. 10th, misrepresented the writer, unintentionally, we believe, by saying, "Mr. Brownell even thinks that the archer, who shoots his arrows has no advantage over the one who shoots a small one." This statement, by virtue of its origin, will be accepted by many as a fact, and they will not have a correct opinion of his ideas, for Mr. Brownell never thought or expressed that opinion, and a natural inference would be that Mr. Thompson, being mistaken in that assertion, may be in some of the others expressed in the same article.

The opinion which I first expressed in this question of the relative valuation for the several rings of the target was that the gold and red received too large a per cent. of the total value, and at the expense of the white and black. This thought could be remedied by valuing the several rings from one to five, which would transfer 21 per cent. of the total value of the target from the gold to the white, and 14 per cent. from red to black; and it should be remembered that I referred particularly to the York Round in considering the question, where as I have before shown the majority of hits are in black and white.

I gave serious reasons for thinking as I did, and asked for the objections, and why the present values were adopted. As Mr. Thompson gives them in his communication they seem to be—

First, The difficulty which would result to those who wish to compare scores with those which have been made under the present valuation.

Second, That the valuation of the rings of a target should be in proportion to their area, and that the English early found this to be the case, though they do not follow it.

Now, I am not wholly satisfied with this statement and the explanation of their great variation from what they found to be a fact, particularly as it is not borne out in practice; indeed, it seems to me that it can be proved a fallacy.

Two archers shoot an arrow each at a target. What is the criterion of merit? Proximity to the center. Shooting two or more arrows, the merit must be in their aggregate nearness to the center. How is this to be determined? By measuring the distance from the center to the point hit by each arrow, the total of these distances giving the aggregate, and the less this distance the better the shooting.

Now, to compare this theory with the theory of valuation by area. A shoot five arrows and makes a hit in each color exactly half way between the inside and outside rings. These hits must score by the ratio of area 16.1, and their aggregate of distance from the center is sixty inches. It shoots five arrows and makes two reds, one blue, and two whites, also in the center of those colors. The value of those hits by the area is 30.4, and their aggregate of distance sixty inches, exactly the same as A's arrows. With the distance the same it is not just that A should have a score nearly 60 per cent. better than B.

We have a target of a certain size, with the distance from the center to the outside divided into five rings of equal diameter, and desire to retain its size and divisions.

To rate these several rings by their distance from the center we find that the ratio is exactly 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. That is to say, the second ring extends twice, the third three, the fourth four, and the fifth five times the distance of the first from the center. These values would contemplate the smaller scores being the best. And to make the larger score the best we must invert the order of values. This is supported by measuring from the outside toward the center, and we find that the second ring is twice, the third three times, the fourth four and the fifth five times the distance of the first ring nearer the center, and should increase in value in that proportion. And I arrive at the following conclusion:—

There is but one accurate method of comparing scores in shooting, and that is, to measure the distance from the center to each point hit, and divide the aggregate by the number of arrows shot, giving you the average distance from the center for the whole number of shots.

This would require a target large enough to take in all arrows shot, and is, of course, impracticable for general use; but in this way we can figure out the difference between scores, and compare it with the difference in the same scores, figured by one or another valuation of the rings of the target. In this computation I average the hits in each color as being midway between the inner and outer edge of that color, and multiply the distance from the center of the target to the center of the color by the number of hits in that color. For golds, I take one-half the distance from the center to the outer edge (2.4 inches) as being the average of the hits for gold.

The misses I average as hitting the center of an imaginary ring outside the white, and of the same breadth, or 2.4 inches from the center.

I have figured all the American Round scores made at Beacon Park, by this measurement, by the one to nine, and by the one to five valuations, comparing one-half with the other; and also many single scores in the same several ways, and have not found an instance but in which the difference by the one to five value was nearer the difference by measurement than the difference by the one to nine values.

To illustrate, I will take the scores previously mentioned, 29 hits, 145 value, revalued 57, and 30 hits, value 122, revalued 76.

By the present valuation, the score of 29 hits exceeds that of 30 hits 18.8 per cent., by the revaluation 14.4 per cent., and by measurement 14.1 per cent., showing the revaluation to differ from the measurement only three-tenths of one per cent., while the present valuation differs nearly five per cent. Taking two sixty-yard scores from my score-book, 23 hits 110-47, and 17 hits 73 or 84, the present value of the 17 hits exceeds that of the 23 hits 24 per cent.; while by measurement the 23 hits average 38.6 inch nearer the centre, and by the revaluation 2 points more than the 17 hits.

Taking the Beacon Park scores of 50 hits, 202, and 55 hits, 201, by measurement, the 55 hits average .11 of an inch nearer the center than the 50 hits, showing the 55 hits to be the best shooting, and it should have the larger score; revalued, it exceeds the score of 50 hits two points.

It is only in the comparison of a score of many hits and small values with the score of few hits and large values that the relative positions are changed, and I ask, is it anything but justice to the many hits in the outer colors to give them their just proportion of the total value of the target?

Let us give fair and just consideration to all suggestions and improvements, for they cannot materially change archery from what it is and will be. Make over conceivable improvement or change in the equipment—its but a small part of the play—for you will get the prevailing portion of the sport, the individuality of the archer, unchanged and unchangeable.

As for the difficulty of comparing scores, as long as we retain our 48 inch target and the five equal divisions of it, there will be but little trouble for anyone to compare their scores with those of old or with others of the present time. Each archer has, or should have, his detailed score in his score-book. If A, who uses the 16.6 values, wishes to compare his score with any made by the present valuation, he has only to figure up his hits in the several colors by that valuation, and use *versus* for it. He uses the present valuation, and wishes to compare his score with A's. I cannot understand why it is that Mr. Thompson wishes us to practice archery another year before we ask questions, and see discord in discussion. If there is to our present system of archery which will not bear discussion, it is better to out with it at once.

It is, of course, to be desired that we keep a uniform valuation, and I am not one to advise a change without due and proper consideration. Nor will I put the question of changing the for and against; but in view of the foregoing facts it does seem to me that there is something in a proposition which is harmonious in theory and practice, as against one that does not accord in those particulars.

—ANDREW S. BROWNELL.

PACIFIC COAST ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.—San Francisco, Feb. 20th.—Six clubs were represented by their delegates at the meeting of organization to-day, the Oakland Bow Club, by P. C. Havens and Al. W. Havens; Pacific Archery, by C. C. Cadman, Harvey Darnall and T. M. Ward; Mohin Bow Archery Club, by J. P. Allen, A. F. Low and W. L. Oliver; Capital Bow Club and Sherwood Foresters of Sacramento, by G. W. Lettwith; Merry Foresters, by Daniel O'Connell (Al. W. Havens, proxy). C. C. Cadman called the meeting to order, and stated that the object was to further the practice of archery throughout the United States. The following officers were then elected:—President, C. C. Cadman; First Vice-President, N. B. White, of Sacramento; Second Vice-President, J. P. Allen; Recording Secretary, Harvey Darnall.

Treasurer, A. W. Havens. Executive Committee:—Daniel O'Connell, F. C. Havens, F. M. Ward and George E. Mills, with the President added as an ex-officio member. The rules and by-laws of the Pacific Archery Club were adopted with a few changes, for the government of the Association.

It was decided to have two general meetings every year for competitive practice, one in May and one in September. At these meetings it is proposed to have a visitors' prize, open to all archers living in parts of the State where no clubs are in existence. All team shooting must consist of four members in each team following the American Round. The champion medal to be shot for according to the "Double York Round," and the championship medal according to the "Double Columbia Round."

CORLAND ARCHERS.—Corland, N. Y., Feb. 28th.—At our regular weekly meeting for practice at Van Bergen Hall the following scores were made by the members of the Corland Archery Club, who were present; distance, 30 yards; 90 arrows each:—

Dr. F. O. Harty.....	182	203	202	Total.	610
Willis Cloyes.....	185	215	202		602
Wm. Cloyes.....	200	190	200		590
Jas. Scherhorn.....	190	182	194		566
G. Hull.....	182	180	174		536
A. Mahan.....	181	164	160		495
C. F. Turner.....	170	144	148		462
Dr. G. S. Smith.....	148	148	179		475
Mrs. A. Mahan.....	102	216	84		402

The club began practice early in December, 1879, and but few of the members had any previous practice. We will send you scores made at regular club practice from time to time, and hope other archery clubs will do the same. A. M.

—The New York Archery Club have a masquerade sociable this evening.

Answers to Correspondents.

Correspondents who may send us their proper name and address will always receive prompt attention in these columns. We require a man's name for two reasons: (1) sometimes as a guarantee of good faith, and (2) always as a matter of common courtesy.

R. B. D., Prescott, Ont.—See answer to another inquirer.

GRAY, St. John, N. B.—The so-called "pheasants" are properly ruffed grouse.

J. F., Philadelphia.—Write to Manning's Yacht Agency. See his advertisement.

L. New York City.—The lady, so far as we can learn, is no longer in business.

W. A. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—For the instruments apply at any taxidermist's store.

W. S. L., Jamestown, N. Y.—Write to E. I. Horsman, New York, for lifting machines and spirometers.

J. C. V., Warwick, N. Y.—The open season for trout in New York, is from April 1st to Sept. 1st.

G. T. S., Philadelphia.—You probably have in mind the mullet sucker, which goes by half its name in the different localities.

F. A. J., Fort Garland, Cal.—Write to the National Rifle Association, New York, for rules governing Creedmoor matches.

E. F. G.—If you will write to G. H. Thomas, Durbin, Mass., he will give you dimensions, etc., of *Hermes* and *Siren*, schooners.

H. R., Toronto, Can.—G. was returned; therefore A. wins his bet. A walk over in a "play or pay" match is considered a race.

"AL"—Will "Al," who wrote sketch of Sharbot Lake, Ontario, in our issue of July 10th, 1879, please send his address to this office?

G. S. O., St. Paul, Minn.—The *Natural Bulletin* is published at Cambridge, Mass. All business communications should be addressed to Ruthven Deane.

C. E. M., Baraboo, Wis.—The stone is common iron-stained quartz, of no commercial value, and does not indicate the presence of any metalliferous deposits.

J. B., Fort Meade, Dakota.—You will find what you want by writing to Hartley & Graham, Maiden Lane, New York. Let us hear from you of condition of game.

J. H. B., Ottawa.—You may send your fish in the spring and summer to Chappell & Storor, Fulton Market, New York. Prices vary, and Mr. Chappell will keep you informed of market rates.

E. F. B.—The recipe for preserving sails was furnished by reliable parties, and we consequently can recommend it. Avoid all strong acid or chemical solutions, as they are liable to rot the canvas.

CRUISER, Portland.—The rig should be governed by the yacht's stability. We should suppose that water-line keel was excessive. About 75 per cent. will be ample for forty-foot class of usual model.

J. Y. D., Altoona, Pa.—We do not know where live quail may be purchased. If any of our correspondents can inform us we should be extremely obliged for the sake of many readers who are seeking birds for restocking purposes.

R. M., Bath.—We never knew any one who actually tried the cutter rig to go back to the sloop. Talk is cheap, but facts count. Note the rapid increase in cutters East and West. See letter from Michigan this week.

S. T. L., Applebush, Pa.—I. You may write to Martin Benjamin. 2. The collic dog is the best for bringing the cows home from pasture. A great many farmers use them for this. You will see something about them elsewhere.

H. H., Hoboken, N. J.—Your query was incorrectly printed in last week's issue; you having stated that your dog had had the mange. If you find that the friction treatment does but little good, you might rub the bare spots with cod liver oil.

CRUISER.—Camber implies a rounding upward, as applied on page 80 of Nelson's "Bent Building"; the keel curves upward at bow and stern, and would touch the floor at those points only if turned upside down. The author is a little obscure.

E. L., Hannibal, Mo.—I. We cannot give you the dimensions of the steel canoe. It is not in the market. 2. It is unsafe to use soda powder in the 45 de-carbonated steel guns. Some of them will stand it and others will not; it is best to be on the safe side.

H. M. H., Cincinnati, O.—I have a red setter bitch out of Bassford's Gipsy and Rory O'More; she is now eight months old and only weighs twenty-eight pounds; is not this too light? Ans. From thirty-five to forty pounds would be about the proper weight.

C. W. E., Boston, Mass.—Your answer last week should have read: By the term "Imported" English setters, in the New York Bench Show, will be understood a dog born in England, or whose sire and dam both imported from England. See the rule of the Club elsewhere.

E. W. C., Corsicana, Texas.—Messrs. Caswell, Pettor, Galpin & Co., of this city, are publishing a most excellent serial, termed "The Illustrated Book of the Dog." It is by Vero Shaw, and covers ground you wish. It is issued in monthly numbers at 40 cents each. Seven numbers now published.

H. M. L.—To charter a yacht in Boston, apply to the builders, etc., at City Point, or advertise your wants in our columns. About \$35 to \$40 a month for good craft. For long period, special terms. For navigation get "Yachtsman's Handbook," Williams & Co., 257 Washington street, Boston. Price about \$2.

C. S. K., Washington, D. C.—Please give the exact age and pedigree of the Laverack puppy presented by Mr. Chas. H. Raymond to a friend in this city. The dog is white and lemon, and is named Cossack. Ans. Cossack is by Morford's Don, out of Raymond's Fairy, and is, we believe, about ten months old.

C. P. E., Cleveland.—I. Is a cylinder-bore inferior to a choke-bore? 2. Is a load of 4 lbs. powder, 1/2 oz. shot too heavy a charge for a fine Parker, weight between 7 and 8 pounds, cylinder-bore No. 12? Ans. 1. Yes, for shooting qualities, if you mean two guns of the same grade. 2. No, but more powder than is usually used.

J. K. P., Baltimore, Md.—In the vicinity of Winnipeg, Manitoba, you will find all the game you want—pinnated and ruffed grouse, woodcock, duck, plover, geese, swans, cranes, pelicans, etc., and white hares. It is a magnificent land for game and fish. There is also much large game in the country easily accessible from Winnipeg.

N. H., Williamsport, Pa.—Has a 30-inch barrel gun any advantage over a 28-inch in aiming, and if so what is it? Ans. The advantage is in having the sights further apart, and is inappreciable at short range. In long-range shooting the superiority of the 30-inch over the 28-inch is very considerable, other things being equal.

G. F. D.—Write to the Bureau of Immigration, Tallahassee, Fla., for information relative to lands about Fort Worth, Fla. There is abundance of Government land in that State, and plenty more that may be had for a song. To engage in orange culture go to the southern and south-eastern portion of the State, below the frost line.

G. F. P., Macon, Ga.—I. We know nothing of the firm you mention; believe that it burst up, and burst every one who dealt with it. 2. The rifle you mention is not to our knowledge handled by any of our advertisers, and we know little of it. The best repeating rifle, according to the testimony of our correspondents, is the Winchester.

A. O., Baltimore, Md.—For anatomy you will do well to procure "Owen's Anatomy of Vertebrates," Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1870. For fishes, get "Jordan's Manual of Vertebrates," Janssen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, 1878. We shall shortly publish a list of text books and works of reference in some of the branches of Natural History.

D. D. B.—We believe it is only a certain process of paper-bent making which is patented. But no one will harm you if you build only for your own pastime, though the law allows you to do so only for experimental purposes; a very vague phrase, which can be made to cover a great deal. Marine gun or shellac varnish will serve the purpose.

L. E. W., Hay's Corners, N. Y.—1. The Winchester rifle has best cast steel barrels. 2. It is safe for rapid firing. 3. We do not know anything of the other rifles. 4. You do not need any oil on your rubber boots. 5. For rubber goods send to the firms who are represented in our advertising columns. 6. Carver is in Europe. 7. Bogardus is in Chicago.

F. A. K., St. Paul, Minn.—My pointer has an eye which is constantly running and much inflamed, caused by a kick from a horse some six months ago. Have tried a number of applications with no success. What had best be done? Ans. Nature of the injury too indefinite. Write more explicitly, and name the applications you have tried and which have failed.

C. Vaidetos, Ga.—We should think that A and B, having tied, ought to play it out. We are not authority on Casinos, however, nor on any other game of cards. Should we profess to be, this column would be deluged with a never-ending series of calls for card decisions, the settlement of which would be hardly worth the while of an intelligent and disinterested man.

E. A., New York.—The strain of Mr. J. B. Miley's Grouse is excellent on both sides. On the sire side Gift goes back to La Touche's celebrated breed, and Andrew Dunne, who owned Loo and Game, had his breed of Irish red setters for over fifty years. Rouge, the dam, goes back to Hendrick's and Clairacrie's breed, the latter having the reputation of being among the purest in Ireland.

D. W., Esperance, N. Y.—1. The Tathams use avoirdupois weight, 1 ounce of which contains 4371 Troy grains, 480 grains Troy making one Troy ounce. 2. All of Dixon's implements are numbered for convenience in ordinary goods. The numbers are arbitrary, and beyond designating different articles have no significance. The measures Nos. 1,109 and 1,107 differ only in style of handle, not in size.

F. D. L., Indianapolis, Ind.—My Gordon setter, three years old, has a black substance growing over his eyes, which now covers about one-quarter of the eye, and in order to see me or any object a little distance he has to raise his head. Will consider it a kindness for you to advise me what to do. Ans. It is probably due to a growth that can only be removed by a surgical operation. We would advise you to consult a medical practitioner.

W. A. S., Greenfield, Mass.—My setter dog has a white film growing over one of his eyes. Can you, through your valuable paper, inform me what will remove the film and restore the sight? Ans. If the film is due to opacity of the cornea it will be permanent; if of more sensitive character, it may be removed by dusting into the eye twice a day a very finely pulverized powder, consisting of one part white sugar and two parts colloid. Write the result of treatment.

F. W. J., Unionville, Conn.—1. By chambering shot is meant so arranging the pellets on the wad in the shell that they will be flattened one down upon the wad, and the whole layer fitted snugly in the shell. In choke-bore the shot should be chambered on a wad fitted into the barrel of the gun at its most confined point. You will find many useful hints on this subject in recent numbers of this paper, and a little experimenting will show you how many shot your gun will chamber.

CRUISER.—S. informs us that after a season's experience with Coughtry's collapsible dingies he can recommend them in all respects. They weigh only from 35 to 50 pounds, according to size; are easily folded and expanded; sit into their length, half their beam and five inches their draft; are quite seaworthy and wear well, but if blown to the lee, or overboard, as they break easily when deeply immersed. A nine-foot boat will carry two men in safety, but three will be too much for her.

C. New York.—I have a setter bitch two and a half years old that has warts in her mouth. What shall I do for her? Ans. You do not state if the warts are isolated growths or so numerous as to constitute an eruption of warts. If the former, use ligature, i. e., a silk thread tied very tightly around the base of each wart; if the latter, use caustic of nitrate of silver. Bit the dog in either treatment with a piece of rubber hose; you will then be able to work more freely and quickly.

W. B. H., Cooperstown, N. Y.—1. I have a rifle, "Greene's patent, Nov. 17th, 1857," but have never been able to obtain cartridges that would fit it. 2. Does the gun load at breech or muzzle? Ans. 1. Your rifle, like many others made at that time, is antiquated, and you cannot find cartridges for it. Better dispose of it and get a modern arm. 2. We confess ourselves unable to tell you. You might look up the patent records at Washington, and see what Greene claimed it to be.

J. W. T., Ashland, Ill.—My uncle, near here, has a fish pond, covering about seven acres and running down in depth from four in to ten ft. It is stocked with our native fish, and would like to see part or all of it with wild rice, so as to make it a good feeding place for ducks and geese? Ans. This would add much to the sporting value of your pond. Rice may be sown either in spring or fall. We have two advertisements of seed for sale in another column. Follow the directions already published by ourselves and you will be successful.

R. W. B., Derby, Conn.—My dog is excessively constipated. Have tried pills and injections, but thus far without relief. As might be expected, he eats little. What shall I do for him? Ans. Feed no meat for a week with the exception of boiled liver, to be mixed with vegetables and corn meal properly cooked. For immediate relief, an enema of a tablespoonful of castor oil mixed, and if medicine is needed subsequently, a teaspoonful of castor oil with two of olive oil once a day, combined with plenty of exercise.

A. B. S., Suitland, Md.—My setter bitch three years old has a very bad cough. She coughs continually, except when lying down or when asleep. She is in good order, and eats well, her eyes do not discharge, nor does she in any way show distemper. When she is coughing she tries to vomit, but does not succeed. Please advise me what to do. I do not know whether she has had the distemper or not. Ans. Try a tablespoonful of salt dissolved in water, followed in a few hours by an ordinary dose of castor oil. Write to us the further symptoms.

FOREST.—1. How heavy should a 45 cal. rifle be and what length of barrel for shooting up to 500 yards accurately? 2. What game may be found in Maine? 3. When may game be killed under existing laws of that State? 4. Where can Newhouse's steel traps be bought? Ans. 1. Nine and a half pounds, with 30-inch barrel. 2. See in last week's paper descriptions of the Rangely country. 3. The open seasons of that State are: Deer, Oct. 1st to Jan. 1st; sea fowl and plover, Sept. 1st to May 1st; mallard and pinnated grouse, Jan. 1st to Sept. 1st; salmon, April 1st to July 1st; land and sea salmon, from June 1st to July 1st to Oct. 1st; black bass, Oswego bass and white perch, July 1st to April 1st following. There are a number of special local provisions. 4. For sale by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

P. M. C., Franklin, N. Y.—Some unprincipled parties in this town, who have some extraordinary poor specimens of cocker spaniels which they breed for sale, have named them the same names as some of my fine specimens, evidently with the intention to deceive the purchasers of their pups, for by their pedigrees one might suppose them to be out of my stock. What is the best remedy in the matter? Ans. There can be no remedy except to make the matter known as thoroughly as you can among your patrons. There is no law to prevent a man from naming his dog anything he may please. Common courtesy regulates these things. If any purchasers of cocker spaniels are deceived through misrepresentation, that is a matter for them to take care of. If you can show any positive injury to your own trade, consult a lawyer.

B., Boston.—It is generally assumed that wide, shallow boats will not profit by ballast on the keel. They have, or ought to have, sufficient stability without such aids, and if they have not, their model is so faulty that lead outside would not improve them much, as to lead inside would be caught at the depth. No experiments are on record to cover such cases, and we think the extra friction added would hurt more than the gain in stability, which would be but slight. A keel would, however, make her steer much better, and be easier on her helm. The fault is one of trim, or wrong location of center-board, if the model is not extravagant. Changing to jib and mainsail might be advisable, as the cat-rig is the worst balance of any devised. As an experiment, however, it might be desirable to try weight on keel, though public opinion is against success, but public opinion is loosely formed, and may be in error. We have no data to give a more decided answer. Generally, stretching ballast more fore and aft will make a boat less "quick" in rough water.

A SUBSCRIBER, Palmer, Mass.—Please advise me what to do for my setter dog. Symptoms are a smacking of his jaws while awake, swallowing in sleep, and making a noise as if his mouth was sticky and clammy. He lies stretched upon the floor while in sleep, and his legs jerk and twitch. His coat is dry and faded along small back and sides. Seemingly very nervous at times, and will start suddenly as if frightened, when all is quiet. Appetite is seldom poor. I feed him on scraps from table, Indian meal cake, wheat bread and crackers; these I sometimes give in milk. Ans. Milk should not be given to growling dogs, but buttermilk may at times be mixed with food. Your dog has worms. As you neglect to give the age of the dog it is impossible to state the exact quantity of santonin which we would suggest you to give; we therefore leave to your judgment to administer two doses, according to age, of from five to four or five grains of santonin in small piece of bread; one dose the santonin on an empty stomach, followed the next morning by similar dose, and from four to six hours after from half-ounce to ounce of castor oil.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

MALARIA DESTROYED.—G. A. J. Gadbois, of Brockville, Canada, certifies that he was prostrated by a malarial disease contracted in Texas, and was quickly and completely cured by the use of Warner's Safe Pills and Safe Bitters. He adds: "I shall never travel in that climate without your Safe Pills and Bitters as a part of my outfit.—Add.

Canadian trout anglers should not fail to read the notice of Messrs. Irwin and Clarke, who have built a sportsmen's hotel at Mayanetevan village.

—The Old Judge who passed sentence upon the particular brand of tobacco bearing his official seal was never accused of corruption, nor did a jury ever find a verdict contrary to his charge.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE ON MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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-AT-

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All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

Any publisher inserting our prospectus above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

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Send for Circular of Premiums offered by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

Notes.—"Wallace" is mistaken when he says that few clergymen indulge in field sports. There may be few when we compare ministerial gunners and anglers with the whole clerical body, but our experience goes to show that a large proportion of ministers follow the trout streams and mark down the beaver, and as a class the clergy are as favorably inclined to field sports as are the members of any other profession. We took our first lesson in trouting, one Monday morning, years and years ago, up in a mountain brook, from a man to whose sermon we had listened the previous day. Our correspondence brings us into pleasant relations with many clergymen, who read the FOREST AND STREAM and write for its columns; indeed, some of the best known pseudonyms which appear in this journal belong to ministers. There is no conflict here. Good health, cheerfulness, manly vigor and strength are as desirable in ministers as in laymen. Their acquisition and preservation are not only right from a worldly standpoint, but—unless we very much mistake the spirit of the Gospel—are Biblical as well. He is an upwise clergyman who withholds his sympathy and influence from properly conducted field sports and clubs organized for participating in them. No minister need sacrifice his dignity nor influence by joining a gun or fishing club.

The use of popular misnomers in natural history is by no means limited to America. A writer in the *Asian* gives a tabulated list of eighty-five names popularly and erroneously given to a few mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes, and this he claims is only a partial list at that.

"Yell" paints a glowing picture of the attractions of Arkansas. The paper will do to file away for next fall and winter. The mention of Guyon is particularly appropriate, coming with a letter from that person, which we publish. With Reel Foot Lake duck shooting to be had, the Memphis sportsmen might well defy the restrictions of yellow fever quarantines.

This has been a remarkably open winter, and that may account for the presence at this season of the sea serpent off the New Jersey coast. *Mem.*—Sixty feet long; dorsal fin eight feet high; color, black and white. A little fellow, nineteen feet in length, alongside. Observed by Captain Maloney, of the schooner *Frank Atwood*.

THE COLLIE OR SHEEP-DOG.

AS announced in our issue of Feb. 19th, the Westminster Kennel Club contemplate inaugurating at Central Park, a sheep-dog trial on the 30th of April, the day following the closing of the Bench Show at Madison Square Garden. This practical illustration of the usefulness of the collie will undoubtedly be the most interesting feature of this year's programme; and if properly carried out, as we are assured it will be, will give the inhabitants of our cities an opportunity of witnessing the wonderful intelligence of an animal which belongs strictly to the rural districts. All field trials of this kind that tend to display the usefulness of dogs, and the wonderful sagacity of each individual class, do more than amuse and interest for the time being; they teach a lesson and preach a sermon of instruction. This is a step in the right direction, and we trust the time is not far distant when water trials for Newfoundland dogs will follow this initial movement. We are thoroughly convinced that the intelligence and capabilities of the various breeds of dogs outside the sporting classes is not sufficiently utilized, and it should be man's ambition to strike at something higher than making him beg or give his paw. It is the fortunate lot of the sportsman to have proved to him daily the wonderful intelligence of his four-legged companion, and the absolute necessity for him. To one, however, who never leaves his city home, the dog does not command the same respect. If he is small he is constantly being associated with circus trick dogs that affect a pipe, or should he be large, with the unfortunate mongrel that is harnessed to the prowling rag-man's jingling cart. For one reason alone should bench shows then be patronized, for they tend to elevate the dog in the scale of the animal kingdom.

Unquestionably the Newfoundland is one of the greatest favorites outside the setter and the pointer. From early youth his excellent and steady qualities are impressed upon our mind. No child's book or early primer is without his picture, and the variety of occupations in which he figures is incalculable. On one page we see him enforcing a strictly moral lesson by dragging the pilfering school-boy from off the apple tree, while over the leaf his courage is displayed in rescuing a young miss from a duck-pond grave. We grow up to recognize in him all the amiable, generous and domestic characteristics of a fine disposition, combined with a courage and fearlessness that is sure to win man's heart. Therefore, we take it, that a race of powerful dogs of this breed could be very profitably employed at our life-saving stations, and that at times their sagacity, watchfulness and fearlessness would prove of great advantage. How often it is that a ship-wrecked crew almost gain the shore and are drowned in the very face of a shalving beach. These dogs could be trained to patrol the beach and give a warning, after the manner that the St. Bernards are trained for the service of the Hospice; while the tutoring to save a drowning person could be easily effected by means of lay-figures similar to those used some time since at the water trials in England. Thus in a short time the honest Newfoundland would have gained for himself quite as romantic and weird a history as his stately brother way up upon the Alps.

But to return to our mutton. The sheep-dog trials were first inaugurated at Bala, North Wales, by Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price, and later on this gentleman gave Londoners a treat by bringing a flock of one hundred wild Welsh sheep up to the Alexandra Palace in 1876, the following interesting account of which we extract from the "Illustrated Book of the Dog," by Vero Shaw:—

Here three sheep were picked out of a flock (which was folded in a remote corner of the park), and were carried to the field of operations on the side of the hill. They were then liberated, and the dog whose turn it was to work them was required to pen them in a small fold situated in the middle of the green bounded by the race-course. The only assistance the dog received was from his master, who was, however, forbidden to touch the sheep under penalty of disqualification. Those acquainted with sheep will fully appreciate the difficulties of the task (thus set the shepherd and his dog, for wild Welsh shepherds very unlike the civilized ones met with nearer towns.)

To quote further from the account published at the time in the *Live-Stock Journal*:—"Some of the dogs were so well trained that many spectators expressed the utmost astonishment at the intelligence they displayed. Some of them lie down before the sheep so as to let them recover their equanimity; then they get up quietly, move a step forward and lie down again; they they repeat over and over again, producing a corresponding step of the sheep toward the entrance of the pen, and finally they fairly drive them in, almost unconsciously to themselves."

From the above description it will be seen that the collie field trials at Central Park will be properly recognized as an additional feature in this year's show.

Several anonymous correspondents, whose favors would receive attention were they accompanied with names of writers, are respectfully referred to the notice at the head of this page.

—He is sailing under false colors. We hear of him every season; now in the woods of Michigan, slaughtering a deer out of season and then leaving the carcass where it fell, because he dared not go to pick it up; again, under cover of official position, yanking out the gravid fish. Now comes the story of his exploits in Maine, shooting the mother swallows over their nests. He is sailing under false colors, because he calls himself a sportsman and when opportunity offers talks feelingly of game laws and the need of more efficient protection for our game. There is a well recognized punishment for the master of a ship on the high seas who flies the wrong flag at his port. Sportsmen owe it to themselves to disown and denounce these fellows who rig out under false pretenses.

—A woodcock in full plumage was found clinging to one of the windows in the Grand Central Depot, this city, last Saturday, and recovered by Mr. T. B. Moody, who will have him prepared for one of the decorations of the Superintendent's office.

—Mr. E. W. Messinger, of Boston, has returned from a very pleasant fortnight's quail shooting in North Carolina. Mr. Messinger stopped at Tarboro, a thriving village, right in the midst of a magnificent quail country, with a few woodcock and plenty of wild turkeys. The route is to Rocky Mount, between Weldon and Wilmington, thence eighteen miles on a branch road. Tarboro has good hotel accommodations at moderate rates; and the people are among the most hospitable in the land.

—March came in like a lamb; whether or not the old adage will prove true remains to be seen. Spring notes have already begun to reach us from observers in different sections of the country, showing that at least the birds have made up their minds to warm weather.

—The Onondaga County Fishing Club has made itself a power in the land by vigorously carrying out the work for which it was organized, namely, seeing that the laws already on the statute books are enforced. This is altogether a different undertaking from that of securing the enactment of new laws. Let us have other societies established on such a working basis.

THE SALMON OF ALASKA.

SITKA, Christmas, 1879.

THE mail steamer arrived on the 21st inst. and left on the 23d inst., and this is the 25th.

You people who live in the world can hardly realize how much is covered in the above paragraph. We hero in Sitka, outside of a circle with but a mile's radius, have existed six weeks with as little communication with the rest of our planet as had the inhabitants of Neptune or Uranus till the arrival of said steamer, with her weekly mail, fraught with good and evil tidings, long looked for, hoped for and dreaded, transformed our lives from lethargy to confusion and excitement. And when the dip of her colors as she turned ahead full speed indicated to us that again we were left to our own resources, to hope and pray that another month of our lives would pass away as quickly as possible, a reaction came, and our happiness at the sight of her bow was equalled by that of her stern. For during her short stay we could neither read, eat nor sleep comfortably, for while so doing we might be wasting precious moments, during which we might be gathering in from the careless utterances of those favored mortals who had just come from the world, and would soon return to it, some bits of news which they might drop. But though we could do nothing else we had to write, for failure to answer during that brief period of confusion, letters just received and hardly understood and digested, made a full month's difference in the time of their receipt—a consumption most evidently to be struggled against.

For a full day after her departure I forswore the pen, and gazed with awe at the immense pile of papers and periodicals I must attack and wade through before I could be even. I filed them all by dates, though, and have before me the task of reading up complete files from Oct. 13th to Nov. 27th. And it is a task in a country where one's reading has to be done by artificial light.

I began, of course, on my FOREST AND STREAM, and I have spent my Christmas up to this hour (3 p.m.) in first skimming, and then, for reasons which presented themselves, carefully re-reading your issues from Oct. 23d to Nov. 27th inclusive, that of Oct. 16th not having been received. While so engaged, I have made a few notes in regard to points on which to write you; for I think that I cannot employ my time to better advantage than by giving you, and through you the lovers of natural history, a few connecting links between sets of facts presented through your columns by various contributors at different times, and in one case add a little more testimony already given upon the solution of a problem which you say "has been the subject of earnest inquiry and investigation by leading naturalists for the last seven years," viz., as to the identity of the redfish of Idaho. While skimming I was struck by the engravings in your issue of Nov. 13th of the redfish of Idaho, and ejaculated, "Redfish! Dog salmon!" And summoning some piscato.

rial friends, my opinion was confirmed. Then I read carefully the letter of Capt. Bendiro. Your foot-note referred back to issue of Oct. 23d; read in it Bendire's first letter and your comments, and am ready to assure you that in saying "from the description above given of the redfish, there seems every reason to believe them identical with salmon, a variety of which are so common in Alaska, as described by our special correspondent there," you were beyond a question correct. The sketch and the description of the redfish fit the dog salmon perfectly, which salmon are in fall very plentiful in all fresh water streams in this vicinity. Capt. Bendire is correct in judging that the hump could have been more strongly portrayed, for I have seen many specimens where the contour line I have drawn on the sketch which I return, would more correctly represent the hump. But Lieut. Backus has done wonderfully well, considering the dilapidated condition of the specimen from which his sketch was made. And it is possible that he hesitated to give the hump in all its grotesqueness, fearing that he might exaggerate. But on the other hand, it is quite possible that in his specimen the hump was not more marked. I have seen at the same time and place numbers of the fish with the hump in all its stages of development, from a slight elevation to a bold protuberance. And at the same season the fish vary in color from the bright silver of the fresh salmon through varying shades of tarnishing and change until the deep red, and at times purple-red hue of the dogs, is attained, and coincident with this change of color is the change of shape. It is my belief that the entire change is produced by the effect of the fresh water, and is a symptom of the disease by which, after spawning, so many of the fish die. It is so looked upon by those who, at the cannery, become very familiar with the fish. At it all dogs are rigidly tabooed; in fact, they are never brought in, for as the seines are emptied, fish by fish, into the boats, poor Indians hover near, and for the aid they render with their canoes receive all of the dogs, and even some, which of my inexperienced eyes would have passed muster, were cast out by my friend Tom McCauley, who manages the fishing branch of the cannery. The Indians claim that when smoked the dogs are better than, the clean salmon, but I can give no opinion on the subject; they depend on the dogs, which they take out in great numbers from Indian River, for their winter supply of food. I have the resources of the cannery, which I prefer, at my command. I spoke of the dogs being caught in the seines; this occurs only at the closing of the season. In early summer none are taken. Mr. McCauley has kindly supplied me with some statistics about the fish, and although in incorporating them in this letter I shall be compelled to repeat some portions of the information, as given in previous letters, I will be guilty of the tautology rather than of omission.

The fish make their first appearance in these waters about the middle of May, and about the middle of June are plentiful enough to start operations at the cannery; the "season" lasts from ten to twelve weeks. During this season Mr. McCauley has observed seven different kinds of salmon, all of which are good for canning and for the table; but two varieties which come latest are the most valuable; the flesh of these is very red and rich with oil. Each of these varieties has a distinct Russian and Indian name (which names I will spare your type-setters).

About the 1st of August the fish begin to make for the streams, and great numbers die in them. The fishing is carried on by means of seine boats, generally in pairs, the boats coming together catch sight of a school—not by seeing numbers of them jumping as I had supposed—but one or perhaps two are in the air at once, and that sometimes at considerable intervals. The Indians have a saying that "for one salmon that jumps there are a hundred in the water."

Watching till the school is evidently approaching one of the channels between the many islands, they pull rapidly for the most convenient point, on which one end of the seine is landed, and when in their judgment the school is within reach a boat pulls rapidly around its supposed locality, dropping the seine, which is perhaps a hundred fathoms long and two deep.

There are moments of anxiety as the two ends are drawn upon, but at the first sight of a fish darting across the narrowing space anxiety is at an end. The fish make no attempt to leap out. Indian boat crews buy these seines and outfits early in the season and clear their value (\$300 or \$400) before it is over.

During the last season there were packed 6,000 cases of 24-pound cans, each 144,000 pounds. The largest catch of any one day was 36,000 pounds; the greatest quantity canned, 9,000 pounds; the largest fish weighed fifty-one pounds, and the average weight was twelve pounds.

In the letter of your correspondent "C. R." from Portland, Oregon, in your issue of Oct. 30th, several species of salmon common to the coast are described so well that I recognize as Alaska visitors in the order mentioned by him the "günat," the "steel heads," the "silver fish," and the dog salmon; but for reasons given I differ with him in pronouncing this last a separate variety.

All of his salmon, though, differ in one essential point from those of Alaska. His will and ours won't, take a fly.

I have given them a faithful trial, and I have a choice assortment of the best flies.

Neither have we been able to induce any salmon, of any variety, to take any kind of bait or lure, and we have tried faithfully trolling and bait fishing—only once with success: In October a salmon ten inches long was caught on a hook baited with venison, which had been lowered for rock cod, over the ship's stern. And I have caused quite a number of "dogs" and of salmon in good condition, just taken from the sea, to be opened, and have never found a particle of food in their stomachs. Upon one occasion only have I had any evidence that they might take a hook, and that evidence was slight. While fishing in a deep pool in Saw-Mill Creek, in which a number of "dogs" were monotonously circling, Lieut. McClellan, who was fishing near me, amused himself by casting his hook, baited with roe, in front of them, but they paid no attention to it for some time. At last, though, he hooked one and it broke his line, but he is not at all sure that the fish bit. In one point only can I detect any difference between the red fish of Idaho and the dog salmon of Alaska, and that is in the season of their running up the rivers. Bendiro gives this at Wellowa Lake as beginning in July and continuing through August. In the Alaska rivers they begin to appear in September and continue till late in October.

Study of the letter of "C. R." helps me to another nice little point in natural history. He describes very correctly the salmon trout of which I have caught bushels this summer, but which in September grow very scarce, and in October disappear altogether from our streams. Coincident with our loss occurred "C. R.'s" gain, for in the streams near Portland he says they begin in September and continue through October, therefore that salmon trout migrate in the fall to the South, seems to be a fairly deducible result. But again I find a difference, or rather the difference. "C. R.'s" salmon trout take flies, ours will not, nor will ours take any kind of bait but salmon roe, and they won't touch that until it gets to the bottom, and the only way that we can tell when they do take it is by constantly jigging at the line, and if we find resistance, overcome it and put the resister in the basket. "C. R." assigns as a reason for the salmon not taking the fly in early spring, the muddiness and height of water in Columbia River and tributaries. That reason won't work here. When the creeks are at their normal height, and the water so clear that the fishes' eyes are visible, they won't touch a fly. Perhaps it's because they have sense enough to know that as there are no real flies here, anything resembling one must be a fraud.

I have one more "note" to use as a text, and then I will give over my task of reviewer. I want to say a few words in regard to the letter of Professor Gill, in your issue of Nov. 6th, and to your comments thereon. The letter of the Professor embodies the, at first sight, extraordinary statement that there actually exist little fish which are not only capable of swallowing much bigger ones than themselves, but which have been caught in *flagrante delicto*. And you receive his story with so evident an incredulity that, so far as I can find out by reading up to my latest number, the Professor has refrained from furnishing you with the additional and promised information.

Now, Mr. Editor, I detect in the Professor's letter a little evidence which convinces me that in spite of its ordinary wariness, the FOREST AND STREAM has been "sold." You didn't take notice of one qualifying phrase in the Professor's letter. I did; and in it lies the sell. I back the Professor's assertion, and I think I can in a few words induce you to admit the probability of his story, and you can then withdraw your offered prize of a fish-hook.

I will quote from the letter. He says, in describing the small or "outside" fish, that "with its stomach empty, it would have measured less than one inch in height." He omits to give the height when the stomach is not empty. I won't say *full*, for I don't believe that even the Professor knows the exact limit of elasticity of the stomach of a *Chasmodes niger*, whatever that may be, for I don't know that I know the particular fish of which he speaks by the above title; still I may have seen plenty of them. Even the explanation, "one of the *gadoidæ*," don't enlighten me much; for were he to write you a chatty letter in which reference might be casually made to the *Bernhardus-eupageris*, or the *Strongylo-centrotus-drobachiensis*, or the *Mya-arenaria*, comparatively few would recognize in the creatures the hermit crab, sea urchin and common clam; but I believe I know it. If I don't, I know one—yes, several—which I think will fill the bill. I will throw out of the question certain of the radiates which, when preparing for a good dinner on say an oyster considerably larger than themselves, protrude their stomachs, and with them outside of their bodies, envelop and digest the oyster at leisure.

There is found in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico a fish termed by sailors the "drum fish," from a sound which it emits, similar somewhat to that of a muffled drum.

This fish, by inflating its abdominal sac, becomes nearly spheroidal in shape; and when in this condition, with its stomach not empty, the height from top of back to

lower surface of belly is over two-thirds of its length.

The common tooth fish, when taken from the water, is of a normal shape, but scratch its belly and what a metamorphosis takes place. I might multiply instances, for I have seen fish in China, Japan, Africa, South America and Alaska waters whose power of swelling the stomach is so great that I could readily believe them capable of performing the feat of the professor's "gadoid." And any one who has examined the telescopic joints both at the inner angles and at the center or chin of the *Elophrus americanus* (goose fish), can see that jaws so furnished would admit of a wonderful amount of expansion.

This letter is hardly an Alaska letter, but I cannot but think that in piecing together the various items which have appeared in your columns, I have served your paper equally as well as though I had described to you in the orthodox manner, "struggles of speckled beauties."

PISCOC.

A DUCK STORY FOR "PISCOC."

CHELSEA, MASS., Feb. 14th.

Reading the spicy letter of your correspondent, "Piscoc," last evening, recalled to my mind my first duck in South Carolina. In the spring of 1863, a boy of fifteen years, I found myself in the service of Uncle Sam. I held (when not being punished for some boyish prank) the responsible but not lucrative position of messenger boy on board the iron-clad monitor *Nantuxet*, just arrived in Port Royal harbor. Going on deck the first morning I was surprised and delighted to see the number of wild fowl in the harbor. One large flock in particular, about four hundred yards to windward of us, drew my attention as I saw a small sail-boat maneuvering to get within range of it. After a while the occupant of the boat concluding he was near enough, "let go" both barrels, killing three birds instantly and badly wounding another who flew straight at our ship, dropping in the water at about fifty yards to windward. I was intensely excited at this, for I had been an enthusiastic sportsman at home, where I had left a fine double-barrel and a knowing young spaniel. Grasping a few pieces of coal lying on deck I immediately opened fire, and at the third or fourth shot hit the duck on the head, turning him over on his back; when as he floated past the ship I secured my prize. What to do with it now that I had secured it was a problem. I was no favorite with the sable genius who presided over the ship's galley, and without his permission how was I to cook it? While pondering over my dilemma, the lieutenant passing said, "S., what have you there?" "A wood-duck, sir, won't you accept it?" For I wanted some one to get the benefit of my shot. "Thank you!" said he. Turning to the steward, "Steward, have this cooked for my breakfast to-morrow." "Yas-sar," was the reply, and the duck was faithfully and scientifically done. Our navigating officer was a bluff "old skipper" from the merchant service, who also acted as caterer of the ward-room mess. Now, among our officers was a young ensign named Starr, who always insisted that the caterer had reserved sundry dainties upon which he was in the habit of lunching during the long hours of the mid-watch, and as fate would have it, this night in particular he was determined to find the secret store of goodies. During his watch that night he cautiously rummaged the ward-room pantry and was rewarded by finding a nice lunch covered by a platter. Taking it on deck he proceeded to demolish the same, mumbling his elation between the mouthfuls. So pleased was he with his joke on the caterer that the next morning he related the story to the whole mess. Shortly after, at breakfast, the lieutenant, with a smile that was child-like and bland, said to the ensign: "Steward, bring on my duck." The platter was brought and uncovered by the steward, who turned almost white with horror on finding nothing but a small lot of well-picked bones. The smile faded from the lieutenant's face; a frown began to gather, when, happening to catch the eye of the ensign, he remembered the story of the midnight forage. The whole mess saw the point at once, and such a shout of laughter followed that long, yea, the ensign himself, who the gallant lieutenant had signed himself "Piscoc," and writes entertaining letters from "Sitka," if this should catch his eye and he remembers what "tremendous grins" distorted the visages of the foremast hands, this will inform him that the said grins were caused by the ward-room steward relating this story to a select circle of "old shellbacks" around the smoke-stack that evening.

H. A. S.

GAME PROTECTION.

MIGRATORY QUAIL IN PENNSYLVANIA.—*Northumberland, Pa., Feb. 24th.*—About the middle of the season a covey of five migratory quail was seen three miles from this place. Although it is contrary to their habits to remain here over winter, yet this season has been a very open one, and they might not have migrated in the fall. They were seen in the early part of the season by the gentleman who located them in the spring about the same place. Our informant is a sportsman, and reliable, yet he had not an opportunity to examine the migratory quail closely. He describes them as being much smaller than our native quail, and very swift flyers. We located six pair here last spring, but not much was heard of them, as we did not look after or try to disturb them.

J. H. E.

BOSTON'S FAMOUS WOODCOCK.—*Boston, Feb. 24th.*—Several months since, at the instigation of the Society for the Protection of Game, was instituted a complaint against Hall & Whipple, proprietors of Young's Hotel, for having in their possession woodcock within the season prohibited by section 1 of chapter 209 of the General Statutes. It appeared in evidence that the defendants served a woodcock to a guest and received payment therefor, and it also appeared that said woodcock was not his or theirs or caught within the limits of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, but was taken, caught or killed in the State of Pennsylvania, at a season and time when it was lawful by the law of that State to take, catch or

kill woodcock, and was dead when brought into this Commonwealth. On this ground the defendants asked the court to direct a verdict of not guilty; and further asked the Court to rule that the defendants had not committed any offense under the laws of the Commonwealth. But the Court declined so to rule, and instructed the jury as matter of law, that the defendants were liable under the statute aforesaid, and directed a verdict of guilty.

The defendants excepted and the case was argued before the full bench of the Supreme Court, which to-day sent down the following rescript:

Exception sustained. Verdict set aside and a new trial ordered. The defendants are not punishable under the statute 1789, c. 200, for having in their possession, offering for sale and selling a woodcock which is admitted to have been lawfully taken or killed in another State.

This is the loophole of the law, through which innumerable woodcock may pass despite the earnest work of the Society's officers.

THE NEW JERSEY LAW.—*Morrisstown, March 1st.*—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—I notice in your issue of Feb. 26th, the communications of two gentlemen replying to my letter on the New Jersey Game Law. A careful perusal of these letters fails to reveal to me where the views of your correspondents differ materially from mine. "Fair Play," in his letter, says: "Of the half-dozen bills before the Legislature, there is but one that deserves consideration, and that is Senator Beckman's bill, prohibiting the shooting of game birds and rabbits from Jan. 1st to Dec. 1st." If "Fair Play" gives the woodcock a place on the list of game birds, then he would carry the abolition of summer shooting beyond anything I had contemplated. But the inhabitants of the northern counties would be left out in the cold, both figuratively and literally, were the killing of woodcock prohibited until Dec. 1st, or even Nov. 15th. In most winters we are blessed with an abundance of "beautiful snow" long before Dec. 1st, so that if any woodcock had the courage to stay through one of our storms, it would not afford much pleasure to wade through snow-drifts in pursuit of the festive timber-doodle. And yet "Fair Play" cries against "one section of the State attempting to legislate in their own interest and against another section."

Your other correspondent, "W," agrees with me in every particular, for he writes: "If 'Jersey' can prevail on Senator Lawrence to have this old law repealed, I have no doubt that he will find very little opposition to his bill." As you have stated, it is entirely unnecessary to take any such measures, as the old law referred to was repealed by the act of 1874. JERSEY.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN MARCH.

Hares, brown and gray. Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FLORIDA.

Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Quail, Snipe, Ducks, and Wild Fowl. "Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf-bird, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Littorale* or Shore Birds.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

—Ducks are now flying at Good Ground, L. I. Don't miss them.

A BED FOR THE CAMP.—*Warsaw, Ind., Feb. 23d.*—I am an old camper, and have experimented in many ways, and through many contrivances, to obtain a comfortable night's rest in camp, but as yet have not succeeded. I would be pleased to have some of your correspondents suggest a bed that can be carried in a small compass, yet strong and comfortable.

H. Z.

The camp lounge, advertised elsewhere, is well spoken of by those who have tested its merits. The hammock is also a comfortable bed after one becomes accustomed to it. Some campers simply provide themselves with a huge bag of cotton flannel, or in cold weather, of duck, lined with wool, into which they crawl, and then lie down on the softest spot on the ground. This is particularly convenient for horseback travelers, being light and compact, and serving as well for saddle-bags. As a bed, it keeps out vermin and cold at the same time. There are many forms of home-made beds and bedsteads for use in the camp. One can readily construct a light framework, which may be carried in a compact bundle and put together in the woods. The bed in these should be of canvas or duck. One of the simplest things of the kind ever coming to our notice was a sheet of canvas six feet square, folded over and sewed together along two of the edges, forming a bag six feet long, three feet broad and open at both ends. Through this were run two poles, which rested at either end on logs or in forked stakes. This formed a cot; and if greater warmth or softness were desired, the bag was used as a mattress and filled with moss or leaves. A camp bed is largely the result of individual ingenuity; perhaps some of our readers will comply with the above request, and describe the beds used by themselves.

NEW GUNS.—We have been permitted to examine some samples of new guns sent to Mr. Henry C. Squires, of Cortlandt street, by W. Greener. The first is a new gun, of which Mr. Squires is sole agent for the United States, called "The Club Gun," which name is en-

graved upon the rib, and is to be also put upon the heel-plate. Mr. Greener will maintain in these guns the reputation which he has established as a first-class maker, if the one we saw was a sample. It has the favorite top-action, double bolt and extension rib, pistol grip and patent fore-end, and the hammers, when cocked, are entirely below the line of sight. The barrels are laminated steel, perfectly straight so far as can be seen with the eye, and choked on the best principle, and it is represented as being an excellent shooter. What pleases us greatly is the balance of the gun, not being, as are so many choke-bored of inferior make, top or muzzle-heavy. The price is fixed at \$85, bringing it within the means of the masses, and must be based on large anticipated sales. The next gun is the Treble-wedge Fast, with hammer, having Mr. Greener's cross-bolt, which he claims as the strongest action made. There is nothing special to note in this gun, further than that the piece is much lower than ever before advertised in our columns. The gun that interested us most was the Hammerless Breach-loader, and we are glad to know that these guns are now brought down to a price where they interest a large mass of sportsmen who have not felt like investing what has seemed like a fancy price in a gun. This subject of hammerless guns is becoming of so much interest to sportsmen that we purpose shortly giving some further attention to the subject. In England the hammerless is fast superseding all other kinds, and all the principal makers are now building them, applying to them their own system of action, etc., and so far we have been unable to learn of any dissatisfaction being expressed with them when brought to a practical test. We would be glad to hear from those now using them, as to whether they find any serious objections, and how they could be further perfected, as we are well satisfied, from their simplicity and strength, and the rapidity with which they can be fired, that they are the coming gun, or, as Mr. Greener states it, "the gun of the future."

NEW YORK.—*Lowville, Feb. 19th.*—I recently received a fine large raven (*Corvus corax*) killed while flying over Round Pond at Stillwater, Beaver River, by one of Dunlap's guides. Last week I got a very nice dark otter, *Lutra canadensis*, shot by John Beach at Bear Mill on Bush Kill. Both of these specimens I have added to my collection. By the way, Beach said that he set two traps in a spring, and a mink got in one and the otter in the other. The otter laid all the blame on the mink and tore him all to pieces in his rage. Pretty good success for an amateur trapper. H. W. HAYT.

NEW YORK.—*Hornellsville, March 1st.*—A woodchuck was killed here Feb. 19th. A large panther has been seen several times within the last two weeks at Canaseraga, ten miles from here. J. O. F.

FIRST SNIPER.—*Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 28th.*—Yesterday Mr. James Adams shot (as far as we can ascertain) the first snipe of the season. He took his old bitch and young dog Ben for a stroll down the meadow, taking his gun along. When he arrived on the meadows off South Street, below the Greenwich railroad, Ben came to a stand, with the bitch—the mother of Ben—backing him. Mr. Adams at first did not think the dog was standing a bird, but when he found the bitch backing he took another view of the matter, got himself in working order, and flushed a very fine bird, killing it. The bitch retrieved the dead bird. This is the first snipe the dog ever saw, and Mr. Adams is more than proud of his dog, which promises to be a good one, as it is only just a year old. C.

SCOTTDALÉ SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—*Scottdale, Pa., Feb. 24th.*—We have organized an association at this place to be known as the "Scottdale Sportsmen's Association," organized on Feb. 17th, with B. B. Orr as President; B. F. Hubbs, Secretary; J. W. Arnhold, Treasurer; S. K. Dunkle, Jno. Wright, E. A. McConn, Thos. Baily and W. N. Porter, as Directors. Our association bids fair to prove successful, having taken in twenty-two members on the 19th inst. We are located within fifty miles of the Allegheny Mountains, and within ten miles of the Allegheny River, five miles distant, is well stocked with black bass and salmon. A great many deer and turkey are killed on the Alleghenys and Laurel Hill, also some fine black bears. Grouse and quail are wonderfully plenty in the immediate neighborhood. B. F. H.

DELAWARE QUAIL SHOOTING.—*Philadelphia, Pa.*—Georgetown, Delaware, is a good point to gun for quail. It is reached from Philadelphia by P. W. & B. R.R. and from New York by the O. D. S.S. Co. Quail season begins Nov. 1st and expires Feb. 15th. Brick Hotel; first-class accommodation, with teams if desired. I have been going every season for past fifteen years. EDWARD MAHER.

TEXAS.—*Galveston, Feb. 14th.*—On account of scarcity of rain the shooting has not been as good as usual this season. Ducks are not abundant, and jack-snipe scarce. C. C. P.

INDIANA.—*Washington, Feb. 25th.*—Hunting in this vicinity has been very slim this winter. Quail all froze out last winter. Dr. Hamed and W. D. Bynum, of this city, went about seven miles west of this place, one day last week, and succeeded in bagging twelve ducks. Dr. Jones, Dr. Lacy and W. D. Bynum have sniped three new breach-loading shot guns. We are having a very mild winter, and several of our fishermen went out one day this week and captured fourteen bass.

M. B. RILEY.

WYOMING SHOOTING CLUB PRESENTATION.—*Cincinnati, Feb. 28th.*—Among the clubs in this vicinity the Wyoming Shooting Club stands at the head for real enterprise. Whether individually or collectively, this club is not excelled at the trap or in the field. Of all the twenty-five members there is none more enthusiastic and no one held in higher esteem by his fellows than the Rev. Jos. Gamble, of the Wyoming Presbyterian Church. Possessed of good social qualities, excellent pulpit abilities, and a full share of good common sense, he combines all these with a great love for the rod and gun, the field and the stream, making him one of the truest of true sportsmen. After a residence of eight years in his

present location, he now leaves a host of friends and removes to Plattsburg, N. Y. A few evenings since, some of his companions in the field met him at the residence of Edw. Mitchell, Esq., and were most royally entertained by Mr. Mitchell, than whom no more clever sportsman even could be desired. A glorious supper was provided, to which the forest, field and stream had paid liberal tribute, after which an elegant repeating rifle was presented to Mr. Gamble, as a token of remembrance from the little company of friends present. The presentation speech was made by Hon. Judge Harmon, who, being an expert with the rifle, aimed directly at the heart and made a "good clean hit." Mr. Gamble, taken entirely by surprise, actually started, and, without further extending a hearty invitation to visit him in his new home, where his friends would always find the "latch-string" on the outside. The hours went swiftly by as many happy experiences in the field were related, and as the good man's friends reluctantly said farewell, it was with the wish that his good example and influence might be felt in the new friendships he will form as they have been in those he leaves behind, and all expressed the hope that they might often meet again in the forest and in the field and hear the familiar music of his faithful "Parker" and the echoing crack of his handsome new rifle.

I mention this incident as encouraging to those who are interested in the elevation of those pleasures in which the true sportsman finds so much enjoyment. Few ministers of the Gospel know anything practically of the pleasures and benefits, physically or mentally, they would gain by engaging in active exercise with the rod and gun. This lack of knowledge is accounted for to some extent from the fact that in the minds of many good people there is a prejudice against ministers engaging in such sports, which is caused by the abuse of these sports by many who are not true sportsmen. The influence of a club conducted on correct principles does much towards destroying this prejudice against the most healthful of all recreations. Just such a club is the largest shooting club in this locality, whose meetings and public matches are attended by ladies and gentlemen who neither see nor hear anything in the least objectionable. There are many such clubs now, and the number is rapidly increasing, as there seems to be a growing interest in that direction among professional and business men who realize the need of some healthful recreation. WALLACE.

RECOIL PADS.—While the subject of recoil pads is up, I want to say a word in indorsement of what you have said of Ritzman's pad. It is a very ingenious and tasteful contrivance, and a great comfort to one who shoots heavy charges. I am using one on a 7-gauge single-barrel gun, weighing 7½ pounds, with 70s. B. G. powder and 1½ ounces shot. The recoil, even of so light a gun, is not unpleasant, while the power is unmistakable. At 60 yards, a shot goes through seasoned inch pine boards like bullets, and goes so that get in the way far pretty much like the boards. Without the pad I would not like to use over 50s. powder with it. I get execution that I never got from a gun before. The pad can be removed from my goose gun to my 12-gauge, and a moment's use either equally well. Gunners that need a pad for recoil need not fear a mistake in getting this. BOONE.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

QUEBEC, Feb. 24th.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

I see many persons in your columns giving their experience in the shooting of their guns. Some are better; some are worse; but all of them give only the particular gun they use themselves. In the subjoined table you will find some trials that I have made myself, and with different guns of various gauges, and I think you will find I think they will come favorably with any that I have seen in your paper. I may say that all the guns had one or both barrels full choked, some of them one barrel medium. This can be seen by the targets. I was most particular in all my trials to give every gun an equal chance. The gun was wiped out after every shot, so that every one was clean for a second trial. I used No. 7 Canada soft shot, 12½ lbs. to charge, and I used No. 10 allow me to say that there was a vast and unexplained difference between the size of Canadian shot and the same number made in the States. In the columns of your paper some time ago you gave the number of pellets to the ounce of American shot as 270 to 280, according to the maker, or, in other words, from 347 to 362 grains to the charge of 14 ounces. In 14 ounces of Canadian shot there were, by actual count, 495 pellets, or 370 pellets to the ounce. Of this I am positive, as I was struck by the great difference, and I opened several new bags of this size as it came from the manufacturer, to see if there was any difference in that way, but found none. I then weighed my ounce on a fine postal balance, that would balance by a pellet, then counted it, and in every case I was within two or three pellets of the same number—370 pellets. This difference in the number of pellets will account, or what are seemingly very large targets, according to American standard of number of pellets to charge. I used a fine quality of rifle powder made by the Windsor Mills Powder Company, near Montreal—a powder that burned quick and moist. It was rather coarse grain, and I used 4 drachms, weighing in every instance 27½ grains to the drachm.

I used the Rogers No. 2000 clip target, at forty yards measured in the air. To try the penetration I used boards cut from dry spruce, one-quarter inch thick, placed solidly one behind the other, one inch apart. On some of the days of trial it was rather windy, but taking everything into consideration all the trials were about equal in this respect.

The shots were fired two at each pair of targets, and the targets marked and altered for reference. These targets I kept, and can show them if required. Nearly all the guns were of different quality, and in the English list, with the exception of one, all were of very high quality. These guns were actually tried by myself, and I could have increased the number of makers, but did not think the guns I could have got suitable for the purpose, as some of them were cylinder bore, and it would be absurd to pit them against the smooth-bore in a trial of targeting. All the shots were loaded with one hard and one Fly pink-edge wad over powder and one

WEST END CLUB.—*Mt. Pleasant Club, D. C., Feb. 23.*—A very large party of gentlemen gathered by invitation at the shooting-grounds of the West End Club to witness the pigeon and glass-ball

Sept. 25, at Beaver- ton. {Whitby..... 57 {Beaver-ton..... 81	80 81	137 142
Won by 56 runs.		
Oct. 3d, at Whitby. {Whitby..... 65 {Whitby..... 57	65 57	221 142

Lost by 21 runs.
A very closely contested match, where there was a fine exhibition of good cricket. For the victors, Mathewson and H. Laing bowled well.

BATTING AVERAGES.									
Names.									
	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.
L. Hemphill.....	14	216	33	33	33	33	33	33	33
J. Cassels.....	4	49	33	33	33	33	33	33	33
V. Goulding.....	5	40	33	33	33	33	33	33	33
A. M. Gilpin.....	10	39	33	33	33	33	33	33	33
J. Bolter.....	9	39	33	33	33	33	33	33	33
C. H. Widdifield.....	9	39	33	33	33	33	33	33	33
J. W. Gilpin.....	13	31	33	33	33	33	33	33	33
H. Rogers.....	16	22	33	33	33	33	33	33	33
J. B. Gould.....	13	31	33	33	33	33	33	33	33
J. W. Nation.....	17	27	33	33	33	33	33	33	33
W. H. Hamilton.....	9	39	33	33	33	33	33	33	33

BOWLING AVERAGES.									
Names.									
	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs.
E. R. Rogers.....	11	601	183	51	10	12	49	9	68
J. B. Gould.....	13	661	167	41	12	49	9	68	
L. Hemphill.....	15	891	167	43	41	41	41	41	41

ANSWER TO "A MEMBER OF MANY CLUBS."—New York, Feb. 21st.—The contribution to your issue of Feb. 19th, by "A Member of Many Clubs," was written by a gentleman who evidently leans rather to the interests of Christianity than of cricket. This may be quite unintentional on his part, but it would nevertheless seem to be the fact. He desires to do away with strife of any kind. He would have the Staten Island Cricket Club act as a sort of protector to the kindred organizations in the vicinity of New York, and act "to have its friends" and "to debate whether the late amendment of that club's Constitution was passed with a view to a reform which prohibited its members from playing against it, even though they are older members of other organizations."

In the first place, the Staten Island Cricket Club was not organized for the purpose of saving its friends, its object in this respect being, and having always been, to take care of itself. It has found the task a difficult one enough, accompanied as it has been with all the drawbacks which usually attend a new enterprise. The "Member of Many Clubs" rather takes it for granted that the kindred organizations in the vicinity are in a state of beggary and must need fall back upon outside resources to support existence. We must confess this state of affairs is novel to us.

However the fact may be now, the records of matches for the last three seasons have shown such a condition of affairs that the "kindred organizations" have come in for their share of the spoils and of victory equally with the Staten Island Club.

The Staten Island Cricket Club has always been in the main opposed to reviving; and whenever it was disbanded, and got along with its own exclusive members, it has generally done so. The present flourishing condition of that club is due to the vigorous exertions its own members have made to secure attractive grounds, an increase of membership, and a capable professional. It has now a list of members which seems to guarantee that in the future its elevens can be made up from its own members; it thinks that it is to the interest of cricket that some rule should exist prohibiting a pooling of New York clubs, and it has passed the amendment referred to for this purpose. It club by its own need and inactivity has allowed itself to run down to the level of stagnation, the course for it to adopt is the course which every new club has before it, and that course is to set to work and exert a vigorous activity and interest. By such means success is certain to result. Let the custom once be recognized of getting a club's bone and sinew from the ranks of some other club, and it will invariably make up its elevens from such sources, and never rely upon its own recruits.

Cricket matches are the most exciting and engaging uses or applications of cricket. Most men in practice study skill to the end that it may serve them and their club on match days. Every man attaches most value to that which is exclusively his own, and will make the greatest sacrifices to obtain it. This rule holds good in all human affairs, and so it with clubs. A victory secured without any aid from outside sources, is what a club enjoys beyond anything else. Such a practice infuses vigor in each member of the eleven, and they all work together as one man to one purpose, and give their best individual and collective work. Destroy this sense of exclusive ownership and individuality by an interchange of members, and you destroy one of the chief incentives to the perfection and success of cricket.

We are informed the Staten Island Club had this end solely in view by the passage of their amendment to their Constitution prohibiting reviving.

CRICKET.
MONTREAL CRICKET CLUB.—Mr. F. Stancil, Secretary of the M.C.C. writes that his club is not to be disbanded, and that the prospect for the coming season is better than they have been for a long time. We are heartily glad to hear this good news, and wish the old Montreal Club a successful year. It is their turn to visit New York, and we will give them a warm welcome whenever they may come.

Yachting and Canoeing.

NATIONAL YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

A VERY harmonious meeting was held March 1st in the parlors of the St. Denis Hotel, at which the following clubs were represented: San Francisco, Buffalo, New Jersey, Jersey City, Salem, Me., Columbia, Empire, Hudson River, Yonkers, New Bedford, Cleveland, Williamsburg, East River Yacht Club, National Y. C. of Jersey City, Oshkosh, Albany, Portland, Me., and Chicago—eighteen in all.

An organization was effected with Vice-Commodore W. H. Dilworth, N. J. Y. C., as President; John Erick, Columbia, N. Y. C., as Secretary; and Theodore W. Ten, N. Y. C., as Treasurer. Mr. Mansfield, Salem Bay Y. C., and Charles G. Yale, San Francisco Y. C., as Assistant Secretaries. After general discussion a constitution was adopted, and ordered to be sent to all the clubs participating for

ratification. It was also determined to elect an Executive Committee of thirteen by ballot of the clubs as a working body, to draw up a code of by-laws, sailing rules, etc., and the annual club dues were fixed at \$15. Clubs were requested to contribute \$3. each to cover the necessary printing of the constitution for circulation among them, and other expenses. After ratification of the constitution further steps will be taken to perfect details at the next meeting, to be held in New York the second Wednesday in April.

The letter of introduction from the San Francisco Y. C. was received with considerable acclamation. The request of the Albany Y. C. for the adoption of a national burgee was favorably received, and will be referred to the Executive Committee for action; and the letter from the Cleveland Y. C. in relation to granting the full privileges of a yacht's license to craft under twenty tons, will be sent to all clubs for signatures and united action.

Clubs can still join the Association on the same terms as those already participating until the constitution has been finally adopted, when their admission will, of course, be subject to a vote of the Association.

YACHTING NEWS.

SHAWANAKA YACHT CLUB.—An important meeting of this club took place at Delmonico's March 1st, Commodore W. A. W. Stewart presiding. The following members were added to the club: Messrs. W. Howard Mitchell, John A. Stewart, Jr., Edward P. Mitchell, Charles B. Jenkins, Roger M. Sherman and Sidney V. Stratton. The resignation of Mr. John R. Waller was accepted with regrets. The sum of \$2,150 was appropriated for the club fixtures of the year as under:—

First Event—Monday, May 31st (Decoration Day), opening cruise of the club, at 10.30 A.M., from Tompkinsville, Staten Island, round the Southwest Spit buoy to Gravesend Bay, where the friends of the club will be entertained at dinner at some convenient hotel.

Second Event—The Corinthian race, Saturday, June 12th, for second-class schooners, and first, second, third and fourth-class sloops; the prizes to be \$100 to the winning schooner, \$100 to winning sloops of the first and second class, \$55 to the winner of the third, and \$55 to the winner of the fourth class, with individual prizes of \$5 to each man in the winning yachts.

Third Event—The Corinthian cruise, to begin on Sunday in July as the Commodore may hereafter see fit. The usual Fourth of July race at Outer Bay is to be omitted this year, and a race at the end of the cruise substituted.

To the open matches it was decided to admit only yachts of the New York, Atlantic, Eastern and New Bedford Yacht Clubs. It was also resolved that sailing masters, cooks and stewards should keep below decks during Corinthian races, and that pilots should not be carried. The club has adopted a rubber button in place of the brass or gilt ones on the uniform, and a new cap after the pattern of the English naval service. On the Corinthian cruise only working topsails to be allowed, and no hoisting out poles except regular spinnaker-booms. The most important resolution was offered by Henry-Commodore Schuyler, creating a prize for seamanship during the annual cruise, on a basis similar to that adopted by the San Francisco Y. C., and advocated in these columns.

ROYAL NOVA SCOTIA Y. S.—The squadron sailed eleven races during 1879, with sixty-eight entries and fifty-eight starters and nineteen prizes. Of these twelve were procured by the Squadron, one by the Vice-Commodore, Rear Commodore and Hon. Secretary; three by the Hon. Secretary, one by Mayor Tobin, of Halifax, and two by the officers of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers stationed at Halifax. The Squadron now has thirty-eight yachts on the list, and new ones will be added this season.

OSHKOSH YACHT CLUB.—Editor Forest and Stream.—At a meeting of the O. Y. C. to take some action in reference to a communication from the National Yachting Association, to be held in New York in March next, the following delegates were elected to represent the O. Y. C., viz: Commodore George W. Burnell, Frank Hellig and George M. Hasbrouck.

The election of George M. Hasbrouck Secretary, in place of F. J. Clark, removed from the State, was conceded to be a good choice. All communications addressed to him will receive prompt attention.

We also organized what is to be known as the "Sportsman's Association," to prohibit the wholesale slaughter of fish and game in this section of the country. Officers: C. W. Raker, President; A. W. Weisbrod, Secretary; H. B. Harshaw, Treasurer.

C. C. M.
NAUTILUS YACHT CLUB.—At Salem, Mass., a new yacht club, has been formed called the "Nautilus Yacht Club," and the following officers have been elected for the ensuing year:—Commodore, J. W. Dodge; Vice-Commodore, J. Remon, Jr.; Fleet Captain, Snow Rich; Measurer, A. J. Friesbe; Secretary and Treasurer, Frederick Cate. The club has already a membership of forty, and has about six or seven boats entered, including some of the fastest yachts in the vicinity. There are six boats building for members of the club.

F. C.
CRUISE OF THE IBERIA.—Mr. Ashbury, formerly owner of *Cambria* and *Lionia*, has been doing some extensive cruising in the 30-ton yacht *Iberia*, having visited the coast of Brazil in her. She arrived at Portsmouth, England, Feb. 23, thirty-three days from Barbados. The passage was very stormy, but the yawl behaved exceedingly well, and was not once holed, although she passed ships that were lying to under lower topsails.

NEW YACHTS.—Besides the large 55-ton sloop noticed in these columns, Cathbert, of Trenton, is lengthening the 10-ton yawl *Surprise*, building a 10-ton yawl for Capt. Murray and Mr. Duggan, and a steam yacht, 40ft. long, for S. Stevenson, of Brookville.

THE BRITISH YACHT FLEET.—The value of British yachts is estimated at \$20,000,000, including only those over five tons. Smaller craft are classed as sail-boats only. The fleet gives employment to 5,000 sailors.

AN OLD STAGER.—There is hauled up at the foot of K street, South Boston, the old schooner *Bull Dog* of Charlestown, built in 1810. This craft has the original planking put on when she was built. She is well preserved, and likely to last many years yet. Those who should know say she is very fast and weatherly.—*Boston Herald.*

EXPERIENCES WITH BALLAST.—When the Boston sloop *Ed* was launched she had all inside ballast. Next season about 1,500 pounds of iron were placed on her keel, and her performances were considered much improved. The third season lead was substituted for iron, and she excelled her previous record, especially in heavy weather. No theory about this.

THE LAST OF A CRACK.—The famous *Undine*, sunk by collision with a steamer in Boston Harbor last summer, has been hauled

out, and will be knocked down to the highest bidder March 13th. The steamboat company paid all damages, and Mr. Bryant will probably buy.

ADRIE VOORHIS.—Lots of them are coming to it. This well-known sloop is to have her spars cut down, and will receive a cruising suit from Crutes' loft in Boston. The *Lillie*, Messrs. Dillingham & Band, follows in the same line. Once rid our sloops of their excessive smooth-water spars, and their speed is gone. Then we will take to a more moderate model, which can be driven fast under a sensible rig. With a reasonable rig our present vessels are really slow; it is only by oversteering that they make them go, and when this fact becomes known we expect to see improvements made in form with a view to reducing resistance, and not altogether in the direction of excessive stability, consequently cutting down to cruising dimensions—in other words, to what a vessel can carry—no welcome as a step that is sure to lead to a commendable modification in model.

IDLER AND CAMBRIA.—In taking a lay monthly contemporary to task for some harmless "spread-angelsim," the London *Idler* has the following:—

"By the way, the *Cambria* in 1870 sailed a match against the *Idler* round Hook Island, buoy and back in a fine breeze—the only real breeze the *Cambria* had during any of her matches in America—and in a turn of twenty miles to windward *Cambria* beat *Idler* nineteen minutes. The *Idler* carried away her boats, but at the time the *Cambria* was so far to windward that practically the result was not affected by the accident. The *Cambria* beat the *Idler* four or five times altogether, and *Idler* beat *Cambria* twice in light wind. At any rate *Idler* must at present be a different ship from what she was in 1870 if she can show "*Idler*" on her stern to the English yachts all round the coast at the next squadron regatta. We should like to see what the *Idler* would do with water in a twenty miles thrash to windward in a breeze that would make the former house both her upper sticks. If we have a tearing westerly breeze, like that in the match round the Wight last season, we should expect to see *Cecilia*, *Egeria*, *Miranda* and *Scabelle* bearing up round the Needles, while *Idler* would be still jumping at sea off St. Catherine's. Perhaps after all it is not the *Idler* of 1870 that the English yachts will have to class round the Cowes course in 1880."

The *Idler* has been altered considerably since 1870; she has been lengthened and "deepened" and now has a dash deck. Her sailing powers have been materially improved, but she is probably no faster than in 1870, when she ranked as one of the best in the west. We certainly think there are several schooners in England which in a lump she would give *Idler* a severe drubbing, though in turning to windward in moderate weather *Idler* might turn the tables, especially if there is much lee-going tide. The dimensions of *Idler* are 106 ft. over all; 97 ft. water-line; 22.5 ft. beam, with 9 ft. 10 in. draft without center-board. Built by Sam'l Poole, of Fairhaven, Conn., in 1865, and altered by Henry Steers, of Greenpoint, in 1874. Sailed by J. M. Sawyer. Draft with board down about 18 ft. Is one of the *Miwah* type of schooners we have, and is now owned by Mr. Fisher, of Chicago.

CONGRESS AND STEAM YACHTS.—The *Scientific American* very truly remarks:—"In his report for 1879 the Superintending Inspector General of Steam Vessels took notice of the excessive license fees for steam yachts and other small vessels using steam power, and suggested that a charge of \$5 would be enough for the annual inspection of such craft."

"The objection to the present fee of \$35 is two-fold; it is out of proportion to the size and importance of the vessels paying the license, being as much as is charged for steamers of 100 tons burden, and it is practically prohibitory to a large class of men who would otherwise build and use such vessels for pleasure or profit."

"It is gratifying to note that a bill has been introduced in Congress to carry out the Inspector General's recommendation. Its passage would be altogether beneficial."

With the exception of Herreshoff's experiments we have been almost at a standstill in America, while England has developed the Willan's three-cylinder, the Wiggall & Halscy rotary, the Perkins and other radical innovations and improvements, and notably the efficiency of high speed engines of the common loco, motive slide-valve type, as in the Thorneycraft launches.

SANDY HOOK LIGHT.—Notice has been given by the Light-house Board that in consequence of the encroachment of the sea upon the site of the present light-house known as East Boscon Light, Sandy Hook, the light will be exhibited on and after March 15th from the iron tower recently erected on the site occupied as the East Beacon in 1850, and which is situated 375 feet from the present light-house structure, in a course bearing south by east from it. The new tower is of cast-iron and is painted red. The lantern is painted black. The light will stand forty-two feet above the base of the tower and forty-six feet above mean sea-level.

STILL ANOTHER—REAR COM. Sumner, J. N. S. Y. S., will hoist his pennant aboard a fine new 23-ton cutter about the middle of June. She is now building in Halifax, iron ballast inside and on keel.

YACHT CLUBS IN FRANCE.—The recent annual report of the Yacht Club de France shows on its books 145 yachts, with an aggregate tonnage of 8,432, or an average of 57 tons to each yacht. The amount of prize money offered by the club to racing associations under its auspices was \$3,400. This is certainly not a bad exhibit. There are now twenty-eight regular clubs in France, besides some forty regatta associations.

PROVISIONS RUN SHORT.—The two venturesome individuals from codfish latitudes, Burrill and Coombs, who left Boston July 9th last year in a whaleboat of about one and a quarter tons, brought up by steamer in New York. They left out in the little *Cotton Ship* (intending to reach Australia in time for the Melbourne Exhibition. Everything went well until they quit Port St. Jago, Cape Verde Islands, which they had made in forty-eight days. Rough weather was met, but the tiny craft seems to have performed well enough, and the voyage might have been accomplished had it not been for carelessness in stowing the provisions, which were all spoiled by the sea and had to be tossed overboard. They tried for St. Helena, but were driven to leeward and were almost exhausted for want of food, but their help up and made an island off the coast of Brazil, where they recruited for a while among the fishermen and then sailed for Bahia and returned to this city by mail steamer. Both men are in full health and see no reason why a small boat, properly loaded and fitted, cannot go to sea as well as a ship.

UNION REGATTAS IN BOSTON.—The necessity for a National Yachting Association is shown by the following call to Boston yacht clubs:—

"DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB,
"CLUB HOUSE, HARRISON SQUARE,
"ROXBURY, February, 1880.

"DEAR SIR: A committee has been appointed by the Dorchester Yacht Club to confer with committees of the other neighboring clubs, who shall see fit, for the purpose of drawing up a uni-

form set of sailing regulations and system of measurement for time allowance, under which union regattas are to be sailed.

"We do not desire that the clubs commit themselves now to adopt any particular set of rules, but think the proposed Association should result in a set of regulations which it will be for the full advantage of all to adhere to.

"Hoping to hear from you as soon as convenient, we remain yours truly,

"FRANK E. PRABODY, Chairman.

"COULDGE BARNARD,

"GEORGE S. RICE,

"HARRY S. MANX,

"Committee of D. Y. C.

"P. S.—Please send answer to B. Barnard, Harrison Square, Boston."

"THE FAHNE.—Mr. Bryant, of Boston, has bought the large slop *Fannie* (built up in Cowan's Basin), built at Mystic by Richmond in 1871. She is 32ft. deck, 63 ft. l., 25ft. 9in. beam, 6ft. 9in. hold, 14ft draft with board, 5ft. without.

"THE MINOR.—This little slop" has been hauled out at Pierpont yard in Greenpoint, and will be altered into a keel, Boston fashion.

"THE CABIN LOCKER.—To remove old paint: Slack three pounds of fine quick-lime in water and one pound American pearl ash, as thick as paint; apply with an old brush and let it remain for twelve or fourteen hours, when the paint will peel off easily. Black varnish: Two pounds gum shellac, two pounds unad, one gallon linseed oil and one-quarter pound of lamp black; boil together for four hours over a slow fire. Painting: A gallon of mixture, or say six pints raw flaxseed oil, one pint boiled oil, and one pint turpentine; requires from twelve to fourteen pounds of dry paint. On woodwork a gallon of paint will cover from 600 square feet, one from about 700. Brushes: Spanish white and black oil well beaten and kneaded into a stiff paste. Lacquer for brasswork: Eight ounces of shellac and one gallon of spirits of wine.

"THE DIFFERENCE.—A little so-called nautical journal of the day variety has been making the rounds of our advertisers of late misrepresenting this journal, and spinning correspondingly inflated mendacity in its own behalf. The facts in the case are these: The sheet in question has only recently emerged from dishonorable bankruptcy; has notes outstanding; is shirking its liabilities under the lee of petticoats; never had a paying circulation, in its most prosperous days, of one thousand, and now has nearly much less. If, with these facts before them, and our previous caution to throw money into the gutter by giving the petty sheet aluded to their support, is none of our concern, but we propose to see that they do so with their eyes open. A comparison of our columns with those of the fraudulent pretender will save our advertisers from falling into his clutches. The 'longshore sheet' must seek its victims in other channels; its character is too well known in this latitude, and its unscrupulous mendacity will be exposed in these columns for the benefit of the public. Further particulars can be had on application.

"MEASUREMENT.—An Eastern yachtsman writes as follows concerning our recent article on measurement:—"Allow me to congratulate you upon your last article on measurement. It goes right to the point. It is timely and will serve to clear away much of the ignorance which has prevented a proper understanding of the subject heretofore. It establishes a foundation and gives us an authority upon which we can proceed in our future consideration of the subject." Owing to press on our columns further material on this head has been postponed.

"MEASUREMENT IN FRANCE.—It is to the credit of our French cousins that they are restive under the infliction of the old Thames rule and that they refuse to accept it in good grace any longer. The Yacht Club de France has taken the bull by the horns, and others are proposing a congress to settle the vexed question. We commend to their consideration the five axioms given up in an article in our last issue.

"THE BERT MEDIUM.—There is no advertising medium equal to *FOREST AND STREAM* for bringing to public notice yachts for sale or wanted to purchase. Its circulation among the yachting public is larger than that of any journal, whether daily, weekly or monthly. It covers the whole country. Not long ago a schooner advertised a single time in these columns brought a purchaser inside of a week, and a recent card of the same nature has resulted in numerous answers to its first insertion. Parties intending to offer yacht property cannot do better than avail themselves of our circulation.

"WHAT THE PUBLIC THINKS.—A letter from the East says:—"We heartily endorse your views as expressed in your Journal, which the yachtsmen of our club here thoroughly appreciate."

"YACHT FOR SALE.—A fine little 5-ton cruiser, ready to go into commission, is offered at a bargain. See our "for sale" columns.

EXPERIENCE WILL TELL.

MUSKOGEE, Mich., Feb. 21st.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

The statement made by Mr. Thomas Clapham in your issue of the 19th inst., that it would require "from four to six men to handle a forty-foot cutter, if any speed was expected from her," is so much at variance with my own experience that I cannot let it pass unchallenged. Either his cutter is not rigged like mine or his men must be very slow. I have a cutter-rigged yacht 26x35-12x25 feet, and with the assistance of one roadman I can handle her in ordinary weather, and with two men besides myself can handle her in any weather, where it is possible for a boat of her size to live. I have seen the cutter-rigged yacht *Indie*, while sailing in company with mine, and carrying whole mainsail, staysail, jib and topsail shotened down to single reefed mainsail and staysail—her skipper expecting a severe squall, which, however, passed ahead of the yacht—reefs shaken out, and all the first-momented cloth spread, while the yacht continued on her course, and the entire time occupied for both operations was not quite ten minutes, and the work was done by two boys, both under eighteen years of age. These same boys with two others went on four weeks' cruise last season, visiting Mackinac and the various islands at the foot of Lake Michigan, crossed to Green Bay, thence up the shore to Kenosha, and from there home. Part of the time they were in company with a creek slop from the West shore, and had plenty of opportunities of comparing the

workings of the two rigs in all kinds of weather. It is needless to add that they are decidedly in favor of the cutter.

I have during the past six years owned cats, sloops and one cutter, and my experience is that a cutter can be handled safer, easier and drier in heavy weather than can any other small yacht.

L. W. WARREN.

"CORINTHIAN" AND HIS CRITICS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

It seems that my last communication, instead of being simply, as intended, an answer to the criticisms of your correspondents "Rouge Croix" and "Martin Gale," in reference to practical experience in yacht or naval design, and correcting some mistakes made by them in their communications, especially regarding the ownership of the former, remarks unfortunately were omitted by you from my communication, has raised a hornet's nest about my ears, or rather is deemed worthy of an editorial and a formal answer from the devoted (but not devoted) yachtsman, Mr. Robert Center, who, in doing so, seeks "to kill two birds with one stone." While acknowledging myself a Corinthian, who, perhaps, is more ready with the pen than with the tiller, I have still some smattering of the subject treated of, principally obtained from a study of well-known authors, and observation of the performance of our own yachts for a series of years. I am, therefore, the instant the well-known *America*, designed by Mr. Steers, and speaks of the compliment paid her designer by Marrett in his book. He truly says, "that her centers were adjusted with considerable skill and judgment." This simple acknowledgment to a practical man was not only forced from Marrett, but from all England by her performances; and they further paid him a greater compliment, by immediately lengthening forward all the yachts in England.

Regarding his challenge to sail *Volante* against Mr. Clapham's slop, my mention of it at all was done to correct a mistake in reference to said challenge by your correspondent, "Rouge Croix." It takes Mr. Clapham's acceptance in good faith; and no doubt Mr. Center could be accommodated and fairly met, even if he objects to going single-handed around Long Island in the *Volante*. As to injury to the business of Mr. Clapham by the said race, I have no doubt that it would greatly benefit it.

I am pleased that Mr. Center gives "Bob" Fish credit for good things. I remain with the impression that he did produce two nits, the *Widow* and the *Yindez*, which were not lost to the *Widow* or the *Yindez*. Regarding the *Lois*, does he remember the club race, when the *Yindez*, that famed heavy weather yacht, was in distress, even in the Narrows, water knee-deep on deck, masthead and topmast gone, while every other vessel in the fleet was carrying topsails?

As to vitiating the speed of *Yindez*, in comparison with Kirby's *Arrivo*, I ask him to read the record of *Yindez*; it will do him good. He instances the *Yindez* winning two races; also the *Widow* "hands down." Now, I must confess, I do not understand the term "hands down" as applied to yachting; and while acknowledging my ignorance in that particular, can only imagine it applies to some Corinthian Regatta, or in a crowd of would-be experts who are being initiated into the mysteries of yachting, or to regattas without an antagonist worthy of the name, somewhat after *Mischief's* late victory.

As to your editorial comments, friend Editor, upon the value of naval design, you seem to intimate that I hold science in disdain, whereas I have the profoundest respect for science. Science utilizes electricity, but all the time to electricity are but assumed; and so I need I may regard somewhat in the same manner naval design, its theories, especially regarding speed, being assumed.

As to such triumphs of science, you instance a *Pompana* or a *Devastation* monitor. Without entering the profound mysteries, let us take some English authority on the subject, since they appear fashionable among Corinthians. I instance the capsizing of the iron-clad frigate *Captain*, and later the frigate *Euryedon*, by cascading seas. The *America*, which followed the first disaster, the verdict was that scientific principles were strictly followed in her construction, and all proper and necessary precautions were observed, and that the disaster was simply a visitation of Providence, or rather an "unaccountable." So, perhaps, with the unfortunate *Albatross*, so often quoted by you. Her Captain, perhaps, was a Corinthian in matters which required experience and judgment.

Now, as to the quotation from the great masters, in whom unbroken genius of the sciences whose science and education fail. Have you ever observed one of our vessels-of-war? Do not look at them casually as they lie in the Navy Yard, but ask from the officers and tars who man them of their performance at sea. They will tell you that they often roll their yard-arms in solid, so that the sea can be seen from the lower hold through the main-hatch. These, however, are triumphs of skill, upon whose design untold wealth of science (principally German) has been exhausted. In opposition to this look at the frigate *Nagato*, designed by a practical man of genius, Steers. Built under the greatest opposition of would-be-scientists, and although acknowledged by the English to be the finest and speediest vessel-of-war ever constructed, finally tinkered and destroyed by those who in doing so acknowledged their incompetence.

And now as to our own vaunted scientific yachts. I will not give you the vain task of pointing to one instance, where a so-called scientific vessel has been produced and developed speed without some or other modification of rig or otherwise. In a contemporary I was amused in reading the record of one of our scientific yachts. After specifying her alterations, such as in one instance of cutting a few feet from her bowsprit; in another, adding nine inches of skag aft, then removing it on another occasion; he continues and informs the reader that, her speed being remarkably free, she needs but a few additional cloths to her mainsail to be one of the fastest vessels to windward—she being at present, as is well-known, notably deficient in that respect.

In retarding the article upon yacht measurement by Mr. A. Cary I would respectfully beg leave to call his attention to some things which have probably escaped his notice, as seen through other glasses. In his objection to length as a measurement he seizes upon the old cry of our English friends, "Seaworthiness," and its tendency to produce wide, heavily-spurred vessels, and gives us a fearful picture of the behavior of over-spurred vessels; for the gentleman who sparrs *Vidua*, *Madcap*, *Indie*, *Tidal Wave* and the new *Mischief*, remarkably cool, to say the least.

Is length not the principal element of speed? In comparing *Indie* with *Tidal Wave*. Would it not be better and fairer to compare *Indie* with *Hambler*, one of her class? He certainly cannot object to *Rambler* for want of freeboard or depth or speed either, in the comparison.

As to his objection to freeboard being taxed, witness the performances of *Palmer*, the bulkiest as well as the fastest of our

large center-board schooners. The records prove that a fast vessel cannot be handicapped under this measurement by a slow one.

In continuation, he instances the *Regina* and *Viren*, and intimates that *Regina* would, with more freeboard, have better "all round qualities." Alas! the present *Viren* has "all round qualities" for myself I will none of them.

The next system of measurement considers as our measurement of Corinthians, the Scandinavian, and probably the coming measurement of the New York Club. To exemplify the working of this measurement be instances a race of *Schener* and *Volante*, in which *Schener* defeated the *Volante*. In other words the little *Schener*, carrying four tons of ballast, defeated a powerful vessel carrying ten tons of lead, after being heavily handicapped by time in her own water.

It simply proves that the *Volante* must be remarkably slow, and that it is difficult even for "Corinthians" to handicap a speedy vessel, even when particularly interested in so doing.

Regarding *Viren* and *Coming*, he proves that the well-known speedy *Coming* can be defeated by a handicap of time to a slow one by this proposed measurement. In fact, to myself, not particularly interested in measurement, his laborious argument simply results in attempting to reduce by time speedy vessels to a level with slow ones, the same problem which our English friends have been at for many years, upon whose measurement a vessel can be measured which has but one measurement, consequently would be allowed so much time in a race that there could be but one result.

Perhaps, finally, it may be an advantage, since having tried the known, and failed to produce other than "all round qualities," in the unknown future, we may be more successful in producing something which may challenge the admiration of the yachting world by defeating our now speedy vessels by handicap of measurement.

As to the cutter, the *Volante* I understand to be one of the fastest of the Scandinavian Yacht Club. If the Commodore intends to command during the cruise of that squadron, I advise him always to start the day before. Upon this subject I will only mention a remark by a celebrated English yacht designer upon viewing one of our cutters. His advice was to "lock the designer up; perhaps he may design another." CORINTHIAN.

Feb. 12th.

Woman's Column.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PLAN.

PENNSYLVANIA, February, 1880.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I peruse the *FOREST AND STREAM* each week with interest, and think the editor deserves all the praise we can give him, in publishing a man's paper of so much interest to women and children. Our boys love the bear and fish stories very much; and of course they are going to take *FOREST AND STREAM* when they get to be men.

My experience as a sportsman's wife would be very pleasant if it were not for the dogs, but alas! those beautiful pointers and setters have no charms for me. If the setters would only set still and the pointers keep their heads pointed toward the barn, instead of pointing it in the back door whenever it is left open, I could endure it; in fact I have to say, nay, in the fall our very busy day I was helping prepare dinner, and as it was baking day there happened to be only one loaf of bread—"the last loaf." I laid it out on the shelf, when the next thing that attracted my attention was our "Flora." She had pointed the loaf and was retrieving with it as fast as possible, and only half an hour to dinner. Imagine, if you can, how shilling I must have looked, and with what good grace I prepared more; and as I told my husband of my grievance he only stroked the head of the beautiful animal and said: "Missus ought to have been more careful and not to have left the door open, hadn't she?"

Unlike the most of you girls, I am gun-shy, though I rode several miles the other day with the gun in our cutter. I really hope to be brave enough to try my hand at shooting some day, but should prefer glass balls to birds. I really enjoy seeing my husband shoot, and I think he is a capital shot, and have often tried to get him to challenge Bogardus, which I presume he would do some day. I have never accompanied my husband on his hunting trips, but expect to do so next fall if nothing happens. My husband is a physician.

I ride with him a great deal and enjoy the wild and picturesque scenery of old Pennsylvania very much; in fact, our lives are gliding on very pleasantly, and if wifely good luck happens they will find it, if their husbands are sportsmen; and I try to put up with all their eccentricities; but deliver me from such a trial as Zeala had, keeping a dog under the bed nights. PAULINA.

SOUND ON THE DUCK QUESTION.—The *Northeast* (Md.) *Record* complains, in a recent issue, that Maryland duck shooting is being ruined by the incursion of "an army of sports from all the ends of the earth, who come down here and bang away like mad, spoiling the sport as well as the profit that rightly belongs to the citizens of the State," and the writer calls for a law which shall limit ducking licenses to citizens of the State. It is idle to assume that this is not a question of Maryland sportsmen and professional duck hunters themselves, for no one knows better than they do that the greatest income from the ducking grounds is derived from these so-called "sports" from all the ends of the earth, for, as the *Haute Republican* pertinently observes, the sportsman from abroad cannot go down there "and bang away like mad," unless they charter one of the regularly licensed craft of those waters, or own their own craft, which are governed by the same laws that regulate those of citizens. This editor adds: "Mr. Jos. Bailey (of the well-known firm of jewelers, Phila.), whom we mention by way of illustration, asserts that every pair of ducks he kills on our flats costs him at least \$10, and if he thought that he was doing the slightest possible injury to a single person in *Haute de Grace* he would never shoot another duck in our waters. This, we believe, is the sentiment of the sportsmen who have taken the purpose of shooting ducks, occasionally. In our judgment the gunners of *Haute de Grace* should be united in some course of action. We have laws and legislation enough on the subject—in fact, have too much. The laws as now on the statute books were passed in precisely the shape our gunners desired them, and if its provisions were faithfully carried out there would, no doubt, be more ducks killed and less grumbling."

Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

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To any Person sending us before July 1, 1880, two new subscribers for one year, or four new subscribers for six Months, and Eight Dollars Cash, we will send, in place of commission, any one of the following Articles :

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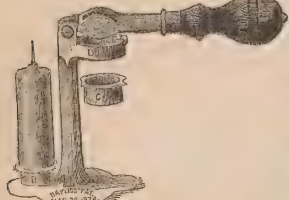
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Any number of dogs, the property of one owner, can run for this stake. The names and pedigree of all the puppies entered will be sent to all the sportsmen's papers for publication. The forfeit money to be added to the stake and divided between the winning dogs in the same ratio or proportion as the stake is divided.

ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 1st, 1880.

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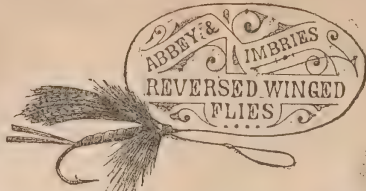
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A RARE CHANCE.—To reduce my kennel, I offer for sale my handsome red Irish setter bitch Kate, 18 months old, staunch as a rock, with capital nose, and a good retriever; humped hind feet. Price \$25. Also two magnificent red Irish bitch pups, two months old; these pups combine the blood of two great champions, Plunkett and York. Price \$10 each. Pedigree furnished. Address CHAS. E. KEAY, Birmingham, N. Y. Feb. 20, 80.

WANTED—I want to have two or three valuable setter and pointer puppies thoroughly broken and trained in quail, woodcock and snipe by an experienced man who lives where this kind of game is plenty. Virginia, Maryland, Delaware or Southern New Jersey preferred. Address with full particulars, including price, references, &c., Mr. H. C., Forest and Stream office, March 4.

FOR SALE.—A beautiful cocker spaniel bitch, in color, liver and white; three months old; imported stock. Price, \$10. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. March.

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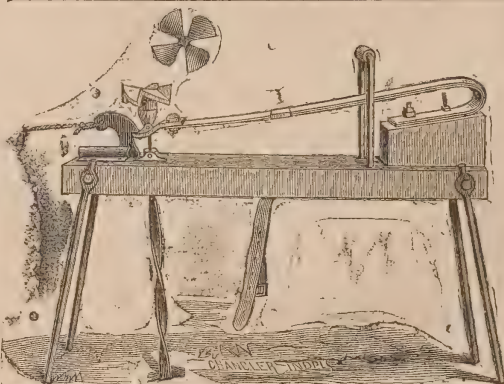
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Bilious sleep,
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Address AUG. BRIDEMEYER, Keeper, College Point, L. I.

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FOR SALE—Red Irish setter pups, whelped Jan. 12th, 1880, out of my Irish setter bitch, Cuba, by A. Guibner's dog Frank. For price, pedigree, etc., address E. P. WHITE, 236 Columbia street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Feb. 23rd.

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Will take a few dogs to board after March 25th, when we move our kennels near Dover, Del.

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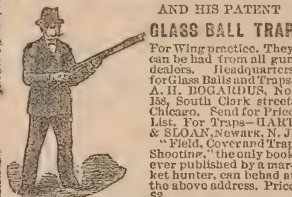
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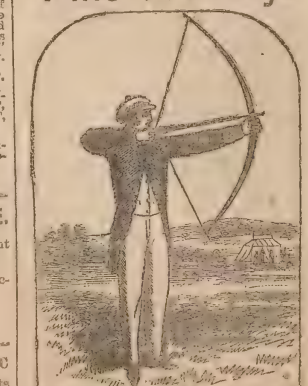
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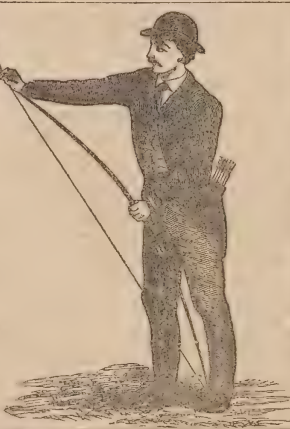
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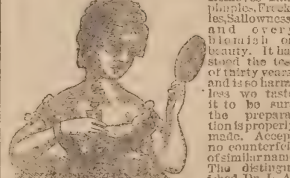


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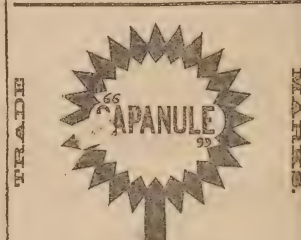
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880.

Volume 14—No. G.
[No. 111 Fulton Street, New York]

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Unfrequented Regions of the Adirondacks.

I WILL endeavor to describe a few localities in the northern portion of the Adirondacks, most of which have been comparatively little frequented by sportsmen from abroad. There are but two roads in the country, running north and south, reaching up into the heart of the Adirondack region. One is from Malone, running directly south to Paul Smith's on St. Regis Lake, and past Meacham Lake; the other from Moira and Brushport, fourteen miles west, running directly south and parallel to the other to Blue Mountain. After going ten miles south there is no road crossing from one to the other, and all the country between the two is an unbroken wilderness. All the parties going in at the northern end of the Adirondacks, or nearly all, have gone in by the Malone road, and of course that portion in the western part of the county has not been nearly as much hunted as the eastern, except in the extreme south end, which has been hunted and fished over by parties fitted out from St. Regis and Saranac Lakes, and by parties coming in by Tupper's Lake. The road that runs south from Moira ends at Blue Mountain, twenty-four miles south of here. It is nearly opposite Meacham Lake on the Malone Road, about fifteen miles west of there and about twenty-five miles northwest from St. Regis Lake, or Paul Smith's house. There is a house there kept by Henry Phelps, with all kinds of accommodation for sportsmen, and charges reasonable—\$1 per day for board, and \$1.50 for guides. He will rig out parties with camping rigs, boats, etc., who wish to go to some of the streams and ponds in the vicinity. The house is large and commodious; he sets a good table, has good beds, and is much better liked than the former proprietor, Merrill, who died a year or so ago. The foot of the Sixteen-mile Level of the St. Regis River is near the house. Boats can run up sixteen miles on this, and it is a splendid place for deer and trout, with a bear occasionally. The localities, which are mostly new, and have been but very little visited, will all have to be reached by way of the Blue Mountain route. Wolf Pond, eight miles southwest from Blue Mountain House, is but very little visited. The upper branches of the Parishville River run close to it and abound in trout, some of a large size, and in any de-

kind of a day one can catch all the trout he can carry. Deer, bears and panthers are to be found there. I was there in June last, and at night the deer would come around the shanty and whistle at all hours; and we frequently heard a catamount scream, and one of the party saw two on the banks of the pond. There is no road in there, only a blazed trail. When I and my party went in, we had Mr. Phelps take our boat and baggage on a jumper—a sort of sled—and part went ahead and cleared the road; the rest stayed by the sled and helped it over logs, and in that way we got along very well. The river there is fifteen to twenty-five yards wide, and there are levels of still water and rapids. The levels have to be fished from a boat.

There is another branch a short distance below, which is smaller, but it is full of trout, and has never been fished by a dozen different persons. I did not go to it, for we got more trout than we wanted where we were close to our camp. There is a very good shanty at the pond, made of logs, with a back roof, with a door and small glass window, belonging to a trapper who traps here in the late fall. All the country west of Blue Mountain is an unbroken wilderness for miles, until you come to the back settlements in St. Lawrence County, and there are several ponds and streams which have no name and are only frequented by trappers and a few still-hunters. Cavanaugh Pond is only three miles from Blue Mountain House and is a great resort for deer and other animals, but it is not much of a place for trout. Many deer were killed there last season by only a few persons hunting. Mr. Phelps keeps a boat there, and has a rough shanty built on its shore. All this country west of the road for eight or ten miles north of Blue Mountain House has never been visited but by very few, if any, sportsmen. It is out of the way of parties coming from the large sporting houses in the eastern section of the Adirondacks, and the only way they can reach it is to come down the St. Regis River, through Sixteen-mile Level, and this would be a trip no guides would like to undertake.

Three miles up the Sixteen-mile Level on the St. Regis River, Quebec Brook empties, and about five miles up the brook is Muddywaska Pond. It is a rough road into it from the river, and a boat has to be carried more than half the way. It is a good long day's tramp to go there from the Blue Mountain House. The pond itself is not much, but there is a level above and below it of about four miles in length each, with deep water and many trout of large size. It is a famous place for deer and other animals. It has been visited by some few from abroad, who went in with guides from McCollom's on the Meacham Road, but few have been in, on account of the distance from any road. I have been there several times and always had good success. At the foot of the lower level there are a few beavers yet, and one is occasionally seen. I have seen birch trees four inches in diameter freshly cut by them; and they were there last season, for a friend of mine saw one while he was fishing at the falls. One was killed two years ago. I have caught many big trout in both the levels, and have heard some that took hook and line from New York City, with them several times. The stream can be fished nicely with a fly from a boat. Parties going in must take a boat in with them, as none are kept there, except by some hunter who hides his boat. I and two others expect to have one there of our own next season. We have one now at Wolf Pond if no one has found it and made away with it.

Four miles below the Blue Mountain House, on the river, is Spring Cove House, at the head of another level; it is owned by Den Smith. He keeps sportsmen and acts as guide himself, and is a good one. He will furnish boats and provisions and everything for camping out, and will go anywhere with parties at a reasonable price. He was up on the Sixteen-mile Level four weeks last season, with two young gentlemen from New York City. He is a good cook and understands all about hunting and fishing. His address is the same as that of Mr. Phelps, St. Regis Falls Post Office, Franklin County, N. Y. Parties going to either had better write a week or so in advance, and if to Mr. Smith he will meet them at St. Regis Falls. His place is some distance off the main road.

About five miles lower down the river is the Humphrey Level, eight to ten miles in length. Several families live there and will take a limited number of boarders. Three or four families live in that vicinity, among whom is old Bill Edwards, who has killed more large game than any one man in the northern part of the Adirondacks. He has killed seven catamounts or panthers, and bears and wolves by dozens. He acts as guide and will go with parties to any locality, but cannot furnish anything but food and dogs. Mr. Dimmick, a resident there, will always accommodate a few boarders at seventy-five cents per day and throw in the use of his boat. It would be a good place for two or three to spend a week or more, who could handle a boat themselves and fish and enjoy the mountain air at a small expense. It is about fifteen miles from here (Moira), and if they wished to go off to any other place they could get Edwards for guide, or some of the others there. There are

several small ponds near there in which trout are quite numerous; besides, good trout-fishing can be had in the river. The East Branch of the St. Regis empties into the Middle Branch near the foot of this level, and along both streams here is a great place for deer. It was on the East Branch, near here, that a party of three killed fourteen deer and a bear in one week November last. Up the East Branch, through its whole length to where it rises in Meacham Lake, is an unbroken wilderness, except one or two small clearings of an acre or two; one at the only place where it runs near a traveled road. That is at the old Sanford & Skinner Saw Mill, at the foot of a level of eight or ten miles. A Mr. Sampson keeps a house here and boats, and has several grown up boys who act as guides; it is a good locality for deer-hunting and trout-fishing also, and is the greatest place for ruffed grouse I know of; in fact they are plenty all over the North Woods clear down to this village.

I have given you a sketch of some of the localities that I know of, where good sport at either hunting or fishing can be had, places I have visited myself. But there is a large portion of the country between the two main roads, which I never visited, and I know of no one who ever did.

The Blue Mountain House is situated in a fine locality, and the view from it is the best of any sporting establishment I ever visited in the mountains. One can look from its door over a tract of country sixty miles in extent. White Face Mountain, in Essex County, is in plain sight, also Deber Mountain beyond Meacham, and the whole chain of mountains in the northeast and St. Regis in the southeast. It is the best place I know of for the sportsman to go to that is easy of access, and to fit out from to go to other localities not much frequented, to camp out, and the cost will not be one half what it would be at St. Regis Lake and other places east and southeast. Of course they have not all the extras to be found at Paul Smith's and other older establishments, but plenty of good food and good beds, with board by the week for \$4.

I go independent of all. I have a tent, boat, sheet-iron stove, etc. I camped seven weeks on the Sixteen-mile Level all alone in August and September last. Took along a sack of flour and all other things and did my own cooking and baking. The whole trip did not cost me over \$15 from home. I killed a great many spruce partridges in September. They are living on berries then and have no bad taste. I caught a great many trout in August with a fly in the many deep spring holes along the level, and gave a great many away to blue berry parties who come in there in August to gather the berries. The first week I was there I heard a catamount scream regularly every morning about 9 o'clock from Rock Mountain, opposite my camp, and shortly after an old hunter gathering spruce gum over there saw him or his mate.

There are one or two places on the Malone Road to St. Regis Lake, where much better hunting and fishing can be had than in the vicinity of the sporting establishments or hotels. McCollom's, about half way between Meacham and St. Regis Lake, is yet a grand good place to go for deer or trout. I was there over a year ago for eight or nine years previous to the last two. Osgood River and Hay's Brook, close by, are good trout streams, and I have caught a trout in each that weighed three pounds, one three pounds two ounces by McCollom's steelyards, and the other measured twenty inches in length. I never fished in Hay's Brook but what I got my basket full of trout. It is the best stream for trout in the hot days in July and August. I know of, as the water is cold on account of the many springs along its banks, and trout run up it from Osgood River and Meacham Lake. (The Osgood River enters into Meacham Lake). There are some large trout in it, but the average run from eight inches to twelve inches in length, with some up to eighteen inches and twenty inches. Muddywaska Pond lies west of McCollom's some eight miles, and a few parties go in this way. Spring Pond, Chain Ponds, Baker Pond and Rice Pond are all within two miles of the house. Mr. McCollom will accommodate a few boarders at from \$1 to \$1.25. He has a large farm, keeps forty or fifty head of cattle, has a large ice house and is a good hunter. Quebec Pond and Folsbury Jr., are six and seven miles southwest of there. They are frequented considerably by parties from St. Regis Lake. On the whole, I consider McCollom's the best place for hunting or fishing on that road. The head of Meacham Lake is only four miles north, and parties wishing to go there will take his boat down, and they can fish and hunt there if they like, as he often does. Meacham Lake affords better sport in my opinion than any of the old sporting establishments, or rather localities, which have had hotels near them for any length of time to accommodate sportsmen. Mr. Fuller has taken considerable pains to keep the lake stocked with young trout, and has a regular hatching establishment of his own. Salmon trout are caught there weighing from twenty-five to thirty pounds in May quite frequently by trolling. Mr. McCollom's address is A. C. McCollom, Duane P. O., Franklin Co., N. Y. Mr. Fuller's is A. R. Fuller, same post office, Ragged Lake, the State Dam on Salmon River; and the Bend on same river above

Titusville, are all good places for game and trout, but being near Malone they are overrun and fished and hunted to death soon after the seasons open, the same as it is in vicinity of St. Regis and other lakes and ponds in that neighborhood. . . . The old Northwest Bay Road, running across the Lower St. Regis district from east to west, or northwest and southeast, is not now in use, only as a foot-path, except at the western end. It was built by the army of the war of 1812, when they went from Crown Point to Lake Ontario, and has grown up with bushes and filled in with fallen trees so as not to be passable with a wagon.

ALBERT CORNISH.

DULLING FOR TROUT.

DURING the summer of 1857 the Rockbridge Alum Springs, in Virginia, were crowded with distinguished visitors from all parts of the South, who came there principally to drink of the health-giving waters. The town of Lexington, seventeen miles distant, always sent its quota on special occasions, such as ball nights, concerts and parties, to the Jordan Springs, ten miles south. Among the many who represented the college town at the springs, and who were sure to be there the latter part of every week, was John Letcher, a member of Congress at that time, and T. J. Jackson, a professor in the Virginia Military Institute. These two gentlemen were constant and steadfast friends then and in the squally days that came after, and their chief amusement while at the "Rock Alum" was derived from the pleasure of jolting ten-pins—a game both gentlemen were very fond of. The alleys were situated on the edge of a creek bearing the name of the springs, and at the bottom of the towering Mill Mountain; and herein honest John Letcher and the modest Professor enjoyed themselves in an innocent way.

The principal hotel in Lexington was kept by a wag named Mann, a jolly good fellow, a prime favorite with the students and most of the townspeople, and always ready to bet on any point there was the slightest dispute about. This latter talent of his was the magnet that drew the young students to Mann's Hotel; and one evening, while a party was sitting in the capacious office, the subject of trout fishing was broached, and as it was well known that Rockbridge Alum Creek, two or three miles above the springs, was alive with those delicate fish, the conversation naturally drifted to that spot, and the men began to tell the stories told in regard to it. Among the many exaggerations, Bill Mann said that he had caught eighty trout in one hour in said creek, and could perform the same feat over again. This was pool-poohed, of course, and resulted in a student offering to bet a dinner for ten that such a fishing feat was impossible, stating that he was willing to lose the wager if Mann would bring back eighty trout, and give him his word and honor that said fish were taken out of the water in the space of an hour. Now, the fact is that Bill Mann never performed what he said he had, but spilling for a bet of some kind, he threw out this proposition as a bait, and getting a bite, was bound in self-defense to try and win.

The following day Bill Mann hitched up his team of trotters, and after a ride of a few hours' duration arrived at the Rock Alum Springs, and after registering, as was his custom, he made a call on Charles Hunt, to whom he revealed the secret of his sudden visit. Hunt vowed that he could not assist him, but advised him to make a call on John Letcher, who was then in the ten-pin alley. Hither Mann repaired, and was greeted on his entrance with a Virginia welcome, and invited to take a part in the game then going on, which he accepted, and during one of the breathing spells between "strikes" and "spaces" Mann told the Congressman of his mission, and asked his assistance and advice in the matter; but John Letcher referred him to T. J. Jackson, saying: "Professor, Bill Mann has come over from Lexington for the purpose of winning a wager by catching eighty trout in one hour, and as you are a devoted follower of Walton, perhaps you may be able to tell him in what part of the creek trout are so plenty that they will nibble at a hook at the rate of eight to the hour."

The modest Professor was very seldom known to laugh; but this speech, coming from his intimate friend Letcher, made him smile, as he never was known to fish, and knew no more about Rock Alum Creek—except that part near the springs, where trout would only live long enough to run the blockade on their way to the James—than a man in New York, for fishing was not his forte; and believing that honest John would not take a job at his expense, he said: "Mr. Mann, as far as my being a disciple of Walton, I give you my word, sir, that I never read his book in my life; but I have stood on the bridge and gazed on the water for many moments, expecting to see one of those silvery trout I have heard so much about in conversation at these springs, and I declare that I've never yet seen one. The nearest approach to a fish that my eyes behold was what I would call a water snake, and if those are the kind of trout you are after I have no doubt but what you will be able to find many, sir."

This was said by Jackson in such a sober way that there was no doubt but what he was in dead earnest, and more especially so as he was not given to joking; but the afterward renowned General was not posted in regard to trout, as the sequel will show.

Sitting in the alley, a quiet inspector of the interesting game, was Mark Lewis, who was thoroughly informed on trout fishing in the creek and the different methods of catching them. Overhearing the conversation, and seeing that the gentleman after trout did not find much consolation or knowledge in that quarter, Mark stepped up, saying: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, and, turning to Bill Mann, continued, 'if you are anxious to get eighty trout in one hour's fishing you can do so, sir; but I request that you continue your game, and this evening, in Charles Hunt's office, you shall know all about the fishing.'"

This voluntary advice from a stranger seemed to be satisfactory to Mr. Mann, and the game of ten-pins went on until nearly dark, when the party went to their respective rooms preparatory to supper.

There was at this time a professional hunter named Hostetter at the springs in a twofold capacity—as a slayer of trained snakes in day time, and as a hunter of bears by night. He was an odd character, who looked upon everything in the light of business; sporting as a pastime was secondary with him, but he knew the favorite haunts of the deer, bears and the trout better than any person in that locality. To him Mark Lewis spoke of the conver-

sation in the alley, and got his promise not to mention his mode of catching trout even if he was engaged by Mr. Mann. While Hostetter and Mark Lewis were biting the end of the last strawberry in their julep, Bill Mann entered, and after an introduction and a few words of explanation in regard to the locality where trout were abundant, an agreement was entered into whereby Bill Mann was to give Hostetter \$10 if eighty trout were caught in one hour. Ten dollars to the hunter was a mountain of wealth, and the next morning he was on hand bright and early. Bill Mann showed himself with a fancy rod, silver reel and a box containing any number of different colored flies in his hands; and at this novel appearance Mark and the hunter naturally smiled; but the secret of their smile they kept to themselves, and as they jogged along up the banks of the creek the witty hunter kept the other two in a state of excitement by his wonderful yarns about trout fishing and hunting the "varmints" that the mountains above were full of. After a walk of two miles they came to a spot where the creek widened into a large pond, or small lake, the water of which was as clear as crystal, and the nimble fish were sporting about as thick as locusts, hiding themselves under the rocks at the near approach of the human step. All around was solitude, the very sky being shut out from view by the thickness of the foliage.

"Here we are, gentlemen," said Hostetter, and innately thereon Mr. Mann commenced to rig the end of his line with a purple fly; but Hostetter ended that amusement by saying: "Put that foolish now-fangled notion away. You came here to get eighty trout in one hour; now I'll save you all that trouble by catching them myself, and to save any dispute, when I enter that water, time me."

Thereupon Mr. Hostetter divested himself of his boots, and, after rolling his pants up as high as possible, took a piece of common twine out of his pocket, and making a running noose on one end entered the silvery pond, saying, "Pull out that watch."

Mark Lewis was not surprised, because he had seen the same operation performed before; but Bill Mann looked on this queer proceeding with eyes and mouth open, wondering what the next act would be. He had not long to wait, for the moment Hostetter entered the water, he ran his left hand in under the rocks, which frightened the fish, making them swim out, and as sure as fate one would get his head in that noose which the hunter held in his right hand, which no sooner done, than "Old Hoss"—as he was affectionately called—would jerk him up and throw him out on the grass, when Mark Lewis attended to the comfort of the victim by placing him in a basket lined with sawdust. This operation was continued with a lightning rapidity, and at last Hostetter, with face covered with perspiration, looked up as if resting himself, and said: "Have you kept tally, Mr. Lewis?"

"I have," answered Mark, "and there are eighty-three in the basket, now." "How is the time?" asked "Hoss," and the answer came back from Bill Mann, "Five seconds to spare."

Getting out of the water Hostetter dried his limbs in the wild grass that was around there in abundance, and, redressing, the party turned their faces toward the hotel. "Old Hoss" carried the basket, and between intervals Bill Mann ventured to ask the term or name of that kind of fishing.

"Dulling, sir; and it is the only safe way of fishing in this creek, for flies they won't touch, and the shade of a rod frightens them."

"Well, I must say," remarked Mr. Mann, "that this style of fishing is expeditious, but a more barbarous proceeding I know not of, for it does not give the trout a fair chance."

"Never mind about that," replied "Hoss," "fishing is no pastime to me; time is, however; and whenever you make another bet of this kind, be sure and go a-dulling."

After a pleasant walk the two miles were covered and the Springs were again reached, where, on the corner, who should be seen standing on the porch of the hotel but Professor Jackson and honest John Letcher. Bill Mann, in his blunt way, sang out: "Come, Professor, and see the snakes."

A second invitation was not necessary, and, when Professor Jackson looked on the innocent darlings in the basket, he exclaimed: "Bless my soul! these are not the kind of fish I saw while standing on the bridge. They are beautiful!"

Bill Mann's wagon was brought before the door, the basket of fish placed under the seat, and, before driving away, he placed the promised note in Hostetter's hand, and the latter in company of Mark Lewis made a call upon the pet snakes in the glass cage, who were found doing so well that another call was made on Charles Hunt, who enjoyed the story how Bill Mann caught the trout.

That night, in Mann's Hotel, Lexington, a party of students sat down to a supper won by Bill, and enjoyed themselves amazingly in listening to his great exploit; but if there are any of said students alive to-day, they know for the first time how those fish were caught.

It is hardly necessary to say that the modest Professor was afterward the celebrated General Jackson's honest John Letcher, who was Governor of Old Virginia; and Bill Mann, Captain of the famous Rockbridge Artillery. Mark Lewis and Hostetter served an apprenticeship, the former as scout and blockade runner, and the latter as sharpshooter under the modest Professor; and as for Charles Hunt, the mixer of delicious jules, he became the mixer of other delicacies while first officer of the Fayette Artillery.

Fishing is as good as ever in Rock Alum Creek, but I hope that the barbarous practice called "dulling" has gone out of fashion.

SPERRY.

Natural History.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

A VERY gratifying evidence of the increasing interest in natural history, so-called, in this country, is the frequency with which we receive inquiries from readers for books of reference to aid them in their studies. Some of these questions come to us in very puzzling shape, and indicate clearly enough that their propounders have very crude ideas as to the scope of the term natural history. It is manifestly impossible to name any single work that will enable the reader to gain an adequate conception of the whole scope of biology. The most that we can do is to give a short list of works which they may profitably use in commencing their studies, and, as they advance in them, to recommend the student to specialists in various departments who may be willing to advise them further. It is an unfortunate fact that very many scientific works are so costly as to be beyond the reach of the average reader, but this cannot be said of most works recently published in this country. Most of the works enumerated below can be obtained from any book-seller, or if not known to the ones applied to, they can at all events be obtained by the intending purchaser by writing to the publisher. Government publications can often be obtained through the Congressman of the district in which the person desiring the book resides.

We have divided the list to make it more easy of reference.

MAMMALS.—Prof. S. F. Baird, "Mammals of North America," "Pacific R. R. Explorations and Surveys," Vol. VIII, 1857, Washington, D. C., Government Printing Office.

Dr. Harrison Allen, "Monograph of Bats of North America," 1864, Philadelphia.

Coues and Allen, "North American Rodentia," 1877, Washington, Government Printing Office.

Coues, "Fur-bearing Animals" (N. A. *Mammalia*), 1877, Washington, Government Printing Office.

Caton, "The Deer and Antelope of North America," 1878, Chicago.

There are other works, some of them illustrated, which are rarer and more costly than those mentioned above, but the student, with the information which he can obtain from any of those cited, will be in a position to select for himself what he wishes further. The books to which we have referred contain, moreover, the latest information that we have on the various groups of which they treat. Interesting papers on mammals are to be found scattered through the various Government Reports and supplementary publications that have been issued in such numbers within the past few years, as well as in the various publications of scientific societies. Turning now to the next class of vertebrates, we find among the literature devoted to

BIRDS.—Baird, Brewer and Ridgway, "History of North American Birds" (3 Vols., including only the "Land Birds," so called), Washington, 1874. (A fourth volume devoted to the "Water Birds" was to have completed this work, but the cost-proving greater than was expected, it has never been issued. We have understood that efforts have been made to print the fourth volume by private subscription, and trust they may be successful.)

Coues, "Key to North American Birds," Naturalist's Agency, Salem, Mass., 1872 (Indispensable to the ornithologist or collector).

Coues, "Birds of the Northwest," 1874, Washington, D. C., Government Printing Office.

Coues, "Birds of the Colorado Valley," part I, Washington, 1878, Government Printing Office.

Cooper, "Ornithology of California," edited by S. F. Baird, Vol. I, "Land Birds," University Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1870. (Only one volume issued.)

It is, of course, hopeless to attempt to enumerate any portion of the special ornithological papers and local lists which have been published, nor is it worth while to refer at length to the well known, but costly, illustrated works like the originals of Audubon, Wilson, Bonaparte, Swainson, Richardson and others. Cheaper editions of most of the latter have been published. Any one who desires further information with regard to this subject can easily satisfy himself by referring to the ornithological bibliography which accompanies Dr. Coues' "Birds of the Colorado Valley."

It is scarcely necessary to say that the literature of reptiles is much less extensive than that of the birds. A few works, however, may be quoted.

REPTILES.—Holbrook, "North American Herpetology," 5 Vols., Philadelphia, 1842. (A superbly illustrated work.)

Beld and Girard, "Catalogue of North American Reptiles," Part I, Serpents, 1858.

Agassiz, "Contributions to the Natural History of North America," Part II, North American Testudinata, 1857.

Cope, "Check List of North American Batrachia and Reptilia," Cope, "Partial Catalogue of the Cold-Blooded Vertebrates of Michigan," 1845.

Many minor papers in Government Reports and elsewhere.

NORTH AMERICAN FISHES.—Jordan, "Manual of Vertebrates," Jansen McClurg & Co., Chicago, 1879. (Contains important bibliography.)

GENERAL ZOOLOGY.—Packard's "Manual of Zoology," New York, Henry Holt & Co., 1870 (Other manuals by Tenney, Nicholson and Orton).

GENERAL ANATOMY.—Owen, "Anatomy of Vertebrates," Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1888. Huxley, "Anatomy of Vertebrate Animals," London, 1871. Huxley, "The Anatomy of Invertebrate Animals," London, 1877; J. A. Churchill, New Burlington street.

OSTEOLOGY.—Plover, "Osteology of the Mammalia," Macmillan & Co., London, 1870. (Also Huxley and Owen on vertebrates above cited).

INSECTS.—Packard, "Guide to the Study of Insects," Salem Naturalist's Agency.

NOTES.—In an interesting article published in the *Auburn Daily Advertiser*, Mr. Frank R. Rathbun, well known to our ornithological readers as one of the authors of a most valuable list of the birds of Central New York, makes a very vigorous attack on the English sparrow. The paper alluded to is in two chapters and is entitled "An Exotic Tramp." In his denunciation of the bird the writer makes use of some rather vigorous English, but it cannot be denied that the subject is one which calls for emphatic language. An interesting feature of the paper is the testimony from the various countries of Europe as to the grain-devouring proclivities of *Passer domesticus*, cited by the writer. Speaking of Algeria, he says:—

"The reports from this country are alarming. In 1877, it is stated, that on one estate alone 200 acres of rye were completely devoured by the sparrows before it was ripe, that not a single corn was harvested; and it was calculated that in a neighboring wood, some 150 acres in extent, there were 284,000 nests."

... The *Yonkers Gazette* of February 14th contains a paper on the same subject by E. P. B., whose initials are so well known to our readers that we presume it is not necessary to fill out the name. The article is written in a very temperate and convincing style, and deals principally with the utter failure of the sparrow to accomplish what was claimed for him on his introduction, that is, the reduction of our insect pests, and with its quarrelsome and noisy habits and the attacks which it makes upon our native birds. The writer refers at length to Dr. Coues' admirable paper on the status of *Passer domesticus* in America, and concludes by demanding that the bird be left to shift for himself and no longer be protected by special legislation or fed and petted above our native birds by kind-hearted and well-meaning but injudicious people. ... Of quite another sort is an appeal printed in the *Quebec Morning Chronicle* and appropriately signed "Cock Sparrow." The writer takes occasion to warn the numerous friends of our innocent little fellow citizens, the sparrows, that the dangerous shriek or howl of the "native bird" is already committing havoc in their feathered ranks. This very afternoon the writer and another gentleman, while standing near the City Hall, were eye-witnesses to a butcher-bird carrying off a poor little sparrow in its talons, high over the houses in St. Louis street, having, it is presumed, pounced upon its prey among the trees between the City Hall and No. 1 First Station. Extirpation should be the order of the day as regards the entire race of these feathered marauders. ... Dr. Paul B. Barringer, in a letter to Dr. Coues printed in the *March Naturalist*, and dated Dallas, N. C., announces the advent of *Passer domesticus* in that State. ... In the February number of the *Naturalist* appeared a most valuable article on The Convolution of the Trachea in the sandhill and whooping cranes, from the pen of our valued correspondent, Mr. T. S. Roberts. The writer gives an admirable description of the course of the trachea in *Grus canadensis*, that of *G. americana* having been already described by Dr. Coues in *FOREST AND STREAM* and in "Birds of the Northwest," and gives excellent figures of the sterna of the two species with the slide removed so as to show the course of the trachea in each. Mr. Roberts' descriptions and figures are so exceedingly suggestive that we cannot but hope that further investigation may give him results which will prove most interesting, if not startling.

SIGNS OF SPRING.—Mr. John H. Sage writes us from Portland, Conn., that *Quiscalus purpureus* appeared there Feb. 26th, and that this is the earliest date of which collectors there have any record. ... From Perth Amboy, N. J., J. L. K. writes, under date of Feb. 27th: "Crow-blackbirds made their first appearance here to-day." ... From Baraboo, Wis., comes the following note, dated Feb. 26th: "A few bluebirds have made their appearance, and also a few flocks of mallards have found their way to the Baraboo River, which is now free from ice." ... We take the following extract from the St. John (N. B.) *Daily Telegraph* of Feb. 27th: "An amateur naturalist informs us that a night or two ago he heard the notes of a woodcock in a rural portion of Portland. This bird usually returns to us in the spring, not before, and his presence here now is most remarkable. It is also noteworthy that we have had robins every morning during the present winter, which are also been heard singing. The red-berries, of which they are so fond, have been very plentiful. ... A short walk in the woods on Saturday, Feb. 28th, revealed the fact that the catkins of the alders are about ready to open, and that the skunk cabbage (*Symplocarpus*) is in bloom. The song sparrows, bluebirds and crow-blackbirds are apparently getting ready to go house-keeping; the buds on the elms are swelling and warm wet spots the grass is becoming green. No doubt we shall have some cold and stormy weather yet, but really spring seems very near at hand."

WINTER WEATHER?—*Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 23d.*—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—I have recently taken great interest in rifle shooting, and therefore have become a reader of your valuable and interesting paper, feeling I cannot become a skillful rifleman without availing myself of its useful and instructive articles upon all sports in general and guns in particular.

In your last issue I noticed an item relating to the mildness of the winter in Iowa. I think I can tell of something more remarkable. On the 30th of last December I was out shooting crows along the Shrewsbury River, New Jersey, in order to test a new double rifle I had just purchased. On crossing a swampy hollow, through which ran a small brook, I came upon a large garter snake swimming in the water. It remained motionless when it saw me, so I shot and killed it. This is the first instance I have known of a land snake taking to water, and that, too, in the middle of winter. On my return I ran upon a little yellow dandelion, growing fresh and bright as in summer, and also saw several bluebirds, which had evidently been deceived by our mild winter, and imagined spring was at hand.

If you deem this worthy of notice, you may make an item of it.

Our correspondent's observations are well worthy of record, and we are glad to print them. That the snake should have been about at such a date was certainly remarkable. There was nothing very surprising, however, in finding it in the water.

The dandelion was scarcely less out of season. It was the last of its race, no doubt. We plucked one in full bloom Feb. 15th, in a hard snow-storm.

ALBINO IN CALIFORNIA.—Nature seems to have played some strange tricks among the feathered tribes this season. Naturalists and dealers note the arrival of many game birds and other species that have exchanged their original plumage for one of white. At one naturalist's several curious birds may be seen. Perhaps the most uncommon is a little green-winged teal which came in a few days ago among a shipment of other birds from up the Sacramento. It is of an ashy color on the back and has a white breast. The green spot on the wing is changed to a dark color. A female widgeon that came in recently from up the San Joaquin River is of a bright chocolate color on the breast, while the back is of an ashen hue. A mutton shot at Borden Island about two months ago is mottled on the back, having white spots scattered through the usual coat of black. The breast is of a bluish cast, with small white feathers intermixed. The crown and sides of the head are blue and white. A pair of valley quail were recently shot by George Elkenratter, of Seaville, San Mateo County, that were white all over the body, with the exception of the markings on the breast, which retained their wonted color. A brown and white salt marsh rail, killed at Alviso a few months ago by a sportsman of this city, is another freak of nature never before heard of, naturalists say. Another is a robin which came in some time ago. This bird is nearly all white with an occasional black feather.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, Feb. 7th.

RALLUS ELEGANS IN CONNECTICUT.—On Sept. 17th, 1879, I secured a fine female *Rallus elegans*, which was killed here in one of our marshes by a gentleman who was shooting.

As the examples of this bird in New England are not many, we think the above worthy of record.

JNO. H. SAGE.

Portland, Conn., Feb. 28th.

Fish Culture.

ACCLIMATIZATION OF WHITEFISH IN NEW ZEALAND.

U. S. COMMISSION, FISH AND FISHERIES, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 4th. }

Editor Forest and Stream.—I send you for publication in *FOREST AND STREAM*, if you think best, the following slip from *The Press*, of Christ Church, New Zealand, of January 10th. This details a very successful experiment in the transmission of white-fish eggs, by Mr. Frank N. Clark, of Northville Mich., and as such should be permanently recorded.

SPENCER F. BAIRD.

The history of the first attempt and failure to introduce American whitefish into New Zealand is well known; but undaunted by the loss of the first consignment, fresh negotiations were entered into by the Government through Mr. R. J. Creighton, of San Francisco, the result being a complete success—that is to say, up to the landing in prime condition of the ova, which arrived by the last California mail. The boxes containing the ova arrived in Auckland by the steamer *Albatross*. They were taken at once transhipped to the *Bimac* by Mr. Firth of that city and arrived in Lyttelton early on Saturday morning. A list of the various places in the colony and the quantity of eggs assigned to each, has already been published, and the box which Mr. S. C. Farr received on behalf of the Canterbury Acclimatization Society, contained approximately 300,000, but the number will be diminished from unavoidable causes in the course of about five per cent. By the kindness of Mr. Conyers, Mr. Farr went down to Lyttelton on Saturday morning by special train, accompanied by the Society's curator and game-keeper, and brought the consignment up to the gardens. No time was then lost in unpacking them. Thanks to the careful manner in which they were packed by Mr. Clark, the ova arrived in splendid condition. They were contained in five smaller boxes and in two larger ones, each box having at the bottom a bed of soft moss, and over the moss was laid a piece of white screen. Upon this the eggs were laid, the greatest care being taken to prevent the eggs overlapping one another. Over the lower layer of eggs was placed another piece of screen, and over that another bed of moss. The outer chest into which the five smaller boxes were fitted, and which was made expressly for the purpose, was constructed with false sides and bottom, the

spaces between being packed closely with sawdust. All the interstices between the small boxes and the sides of the chest were packed with ice, thus preserving the same temperature throughout the journey. Further protection was given by means of thick felt at the top and bottom of the chest. The small percentage of loss was due to the moss falling through in some places, which occasioned pressure on some of the ova. The greatest loss was lost in placing the ova into the hatching boxes, the water, by means of ice being brought to a temperature of 52 degrees. All the damaged eggs were picked out. Dr. Hector visited the gardens and took great interest in the proceedings. He expressed himself warmly to Mr. Farr on the excellent arrangements generally, which he said he would communicate to the Government. So far there is no room for doubt as to the ultimate success of the experiment, at least in Canterbury, and if the other societies who share in the general distribution of the ova are equally careful, the colony generally will be enriched by a most valuable addition to their varieties of fish. Under ordinary circumstances two months would probably elapse before the eggs would be hatched out, but this time will in all likelihood be considerably shortened the water in the hatching boxes being at a higher temperature than that in which the ova were brought from America, the conditions are more favorable for an early development of the young fish. The greater proportion, when sufficiently matured for distribution, will be placed in Lake Coleridge. Mr. Johnson, of Opawa, also received a case of the ova, which arrived in equally good condition. This parcel was brought through by the 6.50 train from Lyttelton, thick rubber blocks being placed under the chest, to lessen the injury from vibration. An additional box also arrived in the same chest, to Mr. Johnson's private order from America.

The colony, in the first place, is greatly indebted to the knowledge and experience of Mr. Clark, of Northville, Mich., who collected and packed the ova, for their safe arrival in New Zealand, and secondly to Mr. R. J. Creighton, of San Francisco, who from the first has shown a keen interest in the success of the experiment.

LIVER-FED FISH.

WE scarcely find a paper in which something is not said of liver-fed fish; and from the general tenor of numerous contributions one would be led to suppose that fish fed on this aliment were not only inferior in quality, but that they were actually flavored with the essence of liver. How frequently we read of the glorious troutings tours by which the participants were enabled to regale themselves on the wild, toothsome brook trout, taken fresh from the limpid waters of the purring brook. So far, very good. Undoubtedly this magnificent little fish can be eaten with relish at all times, and more especially so after exercise in the pure, free, open air. But when, added to all this, I am informed that these native denizens are superior to their cultivated brethren on account of their freedom from the taste of the everlasting liver on which the latter are continually fed, I am led to be permitted to enter my protest. And right here the thought suggests itself. Is not all this assumed difference in the taste of the wild and cultivated fish a mere matter of imagination, suggested from the fact that it is generally known that pisciculturists usually feed their fish on liver? Who is there actually engaged in practical pisciculture that has not, by reason of their frequent handling of liver in dressing, learned to abhor it as an article of food for themselves, no matter how fond they have been of it in the past? Certainly the actual taste of liver has not changed, but the change is only mental. As illustrative of the imagination in producing liver tastes, I will give an incident related to me by Mr. B. F. Shaw, our State Fish Commissioner. It is as follows:—

A valetudinarian and her daughter were staying at the resort of Mr. H. E. Doussan, near a trout-culturist, at Waterville, Wis., where she hoped to regain her health by obtaining the pure country air and feasting on brook trout. For some time the trout were eaten with a keen relish, and the lady was in no way sparing of her praise of their excellent flavor. But unfortunately, after the lapse of some little time, she chanced to read some newspaper, stating how cultivated fish were fed on liver to such an extent that they actually tasted of it. This was too much; she began at once to see that the fish which she formerly relished so much had a liver taste, and began to long for the native trout, which had not thus become contaminated by the skill of man. She made her wants known to Mr. Doussan, who informed her that native trout in that vicinity were quite abundant, and she wished he would take pleasure in substituting them for the cultivated, for which the mother expressed many thanks, and at once relieved her mind from all further thoughts of liver. The native trout were promptly furnished and in course of preparation for the table, when the daughter laughingly entered the kitchen with some of those horrid liver-fed trout, declaring that the cultivated fish were excellent, that she never tasted any liver about them, and that she was determined to ascertain if it was not a mere whim of the mother's. She accordingly prepared both kinds of fish for the table, bringing her mother first the cultivated fish, saying, "Here, mother, are some of your native fish." The mother, after tasting them, said, "There, that tastes like fish; there is no liver taste about this." After finishing these fish with a keen relish, the daughter brought in the native fish, saying, "Here, mother, are some of the liver-fed fish, and see if you can find any difference." The mother, after tasting them, said, "O dear, take them away; I can't bear them; they do taste so of liver." I presume it is unnecessary to state that the old lady left the place soon after discovering her mistake.

In the writer's opinion, many of those persons who can so readily discern the taste of liver in fish, do not discover some disagreeable taste in *Lamellibranchia*, such as oysters, clams, etc., did they know that these were organized creatures, with alimentary canals, stomach, etc., as would also be the case with the native fish, were these parties intimately acquainted with the food consumed by them in their native waters. But let us inquire why should fish fed on liver taste any more of their food than those which are fed on any other food? Is there any substance? There is nothing in good, fresh liver which, when taken into the stomach, generates deleterious gases,

to be absorbed by the membrane of the intestines, and thus carried by means of the absorbents into the blood. The liver is a lobulated gland, and each lobule has its veins, arteries, capillaries, nerves and absorbents. Being thus organized, it has the same means of building its substance and carrying off the impurities as the muscular fiber and other portions of the body. But, it may be said, the liver is that gland by which the bile is secreted, and may not that affect its food qualities? Why should it? Is not this very bile absolutely necessary to digestion? And again, how is this bile secreted? It is from the venous blood, and carried to the gall bladder, which forms its reservoir, which is not used as feed. In chylefication no substances are combined, and thus absorbed into the system, excepting those that are necessary for its sustenance (unless it should be gases); those that are not thus necessary are passed off as the fecal discharge. Hence, in determining the quality of food for a given animal, we must consider its natural food, as to whether it is vegetable or animal, and what ingredients are necessary for its sustenance, as albumen, fibrine, sugar, etc. Now, it has been ascertained by analysis that liver contains albumen, fibrine and casin, and that it elaborates from the blood liver sugar, all of which makes it a most excellent paladium. Of course I do not mean to be understood as advocating liver as the sole food to be used. I believe in a variety of food, but I contend it should be that, principally used, and that there is no article of food that will produce a greater growth or fish of finer flavor. I believe I may take it as conceded that fish fed on liver grow more rapidly than any other. If true, then it follows that the fish must be of fine flavor. Why not? The food is wholesome. Inhabiting clear, cold water, the flesh is firm. The growth being rapid, the fish is fat. The curd small portions of fatty matter between the flakes of the flesh is well developed, and I ask how can your fish be other than of fine flavor?

W. M. A. MYNSTER.

AMERICAN FISH CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—The ninth annual meeting of the American Fish Cultural Association will be held at the Directors' room of the Fulton Market Fishmongers' Association on the 30th and 31st of March.

The scope of the association has gradually widened. At first it owed its support to trout-risers only, and formed a protective union; to-day it embraces all questions relating to our fish and fisheries, both sea and inland, whether of their culture, preservation, habits, or capture for profit and pleasure, and it has now a membership of over two hundred, comprised of naturalists, fish culturists, fish dealers, fish commissioners and anglers—all of whom are directly or indirectly interested in increasing the fish resources of the country, either by scientific study or practical experiment.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MARCH.

SOUTHERN WATERS.

Pompano, *Trachinotus carolinus*.
Drum (two species), Family
Sciaenidae.
Kingfish, *Menticorpus nebulosus*.
Sea Bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.
Sheepshead, *Acanthurus probato-*
cephalus.
M. pallidus.

Snapper, *Lutjanus blackfordii*.

(Groupers, *Epinephelus nigritus*.
Tautog, *Urophycis bass*, *utrophycis*
atavicus.
Striped Bass, or Rockfish, *Morone saxatilis*.
Tautog, *Urophycis*.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides*.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County, means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its season; Fish and its season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

FREE FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.—The following list of lucky fishing days is given to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM confidentially and free of charge. To all others the Canadian genius who invented it makes a charge of twenty-five cents. He claims, too, that the prediction is well worth the modest price asked for it. All the men who observed his dates last year, now testify to the reliability of the predictions. This year the lucky fishing days will be as follows, water and weather being favorable:—

March 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th; April 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th; May 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 30th, 31st; June 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 28th, 29th, 30th; July 1st, 2d, 3d, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st; Aug. 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th; Sept. 15th, 16th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th; Oct. 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22d; Nov. 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 17th; Dec. 11th, 12th, 14th.

VERMONT—Sheldon, Feb. 26th.—A few years ago this place was noted for its mineral springs, and still further back as a country abounding in fish and game, but now its glories have nearly departed. Its mineral waters are mostly used for washing purposes. Nearly as good as rain water, old women say. Small speckled trout are to be found in the brooks a few miles back in the interior. The creek which runs through the village now furnishes only pickers fish, but it is supposed to have something better as one of our local sportsmen, Mr. Henry Casseau has made an attempt to stock it with black bass and perch. Franklin Pond, a body of water some three miles by one mile in size, is situated a few miles northeast from here, and at certain seasons of the year gives good sport to the bass-fisher, and good sport the year round to the perch-snapper. A beautiful body of water called Fairfield Pond (Silver Lake) lies a couple of miles southwest from this village. These waters contain speckled trout and land-locked salmon. Its waters are well adapted for these fish, and if protected against pot-hunters, who sweep the spawning beds, it would afford as much or more sport to the scientific fly-fisher than any other body of water of the same size (3½ miles) in the State.

STANSTRAD.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Duxbury, March 1st.—The fishing here in proper season is for cod, smelt, black-cod, perch, fresh and salt water; tautog, trout, pickerel, catfish or horn put, lobsters and the renowned Duxbury clam.

GROUSE.

ONONDAGA FISHING CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Onondaga County Fishing Club, of Syracuse, N. Y., was held last Thursday evening. The old officers were re-elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, Reuben Wood; Vice President, Alexander H. Davis; Secretary, F. S. Wicks; Treasurer, W. C. Anderson. The executive committee of five was also re-elected.

The club resolved to procure young trout from the State hatchery for the purpose of stocking the waters of Onondaga Creek, at an expense not to exceed \$20, the fish to be deposited in the creek under the direction of the executive committee. The club's appropriation for stocking Onondaga Creek is sufficient to secure 30,000 young fry. The efforts of the Association in this direction will be highly appreciated by all who enjoy angling. During the meeting an extract was read from the proceedings of the Onondaga County Fish Club, recommending the work done by the Onondaga Fishing Club in protecting the waters of this county.

TENNESSEE.—Savannah, March 2d.—Our fishing season began last week by a couple of early anglers taking twelve fine bass. They reported the fish sluggish and not inclined to feed. Since then we have had heavy rains, and the streams are full and muddy, preventing fishing. I heard recently of a small fish, unlike any other before seen there, being caught in Buffalo River last month, which was believed to be one of the California salmon put in that stream last March. It measured some four or more inches in length, and was caught on a hook by a "perch fisherman." After being carefully examined it was restored to the stream.

WILL.

MICHIGAN.—Traverse City, March 2d.—Traverse City is fast becoming one of the most popular of summer resorts. Easy of access, both by land and water, it is a place that is the joy of the heart of any sporting man. Here, in their season, you will find deer, rabbit, foxes; brook trout by the million, Mackinaw trout in the bay, black bass in the inland lakes, quantities of pike, and, in fact, almost anything that will help to kill time for the sportsman. Fine hotel accommodations at the Park Place at a very reasonable rate.

FRED.

NEBRASKA BASS FISHING.—Omaha.—I give the first bass caught in Nebraska in 1880 of sufficient size to justify publication. It was taken on the 25th inst., sixteen miles north of this city, and was weighed on the day following on a Fairbanks' counter scales in the presence of several other persons and brought the scales down at six and a half pounds plus. This fish, *Micropterus salmoides*, is the largest one the writer has ever seen, and no doubt the largest ever taken in Nebraska. If a larger one is taken during the year I hope it will be reported to the FOREST AND STREAM.

BOB WHITE.

THE MUSKOKA LAKE COUNTRY.

I would invite every one that could spare the time to try the Muskoka country, Ontario, where fishing and shooting, in their seasons, cannot be excelled. For speckled trout fishing, the South Branch of the Muskoka is A1. The head waters of the Magnetawan River are hard to beat for the speckled beauties, and the Naminatong or South River will hold its own with any of them. Then for muskies, the Muskosh and Moon rivers are first-class, and I can safely say that French River cannot be beaten for muskies, pike and black-cod; and lakes Rosseau, Joseph, Spider, Turtle and Manitowaba, and the hundreds of other smaller lakes cannot be touched in the whole Laurentian country for black bass fishing. In the autumn deer are plentiful, partridge are found everywhere. Moose are killed in the vicinity of Lake Nipissing in good numbers, also wild geese and ducks.

The routes to reach these sections are as follows: Leave Toronto per Northern Railway to Gravenhurst, thence by steamer to Bracebridge, and then by stage fourteen miles to Baysville, on Trilling Lake, for trout fishing on the South Muskoka and North rivers.

For muskies fishing on the Muskosh and Moon rivers, take the steamer from Gravenhurst to Bala. For bass fishing on Lake Rosseau, Joseph and Turtle, take steamer from Gravenhurst to "Pratt's" for trout fishing on the Magnetawan and the Naminatong, or South River, take stage from Pratt's to Magnetawan Village thirty-seven miles, and for South River, stage it twenty-four miles further north to Commodore. For bass fishing on Spider and Manitowaba lakes, take stage from Pratt's to Parry Sound, twenty-four miles; and for French River, take steamer from Parry Sound to French River. And if the sportsman is not too thin-skinned, while the black flies and mosquitoes are browsing around, he will enjoy himself immensely, as hundreds have done before him. Guides and canoes can be had at all the different places mentioned. Any person or party wishing for further information, I will be willing and ready to give it.

Parry Sound, Ont., Feb. 27th.

MCGUFFIN.

THE MUSKOKA LAKES.—Quebec, Feb. 20th.—Editor Forest and Stream.—A very pleasant summer trip can be made at very small expense to the back lakes of Muskoka from almost any part of the Northern States. This country is as yet virgin forest, broken by mountains and dotted with small lakes from the size of a fish pond to some of miles in area. All these lakes are full of gray snail trout from three to nine pounds in weight. The lake of the genuine *Salmo fontinalis*, which, allow me to say, is not a poor liver-fed specimen of his race, but splendid, game fellows; many of them will tackle a balance of five pounds draught. I myself have caught them of this weight several times, and trout from one to three pounds, and so plentiful that they cease to be sport after a time. The route: Go to Toronto, take the Northern Railway to Bracebridge, and from there, including a steamer during latter part of journey (time, seven hours); go from Bracebridge to Baysville, distance twenty miles by wagon, fare according to number of party, average price \$1; take boat to Phillips, at head of lake, fare about same; then get Allen, or Alven Phillips, to guide. They are both first-class men, and know all the country for 150 miles around.

They are hunters and trappers by business, and also make canoe, huckles, maple, etc. Average price for three weeks about \$30 each for party of, say three, not counting fare to Toronto, from point of starting. For a larger party the expense is proportionately less. Of course this amount only covers the necessities; it can be made larger at the option of the parties going. Best time from 15th May to 15th July.

AU SAULE.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S LANDING, ONTARIO.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S Landing is situated on the north shore of Lake Superior (20 miles northeast of Duluth), in the District of Algona and Province of Ontario, Dominion of Canada. It is within eighty miles by water of Nipigon River, the celebrated trout grounds, and may be reached from Duluth by the steamers of the Collingwood or Sarala Lines, two boats of each line leaving Duluth every week during the season of navigation; or the traveler may come by the same lines from either Sarala or Collingwood—these places being reached, the former by the Grand Trunk and Great Western railways of Canada, the latter by the Northern and Hamilton and Northwestern railways of Canada.

There are two first-class hotels at Prince Arthur's Landing, viz: "The Queens," James Flaherty, proprietor, and "The Pacific," John P. Vignat, proprietor. Board from \$1.50 to \$2 per day; reduced rates by the week or month. Sail-boat and wagon may be had for \$30 per day. In addition there are three steamers which may be chartered at from \$15 to \$30 per day, to convey tourists to Nipigon and the outstanding trout streams, of which there are—Carp River, fourteen miles south of Prince Arthur's Landing; Mackenzie River, fourteen miles northeast, and Glendie River, twenty-five miles in the same direction from here, while McVie's Creek empties into the bay in the outskirts of the town, and Current River, two miles from here. On the latter streams good trout may be had by the week or month, then two to three miles. Another creek crosses a colonization road (the Dawson Route) six miles out, and still another river (Needling) crosses the Oliver town ship road six miles out. The latter stream has hardly ever been fished, owing to there being no access to the same till last fall, when the road was built. Of all these streams Carp River is probably the finest fishing, the largest fish having been caught—a four-pounder (trout) being no uncommon occurrence. No licenses are required to fish any of these streams. The trout season may begin in Sept. 1st. Good sport trolling for pickered and pike of large size may be had at any time in the Kaministiquia, three miles from here; while from Sept. 1st to Oct. 1st any quantity of salmon trout may be caught trolling in the bay adjoining and in Thunder Bay.

Partridge and duck shooting may be had, but to a limited extent, from Sept. 1st on to close of navigation; and during winter months curious shooting is to be had within twenty miles. But unfortunately we are almost inaccessible after navigation closes, as we have no railway until the Canadian Pacific is finished will be in three years.

I need not speak of Nipigon, which is already so well known to the numerous readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but I would say this word of warning to those going there, viz:—Never buy ticket to Nipigon, for the steamers seldom call there, although so advertised. The sportsman's best plan is to purchase a ticket to Prince Arthur's Landing only, and if he decides on going to Nipigon to charter one of the steamers or a sail-boat and go from there. There are, however, numerous disappointments as the probability of being carried all around Lake Superior before being landed at Nipigon, if at all.

Provisions and supplies of all kinds, including tents, may be purchased here, but sportsmen would do well to bring their own tackle, as the supply of rods, hooks and lines would not satisfy veteran or even a scientific fisherman.

Indians and canoes may be had in abundance, there being an Indian settlement of 200 six miles from here. Any questions will be cheerfully answered by enclosing a stamp to me at Prince Arthur's Landing, Thunder Bay, Ontario.

GEORGE T. MARKS.

VARNISHED FLY-RODS AND CASTING SIDEWAYS.—Francis Francis is deserving of attention when he talks about the practical art of fly-fishing, and we accordingly reproduce from our English contemporary the following hints:—

I have often pondered on the subject of varnished fly-rods, and wondered why we tamely submit ourselves to the tyranny of tackle-makers on such a matter. Who has not seen the flash of a rod half a mile away? And who has not seen an astonishing thing as a flash of this kind is projected at the water? Any angler who does not fly with ammunition and even to the perception of so shy a creature as a downy old Hampshire trout, is hardly to be expected. What angler of any experience has not often seen trout bolt in a sudden scare up under some weed, or bank when he has essayed to cast for them, where probably they may have been rising rapidly, just previously. And cannot the scare very well be traced, or imputed, to this cause? Any angler who is anxious to catch the eye of fish, than a black mahogany-colored fly, a cream-colored fly, or a fly of any other color, is hardly to be expected. 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against the sky or cloud? I mean to try something of this sort, but I should like to try that which has the best chance of success.

FRANCIS FRANCIS.

SALMON-POISONED DOGS.—*Portland, Oregon, Feb. 12th.*—In a recent issue of your valuable paper you published an article from your *Corvallis* correspondent in relation to salmon-poisoning of dogs. The writer stated correctly and plainly this strange disease, or rather affection; but in a later article he writes among other interesting allusions to his former article, that he does not know of a case of poisoning by salmon or mountain trout. I have seen such a case, which resulted fatally to the dog affected, but it was from the entrails of the salmon trout. The circumstances are as follows: While fishing in company with a friend in M. Creek, about thirty miles from this city, we caught quite a number of fine salmon trout, and when we returned to the house where we made our headquarters, we cleaned our fish preparatory to packing them in our crates for transportation home; while we were thus engaged, a large and fine-looking deer-hound would come up occasionally and after smelling around a bit, would swallow the offal of as many fish as we had cleaned at the time; he took in all of the entrails of eight or ten of the fish, and then his appetite for them seemed to be satiated. The next morning he seemed unwell, and by noon he was continually coughing and retching, caused, I suppose, by an acute inflammation or irritation of the lining membranes of the oesophagus; his nose was hot and feverish, at times he would drink water with apparent relish, but would soon vomit it up, together with a small quantity of bile, enough to give to the matter thus thrown up the characteristic yellowish color of the above mentioned secretion, and showing conclusively that the digestive apparatus was out of order and one of the causes of the sickness. By evening he was in much distress, his eyes looked sunken and haggard, his coat was ruffled and had lost its gloss, and he began to look emaciated, although in good condition when he partook of the offal, which, by the way, he could not have taken because of any great degree of hunger, as he was well cared for and used more as a watch-dog than as a hunter. As I returned to my home the following morning I was unable to watch the progress of the case, but learned that the dog died three days after I left. I had seen many cases of salmon sickness, and lost two dogs from it myself; one of them a setter eighteen months old, and the other an Esquimaux or Kamschatka dog whose exclusive diet almost was fish—chubs and suckers—which I would catch for him, but when it came to salmon, which I fed him supposing of course that it would not affect a dog who lived, as it were, on fish, he went the way of all good dogs.

MULTINOMAH.

The *Pacific Life*, speaking of this salmon sickness, says that the hunters of California and Oregon prevent the trouble by feeding salmon to nursing puppies, and it does them no harm to eat the fish afterward.

A BOAT IN THREE HOURS.

PUEBLO, Feb. 27th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

As some of your readers may not have the money to spare to buy, or the conveniences to build a boat, I will describe how, without money, I made one of the best cloth boats I ever saw. I had recently returned from the Upper Missouri and had often been in a "bull-boat," made from the green hide of a buffalo. I lived near some splendid ponds abounding in trout and other fish, and had neither money nor cedar. I found some good hog-head hoops, I selected the best one, and then taking two strips of board fastened them to the keel hoop, which had been opened out so as to form a backbone, bow and stern, to keep it upright. I then got about thirty good barrel hoops and tied them all along with stout thread to the keel hoop, and two more hoghead hoops, which were tied one end of each to an end of the keel hoop, and then bringing the other ends round tied them to the other end of the keel—this made the side or rail. The ends or tops of the barrel hoops were next tied to these rail hoops. This produced a skeleton complete and it looked first-rate. I then pasted some old newspapers together and laid them on the skeleton to get a good pattern, and cut some heavy twilled bed-ticking to it and had it sewed together. This cover was put on and over the frame, and with some old paint I gave it a good thick coat and allowed it to dry in my boat. Thus in three hours, from the time the keel was laid, my boat was completed. The same afternoon I made my paddles, and next morning, although the paint was not dry, I could wait no longer, but, taking it upon my shoulders, was away for trout. I was out in less than an hour, and my first string of trout I caught with it. I used that boat about two years, and sold it to a couple of fellows for three dollars.

G. F. W.

The Kennel.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

TWYFORD, Berks, England, February.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

As I write, though February is well begun, King Winter rules us with his first snow as ever. Water freezes fifty times a day in the kennels, and it is impossible to wash a dog without endangering his life. But for long-coated dogs the daily use of a wide-toothed brush and a metallic comb serves every useful purpose, so long as they get plenty of exercise.

There are, of course, no dog shows of importance at this season in this country, and men are filling up their last winter time by squabbling in the sporting press and pulling each other's dogs to pieces. There is some very hard hitting too, I assure you, for he that is "gentle or simple," none fight with such vim and maliciousness as men of the canine world.

In your impression of Jan. 15th I find a Mr. G., Flushing, L. I., requesting information about a puppy (pointer) with crooked legs. Of course, as you presume, he has been kenneling in a barrow, and trying up his puppy, the legs will have become mechanically crooked. On the other hand, the crookedness may be due to a ricketty condition of the bones. This would, in a sporting puppy, hardly admit of a cure, and the quickest plan to get rid of the disorder would be to destroy the dog. Here are a few facts I have gained by experience: 1. The disease is

most common in high-bred dogs. 2. And in those that have been much bred in-and-in. 3. Cold is often an exciting cause, and especially the cold of a damp kennel. 4. Bone meal and Parrish's chemical food given to the bitch while carrying the pups is a preventive. 5. The treatment consists of plenty of good food, with bone meal in it, iron tonics, cod-liver oil, lime-water and milk, exercise, pure air and friction to the limbs.

In the same journal W. J. P., of Danbury, says his dogs have distemper; that they have inflamed throats, drooping of the jaw, and die in a few hours. This sounds terribly suspicious, for the symptoms W. J. P. names point to dumb rabies in some form. Danbury vets should see to it. I see you prescribe chlorate of potash in the earlier stage of distemper. I'm glad of this, for I myself have found this salt, in conjunction with a little of the bicarbonate and the nitrate of potash, almost a specific if taken, or rather given in time.

I should have mentioned that bone meal is nothing more or less than fresh bones—not tooth-brush handles—well pulverized. I believe I was the first to suggest its use in this country, and it is now generally employed as a natural adjunct to dogs' food. Spratt's firm make it here.

By the way, I have heard a deal more about the new German biscuit farce—"Macdonia plus" or German professor." The story is amusing, and if you'll grant me a corner in your next or next, I'll give it. Meanwhile, I may tell you the English public have not been gulled by this wonderful "cheap food for dogs." May the Lord keep it far away from my kennels, but send me Spratt galore.

I read with great interest an article of yours on bear-dogs. I am full of the writer's opinion when he says the Scotch terriers would make admirable bear-dogs for your canebreakers. I have no knowledge of bear-hunting in the States, but having been out in Greenland for a year or two I have enjoyed some splendid sport with the great Arctic, or Polar bear. He is probably three times as large and at least as fierce as any grizzly I ever read of. But I do not think of shipping any large breed of dog on him. The following account of a bear-hound called Brick is taken from my last book entitled "Ladies' Dogs." It may be of interest to you:—

"Perhaps you never heard of a breed of dog called the Greenland bear-hound. Be it mine to enlighten you. Brick was the most useful dog, either on the ship or on the ice, that I ever met with. He wasn't by any means a large dog. As far as I can recollect, he appeared to be a breed between a large slyke and a Russian retriever. From this you can form some notion of his size, his shaggy coat, his gamesomeness, his pluck and his swimming powers. But it was on the ice after all that Brick showed to the greatest advantage, and fully proved his claim to the rather high-sounding title of bear-hound. Brick had been so often to Greenland that he seemed to know all about everything connected therewith. When his master, rifle in hand and fully equipped, came on deck, Brick jumped at once on to the capstan, and thence sprang upon the doctor's shoulders, and so got safely and scientifically over the side.

"Brick enjoyed the sealing, even when there were no bears about, but at the heels of Bruin, Brick was quite in his element. The skipper assured me that by this dog's agency and his own I can bear at least were bagged every year; and before this voyage was over I had ample opportunity of seeing that this statement was in no way exaggerated.

"A large dog would have had no chance with a Greenland bear—not the largest dog that ever walked on four legs; for any dog of large breed would instantly close with the bear, and be torn to pieces in a few seconds. But Brick knew a trick worth two of that.

"When this dog saw a bear upon the ice he at once gave the alarm, and then went after the enemy like a streak of greased lightning." And here was Brick's method of bear-hunting. When Bruin ran, Brick bit Bruin's heels. Bruin, enraged, wheeled round to demolish Brick. Brick laughed in Bruin's face, keeping out of the way all the same, so Bruin lost precious time, and the guns got in.

And not to conclude this short letter by mentioning another matter. The dogs I have sent out to the States have given great satisfaction. This gratifies me much. In numbers they have been few, in quality good. The seeing of a dog fairly started causes me no small anxiety, expense and trouble. Were I less sensitive in mind I might avoid this by starting the animals from my own stables. King Charles, I feel, but terriers so like that I wouldn't sleep for a week. So I make the journey (thirty-three miles) to London the day previous to the vessel's sailing, cab it over the city, and train it next morning to the docks. Then there is the butcher—not only to pay, but often to bribe. I also never fail to make friends with some kind-hearted passenger, who, as a rule, promises delightfully to look after the export. Having seen the ship off, I've done all I can. But I often wish I were going along with it. And so I have promised myself in June or July a little run to New York, Baltimore, etc., to see how dog matters stand in the States. This is a chance I think your readers who may wish good pedigree dogs should not miss. The dogs I really can get good for them at reasonable prices are as follows: English, Blenheim, King Charles, I feel, but terriers (either border or highland), collies (the most fashionable dogs in England), dachshunds, terriers (any kind), mastiffs, St. Bernards (they are high-priced, though), Newfoundland, retrievers, pugs, monster Danes, pointers and setters. I don't advise anyone to import. Cocker is very difficult to get. Deer-hounds, fox-hounds and blood-hounds are procurable, but certainly not cheap. Any information wanted I shall be glad to give.

GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N.

TWO ANECDOTES ABOUT COLLEY DOGS.—Over forty years ago there was a delightfully illustrated book published in London by Edward Jesse, author of "Gleanings in Natural History," from which we reproduce the following accounts of the wonderful instinct of the now fashionable colley dog:—

The owner of a sheep dog having been hanged some years ago for sheep-stealing, the following fact among others respecting the dog was authenticated by evidence on his trial. When the man intended to steal any sheep he did not do it himself, but directed the dog to do it.

business. With this view, under pretence of looking at the sheep with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with the dog at his heels, to whom he secretly gave a signal so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of ten or twenty out of a flock of some hundreds. He then went away, and, at a distance of several miles, sent back the dog by himself in the night time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock and drove them before him by himself till he overtook his master, to whom he relinquished them.

These creatures perform such acts on the Scottish mountains in regard to the guidance and direction of flocks that they are utterly incredible without being seen, and nearly incredible when they are. The waving of a shepherd's arm at a distance far beyond the sound of voice is sufficient to regulate all their movements; and you may see them a mile or two off, on top of the hills, obeying every gesture of their master, pointing out various and complex operations. Mr. Jesse affirms that he saw a colley once in Perthshire taking a flock of sheep to Falkirk Tryst or Fair; and as the road was dusty he chose to indulge his charge occasionally with a bit of green walk and nibble. To accomplish this, where he observed a gap in a hedge he bounded into the field and ran on to the far extremity of the route; if he found an opening there he returned and drove the sheep into the pasture to pick up a little on their way; if not, he occupied the gap and resolutely denied them entrance, driving them, with barking, along the turnpike road.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—In addition to the names of the railroad companies given last week, letters have been received from the following roads, saying that they will carry dogs free to and from the show, to be accompanied by their owners: Great Western R. R. of Canada, Wm. C. Edgar, Gen. Pass. Agent.

New Jersey Midland R. R., J. C. Anderson, Gen. Pass. Agent.
Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific R. R., H. C. Townsend, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Canada Southern R. R., Frank E. Snow, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, G. A. Daddam, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Grand Trunk R. R. of Canada, W. Wainwright, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Atlantic and Great Western R. R., W. B. Shattuc, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Old Colony R. R., J. Sprague, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Old Colony Steamboat Co., G. L. Conner, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Providence and Stonington Steamship Co., L. W. Filkins, Gen. Pass. Agent.

The following Express Companies will, on the payment of their usual rates to the show, return dogs free: American, United States, Del. L. & W. and the "New" Express, but it must be distinctly understood that the companies take no risk, and dogs to be returned free must receive a certificate saying they have been exhibited at the show and paid the rates to the show.

The applications for blank forms have been very numerous from all parts, indicating that the show will be very large.

JUDGES.—Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Irish water spaniels, clumber and cocker spaniels, fox-terriers, bulldogs, bull terriers, pugs, Dandy Dismonts, terriers and Yorkshire field, English.

Newfoundlands, Siberians, grey-hounds, deerhounds, dachshunds, collies, King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, Japanese spaniels, Italian grey-hounds, Scotch terriers, Skye terriers and toy terriers—Dr. Gordon Stables, Surgeon Royal Navy, England.

Native English setters, S. T. Hammond, Esq., Springfield, Mass.; Hon. John S. Wise, of Virginia, with Hugh Dalziel as referee.

Imported English setters, black-and-tan setters, red Irish setters and pointers—Hugh Dalziel, Esq.; S. T. Hammond, Esq.; Hon. John S. Wise.

ENTRIES FOR THE DERBY.—*New York, March 9th.*—The following entries for the Field Trial Derby of the National Animal Kennel Club have been received up to this date: Black and white ticked setter (same parentage), Dashing III., Dora II., Dashing Jewell (Dash III., Phoebe); liver and white ticked setter dog Dashing Jerry (Dash III., Phoebe); black and white ticked setter dogs Dashing Joker and Dashing Joe (same parentage); Count Dick (Dash III., Countess II.), Count Tick (Drake-Vesta), Count Tell (Drake Ada); black and white ticked setter bitch Countess Clydie (Dash III., Countess II.), Countess True (Drake-Countess Ada). All the above entered by the Harvard Kennel Club of Boston, Mass. Cecile (Mordford's Don-Raymond's Fairy), orange and white setter bitch, entered by Mr. Robert Sewell, New York City; Duke of Austerlitz (Guy Manning-Abbey), setter dog, and Ballyhale (same parentage), setter dog; Bellina (same parentage), setter bitch, entered by Mr. B. C. La Montagne, New York City; Lady Caprice (same parentage), setter bitch, entered by Clas. De Ronge, Short Hill, N. Y.; Prye and Rock (Don-Fairy), setter dogs, entered by Mr. Theo. Morford, Newton, N. Y.

CHAS. DE RONGE, Sec'y N. A. K. C.

COCKERS FOR WOODCOCK AND GROUSE.—*Hornellsville, N. Y., March 8th.*—I have had some experience with dogs for grouse, woodcock, squirrels, etc., and I have learned this fact, that a cocker spaniel is the best. In fact I believe a cocker spaniel is the best dog for general use there is. They are not too large to keep in the house, are good watch dogs, are faithful and kind to children, and can be taught all kinds of tricks easily. They cannot be beat on ruffed grouse and woodcock. They hunt and retrieve naturally, and will run rabbits good (although I never allow mine to do so). I do not think it hurts them to tree squirrels. They do not need from six to twelve hours of training before they are fit for anything. A cocker will do good work when six months old. I find one last summer which was not five months old. I find one last summer which was not five months old. I find one last summer which was not five months old.

esultant and tradition, as well as 9, 7, 5, 3, 1. If we are to change our scoring for a better and fairer method, why not change our target colors as well, and adopt the best combination without reference to sentiment or tradition?

All archers who use the longer ranges know that beyond sixty or seventy yards the apparent diameter of the target is so reduced as to practically prevent aiming distinctly at the gold. The aim is at the target as a whole, because the colors are so blended and reduced by distance that the aim must be at the target, and not at any small portion. At eighty yards, to aim at the gold and to aim at the target are, in ordinary daylight, synonymous, while by gauging the same effect results at a nearer distance.

Now, if, instead of the gold with its concentric colored circles, we should face our targets with white canvas having a central spot of black ten inches or a foot in diameter, and the remaining space divided into four rings of equal width by narrow concentric lines of black, should not we not have a mark which, at any distance, would offer one well-defined, prominent center for our aim? And such a target, numbered from 5 to 1, would be available in all places, and to a large degree destroy the undue value of chance hits. S. S. R.

OHIO STATE ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.—The Executive Committee, and the delegates of the various archery clubs throughout the State of Ohio, will convene at the Gibson House, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 17th of March, for the election of new officers, etc., and select a place for the holding of the second Grand Annual State Tournament. Clubs throughout the State that do not yet have members of the Ohio State Archery Association should make application at once to the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Chas. Welker, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Cricket.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

It is very gratifying to state that the Columbia College Cricket Club, of this city, is in a fair way for success. The membership will be largely increased this coming season, and a genuine spirit and interest will be aroused in the college thereby. We may say that the past season was as successful as could be expected under the circumstances, and we cannot compliment Mr. G. Hyde-Clarke too highly for the fact which he has shown in bringing about such an excellent result. In the championship of cricket in the college there has been due entirely to his perseverance. He is an excellent captain and he possesses a full knowledge of the game. The club was organized last spring after the first match, on May 31st, versus an amalgamated first and second eleven of the Statist Island; it was then that Mr. Hyde-Clarke was elected President and Captain; Mr. J. P. Conover, late from St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H., Vice-President; Mr. W. F. Morgan, Secretary-Treasurer. Out of the whole college just eleven men took up the game, of which four had never played cricket before, and most of the others but very little; in fact the only three that had played regularly were Messrs. Hyde-Clarke, Conover and Egan. Besides these there were the two Morgans, De Forest and Emmet, who had played at school; and the rest of the eleven, Herrick, Barnes, Torrey and Weaver, who had never played. The regular bowlers were the three first-named, while Morgan, St., Barnes and Weaver were tied at different times. In the batting averages Hyde-Clarke came first, followed closely by Egan, both securing double figures. Conover did not play up to his standard, while the two Morgans and De Forest showed the most expert batting. The fielding was generally fair at all times, Conover and Torrey especially distinguishing themselves in this line. Herrick made runs in Philadelphia in the Pennsylvania University match, as did also Barnes; but the style was essentially base-ballish. All hands showed their intention of becoming cricketers by practicing regularly. The short season in the autumn being particularly encouraging, the old team not only turned up again, but many new hands taking hold, and we expect there will be no little competition for places on the team this spring.

The one inter-college match was the one alluded to above with the University of Pennsylvania, the Philadelphians winning by 82 runs. For Columbia College Hyde-Clarke secured 16 and 10; Egan, 15 and 14; Herrick, 6 and 10, and Barnes, 1 and 15, not out. The principal scorers on the University side were J. B. Thayer, 14 and 38, and G. Murphy, 11 and 43, Thayer and Hyde-Clarke doing the best with the ball. The University eleven will be invited to visit New York in June of this year, and the match will become an annual fixture.

To promote the desired interest it is proposed that the eleven should take a trip to Albany, Boston and Concord before the match versus Pennsylvania University takes place. As it seems impossible to convince the Central Park Rip Van Winkles that the college boys will do no harm to the turf which was originally laid out for the use of the cricketers of New York City, it is expected that the St. George's Club will share their ground at Hoboken, N. J., with Columbia College this season.

PUBLISHERS & COMPANY.

ROCHESTER STILL AHEAD.—A FIRST PRIZE TAKEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR BY A ROCHESTER FIRM.—The World's Fair of 1876 was held at Sydney, New South Wales, the principal city of Australia. Exhibits were there from all parts of the world, including those from the largest and best known cigarette and tobacco manufacturers. Notwithstanding the many varieties of German, Russian, French, English and American cigarettes and tobaccos on exhibition, the display of cigarettes, Vanity Fair tobacco, etc., made by W. S. Kimball & Co., of this city, was awarded the first prize. The New South Wales cable-gram from Sydney yesterday announced this fact. This is a triumph for Rochester and its manufacturing industries. Six first prizes have heretofore been won by Kimball & Co., at great exhibitions, this making the seventh.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*—[Adv.]

AN EXCELLENT OUTFIT.—The Boston shooting suits advertised by G. W. Simmons & Co., have been in use for years all over the country, and have received the unanimous indorsement of sportsmen. The man who invests in them will be repaid ten times over in comfort.

BETTER TIMES.—The business revival and new era of prosperity which is now fairly inaugurated, is in keeping with the increased health and happiness seen all over the land, and is one of the results obtained from the introduction of Chamber's Kidney and Liver Cure. "The changes wrought by this remedy," says Rev. Dr. Harvey, "seem but little less than miraculous."—[Adv.]

Answers to Correspondents.

Correspondents who may send us their proper name and address will always receive prompt attention in our columns. We require a man's name for two reasons: (1) sometimes as a guarantee of good faith, and (2) always as a matter of common courtesy. As a rule we do not reply to inquiries by mail, except in cases demanding immediate advice.

J. M. C., New York.—See another answer.

F. W.—Have written to the Treasury Department for the information desired.
St. James, Danville, N. Y.—The Baltimore Hench Show was held in 1878, April 23d to 26th.

J. F., New York.—We should advise you to take a Winchester rifle for grizzly bear shooting.

J. S. G., Union Church, Miss.—We shall be pleased to publish your club scores. There is no charge.

R. S., Vernon, N. J.—Quail can be bought of Messrs. Whitley & Morris, 218 Washington street, New York.

E. W. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—The choice between the guns is, a matter of taste, as also the style of action.

J. W. Patchell, Wis.—There is no book especially prepared for a game-score book. You may use an ordinary blank memorandum book.

F. M. W.—To preserve tents from mildew apply the recipe published in the "Cabin Locker" of our yachting columns, issue Feb. 26th. To apply paraffin, melt it and apply while hot.

J. M. D., Jr., Yale College, New Haven.—Good duck shooting near New York may be found on Long Island. See the reports in our game columns.

FORESTING.—You may find grouse and quail shooting in Maine in the fall. Go in September or October. The season extends from Sept. 1st to Dec. 1st.

P. S. W., Clarion, Pa.—For Cones' book see our Natural History column. 2. Tell us where you want to go duck shooting and we may help you.

C. D. L., Swedesboro, N. J.—The trout fry advertised by Thompson Bros. of Aqueduct Ponds, New Hope, Pa., will do well in your ponds, and we should advise you to try them.

Don WHITE, Omaha, Neb.—You are mistaken about our prize. We did not make such proposition, but we shall be glad to hear from you nevertheless.

T. D. McAl, Middletown, O.—Conlin left this city publishes his own targets, and you may procure them directly of him. Write to James S. Conlin, Rite Gallery, Broadway, New York.

A. S. H., Van Ettenville, N. Y.—You will find instructions in fishing and hunting in Hallcock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer." For small game also consult Bogardus' "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting."

F. B. J., Plattsburg, N. Y.—1. We cannot tell the pattern whether your gun is full-choked or not. 2. You can safely use the 5-dram powder, 14oz. shot, but you will find it probably too much for your shoulder.

B. L. F., Boston.—We know nothing of any such gun manufactured in England. By writing to the advertisers of this style of gun you will receive describing setting forth what is claimed for it. We shall shortly discuss the subject.

St. ELEAN, Rochester, N. Y.—In what class in the coming show should I enter my white and black ticked setter bitch Pearl, by Whitman's Grouse, out of Valentine's Nellie? Ans. Native English Class.

C. C. B., Washington, C. H., Ohio.—Will you give me in brief the characteristics of the Beltonstrain of setters? I have one by imported Belton, said to be out of imported Rose. Ans. See FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 14th, 1878, and Feb. 5th, 1880.

B., Baltimore.—Please inform me whether there is any work which treats of sport with rod and gun in California. Ans. None that we know of. The files of the FOREST AND STREAM contain articles concerning almost every kind of California sport.

B. W. B., New York City.—The address of man asked for, the trainer, is Downville, R. I. His charge for breaking is \$12 per month, with the understanding that he is to have dog one year.

KINGS COUNTY.—We publish the article elsewhere, and should have rendered unto Caesar the thing which belongs to Caesar did it bear his supererogation. You will greatly oblige by sending us the omitted address.

C. B. M., Alleghen, N. C.—The Winchester, '73, is as accurate as any gun carrying the same charge of powder and lead. There can be no question as to its accuracy at 200 yards. The price of gun asked in round barrel is \$34; in octagon barrel, \$37; both models, '76, 45-60.

A. S. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—You may find the picture, "A Friendly Service," by consulting some of the dealers in pictures and prints. We have no means of ascertaining its author. The cut in the FOREST AND STREAM was reproduced from an engraving in a French sporting paper.

J. W. M. and O. H. J., Boston, Mass.—1. We know nothing of the revolver. 2. You will not find any shooting in Nova Scotia in July and August. Later you may have moose, caribou, partridge, woodcock, snipe and teal shooting. Non-residents are required to take out license fee, \$20.

L. M. L., Thunderside, Pa.—Write to Dr. Gordon Stables, Twyford, Berks, England, who can procure the dog you wish at a reasonable price. Dr. Stables will visit this country in the early summer and intends bringing over a number of selected dogs of different breeds.

C. W., Minnesota Junction.—We know nothing of the book you inquire for. If you wish instructions in shooting, buy Bogardus' "Field, Cover and Trap Shooting." The firms whose names you will find in our advertising columns, publish catalogues of their goods. If you send for these and consulting them, you will find a choice of firearms.

R. M. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. For 12-caliber, 5 lbs. gun, use 2 to 3 lbs. of powder, 14oz. shot. The ordinary powder you will find satisfactory. 2. If your gun is choke-bored, it will have stamped on the barrels "Not for ball." 3. If a cylinder-bore, you may safely have it converted into a choke-bore. Squires, No. 2 Cortlandt street, will do it. Cost, \$2.50 per barrel.

PONCE, Alameda.—It is true that the pressure of water in a vat depends only upon the height of the column, and not upon the mass. The pressure upon the sides of two vats 9 feet high, one 3 feet diameter, and the other 9 feet diameter, is alike; but the

vat of smaller diameter is a much stronger structure, so the one of larger diameter will require stronger hoopings, or internal bracing.

ROYAL, Belvidere, Ill.—I have owned and seen many revolvers that will not revolve, on account of the cartridge expanding backward against the frame of the revolver. Have experimented and cannot determine the cause of the trouble. Ans. Good makes of revolvers do not give this trouble. You must have purchased an inferior weapon. It is impossible to explain the trouble without seeing the arms.

C. M. B., Bedford, N. Y.—My Newfoundland pup, six months old, occasionally steals eggs. Will you tell me the best way to cure him of such a bad habit? He is whipped every time he does it—every time at least that he is found out—but still once in a while he will do it. Ans. If you punish him severely it ought to remedy the trouble. Be sure that the dog knows what he is whipped for. Sometimes an egg partly blown and then filled with red pepper will destroy the egg appetite.

A. B. S., Placid.—Please give me advice as to my beagle puppy eight months old. He has been running a great deal lately of nights, and is quite sick. He seems to have a kind of stiffness all over. Whenever he is touched he seems in pain. He refuses all food. Ans. Doubtless your dog is suffering from rheumatism. Warm, dry bed, no meat except boiled liver for a week or two, and twenty grains of bicarbonate of soda three times a day, dissolved in a little water; also give a dose of castor oil.

C. F. W., New York.—Most taxidermists wash their specimens with cold water, and then, hanging suspended them with a dry cloth so as to remove as much of the moisture as possible, lay in dry plaster of paris, and dust it through the feathers. The washing should be done after the skin has been taken off. Blood and grease stains on old prepared skins can sometimes be removed by adding a little soda or spirits of kerosene to the water, but it is always a difficult matter to cleanse skins that are thoroughly dry.

H. B. HOPE, Toronto, Canada.—Can you inform me if the copper or copperhead snake is very venomous and plenty in Michigan, on the border of the St. Clair, or is it only a bug-bear of the masses, as was the case with the rattlesnakes on the islands of Niagara River (Navy Island)? I shot there two July and found a few woodcock and one thousand wood-tick, but no rattlesnakes. Ans. We have no knowledge on the subject, but presume the snake is not abundant there. Perhaps some of our readers can inform you.

W. B., Philadelphia.—You might add to your collection "The Dog," by Istone; "The Setter," by Edward Laverack; "Yonout on the Dog;" "The Dog," by Dinks, Mayhew and Hutchinson. For a book on dog handling we have never yet seen anything as good as Hutchinson's "Dog Breaking." Messrs. Cassel, Pettor, Galen & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, are publishing a most complete and excellent serial termed "The Illustrated Book of the Dog," by Vero Shaw; it should be in the library of every sportsman.

TRAP, Princeton, N. J.—In a pigeon match from H. and T. traps, placed say fifteen yards apart (the shooter not to have which trap is to be pulled, A goes to the score. By inadvertence of the puller both traps are pulled simultaneously. A fires and kills with first barrel, in bounds; with second barrel kills the other bird, but out of bounds. Now the trap which was to have been pulled was H. trap, whereas the bird killed in bounds came out of T. trap. The referee decided it a missed, or dead out of bounds bird for A. Do you think he was right? Ans. No. A should be given one dead bird.

G. C. S., Middletown, Pa.—To make bird lime: Boil down linseed oil of the best quality until it becomes thick and glutinous. Boil in canvas, in open air, for ten or twelve hours, and be sure that the cover of the pot fits tightly, so that the oil will not catch fire. When boiled, set away in tin vessels with tight-lining covers. To use it: Select small, dry sticks, as thick as a straw and eight inches long. Sharpen the edges, smear them with the lime, and fasten the sticks into grooves cut in a stake stuck into the ground. Place a "call bird" as a lure. When the birds alight upon the sticks they pull them out from the main stake, and when flying, the wings, coming in contact with the lime, are pinioned to the sides.

J. M., New Haven, Conn.—I have a valuable pointer, two years old. Although his nose is cold and moist, his eyes and nose run a kind of mucus, and he has a rough, no appetite, and what he does eat throws out, in open air, for ten or twelve hours, and be sure that the cover of the pot fits tightly, so that the oil will not catch fire. When boiled, set away in tin vessels with tight-lining covers. To use it: Select small, dry sticks, as thick as a straw and eight inches long. Sharpen the edges, smear them with the lime, and fasten the sticks into grooves cut in a stake stuck into the ground. Place a "call bird" as a lure. When the birds alight upon the sticks they pull them out from the main stake, and when flying, the wings, coming in contact with the lime, are pinioned to the sides.

C. V. E., Boston, Mass.—The pedigree of the pointer bitch Belle, owned by Mr. George C. Colborn, of this city, is as follows: Belle was whelped June 23d, 1870, shipboard; is of medium size, and is red and white. Her sire, Iddo, also lemon and white, was sold, and went to India; he was sold to be first class in the field, her dam, Belle, No. 1043, E. K. S. B., was whelped 1865, bred by Mr. Wilson, and sold to Mr. F. B. Burvan, Western Reporter, Southampton, Eng., who in turn sold her to Mr. Ross, who brought her to this country. In color she was liver and white. Both sire and dam are of the Lang strain, and also include the strains of Mr. Edge and Lord Derby.

O. T. S., St. John, N. B.—1. The firm we have investigated and find to be fraudulent. 2. The recipe for terrier soup is as follows:—It is furnished by Mouquin, the famous caterer of Fulton street, this city: After the terrier has been killed, put into boiling water for ten minutes. Then take off the skin and cut up into small pieces, being careful not to break the gall bladder. Stew in a little butter, adding a bouquet of carrot, leeks, bay-leaf, one onion with cloves, and a ladle of broth; glass of Madeira wine. Let the whole stew slowly on covered range. Before serving, add a sliced lemon and a hard-boiled egg cut into small pieces.

CONSTANT HENDER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—A friend of mine and myself start on horseback and riding from New York to Colchester, Conn. As we might stay out over night I should like you to say what we had best take. Of course, we want to make it as light for the horses as possible. We each have a rifle; should we carry them? Should we carry fly-rods? Where can I get a book which will give me the principal roads from New York to Colchester, or from New York to New Haven? Ans. Go to a hotel or farmhouse at night. You will want a good civilized bed after riding all day. Leave the rifles home; the traips won't trouble you, and Sitting Bull is not on the war-path. The fly-rods, however, may come into good service. For map of country try the Coltons', William street, New York.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guarantee of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

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NOTES.—By request of Prof. Baird, Mr. Walter Brackett, of Boston, will send his famous salmon pictures for exhibition at Berlin.

At the meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, last Monday evening, it was decided to have one good bill drawn up by the Association and its enactment at Albany attempted. In this way the game legislation will be taken out of the hands of incompetent or interested parties. The bill will be prepared at once and published in the newspapers, so that the public may have an opportunity of judging for themselves of its merits.

The Adirondacks are popularly supposed to have been fished out. Many a summer visitor to the North Woods has been disgusted by the scarcity of trout and the obtrusiveness of the tin can and the paper collar—two of the modern traces of semi-civilization. Yet there are regions where one may find abundance of game and fish. Some of these localities are designated on our first page to-day.

Duck shooting is fairly inaugurated in the Eastern and Middle States. Excellent reports come to us of the flights of birds. We invite our friends who have success with the ducks to send us early reports of the same. We should also be pleased to hear of the game prospects of the country.

"Wallace's Guide to the Adirondacks" is the standard. Intending visitors to those regions should provide themselves with it. We furnish the book. Price \$1.50.

The *Herald* Irish Relief Fund is developing some curious phases of charity. Next Saturday evening, at a hall in this city, the exponents of the manly art are to give a benefit in the good cause, when "Dangerous Jack," Paddy Ryan, Pete McCoy, and others, will punch each other's heads in aid of old Ireland.

PERSONAL.—Mr. John Harvey, of the Harvey Shipbuilding Co., Wivenhoe, England, left for home by the *Parthia* yesterday. Mr. Harvey, during his stay in America, won many friends by his affability and genial disposition, and his views upon yacht design we found as broad and liberal as they were intelligent. We had the pleasure of examining a fine lot of models he brought with him, including those of that peerless trio, *Seabelle*, *Miranda* and *Jullanar*, concerning which a book might be written. The models and plans drew forth praise from all who were fortunate enough to obtain a view of them.

THE MUTUAL INTERESTS OF FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.

THE right side of the much-vexed question of game protection certainly and always is the due protection of game at all times, both when the law forbids taking game and when it allows it to be taken. The right side also includes the use of none but fair means of taking game and in fair quantities.

The article in a recent number relating to the game of Long Island and its former abundance and variety, and the present deplorable scarcity, with some of the causes which have led to it, and the best means of renewing, or at least of augmenting the supply to a reasonable quantity as much as present circumstances and careful management may secure, was a very attractive, luminous and readable sketch. Yet it suggests two points which may be urged courteously and amicably in a few words, as in fact the writer of that article may himself have it in his own mind to suggest in a future article. These suggestions, too, are by no means confined to Long Island, but are equally applicable to the whole Union. They are: 1. The means of protecting feathered game by the aid of the farmers. 2. The limit of slaughter which sportsmen themselves will set to their own pleasure.

Now, first, the means of protecting feathered game, particularly young birds, till they are of proper strength and size to have a fair chance for life, or a fair share of them to renew and perpetuate their race, is a most vital point. Omitting at present the discussion and even the mention of all other means, there is one precaution and protection which of itself alone would suffice abundantly to enforce thoroughly all the game laws, and in fact go far beyond the scope of the laws—namely, such a uniform system and policy on the part of all sportsmen as will give all the land-owners a warm and steady interest in raising and sheltering and defending all the broods of young birds on their farms. If all the farmers on the Island were one and warmly one in this matter the work would be done up thoroughly, for they are lords of the land.

In very many instances, as matters now stand, farmers and gunners are not friends in these matters, and have no interest to befriend each other. Without going closely into particulars—which in fact is not necessary—the fact is that there are gunners who are brutes and wild beasts when their gunning-fover is at the height, and who, like so many Malays running a-muck, will recklessly trample down crops in a ten-mile walk, damage and exasperate the farmers all the way; perhaps if accosted, and that in a proper way, insulting or damning the farmer, or to the quiet or alarm of his wife and daughters shooting into his doves, possibly while the doves are near the house or on the home lot or on the barn roof. Such gunners come out from the cities every year and are a disgrace, and worse yet, a great injury to all the real gentlemen who like now and then to handle a gun in the right way and time. One is an offender, and the next ten are blamed and hated on account of this one.

Let all the farmers and their sons and hired men find it pays them to protect birds and they will do it and satisfy all parties. The gunners are willing to pay for their sport more than the pittance of ten cents a quail, which a sly and stingy baggage-master hands out secretly to the trapper. The dime is a bigger coin to the hard-handed farmer's boy, scant of spending-money, than a quarter is to many a sportsman. Let all parties understand each other and the birds will be left undisturbed, and will be carefully protected till the honorable gunners come at the appointed time and pay for the sport that is then and thus guaranteed them on good grounds, something as in the old country, but in the right way for American citizens. The practical details ought not to be at all difficult to arrange in most parts of the Island, nor in other sections of the country. But if some farmers are dogs in the manger—do not shoot nor let others shoot on their farms—all the better, for there will be safe harbors, secure game preserves, where the birds will come up to full strength, and from which they will take wing, to be shot elsewhere or to procreate another generation.

Secondly, the limit of slaughter. It is an axiom which nobody can deny that there must and will be some limit to the number of birds that any decent and provident sportsman will kill under the greatest temptation, for the more birds there are killed one season, of most varieties except sea fowl, the fewer will be left to breed and replenish the stock for the next season. "A mass of putrefaction," says the writer to whom we have referred—the splendid woodcock ruthlessly butchered to satisfy the killing mania, not to be eaten by the gunners, not to be given to friends, not even to be sent to invalids in hospitals if nothing better occurred, not even to be sorry for, least of all to be left to increase and multiply an ample quantity of birds for the same or other gunners in future. Of course the writer meant to explain it with a good reason, but failed to explain, and there it stands, sickening, "a mass of putrefaction." No wonder the farmers dislike, despise, abhor and oppose such a waste and greedy butchery.

The remedy ought to be no very difficult matter, namely, by establishing among sportsmen a public opinion to re-

strain wholesale killing of game and killing of all prospects of future game therewith, and it is to the encouragement of such a sentiment that the FOREST AND STREAM is lending its influence. It ought to be settled that no true sportsman will kill merely and solely to kill; that such a spirit is cold-blooded cruelty, which has not the excuse of the hot-blooded criminal, for he often repents bitterly and does works meet for repentance. If the gunner would always pay for the birds he shoots, and if he shoots only what can be properly used, the farmers of the Island and the State and the Union, in a vast majority of cases, would welcome such gentlemanly gunners, and perhaps be proud to rank among them as warm friends of fair and lawful sport.

These two points, upon which we cannot too strongly insist, are of vital interest to many thousands of men, whose interests in the matter are really identical in the long run, if only regarded in the proper light. But if the farmers are expected to protect and support and favor quail and meadow larks, in order to let mischievous or butchering gunners kill ninety-five out of every hundred, without thanks or pay, perhaps with serious damage to crops, temper and comfort, the sport is rather too one-sided. Rather let mutual arrangements be made to equalize it and to harmonize it all around.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition which opens in Berlin on the 20th of next month is not one which will attract crowds of people from all parts of the world to revel in sight-seeing and other holiday indulgences, but its importance, from a commercial, scientific and fish cultural point of view, will prove to be far beyond what those who are not familiar with our fisheries would imagine it to be capable of. At this gathering of the fishery products of all nations we have much to show the people of other countries in the way of preserving fish-food in all its forms of dried, salted, canned, smoked, put up in spices, in oil, refrigerated, caviare, "extract of fish," prepared baits, etc., as well as much to learn. The same can be said of improvements in modes of capture both by the commercial fishermen and by anglers; our display of rods and fine tackle will probably be unexcelled, while in the matter of methods and apparatus used in fish culture it is only necessary to say that nothing is lacking in this department, from which other countries have long borrowed from us.

The exhibition will be the means of comparing our products with those of other countries, of introducing such of them as prove to be better or cheaper than others, and of bringing those which may be inferior up to a higher standard. As the American exhibit is to be made under the direction of Professor S. F. Baird, it is certain that it will be more full and creditable to the country than could be made by any one not having the resources at his command. We know that Professor Baird, having the fishery statistics for the census of 1880 upon his hands, and the building of the fish-hatching steamer *Fish Hawk*, in addition to his duties as Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and Fish Commissioner, was not at all anxious to make a display at Berlin; but the persistent requests of the German Fishery Association through our Minister at Berlin, Mr. White, finally moved Congress to action, when, as a matter of course, the arrangements were placed in the hands of Professor Baird, who, notwithstanding the limited time which intervened between the passage of the bill making the necessary appropriation for this purpose, and the date of the opening of the exhibition, has, by the aid of his corps of trained assistants, gathered all that was not already in the Smithsonian collection, and will have a display which few countries outside of Germany can equal.

The enormous strides which have been made in these directions by our country within the past fifteen years may be partly realized by the fact that at the International Fishery Exhibition held at Bergen, Norway, in 1865, the United States was represented by barely one exhibit. Then fish culture was an experiment here, and few preparations of fish were in the market, except salted mackerel and dried cod, while now we could not enumerate them all within the limits of this column, not to mention the display which will be made of netting, boats and all the implements in use. Mr. E. G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, and one of the Fish Commissioners of the State of New York, will send over fish in ice, consisting of shad, salmon, trout, bass, red-snappers and such other fish as may be in the market, as well as a few of the famed Michigan grayling, which will be sent him for this purpose by that well-known grayling angler, Mr. D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., of Bay City, Mich. These, with samples of fish-guano, fish-oil, plaster casts of our principal food-fishes, charts of fisheries, models of hatcheries and canneries, models of the National carp-ponds at Washington, and of the different fish-ways will make a most extensive, and nearly exhaustive exposition of our fishery and fish cultural resources, while the persons selected to go over in charge of them will be instructed to make a full report of all exhibits and awards, thus affording those who do not see the Exhibition an opportunity to

know the extent and comparative value of the displays made by all exhibitors. All goods are to be sent not later than the 18th inst., either to the Smithsonian Institution, or to Mr. E. G. Blackford, 80 Fulton Market, New York, marked: "For the Fishery Exhibition at Berlin." The persons to whom the matter has been intrusted are intending to sail in the North German Lloyd steamer *Neckar*, from the Bremen Pier, Hoboken, on the 20th, and it is necessary that they should have a complete catalogue of all exhibits to leave in the hands of the printer on the day of sailing, so that it may follow in the next ship.

There will be no attempt at a display of live fishes on the part of the United States Commission, but working models of fish-ways may be put in running order with a few salmon fry to illustrate their practical working, and also some hatching jars. For the latter we learn that Mr. James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, N. Y., will send over some trout eggs, which, after the Exhibition is over, will be presented to the Deutsche Fischerei Verein. It is also announced that the New York State Fish Commission will make a display of fish which have been reared in their ponds, and also of implements. This will be the only State exhibit, made as such, although the Commissioners of some other States will make individual exhibits.

Accounts have been published to the effect that all the exhibits were to be transported across in the *Fish Hawk*, but this is not correct; her services are needed here this spring in shad hatching, and the North German Lloyds, with their usual liberality, have offered to transport all articles free of charge.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.

THE question of how best to revive long-range shooting at Creedmoor is now a live one before the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association. Last year at Creedmoor the long-range practice took a season's vacation, and compared with other classes of shooting was a nonentity. This condition of affairs is a disgrace to the association, and it is the duty of its officers to consider the cause of the deficiency and to so order and arrange the programmes of matches that the long-range men may find a foot-hold and be given a fit opportunity for their special style of shooting. It is true, as Col. Bodine said in urging upon the Board at its last meeting, that something should be done for the encouragement of long-range marksmanship, that while off-hand shooting is popular and military shooting very essential, that long-range work remains the perfection of rifle shooting. The drift of military shooting is toward this higher, or longer plane of marksmanship, and in the past it is by and from the observations of these "fancy" shooters who lay about on the ground or twisted themselves up in knots and fired over long stretches of country, that hundreds of points were cleared up and the supremacy of American armies maintained. It is, in fact, the short-range men who are the fancy shooters, if any style is to be dubbed with that epithet. While every class of shooting has its uses, and to top it off is to make the sport and the art warped and misspoken, Creedmoor to-day should boast its strong equid of long-range men, as it can muster its thousands of military marksmen, and its long lines of short and mid-range shooters; but how to bring this about is the problem which the Board have now to solve.

The answer may be found in a consideration of the history of long-range shooting in this country. No must indeed be a shooter of yesterday who cannot recite the whole of America's proud record with the rifle before the butts. Mistakes have been made, and it is due to one of these that we are suffering under the stagnation and lethargy of to-day. Such indeed is the judgment of many who have had the best of opportunities to inform themselves, and whose interest is in the answer by reason of their participation in great matches of the past.

It will be remembered that in 1874 we were favored by a visit from the Irish Team, who formed the match because in their winning of the Elcho Shield they had placed themselves as the leading rifle shooting nation of the world. Their visit and the match which they fought with so much *clat* with the American Team were very informal. No championship emblem had been established, and the chief results of the contest were to make the riflemen of two great countries better acquainted with each other, to make the Americans confident in their own power and ability, before that time entirely untried, and it set what may be styled the rifle "boom" in this country going. Other ranges were then started, the inefficiency of the militia was commented on, and measures taken to make it a serviceable force. That Irish-American match did incalculable good, and American riflemen can never sufficiently thank their brothers from Dublin and Belfast who came over to be defeated for the glory of rifle shooting in America. Then came the return match to settle the very close shade of difference which existed between the merits of the two teams. It was pretty conclusively settled at Dollymount in 1875, and while the Irishmen were again defeated, the feeling of generous rivalry was not broken, but rather strengthened

by the interchange of visits. Thus far it had been a sort of amateur shooting scheme; championship was not spoken of, and each match was only a friendly contest, with a proud feeling and patriotism thrown in to give purpose and incentive to the efforts of the men.

It was felt that something should be done to systematize this international long-range work. The Elcho-Shield contest in England furnished the model, and a match excellent in its several details was drawn up, with the Palma as the bauble which was to be the ostensible object of the struggle of the team-men, but there crept into the conditions of the match an element of discord in defining the eligibility of contestants, which has been a bone of contention ever since, and it is this which in the opinion of riflemen on both sides the Atlantic is to-day acting as a drag on the progress of international shooting. The mistake lay in copying too closely the conditions of the Elcho match, and in place of recognizing the meaning of the word "International," going a step further, and in one marked instance making special concessions in favor of parts of a nation. At the time it would have seemed discourteous to have disbanded teams of Irish riflemen from the contests for the new Centennial trophy which we were launching out with so much enthusiasm. The mistake was made on the side of over-kindness, while there was a good mixture of ignorance, and failure to foresee the almost certain complication which would arise. There was a lamentable blindness to the readiness with which a company of Britishers could raise objections to almost any scheme, and attentive readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* since 1876 well know the arguments pro and con on the question of the Palma condition.

Looked at calmly and deliberately it must be acknowledged that the admission of Scotland, Ireland, Australia and Canada as nations, while Great Britain was to be regarded only as another nation, is a trifle contradictory. It is an assertion, in spirit, that the part is equal to the whole. Objection was raised by the English marksmen that if the Palma was to be regarded as an international trophy, then a British team only should be recognized, and that Ireland and Scotland should bear their part in the contest only as component parts of the British Team.

This reasoning was cogent, but the Irish riflemen had been our friends, the Canadians were our neighbors, the chance of defeating the crack Scots was a tempting one, and so the conditions were kept in that curious contradictory condition which in 1876 led to an international match, with two nations represented and five teams on the field. The year following the match became really an international one. We had a *bona fide* British team here, who came under protest, claiming, consistently with their position taken from the start and never varied from, that the conditions of the match were wrong and unfair alike to America and her wished-for rivals. A defeat of an Irish team would be only a partial victory, for Great Britain would not be beaten, and no national conquest would be made; and when so elegant a trophy had been prepared, it seemed a piece of criminal blundering to demean it by reducing it far below its importance as an emblem of national victory by making sections of a composite commonwealth possible contestants. We may have Irish-American matches, and we may have Scottish-American contests, while our friends, the Canadian riflemen, might make frequent visits to our ranges for their own improvement; but when it comes to an international match we recognize no States on this side the ocean, and we should recognize no countries on the other.

We discuss this question as though it were purely a match between the countries of Great Britain and the United States. This is only owing to the accident that the other nations of Europe persist in the foolish course of entirely over-looking long-range practice. In time they may see their folly, and then will come the time of their protest, for it is not likely that they will have the easy complacency of our American Association and be willing to shoot in an international match where five teams may represent one nation.

But it will be said by some advocate of the present bungle that Scotland and Ireland have by their coming, and by their recognition on this side the water, established some claim to the trophy—at any rate a right to entry in future matches. This is a claim without much foundation. Were it a challenge trophy, to be taken after so many winnings, then the claim would be a strong one; but the fact that Scotland, for instance, has once shot for the trophy, under a misnomer, does not establish for her any right in the matter. America may be forced to admit that she has made a mistake, but she cannot be compelled by any twisting of logic into perpetuating a wrong. The right of no one will be invaded if the N. R. A. of America should to-morrow send out a notice making the match what it was originally intended to be, an international one, where nation shall shoot against nation, and not State or section.

Here it seems essential for the healthful revival of our long-range work, that another Palma match should take place. Great Britain says, through her National Association, that she is ready to enter heartily into such a series of contests as the originators of the Palma match had in their minds. We here can only gain by the match.

We shall lose such compact bands of patriotic co-workers as the Irish and Scotch teams were, and will get in place an imperial team of various elements. We know that such a team can only win against the American team system by remarkably good shooting, or by a fizzle on the part of the home team. But even were the change to bring us stronger antagonists than ever, it should be advocated, because it is a return to plain simple justice, which for so many reasons has been withheld by our Board of Directors here. We want no more "walk-overs," if such they can be called, where no other entry is made. We do not want the dullness of another blank season, but we want the impetus and the improvement which a match will bring. Where we are so clearly in the wrong as in this case, it would be but a slight display of that common sense which we Americans are so fond of claiming, if we should step down and off from our own toes and permit some progress to be made. Great Britain is able, and says she is willing to contest for the trophy, when the conditions are such that she may shoot without protest. This may be mere brag. A change in the rule will test it; and, at any rate, we cannot be further from another Palma contest than we are now, for Ireland, Scotland and the other countries are far from showing any desire to come over for another knock-down.

The subject is an interesting one, and we invite correspondence and a free expression of opinion upon it, especially from long-range men.

GAME PROTECTION.

SHOULD THE GUN BE TAXED?

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 27th.

Editor *Forest and Stream*.—

I have read with interest "A True Lover of the Sport's" complaint, which is to be admired, but with all due respect I hope he will excuse my opinion if it differs with his on some points. The game laws are so muddled that difficult indeed is the task to advise of game sense; greater still the risk following their abiding. A two-year prohibitory game law is simply sheer nonsense; to tax the shot gun, I shall presently show, would be a little unfair. If the revenue thus obtained was appropriated to game-keepers they wouldn't get the half of it, because the politicians will surely have the handling of the funds. I was once informed by a trustworthy friend in Suffolk County that dozens of the wealthy aristocracy had been known to shoot quail in the month of August. "Why did you not prosecute them?" I asked. "Hadin't time," was the universal reply. Seeing the need of some such "spy," I at once formed a sporting club, of which it is my pleasure to be Secretary. At the present day this very man who "hadin't time" has said to me: "The first man in the club who shoots a quail before the 1st of November, I'll tell on him, and then leave the club." I hardly think there has been a quail taken out of season in that locality in two years. Now, that friend of whom I speak cannot afford to pay an annuity of even three dollars for the use of his gun, which I am sure is never cracked out of season. I say it would be unfair to deprive him of his pastime on that account, and there are more like him.

HARRY FENWOOD.

FERRISBURGH, VT., Feb. 14th.

Editor *Forest and Stream*.—

I am sorry to see so many advocating the taxation of guns. The only hope of efficient protection lies in making our game laws popular, and to do this, anything like class legislation must be avoided. To especially tax his gun would be to burden many a poor man too heavily for him to bear, and if it did not make a poacher of him it would at least make him utterly indifferent to the protection of game, and of which he could have no share. I know of many who are as strong supporters of game protection as any in the land, and as vigilant guardians of the woods and waters about them, and as true sportsmen, who could not afford to pay for the privilege of keeping a gun. What would such a man do if a tax, amounting to prohibition, was laid upon their cheap but highly-prized guns? Would they continue to watch the haunts of game, and report violations of game laws, when they were debared from all participation in what for some of them is their only recreation? No; to be so unselfish is contrary to human nature. Rich sportsmen are too apt to forget that wealth and a fine gun do not make a true sportsman, any more than fine clothes make a gentleman, and that there are some real sportsmen in the lower ranks who ought to be considered in the framing of laws for the protection of game. Such laws, to be popular, must be for the good of all sportsmen, and not of a favored class.

R. F. R.

COHUES, N. Y., Feb. 16th.

Editor *Forest and Stream*.—

Let me ask what has the tax on guns to do with the protection of game? Has it any tendency to stop market hunting? Would not market hunters pay the tax and reap greater benefits than now? Few sportsmen would care to pay a tax, as your correspondent suggests, and probably not have leisure to hunt a day in the year. Another reason is that it is taking away the rights of American citizens to keep any kind of gun they see fit. I heartily coincide with your correspondent in his desire to protect game in this State. As he remarks, we have laws enough. Every winter there is gotten up a now-fangled lot of game laws, and what do they amount to? There might as well not be any. It is easy enough to make laws; far easier than it is to enforce them. The Legislature makes no provision for their enforcement whatever. They should make an appropriation of a few thousand dollars yearly, and let the supervisors of each county appoint suitable men who would enforce the laws. If any number of persons interested in game protection and themselves together, the same as the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, then the desired object will be attained. If a prohibitory law were passed for two years, it would not increase the amount of game

in the lens. The best way to get out of this trouble is to prohibit all shooting during the close season; make it an offense for a person to be found gunning. I am as much interested in game protection as any one, yet I scarcely have time to amuse myself hunting; but think pot-hunters might be led to turn from the error of their ways if a part of the law, as it now stands, were administered to them.

H. M.

NEAR THE ADIRONDACKS, Feb. 23d.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I decidedly object to a proposition to tax guns and omit rifles, for two thirds of the deer-hunting is done with rifles, and in Northern New York there are ten dollars invested in them to one in shot guns. Perhaps it would be well enough to tax the rifles owned by clubs, which are used at target practice only. But I know several who belong to rifle clubs in the cities and large towns who come up here every fall to hunt deer with a rifle of some kind, which should be taxed as much as any gun. What your correspondent says about a two years' prohibition law is perfectly correct. It would only benefit the pot-hunters. Why under the sun don't they find a way to enforce what laws we now have before making more? As the law is now (allowing August hunting, which I think is wrong), if it could be rightly enforced we would soon have the woods full of deer. Just consider the great numbers which are destroyed every year out of season—two thirds, at least, of all killed during the year. If these had been allowed to breed, with those which we still have (which are many more than they would suppose), there would be deer enough without any two years' prohibition. I say to our legislators at Albany, go to work and contrive some plan to prevent the slaughter out of season. Tax our guns or anything to do it, but make no more laws until those we have can be enforced. There is not a man in Franklin or St. Lawrence county, who frequents the Adirondacks, but knows what I say is true. All know deer are killed out of season and in many instances the parties are known who kill them. But the residents are not going to enforce the laws. That ought to be known by this time. There is no one who cares more for the preservation of game than I do, still there is not a year passes but what I secure the conviction of dozens, yes, hundreds, if I choose, for violating the game laws. I can do no more than hundreds of others, if they wished. But we have many reasons for not doing so. Suffice it to say, we won't and don't do it, and if any of your readers want to find out the reason let them come here and reside, and practice hunting in the Adirondacks, and enter complaints against them.

ADRIAN ONDACK.

A NEW MAINE ASSOCIATION.—*Portland, Me., Feb. 28th.*—Of late there has been evinced in this locality a considerable interest in the protection of game and fish, and it has finally taken shape in the organization of the "Cumberland Game and Fish Protective Association," with its headquarters at Portland. The association has started under favorable auspices, its list containing some of our most prominent business men in the professions and trades. We have already twenty of the leading sportsmen of the city, and more are to come in. Our association should number at least a hundred with the material at hand.

The permanent organization has Robert B. Swift for President, Samuel Hanson, Vice-President, and Herbert M. Sylvester, Secretary and Treasurer. This association does not wish to be regarded as a shooting club, but has for its primary object the enforcement of the game and fish laws, and to preserve and foster the game and fish which in season afford such healthful and appetizing sport.

We have here in Cumberland County fine woodcock, snipe and plover, partridge and sea shooting in their season. Salmon abound plentifully in Sebago Lake and its tributaries, bass and trout in its many ponds and streams.

It is proposed to make the association a county organization, to embrace among its workings the true love of sport, thereby to promote the unity of action, the knowledge of natural history, and to obtain all the benefits of a successful organization of this kind, and ultimately to obtain an act of incorporation which shall bring with it full power in the association to enforce prosecutions in its own behalf; and we hope to take rank with the best of kindred associations, and to be able to furnish a good work.

H. M. SYLVESTER.

The Cumberland Association has started out with excellent principles. We shall take great pleasure in recording its good work in the early future.

MIGRATORY QUAIL IN PENNSYLVANIA.—*West Chester, Pa., March 11th.*—Last June ninety-five quail were liberated by the sportsmen of the borough and near vicinity, principally in the several townships bounding West Chester. For some ten days or two weeks following their liberation (six or eight were freed in a different place) they were frequently seen and reported. Subsequent to this time, however, no reliable information has come to the writer other than from Messrs. George Little, Beaumont Oat and James Ingram, farmers residing in the vicinity of West Chester. The two gentlemen first named on several occasions during the summer, and, I believe, early autumn, saw the quail, but noted no increase in the number which were liberated on their properties. As regards their breeding we have no personal knowledge. Mr. James Ingram (on his place five birds were placed), however, advises us that he had in his possession a young quail, that had been found in a field where the strangers had been frequently seen and heard. The third, although not seen by any ornithologist, or other person familiar with the species, Mr. Ingram states positively was a Messina quail. His reasons are: small size of bird, peculiarity of bill, and, as above referred to, habitual frequenting of its premises.

To the efficient managers of the *Daily Local News* the thanks of the sporting fraternity of Chester County are due for the untiring efforts (by admitting in their columns all inquiries relative to the quail free of charge) which these gentlemen manifested in relation to our importation. We regret to say that, notwithstanding the liberal contribution of valuable space by the journal already named, but little authentic evidence (we do not refer to the observations of Messrs. Little and Oat) was adduced to show that the quail even remained in the

county longer than a fortnight. In regard to their breeding, we think the Ingram "find" is the only one which has any degree of plausibility about it. Several of the gentlemen who were conspicuous in the importation movement, with whom we have conversed upon the subject, are inclined to look upon the importation as a failure.

B. HARRY WARREN.

LEHIGH ASSOCIATION.—*Allentown, Pa., March 8d.*—At the regular meeting of the Lehigh Game and Fish Protective Association the following officers were elected for the year 1890: President, W. H. Kramer; Vice Presidents, J. Newhard, E. Ritter and E. Kramer; Treasurer, Henry Blitting; Corresponding and Recording Secretary, C. H. Biding; Assistant Secretary, Abraham Shuckert; Board of Directors—Harry Cooper, J. Newhard, William Kramer, H. Berryman, C. Lewis Huber, R. Reinhardt and Augustus Eberhard, of Catsanauque. C. H. B.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN MARCH.

Hares, brown and gray. Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FLORIDA.

Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Quail, Snipe, Ducks, and Wild Powl. "Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, and piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limaquia* or Shore Birds.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Bounts, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

LIVE QUAIL.—Limited orders for live quail can be filled by Whitley & Morris, 218 Washington street, New York. Price \$6 per dozen.

COSTLY AMMUNITION.—Sportsmen are constantly coming across curious things and having odd experiences. Our correspondent "Buckeye," of Hudson, Ohio, sends us a story of a deer's head sent from Cleveland, Ohio, to Hudson, in which the taxidermist found imbedded in the lower jaw a three-cent silver piece, a ten-cent silver piece and a five-cent nickel. In other parts of the head were some buck-shot and a rifle ball. The coins were battered and bent out of shape and had shattered the bones. Evidently, our correspondent suggests, some one was short of ammunition, or else had the buck fever.

—We are not among those who deary the things of the present to find all good in the past. We believe the world is moving. The rough-and-ready forefather who went out with his flint-lock could draw a bead on a squirrel and put the ball above that particular individual hair of the head, below which custom would not tolerate mutilation, and doubtless your *dilettante* who fears to soil his lavender kids will miss the squirrel entirely, and the tree too, for that matter. But we do not for that reason bewail the decadence of skill in the field. We hold that the young gentleman with kids is all the better for his jaunt, and possibly he may in time enter so truly into the spirit of the thing that his kids will be left at home and his eye will sight more quickly and his arms hold more steadily.

—The Chinese must go. Twenty-eight sportsmen contested for a shot gun at Seattle, W. T., last month, and, after they had finished their scores, a Chinaman, who runs a wash-house at that place, requested the privilege of trying his skill, and was allowed to do so. He bent all the scores and won the prize.

—The third annual reception of the Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took place Wednesday evening, Feb. 4th. It was a most enjoyable affair, and everybody seemed to be having the very best kind of a time. One of the prettiest features of the evening was a little six-year-old lady, with dark flowing hair and laughing eyes, who used her little feet in a way to charm all beholders.

WILD PIGEONS.—*Jefferson, Ohio, March 6th.*—Pigeons began flying over this place on Thursday morning. Friday morning a great many passed over, but the trappers were unable to light any, the wind blowing so strong that most pigeons would not work. About eight o'clock innumerable flocks passed over from the east.

—A party of gunners at Bay Ridge, L. I., last week reported that they had started some twenty-five woodcock, among them an albino.

MASSA CHUETTES.—*Duxbury, Feb. 23d.*—The past season has been the most open one for years, consequently not many ducks, whistlers, sheldrakes, etc., bugged. What were shot were in the best possible condition. The bay at the present time contains large flocks of fowl but very wild. The game birds here in their seasons are as follows: Partridges, quail, woodcock, snipe, teal, upland plover, snipe, rail, peep, yellow legs, ring-necked, black ducks, coots, whistlers, sheldrakes, quailers, rabbits, foxes, a few mink, muskrats. Thirty-eight miles from Boston, Old Colony Railroad, two hours en route, Hollis Hotel, J. B. Hollis, proprietor.

WORCESTER SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—*Worcester, March 5th.*—At their annual meeting this week the members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club elected these officers: President, A. P. Pond; Vice-Presidents, W. S. Perry, E. T. Smith; Treasurer, Gilbert J. Hugg; Secretary, Stephen Clark; Directors, Albas Houghton, John Goodell, M. D. Gilman, C. B. Holden.

SNIFE OUT OF SEASON.—*Boston, March 5th.*—Mr. Osgood, of this city, captured a Wilson's snipe on the 25th of January last, which I have mounted. H. A. S.

FIRST LONG ISLAND SNIFE.—*New York, March 9th.*—Mr. C. A. Willets, of Flushing, L. I., had the pleasure of killing the first snipe of the season at that place on Feb. 24th, 1890. It was the only one seen. R. L.

New York, March 9th.—Yesterday, the 8th inst., I killed on Long Island two English snipe. As this is rather early, should you deem it of enough importance, you might mention it in your next issue. G. W.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Washington, March 5th.*—The Washington Sportsmen's Association has been organized with a membership of thirty-five, and it is hoped to double the number.

VIRGINIA.—*Petersburg, March 6th.*—Eleven shells, one hour, half a mile from railway depot, seven English snipe. Markets full of ducks and robins. J. L. K.

MISSISSIPPI.—*Union Church, Feb. 27th.*—We have a shooting club here with a membership of ten. Shall send you some of our scores.

ILLINOIS.—*DeKalb, March 5th.*—The prairie about here is now dotted all over with ponds, and ducks are very plentiful, more so, I am told, than they have been for years, but they are very wild and fly very high, and great skill and good guns are needed. Some good tags are made every day and there is sport for all. Chickens are numerous in season, and so are the sportsmen, so that in the immediate vicinity of the city the "season" is made very short; but the wilds and lakes of Wisconsin are close by, and we need not lack for sport. W. R. K.

OHIO.—*Cleveland, March 5th.*—Was out yesterday, 4th, and shot a Wilson snipe in very good condition indeed. Is not this very early? Never killed one before earlier than March 9th two years since, of which I then advised you; have shot here nearly half a century around Cleveland. A friend of mine sprung a woodcock 23d of February; but the season is so very early; evidence of spring—frogs calling, woodcock up, and other Southern birds are here some little time since. JAMES CHUBB.

LONG ISLAND SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The Long Island Sportsmen's Association held its adjourned meeting Monday night, Mr. Chappell, the President, was the chair. Delegates were present from five clubs. The principal business was the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. The general scheme provided makes each active member of every club of the association a member of the association. All the farmers on the Island who are in sympathy with and will cooperate in the objects of the organization, are made honorary members. A roll showing every member of each club will be prepared, which will be of benefit for reference. The objects of the organization are specified to be "To secure the propagation and protection of fish, game and birds by the recommendation and enforcement of judicious laws prohibiting the killing and sale of game and fish during improper seasons, and the wanton destruction by unsportsmanlike means. Also to foster genuine sports spirit and unite all action among the several clubs of Long Island and their members, and encourage skill in the use of the rod and gun."

The following resolution was unanimously adopted and incorporated in the constitution: "That this association denounces the mutilation of birds as unsportsmanlike and barbarous, unworthy of gentlemen, and calculated to bring sport-shooting unjustly into disrepute, and we pledge ourselves to do everything in our power, as an association and as individuals, to prevent such practice and punish its perpetrators." It was also declared that any member guilty of such mutilation should be expelled, and thereafter remain ineligible to membership.

The meeting adjourned to meet at the Fountain Gun Club rooms March 18th, at 8 P.M.

MONROE COUNTY NOTES.—*Rochester, N. Y., March 5th.*—William Billingshurst, inventor of the Billingshurst reel and manufacturer of the Billingshurst target rifle, died in this city on the 4th inst., of paralysis, aged 78 years. He was in the gun-making trade here nearly fifty years, and doubtless thousands of your readers have handled weapons made in his shop. In his prime of life he was an ardent sportsman, and in his later years was excelled by few as a rifle shot.

A few wild geese have been seen thus early in this vicinity, and "birds are looking up" among the gun dealers.

Robins and bluebirds have been here for some days past. An acquaintance of mine who knows a hawk from a heron yesterday saw a flock of wild pigeons in one of the towns of this county; they are the first I have heard of in the State this year.

The Monroe County Sportsmen's Club held its annual meeting last night and re-elected the following officers: President, W. J. Babcock; Vice-President, J. H. Brown; Secretary and Treasurer, L. A. Pratt. The club has ordered two hundred migratory quail through Horace P. Tobey, of Boston, and is on a good financial basis. There are ninety-nine paying members on the list and applications for admittance pending.

At the charter election Tuesday last George M. Schwartz, an efficient game constable, who has held the office the two previous terms, was re-elected by a flattering majority and on a spite of determined movement to defeat him, stood on foot by law-breakers whom he had prosecuted for illegal fishing.

EXPLOSIVE TARGET.

CORTLAND GUN CLUB.—*Cortland, N. Y., March 7th.*—At the annual meeting of the Cortland Gun Club held at Mr. B. E. Miller's office last evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. Mahan; Vice-President, C. P. Walrad; Secretary, B. E. Miller; Treasurer, A. Schermerhorn.

The extremely mild weather of the past winter has enabled the members of the club to practice glass-ball shooting frequently, and some excellent scores have been made. There is much interest manifested, and the membership is increasing. A pleasant and profitable season is anticipated.

MONTANA DEER HUNTING.—*San Francisco, Feb. 28th.*—I enclose a paragraph or two from my old chum, Dick Eddy, which may interest you. Under date of Jan. 9th, Missoula, Montana, he writes: "I was out hunting day before yesterday and killed ten deer, and sent out yesterday to bring them in and killed five more." Under date of July 15th from same place, he says: "When I wrote you last I had only started in to hunt. The Quar-

total of thirty-four clean scores in all—twenty-two with the Ballard and twelve with the Maynard. The management of these galleries bar no rifle, even allowing the contestants to shoot their own, which privilege Messrs. Richardson and Jewell exercise.

THE LYMAN SIGHT.—Mr. William Lyman, the maker of the new rifle rear sight, has received the following letter from a member of the Utah Rifle Association. It was entirely unsolicited, and was accompanied by orders for other sights to be used by other marksmen of Salt Lake City:—

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Jan. 19th.
 William Lyman, Esq.:—
 I read the sight you sent me by registered mail reached here five days ago. I could not make it fit the same. I believe as I fitted to a Maynard. 22. Yourself and Mr. Sharpe, the owner of the gun, went out to try the sight at living objects. He fired a few shots, and at once saw that the sight was superior to any other sight, and so expressed himself. I tried it, and on the first effort broke the ball and made a string of fifteen or sixteen shots, hand-in-back the gun without a miss. We tried then on objects at various distances for the purpose of ascertaining its adaptability to quick aiming, and the result surprised us. For firing at the word of command it excels anything I ever saw. Of course, we would imagine what it would be in the field and forest.

One of our sportsmen suggested that while its superiority was manifest in those branches of shooting, it might not be adapted to accurate shots, but that we might try myself and him I shot in the presence of two witnesses, ten shots at the target I send you herewith, the result of which you can, of course, appreciate. The distance was twenty feet, and you will see that there is not room to place two bullets side by side in the longest diameter of the target, all the shots cutting into one hole. The distance was twenty feet, and you will see that there is not room to place two bullets side by side in the longest diameter of the target, all the shots cutting into one hole.

In conclusion, I have to say that I consider your sight the perfection of an idea, which, simple as it is, comprehends the secret of accurate mastery over a rifle. To old eyes it must be a perfect God-send.

A HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE WITH BULLETS.
 BOULDER BASIN, MONTANA.

Editor Forest and Stream:—
 The article of Mr. Cleveland in your issue of Aug. 28th, 1879, recalls a discussion that took place in your columns nearly two years since, and I ask space to submit additional facts in support of the views then advocated.

It will be recalled that in answer to some strictures of British rifle experts—to the effect that for all the practical purposes of hunting, etc., the American long-range breech-loader was as useless an arm as the American muzzle-loader—I commented the American rifle as an admirable arm for hunting large game, with the proper modification of sights and ammunition. This opinion was based upon nearly two years' experience with one of the American long-range arms—hunting in Montana, using a 450-grain solid ball. These views were commented upon unfavorably by several on this side of the water, notably by H. W. C. (Mr. Cleveland), who seemed to ridicule the idea of taking such a weapon in the field. The only tangible reason given in support of his view was that the very sharp twist of the grooving, necessary in the long-range weapon, necessarily rendered the gun too big a trajectory for hunting small game. This proposition was successfully controverted by me in reply, I think, by quoting the practice of some of the best rifle-makers of Great Britain, who in the Express rifle—designed especially for flatness of trajectory—used, in some cases, as sharp twist to the grooving as is used in our long range. Some experiments of my own were also introduced, which, at least to my satisfaction, proved the error of his views. The opinion was then advanced that in a well-constructed rifle, flatness of trajectory, *ceteris paribus*, is dependent practically upon the relative proportion of velocity of flight and bullet weight.

So much by way of recapitulation and as an introduction to what follows. This same long-range rifle has been used by me since that discussion, and its powers fully tested upon the large game (antelope, deer, buffalo, elk, mountain sheep and grizzly bears) of the latest game of this continent. The following score of game for the present season to this date, in addition, by the large proportion of animals killed to those hit, a destructiveness scarcely second to any rifle, and the adaptability of the rifle to the purpose of hunting small game. No game is claimed for myself on the score of extra skill either as a rifleman or hunter, for I am only an average one; nor is any especial merit claimed for this rifle over other arms of its class, for it is only an average one. What merit I do claim is the successful adapting of the hollow-pointed or Express bullet to an American rifle, contrary to the opinion of so many that the light Express bullet could not be used in any American rifle with Express charges on account of its system of rifling. With the exception of a few elk and deer, and a few males of each kind for specimens, the aim was to kill no animal—bear, of course, except—except for food. When it is recollected what small amount of each carcass can be kept in warm weather and packed on animals over mountain trails, it can be realized how many animals can be utilized, even by a small party, in several months' exploration of the Yellowstone National Park and the mountains to the north and east. With a little experience double the amount of deer and elk could have been easily killed than is given below. This can be the more easily realized when it is stated that six of the elk were killed in ten minutes' firing, and were quickly utilized by a ranchman for his winter's supply of meat; also three elk at another time and two on two other occasions in a shorter time.

Two bullets were used. In animals no larger than the deer, shells were loaded with 105 grains of musket (83 grains by weight) of Curtis & Harvey No. 6, and a 275-grain hollow-pointed nickel ball, 3-16 inch calibre. For animals larger than the deer (elk, bears, big game, etc.), same quantity of powder and a 340-grain alloyed ball, 10-16 inch calibre.

The classification below is made from notes taken of the locality and character of each wound at the time.

The game was killed by myself, and does not include what was killed by the packer or others of the party, nor by any hunter in the vicinity. The score is claimed as a fair test of the rifle's capacity. In making out the percentage of "kills" (without a second shot) to the "hits," no shot is counted that did not pierce the spinal column or within the cavity of the lungs, or at the point of shoulder and hips, for merely "hits" from any rifle in the limbs will secure game without a second shot.

Total deer and antelope killed the present season to Nov. 10th, 1879 24
 Hit in limbs, and required second shot 2
 Leaving total hit fairly in body 26
 Of these requiring second shot 1

Two killed dead fell within a distance of twenty yards, and were shot at distances varying from fifty to three hundred yards.

Total elk and mountain sheep 31
 Hit in limbs first shot, and requiring second second shot 3
 Leaving total hit fairly in body 34
 Shot at from forty to three hundred yards:—
 Of these requiring a second shot 6
 (Or proportion of 1 to 81-5.)

The 24 animals fell with one hundred and fifty yards, and where shot.

This does not include 3 bull elk and 1 big horn ram known to be hit, and some, with limbs broken, that escaped into timber and were found.

Total bear killed (grizzly, 7; brown bear, 1) 8
 Requiring the second shot 1
 (Or 1 in 8.)

One killed at one hundred and fifty yards, balance from twenty to seventy-five yards. The grizzly—shot the second—would have died within a short distance, and had he not, after the usual number of antics, righted up and came immediately down the hill toward me, and it was deemed advisable, by way of experiment, to give him a second shot when within twenty-five yards. The bears were approached on foot and unattended, except the one shot at one hundred and fifty yards, who was killed by merely dismounting. This itself argues confidence in one's rifle. These eight bears were all so hard hit that only one gave the usual "baw" given when not fatally shot. Of course, with such game the necessity was always recognized of putting in the first shot at close quarters, and doing it well.

Big-horns are nearly as hard to kill dead as elk. With any arm it is very difficult to knock down in his track a bull elk, unless hit in brain or spinal column. Wall hit behind the shoulders, they will usually stand from three to ten minutes before falling. Three of the big-horns and six of the elk were killed with the light bullet, and without second shot. They were all, however, well hit. The condition of an animal (amount of flesh on its ribs) materially affects the Express bullet. The more flesh, the lower the velocity of the splinters of the ball on entering the cavity—which is really the measure of its destructiveness. An average elk will measure 5ft. 2in. (15 hands) high; 7ft. from rump to tip of nose, as he stands; 6ft. in girth, and 30in. depth of chest behind the shoulders, and will weigh 720lb. when in fair condition. This rifle is so sighted that with a 275-gr. ball and with fine sight, its point blank is 135 yards; coarse sight, 200 yards; trajectory rising seven inches. Turning up a leaf, and using a 340-gr. ball, fine sight, 125 yards; coarse, 200 yards. The second leaf also gives a point blank for light ball of 250 and 300 yards.

As to accuracy, I have grouped ten consecutive shots, with the 275-gr. ball, within an eight inch ring at 200 yards; also ten consecutive shots within a four inch ring at 100 yards. From ten to twenty shots (dependent on account of atmosphere) can be fired with the light ball without materially fouling the barrel. These details may appear tedious, but they have a material bearing on the adaptability of any weapon for hunting purposes. The object of this paper is to make apparent this showing for one of the American long-range rifles, and that, although only .41 in calibre, it can be made sufficiently destructive for the largest game of this continent.

I don't mean by the above that were I going to order an arm, especially for hunting, the long-range model would be selected. I would prefer, on account of its safety on horseback, a too, probably four inch shorter barrel and a shell to hold 100, perhaps 120 grains powder. But what would be required would be a rifle of the extreme accuracy of the long-range model (call it by what name you choose and leave the length, etc., to the builder). With me one half the pleasure derived from the use of the rifle is in target practice, and with me one rifle is as much as it is desirable to look after. It is for this reason I want a rifle that in a few minutes can be transformed from a target to a hunting rifle, and vice versa. Whoever has traveled around by rail, as I have with two guns, with two outfits of shells and ammunition, etc., knows its annoyance and trouble. This would be doubly expensive and annoying if traveling through mountains by stage or by pack animals.

Any one who attempts the latter mode of getting about will soon appreciate the luxury of having only one rifle and outfit to look after, and will never be bothered with two. You also want a rifle as light as possible and of power sufficient to master any animal you are liable to meet, from a blue grouse to a grizzly bear.

I was glad to see by a late circular that one of the Express rifle makers coincides in some of my views. Alexander Henry, Edinburgh, whose reputation as a match and Express rifle maker, is second to none in Great Britain, advertises "a match and Express rifle combined," which means, I presume, that he uses express bullets and express sights in his regular breech-loading match rifles. Though the length of this article has exceeded first intentions, a few words in answer to Mr. Cleveland's last. With Mr. Van Dyke I have understood him that his model rifle (40 cal. 40 grain), too, was unrestricted as to distance, and was more impressed in that regard from his bringing forward as examples of its destructiveness the tiger of India and the buffalo bull of the Western plains. His articles are not before me, but of course I stand corrected. I was equally surprised, however, that a rifleman of his experience should find evidence of the flatness of trajectory of a rifle, from the fact of a good rifleman centering the tiger's eye at forty yards. Had he not reiterated this opinion in his last card, I might have thought myself mistaken in his meaning, as is in the other instance.

The fact of a rifle with a driving center at any distance, proves nothing, except that it is sighted for that particular distance. American sporting rifles are sighted for different distances—fifty, seventy-five and one hundred yards. If the rifleman in question "drew a fine bead" on the tiger's eye my inference would be the rifle was sighted for fifty yards. Sighted for seventy-five yards the center could be driven by holding a little under, by one who knows his weapon well. So that until more particulars are given of this shot it proves nothing except the nerve and skill of the rifleman, and probably his "good fortune," too, as Mr. V. suggests.

The term "flat trajectory" is very indefinite, so also "fine sight" and "coarse sight," unless we know by careful experiment how much the trajectory rises when sighted for a certain distance. By my own idea of the term I do not see how a flat trajectory can be gotten from Mr. C.'s model rifle with a forty-grain charge and the conical ball of say 200 grains, a proportion of powder of one-fifth. Noting less than a proportion of one to two and a half and one in three will give a flat trajectory up to 200 yards and with proper weight to the ball. No reflection is meant in the above on the Maynard rifle, which stands scarcely second to any of our breech-loaders as a close shooting and excellent arm. Besides, I have great respect for it as one of two of the "pioneer" American breech-loaders.

Boulder Basin, Montana.

MOUNTAIN CHUCKER CLUB.—At a meeting of this organization held at St. Louis on Feb. 11th, the following officers were elected for the coming season:—President, Mr. George F. Neale; Vice-President, Mr. George M. Foster; Treasurer, Mr. F. Hackey; Secretary, Mr. William H. Chambers, 208 South Main street; Committee, Messrs. P. Adair, E. H. Lyett, J. B. Gage, T. Penn and William Brodie; Captain, Mr. Julian Rutwell.

Yachting and Canoeing.

THE HERRESHOFF SYSTEM OF STEAM PROPULSION.

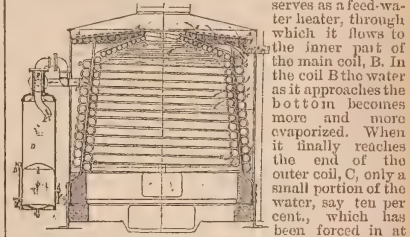
WE take pleasure in laying before our readers a complete exposition of the Herreshoff system of steam generation and propulsion, as applied to pleasure and sporting yachts.

The Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., of Bristol, R. I., are now at work on their sixty-fifth steam vessel—a list which includes steam yachts, launches, gigs, torpedo boats and gunboats, varying in size from 17ft. to 135ft. in length. These vessels have all attained the highest speed in their several classes, and are always noted for the fine lines of their hulls and for the general excellence of their workmanship, both in hulls and machinery.

Let us first examine in detail their boiler, which presents a combination of new and remarkable qualities. It is the invention of the Herreshoff Brothers, and is the subject of two patents in this and foreign countries.

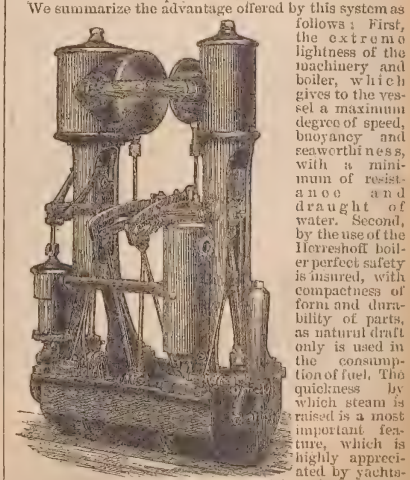
By reference to the annexed cut the manner of construction and its operation can be easily understood. The boiler consists of a coil or coils of wrought iron pipe placed vertically over a circular furnace, the whole being surrounded by a double or triple jacket or shell terminating in a smoke-stack on top. The products of combustion cannot escape at the top of the coil, which is closed, but are obliged to find their exit through the spaces at the side between the several turns of pipe which form the coils. Thus the influence of the fire is brought to bear in a very efficacious manner upon the heating surface, giving thereby a very high economy of fuel.

The feed water is pumped into the upper coil, A, which serves as a feed-water heater, through which it flows to the lower part of the main coil, B. In the coil B the water, as it approaches the bottom, becomes more and more evaporated. When it finally reaches the end of the outer coil, C, only a small portion of the water, say ten per cent, which has been forced in at the top, remains liquid. The contents of the coils are discharged through the pipe E into the separator, D, in which the steam and water become separated. The steam flows off through the pipe F to the superheating coil, G, from which it is taken directly to the engine. The water, which has been separated from the steam in the separator, falls to the bottom of it. The height at which it stands may be known by the glass gauge H. The excess of feed-water blown off from the separator is returned to the coil A by a circulating pump. A simpler method, however, but accompanied by a small loss of heat, is to discharge the excess of feed-water into the condenser, whence it is taken by the air pump and delivered into the hot well, from which it is taken by the feed pump and again carried to the coil A.



The boiler is absolutely safe from explosion—a most comforting assurance to all in its neighborhood. It is less than half the weight of ordinary boilers, and can be put into operation in a remarkably short space of time; only five or six minutes are required to raise steam. Its economy of fuel is claimed to be equal to the best form of boilers in use—a claim which seems reasonable in view of the large amount of heating surface exposed. The engine adopted by this company is of the compound condensing type, and possess many advantages over the old plain system—notably, economy of fuel and freedom from the noise and other nuisances connected with exhausting steam into the open air. There is also by this method an increased durability of working parts, owing to working the steam at a high rate of expansion. The accompanying cut is of a compound condensing engine for yachting use. It is from the photograph of the engine exhibited in New York in 1879, at the Fair of the American Institute. To it and to the boiler medals of excellence and a diploma were awarded.

We summarize the advantage offered by this system as follows: First, the extreme lightness of the machinery and boiler, which gives to the vessel a maximum degree of speed, buoyancy and seaworthiness, with a minimum of resistance to the wind and draught of water. Second, by the use of the Herreshoff boiler perfect safety is insured, with compactness of form and durability of parts, as natural draft only is used in the consumption of fuel. The quickness by which steam is raised is a most important feature, which is highly appreciated by yachtsmen and sportsmen who "brook no delay when on pleasure bent." Third, by the use of the surface condensing engine the amount of fresh water required is reduced to a minimum, 30 gallons of which will suffice to carry a 15 h p. yacht 300 miles. As has been noticed, the absence



As has been noticed, the absence

SALEM BAY YACHT CLUB.—Since its incorporation the Salem Y. C. has been called the Salem Bay Y. C. Its fleet is rapidly growing. The well-known *Vixen*, *Brenda*, *Breeze* and other large Boston yachts have joined. Its two club-houses and sheltered harbor offer strong inducements, and as the management of affairs is in the hands of wide-awake gentlemen, who see in yachting something else than delighting hours, the S. B. Y. C. is destined to become one of the leading organizations on the coast.

BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—An exchange says: "The Boston Yacht Club took a new lease of life last year, and with young men for a regatta committee, could boast of the finest regattas, both in number of craft and amount of prizes, of any club in New England. As the same gentlemen are retained on the committee for the coming season, there can be no doubt but the reputation earned last season will be retained."

DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.—Messrs. King and Clark, of the Dorchester Yacht Club, yachtsmen well known in Boston and vicinity, have sold the fast center-board sloop *Woff* to Mr. C. E. Adams, Jr., of the Quincy Y. C., and expect to have a sloop of about 40ft. the coming season. The Dorchester Y. C. are preparing the dates for regattas for the season, which promises to be a very brilliant one.

QUINCY YACHT CLUB.—Opening regatta set down for May 15th. Many new boats will appear under its colors. Peter Turner is building an 18ft. cat, Leloi another, and Mayberry is finishing one of 20ft.

HAVENHILL YACHT CLUB.—Mr. E. P. Brown has had a new craft built, 30ft. long, with a roomy cabin. She is to be used mainly for cruising.

CRAFTS FOR MEXICO.—The New York Safety Steam-Power Company is filling a contract for three steam revenue cutters for the Mexican Government. The hulls are being built in Sam Pina's yard, Greenport, from models furnished by the well known modeler, Chas. Hillman, of City Island. They are 65ft. long, 12ft. beam, 5ft. 6in. deep. The engines are of the Babcock & Wilcox compound type; cylinders, 81 and 12in. by 12in. stroke; pressure, 120lbs.; schooner rigged; eight tons coal in bunkers. Boiler is of the cylindrical return tubular kind, 5ft. diameter and 32ft. long, having 40 square feet heating surface, and is built of 61s steel, three-eighths of an inch thick. They will have trunk cabins, carry two lifeboats and a crew of ten men, and are intended to steam eight hundred miles on their bunker capacity.

THE VALMADIAH.—Messrs. Lawley & Son, South Boston, expect to launch the new keel sloop they have in hand early in April.

She is 40ft. on deck, 30ft. w. l. and 14ft. beam; frames of white oak, 4x12in., spaced 11in.; planking nearly all in one length of yellow pine. Her cabin trunk is 17ft. 6in. long, 9ft. and 15in. high; height between decks, 6ft. 2in.; two staterooms, w. c., housing topmast; intended for cruising and racing. The same builders are at work on two hollow topmasts for the famous old *Inverca*, which are to go on and leave her departing for the West Indies; also a hollow loon and topmast for the *Drum*.

SKEINER.—Says the Boston Herald: "Several new keel-boats, under 30ft., are being built in and around Boston, among them one by Thleston of Dorchester, only 18ft. long. Keel-boats of this size are again becoming popular." Evidently, Boston no longer suffers from the center-board craze, but has recovered from the mania, and New York shows unmistakable signs of following. With keels, low ballast, less beam and more depth, even the "little ones" will boidly take to distant cruising. Model is what we want for safety, not tonnage.

A CASE IN POINT.—We learn from the East that, "in regard to joining the National Yachting Association, we hardly think we could get a committee together to represent us, as the N. Y. A. is apparently going to allow shifting ballast in small boats. This we can never consent to in any form."

As yet, no sailing rules have been drawn up by the N. Y. A., and we should not like to assume to speak for them on this head. Our own views have always been sufficiently pronounced in the matter, but the N. Y. A. will sail its own ship as it chooses and take the consequences.

NEW YACHT.—Mr. A. Carey Smith is engaged upon the design of a craft for a gentleman in Boston, upon the principles so successfully applied in the famous *Madcap*, which won her maiden race only three days after bending sails, and subsequently three races hand-running, in one week, against yachts from five to eight feet longer.

THE ACTIVE.—We learn that alterations were made to this yacht, departing from the original design furnished. This proves the correctness of some of our remarks in this issue, and should be a caution to critics not to let slip the dogs of war until they are in possession of the hot tom facts.

THE DOLPHIN.—This sloop, formerly the property of Governor Straw, of New Hampshire, and built by Hirschhoff, of Bristol, was purchased by Mr. Arthur L. Dean, and in accord with the prevailing tendency, has been altered into a keel by Smith, of City Point, South Boston.

NEW ROUTE TO NEWPORT AND BLOCK ISLAND.—It is proposed

by the Long Island R. R. to make connection at Greenport, L. I., with steamers to Newport and Block Island. This will place three yachting ports in direct communication with each other, and will prove of great service to yachtsmen.

THE VIKING.—This grand keel sloop having a thorough overhauling inside, and may have to fight hard for it with new *Valhalla*. Lawley & Son, who seem to do most of the work in Boston, have the job in hand.

MOUND ANCHOR.—Pierce Bros., of South Boston, will shortly ship a cabin-cut to some American residents in Turkey. She is 27ft. long, 23ft. w. l. and 11ft. beam.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—Sloop *Model*, of Dorchester, W. H. L. Smith owner, has come to it likewise, she is to have an iron sho of 1,800 pounds added "where it will do the most good." Sensible *Model*.

MEASUREMENT.—A correspondent objects to the proposal to adopt some standard freeboard for measurement, and adds: "Let a man build what he likes and take his chances." If it can be shown that such a course will not clash with our "Axiom IV.," his suggestion has our approval. But if it would lead to the construction of dangerous and uncomfortable low freeboard machines, the adoption of a standard freeboard or depth is much to be preferred. In countenancing "standard depth" in these columns we were giving voice to the fears of many that actual depth would prove incompatible with seaworthiness, a quality which in American yachts needs nursing more than any other. If these fears can be shown to be groundless, and if freeboard will not suffer by measuring actual depth, then our correspondent's suggestion to substitute the latter for an assumed figure will meet with indorsement, for it will simplify measurement to a multiplication of three main dimensions. We may add, that "length" should be the mean length, to prevent an otherwise impetuous stunting of overhang.

Probably, before resorting to the more complex rule involving "standard freeboard," it may be well to apply simply the "three dimensions rule" and observe its effect upon design. If the cloven foot of low freeboard shows itself, then it would be time to seek a cure. We are led to these remarks, because we know the difficulty of making anything but the very simplest formula popular among the masses, and rather than risk a continuance of the present crying evil of "simple length," any compromise on the basis of three dimensions will be a relief from the charge of shiftless superficiality which must hang over the community just as long as length rules the day.

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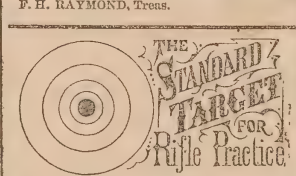
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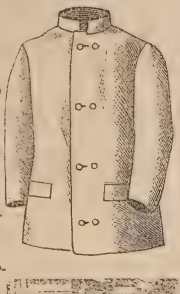

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earlier) for Babylon, 8:35 A.M., 3:35, 4:35, 5:35 P.M.
Sundays, 9 A.M.
Col. P. A. Whitestone, 7:35, 9:45, 10, 11:35 A.M.
2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35, 7:35, 9:45 P.M., 12:15
midnight.
Sundays, 6:35, 10:35 A.M., 1:35, 5:35, 7, 10 P.M.
Pushing, 6:37, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:35 A.M., 2:35, 3:35,
4:35, 6:35, 6:55, 7:35, 9:45 P.M., 12:15 night. Sun-
days, 9:35, 10:35 A.M., 1:35, 3, 5:35, 7, 10 P.M.
For Rockaway, 8:35, 11 A.M., 4:35, 6:35, 7 P.M.
Rockaway Beach, 10 A.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.
Great Neck, 6:30, 7:35, 11:35 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 4:35 P.M.
Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, 9:35 A.M., 5:35 P.M.
(Garden City, Queens and Hempstead, 8, 10 A.M.,
1:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35 P.M. For Flatbush av.
daily, except Sundays, and from Hunter's Point,
Monday, Wed., Fri. and Saturday, 12:15 night,
Wednesday and Sunday only from Flatbush av.
8:30 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M., 1:35, 6:35 P.M.
Glen Cove, Locust Valley and Roslyn, 8, 10 A.M.,
3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6:35 P.M.
Greenport and Sag Harbor, 8 A.M., 3:35 P.M.
Huntington and Northport, 8, 10 A.M., 4:35, 6:35
P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6:35 P.M.
Lakeland and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 3:35, 5:35 P.M.
Port Jefferson, 8 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.
Fischogue, 8:35 A.M., 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9
A.M.
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

[Entered According to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1880.

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Southern Wood Notes.

W HETHER in the tangled thickets of spice wood in Indiana or Kentucky, the home of the ruffed grouse, or in the somber silence of a Southern pine forest, there is a beauty in the forest, trackless and illimitable, that can only be surpassed by the solemn expanse of ocean itself; and, indeed, there is a great similarity between the dwellers in the woods and the reckless sailors who brave death in every form upon the mighty deep.

At this season of the year one can see vast numbers of doves feeding on the grass seeds in the cotton patches, or on the few cow peas that have been left by the hogs in the corn-fields. They afford very fine shooting, for they go like the wind, and none but a hard-hitting, close-shooting gun will bring them to grass.

I have been much amused at the discussions that have been going on in FOREST AND STREAM ament the holding on a bird, when a cross shot or ahead. As all the shots at doves are cross shots, these gentlemen, were they to shoot here, would have a "beggary account of empty" shells and no birds. At forty yards, or further, I aim from three to five feet ahead of my bird, and even then I sometimes shoot behind. *En passant*, I remark that the only successful way to kill either quail, ducks, or doves is the "swing." Follow the course of your bird, throw the gun ahead, and pull trigger simultaneously. All this talk about "snap" shooting and deliberate shooting is all "bosh." Deliberate promptitude is the rule, and he who departs from it can never shoot well, nor even make an average shot. Some writers say that you must have the sight in front of your bird. I have never found any use for the sight on my gun. I never see it when I shoot. Nor do I believe any but a "poke shot" ever does. See that your gun is on a line with the bird, for goodness' sake; pull trigger, and don't, I beg, "poke" it!

Following in the wake of the flocks of doves are a great variety of hawks and other predaceous birds. From the stately buzzard hawk, down to the tiny "blue darter," they swarm over all the fields. There is a hawk here called the "rabbit hawk," of which I have never killed but one specimen, and that being similar to your marsh hawk, but with a greater breadth of wing, and a much larger and finer bird. Indeed, a specimen I wounded very severely was almost eagle-like in size. I

was sitting on the banks of a little stream, bathing my hands and face, after a long tramp after quail, when, happening to look at my dog, I saw from his eager looks that he saw some bird in the air. To snatch my gun and look up was the work of a moment. Coming down, sailing along with no perceptible motion of his wings, was a huge bird, with square head and fierce, yellow eyes. I had no time to change my shells, so I gave him each barrel in succession. He fell like a stone to the second barrel, but the 8s were not heavy enough. Before I could reload he rose and flew off with a rapidity of which I could scarcely believe so large a bird capable. I am sure that he never caught another rabbit. I am very sure that at about twenty yards, the distance that I fired at him, I have killed mallards stone dead with the same gun and the same size of shot. I should like very much to see this bird dead, for they are very rare indeed in the South.

The "blue darter" (*Falco minor*) is the most destructive of all our birds of prey. Not much larger than a quail, they possess great muscular power, and can carry off a dove with no trouble whatever. Woe to the covey of quail that this little robber finds in the open. One gone, day after day he feasts upon them, until not a solitary one is left to pipe his cheerful Bob White in the morning, or to call in plaintive notes in the evening. He has eaten them all. No wonder the sportsman hates him. No wonder he crouches down by the fence and waits by the hour for his arrowy form to shoot over him. And then, with what real joy he sees the cloud of feathers float down the wind, and knows that the spoiler is laid low. The 8s do the work for him very effectually.

There is another species of hawk here fully as destructive as the "darter," but in another direction. He is called in the South, *par excellence*, the "chickadee hawk," and woe to the brood of little or big chickens that this Ishmaelite bird finds wandering from the farm-house, from under the watchful eye of the good wife. He swoops down in the quiet gray of the morning, ere the farmer's boys have fully opened their eyes, and the chickens are fondly looking for those worms of which they dreamed during the silly watches of the summer night. What a burrah! Aunt Dinah, the black cook, sallies forth with a broom, Jake her son, with a stool, upon which he has been sleepily nodding; her daughter, Cleopatra, with the frying-pan; the farmer, with a rusty double gun, shouting, "Where is he; where is he?" the dog, Bose, with an intelligent appreciation of the exigencies of the situation, having in the meantime seized Jake by the leg, while the audacious cause of all this uproar is sailing off with a chicken in his claws, which he will pick and eat with a serene content up Aunt Dinah, Jake, Cleopatra, the farmer and Bose. He repeats the experiment next morning with precisely the same result, only varied as to the actors in the tragedy, for Bose, with an impartiality highly to be commended, bites Aunt Dinah the next time, and then next morning bites Cleopatra, and so on until he gets back to Jake.

As you walk over our pine woods you will see little, curious mounds of fresh earth, thrown up at almost regular intervals. These are the homes of the "salamander," a little rodent, allied in species to the prairie dog. They are very shy, and not many Southerners have ever seen one. I was shooting quail one evening, and sent my dog, a mere puppy, to bring me a dead bird. As he gave the supposed bird into my hand several birds rose near me, and while marking them down I took hold of what I thought was a bird. A sharp bite, that met through my thumb, convinced me immediately that it was no quail. In an agony of pain, I flung it on the ground, killing it instantly. It was my intention to mount the specimen, but our cat made her supper on him, while I was eating mine. I regret it very much, for I have never seen one of them since that time. That they must be entirely vegetable feeders, I think admits of no doubt; but, as they work entirely in the night, it is almost impossible to find out much about their habits. They are singular little animals, and would well repay scientific investigation were it not for the causes mentioned above: their extreme shyness and their nocturnal habits. I have never seen any monograph about them, and I would be delighted to hear from some one on the subject.

Of all American forests, the "piny" woods show least bird life. You may travel miles upon miles, and see nothing in the shape of a bird, unless you are quail hunting, and then the coveys are not very plentiful. Occasionally you may hear the shrill trumpet of the blue jay, or the complaining, querulous note of the tom-tit, but solemn, weird stillness reigns over all things.

Sometimes a "fox-squirrel," your common red squirrel, will elevate his tail and career with railroad speed through the wire grass. He means business, this foxy denizen of the "piny" woods, and does not mean that any shotgun—choke bore or any other bore—shall bring him to bag. He is so tough, and selects such outrageously tall pines, that the wise sportsman rather avoids collision with him and pretends not to see him as he sits enthroned on the very topmost bough of the tallest pine in a radius of a mile, with his flag-like tail waving in defiance to the breeze and to the gentleman with the shot-

gun below, who, with a deep sigh over the limited capabilities of shotguns, "passeth." Yot, again and again have I killed them, but often with an expenditure of ammunition not at all in agreement with the value of the game. The only satisfactory method of shooting them is with the rifle. Then you fool Mr. Squirrel, indeed! For, as the whip-like report rings upon the still air, you see him quiver for a moment upon the limb, and then fall sheer a hundred feet without touching a limb.

There is a nuisance to the quail shooter here which you Northern sportsmen know nothing about. I mean a little bird having a tail longer, in proportion to their size, than the proudest of all peacocks; a true sparrow, called here the "swamp sparrow," but no more like the swamp sparrow of Kentucky than he is like a wild turkey. Any bird dog will take their scent, and I have seen the best-trained pointers come to a dead point on them. You should see the look of shame and indignation that crosses the dog's honest face when the game is flushed and found to be a sparrow. He hangs his head with a mental determination never to allow himself to be thus trapped again, but the very next one he falls again.

We have had no snipe-shooting here for a long time. In fact, such an impetus has been given to sport of late, and so much have most men improved in their shooting, that the Northern sportsmen do not leave many snipe for us of the South. The national game bird is Bob White, loved of all generous sportsmen.

A December quail is the hardest bird to hit, and being hit, the hardest bird to bring to bag for his size in the world. The man who can kill them can kill anything. You kill seven or eight in succession, and you plume yourself that you are going to redeem that miserable shooting that you did in the branch the other day. For, *entre nous*, you missed fully that many or more in the thick cover. You walk along with elastic steps, and lo! another point. You walk up your bird and you shoot; shoot with all your skill at that little fast diminishing point, and you are not rewarded with a single feather. You go on, and directly you shoot again, and this time the feathers float down the wind in a little cloud, but your bird only flies with accelerated speed. Next time you fire at fifteen or twenty yards and your bird is torn all to pieces. Thus you shoot all day, but while making a fair bag you wonder why you cannot make your uniform doubles, as you did in October. No man can do it. The best field shot in the world can make but few doubles on December quail. Not any with whom I have ever shot.

Many writers for your paper state that they kill most of their quail within twenty-five yards. Such men do not need any but the most ordinary guns. A good gun will render all birds killed at that distance worthless for eating, or nearly so. My own opinion is that if sportsmen were to use No. 6 instead of No. 8 in their choke-bore the shooting would be much more satisfactory. Then deliberate shooting in the open will be the rule, and not the exception. But I have yet to see the gun, no matter who the maker, that will uniformly make a good target with No. 6 at forty yards. If thrown close enough there is a want of penetration. For such a gun, if any gun-maker will make me a cheap and good one, I will pay him for it and make him famous all over the world.

In concluding this rather rambling and decidedly desultory article I must congratulate you upon the last number of your paper. Full of all that is of interest to the sportsman, it goes beyond that, and is full of interest to all genial, hearty men. The man who wrote the article last fall about Southern quail-shooting, has been there, and here's the hand of "gude fellowship" to him, and an earnest invitation, should he ever come down my way, to come and see me. To him, and to such as he, the laich-stirr always hangs outside. ST. CLAIR.

Lawtonville, Ga., Jan. 21st.

A SANGUINARY DEER HUNT.

But I never chose to put more than a single ball into my place; and in this manner, being a good marksman, I procured a considerable quantity of game.—New York.

T ENCO I have quoted from that delightful book, Cellini's "Memoirs," hits me very well, for I shoot always a rifle; but my companion—well, the Captain is something like one of the speakers in a conversation in the last number of *Punch*:—
Old Boy—What's your father?
New Boy—Foot, painter, sculptor, architect and musician.
Old Boy—Criminal! Is he great?
New Boy—The greatest that ever lived.
Old Boy—I never! And what are you going to be?
New Boy—The same as my father, only greater.

Were he interrogated he ought to answer—although he would not, as his modesty sits astride the pyramid of his perfections in the myriads of wood and water craft, looking as big as any of the pile—something in this way:

"Shoot any with a rifle?"
"Good as they make 'em."
"How are you with the shot gun?"
"I can handle a shot gun twice as well as I can a rifle."
"I know he killed 'em pheasants last fall."
"Ever do anything with a fly?"

On the morning of Nov. 4th we left camp at light. Some snow had fallen, and the day was dark and disagreeable. The guides took the canoe upon their shoulders and on we went. It seemed a very long distance, and I felt as though we were turning too much to the left, but I did not offer any suggestions, since I had thus far proved myself the lost man. A mile brought us to the mouth of the river, the canoe being carried on our shoulders and away we went. We had proceeded about two miles when one brother said to the other: "Gideon, we are on Scraggly Lake." Landmarks soon convinced Gideon that his brother was right, and about we turned. I was careful not to make any unpleasant remarks about this mistake, feeling that I was in their hands. Again we landed, and the brothers took the canoe up with a will, not allowing it to go any farther. Again the waters of the river were reached, and we were on our way. One of the guides will be fully appreciated when it is known that these men had for years lumbered upon these very waters. At Pleasant Lake more trouble presented itself: the wind was blowing squally, and with three men, dog, gun and ax in our birch, I did not deem it prudent to attempt to cross the lake, therefore we skirted the shore until the wind had less ruck, and then shaped our course to the landing in front of the house of Dock Wooster. After the landing, I saw the lake for the first time. Its close cut features, fine blue eyes, and light hair reaching to his shoulders. To him I said: "I am one of the lost tribe of the children of Israel." Comprehending at once my situation, he took me into his log-house, where I met his wife and eight children. Here I got thawed out (for ice was upon all in the birch), something for myself and guides to eat, and paid them well for conveying me to Wooster's. About 10 o'clock Dock Wooster announced himself ready, and by canoe took me to a point in the

direction of our own camp, and a tramp of two hours brought us to the white sandy beach of West Musquash Lake, whereupon I fired a shot and was answered. Soon we met Mr. Benson, and I rushed forward and grasped his hand, he expressing the same feelings of joy at meeting me. Three shots were then fired at intervals, as a signal that I had returned. The men returned one by one, for my friend Benson had spared no trouble in the effort to find me, engaging the whole crew of lumbermen, under Joseph Neal, who had just arrived, to begin operations. Mr. Neal, with all his men, gave up their time, and absolutely refused pay. When Mr. Thornton, our guide, and Mr. Neal were nearing our camp, I went down to meet them. Thornton sprang forward to me, saying, "My God, is it you?" and Mr. Neal came up and gave me his hand as though I were an old friend. Men with such hearts and generous impulses are not always at hand to help the lost and distressed. After a good deal of conversation of the day was devoted to a discussion of the catastrophe. I then knew how faithfully my friends had continued to hunt for me.

To those who have followed this account I will add this lesson as I see it. Do not leave your compass in camp as I did, even when going out with a guide. Always have a map. When you feel you know the course, do not let water seen in another direction divert you from your course. If lost at night, retrace your steps in the morning. I would have so done, but supposed the lake one of a chain upon which I was camped; it proved one of another chain of lakes.

It seems to me that people in the rural districts are more generous and willing to lend aid to others, without reward, than people living in our cities. My misfortune became known in Bangor before my return, and a short notice appeared in the *Whig*, but I had written my wife and Mr. Neal, and all his men, gave up their time, and absolutely refused pay. When Mr. Thornton, our guide, and Mr. Neal were nearing our camp, I went down to meet them. Thornton sprang forward to me, saying, "My God, is it you?" and Mr. Neal came up and gave me his hand as though I were an old friend. Men with such hearts and generous impulses are not always at hand to help the lost and distressed. After a good deal of conversation of the day was devoted to a discussion of the catastrophe. I then knew how faithfully my friends had continued to hunt for me.

Joseph Jefferson was that very evening to appear in the city as Rip Van Winkle. My wife greeted me at my house door, when I pulled the bell, and after surveying me for a moment, said, "Well, old Rip, you have come." *Bangor, Me., January, 1880.* H. N. FAIRBANKS.

We supplement our correspondent's experience with this account of what, in the "sporting" parlance of the day, might be termed a six days' go-as-you-please walk. There was no purse up, but the man was walking for his life:—

This hybrid individual was by occupation a *voyageur* in summer and a trapper and hunter in the winter season. His mental caliber was very ordinary, being unable to read or write, and his habits apathetic, living much alone. Some of his ponies having strayed off upon the prairie during the winter months, he went in quest of them. The prairie was the native heath to him, which he had trodden from infancy with the same assurance that ordinary mortals walk the pavement. He had no fear of being lost; every depression in the snow-clad earth, every stunted shrub, was a landmark to guide him on his way. After an absence of half a day a storm arose which compelled him to seek shelter. Day followed, and night again found him still walking and the storm unabated. At length his moccasins wore off his feet. He took the long "militaires" from his hands and tied them on in lieu of shoes. Then he walked on through the third, fourth and fifth days and nights, supporting life by chewing his leather hunting shirt. The sixth morning found his feet frozen and striking the beaten path like bits of wood; his hands were in a like condition, and his face a little puffed. During the last day, however, some wandering Indians discovered him in an apparently dying condition. They took him to a neighboring fort, and after the surgeon had barked him of portions of both hands and feet, and taken a piece from his face, he got well.

When found by the Indians, it is worthy of remark that, with the exception of exhaustion, the man was mentally more acute than when he was first lost. During the fearful days and nights the combination of terror, despair, and, above all, longing for human companionship, had striven against that dull intellectuality and apathetic temperament in vain. There was an indifference, and to ignorance of, the finer parts of the torture which effectually shielded him from danger. He simply did not know enough to experience any of the feelings which would have wrecked a higher order of intelligence.

And here is the story of a man who was lost on the plains in February, 1878:—

This unfortunate person was an officer of the company, and had started in the depth of winter, along with four others, to visit a distant post. Their means of conveyance were horse-sleds, instead of the ordinary winter vehicles of the country, snow-shoes and dog-sleds. The gentleman was a first-rate traveler, and accustomed from boyhood to such work. He knew the country well, and for a man of his age and constitution the severity of the winter had had too few terrors. At the crossing of the White Mud River he volunteered, as the party with which he traveled had run short of provisions, and their sleds, in consequence of deep snow, traveled heavily, to push on alone, with the intention of sending back assistance from the fort. He followed the track correctly until nightfall, when he lost his way, probably in an attempt to find a crossing. The following morning he resumed his journey, but in the wrong direction, and after another night spent on the plains, running about in a circle to preserve warmth, the third day's travel brought him within thirty miles of the fort, and very far distant from the track. Here hope seemed to desert him; and, after having hung a portion of his clothing upon a tree to attract the attention of any passer-by, he lay down and was frozen to death. When his body was recovered, the wind was one hand on his heart, the other containing a compass.

The half-breeds who found his body read by their tracks in the snow the whole history of this heroic fight for life—

read it with the same ease that you read the account from the page before you. There was not a foot-print or mark anywhere but formed a link in the chain of evidence. They knew from the varied hardness of the snow about the man's tracks just how long before they had been made; from the length of the stride when he was walking deliberately and when excitedly, and adduced therefrom the state of mind he was in at the time. They knew he had not taken proper precaution to sustain his falling strength, because the leather of his moccasins and moccasins tows, which he might have eaten, was untouched. It was very easily comprehended by these experienced plain-dwellers, too, that the poor victim, on realizing himself as lost, must have grown so excited as to lose his presence of mind, or he would have known his necessary general position with regard to the river, and have acted otherwise than he did. With his practical knowledge of the use of a compass, and of the country over which he traveled, he could have brought himself to any point he chose. But the dread terror of being lost had deprived him of reason in three days.

Natural History.

NOTES ON THE PINE GROSBEAK. (*Pinicola enucleator*.)

YESTERDAY I saw three of these beautiful birds industriously picking up their dinner in a patch of woods. They were quite tame, and I drove within twenty feet of them, and paused quite a while to observe and admire them, as they are old friends of mine. Four years ago they were quite plenty in this vicinity, and a large flock of them came regularly every morning to feast upon some frozen apples that hung on a tree within ten feet of my window. They were very tame, and sang so sweetly that I determined to capture some of them if possible. Fixing a sliptoe upon the end of a fishpole I succeeded in roping in a pair of them; the male was a young one, and the female I judged to be two or three years old. There was an old male in the flock, gorgeous with his beautiful scarlet plumage, that I tried very hard to capture; but he was too wary for me. I got the noose over his head several times, but he would twist out of it with scarcely an effort, and never move from his perch nor cease his cheerful song. He always appeared glad to see me, and to be quite interested in my experiments; he would nod and wink at me in the most knowing manner in the world, and, in spite of my best efforts, he preserved his liberty, and after a few days I saw him no more.

The pair that I had captured I placed in a large breeding cage that was about three feet square; they did not appear to be at all alarmed, but took kindly to their new home and at once commenced eating, and in less than an hour they were twittering and singing, happy and contented. For many weeks they appeared to thoroughly enjoy themselves, and became so tame that when I let them out in the room they would fearlessly alight upon my head or shoulder and feed from my hand. I never saw such beautiful feathered pets; they kept up an almost constant song from early dawn until every one in the house had retired for the night. Their song was not loud but very sweet and musical.

We were all very happy in their companionship until, alas! one fatal day, inspired by my evil genius, I brought home a newly made kingbird's nest and carefully placed it in one corner of their cage, and all of us gathered around to see what they would do. The male did not pay much attention to it, but after a cursory glance settled down on his perch and resumed his song. The female from the first appeared to be very much interested; her eyes glistened, and her head kept bobbing and turning, and as soon as the nest was in place she hopped up and perched upon its edge and critically examined every portion of it. She appeared very much pleased, and with a low expressive chirp alighted upon the perch, and with many knowing nods and smirks and pretty little ruffling of her feathers, she sidled up to her companion, all the while talking and crooning in her most silvery accents, and throwing her wing over him lovingly nestled close to his side, and in dulcet tones, with drooping head was sweetly murmuring the "old, old story," when he the heartless brute—awkwardly backed out from her loving embrace, and nonchalantly walking over to the feed dish commenced eating. With a plaintive chirp she followed him up and ardently pressed her suit, but when she approached him he would retreat, and after several trials with no better result, he took refuge in one corner behind the bath dish. Then, with a despairing glance at the loved nest overhead, with each particular feather standing on end, and with a harsh, discordant croak that plainly said r-r-r-venge, she went for him tooth and nail, and whacked and banged him around until, fearing for his life, I interfered and made him desist. No sooner did I take my hand from the cage than this incarnate fury pitched into him again, and I was obliged to separate them.

After a week of solitary confinement, during which neither of them uttered a single note of song, I returned him to the cage with her. No sooner had I shut the door than, with dilated eyes and open mouth, this virago went for him again and knocked him clear across the cage. I picked up a little stick and struck her two or three times

and made her leave him. He had been very meek and forbearing up to this time, not making the least show of resistance; but no sooner did he see the effect of my punishment upon her than he boldly asserted his manhood and bravely sailed in and gave her a thrashing that completely subdued her.

There was no quarrelling after this. She sulked and moped in her corner, refusing food and drink, and a few days after we found her dead—a victim of blighted affection. After she was gone a change came over the male; he uttered no sound save a mournful chirp, and appeared to miss his companion sadly. He gradually pined away, and in less than two weeks we "laid him gently by her side." I do not propose to adorn my simple tale with a moral, but cannot forbear expressing the hope, dear reader, that neither your end nor mine may be like this.

Springfield, Mass., Jan. 15th.

SHADOW.

WHITE DEER.—The Richmond (Va.) *State* has recently contained a number of notices of the killing of white deer in Virginia, and has devoted some space to speculations as to the origin of this new "species" and the causes which brought it into existence. The strain on the intellect of the scientific editor of our contemporary ought to be relieved, and we therefore take pleasure in assuring him that white deer are not very uncommon, scarcely more so than white robins, and that they are killed not infrequently in all sections of the country. Albinism is a freak of nature too commonly observed to excite much surprise.

BIRD NOTES FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—From the *Daily Local News*, of West Chester, dated Feb. 7th, 1880, the following mention of the bluebird is taken:—

Mr. Speakman Gray, of Caln Township, erected a bird box on his premises, which was taken possession of during the warm weather we had a few days ago by a pair of bluebirds. Three eggs were laid by one of them in this box, which was blown down in the recent storm and the eggs broken. The birds were hovering around the premises for several days in search of their nest, and were apparently in great tribulation over their loss.

Hawks, other than sparrows (*T. sparverius*), and red-shouldered, are rather scarce.

I have this winter seen or obtained twenty odd of the red-shouldered species, all of which were in the adult plumage; not one young bird was noted.

Other season's collectors hereabouts considered themselves fortunate if two or three adult red-shouldered hawks were taken. An immature bird of this species, however, was not looked upon as rare or specially desirable. The query with the writer is, what has produced the unusual presence of only the adult red-shouldered hawks?

Sparrow hawks and an occasional sharp-shinned hawk almost daily enter into West Chester and regale themselves on English sparrows, to the great satisfaction of the citizens of this place.

Crow blackbirds and robins are now abundant. Birds of these species in limited numbers may be found as residents nearly every winter.

A lady, whose veracity is unquestionable, tells me that some few winters since she caught alive a number of snow-birds (*T. hyemalis*). One of the number got so tame as to follow her about the house and yard; when called it would come and alight on her hand.

One day, in her yard, our informant was engaged in feeding her pet, it sitting on and eating from her hand. While thus occupied a cooper's hawk swooped down and snatched the bird from the lady's hand. The hawk after committing the depredation flew to a tree a few yards distant, and only vacated it after several stones had been hurled (no doubt with effect) at him. B. II. W.

West Chester, Pa., Feb. 19th, 1880.

ABOUT THE BOHEMIAN WAXWING.—Brookport, N. Y., March 2d.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—In Dr. Sterling's notice of the Bohemian waxwing (*Ampelis garrulus*) (*FOREST AND STREAM*, Feb. 26th) are several errors. So far from "never before been taken in hand by an American naturalist," previous to 1839, it was a well-known though rare visitor to several States. Audubon in 1835 mentions it as occurring in Pennsylvania and Long Island, several being shot in 1831 and 1832. In the latter year it also occurred in Boston. Several were shot in Nova Scotia in 1834. From these specimens Audubon's figures and description were taken. Dr. Sterling is also in error about any doubt existing respecting Richardson's specimens. Mr. Drummond shot several in March, 1836, near the Athabasca River, and Richardson met with it the same year at Great Bear Lake in docks May 24th. He also saw a flock of several hundred on the Saskatchewan the following year in May. Bonaparte describes and figures the bird from Athabasca specimens in 1828 and Richardson in 1829.

As to Audubon's letter and Dr. Kirtland's skin there must be some mistake, as Audubon was well acquainted with *A. garrulus* as an American bird before 1839.

FREEMOINE.

We thank our correspondent for so promptly calling our attention to this very manifest error, and feel ourselves to blame for the inadvertence which allowed it to appear in these columns.

The statements of Audubon and Richardson are so positive as to the occurrence of the bird at the dates they mention that there seems to be no possibility of a doubt as to Dr. Sterling having made some mistake, Rich-

ardson's descriptions are taken from a male and female killed at Great Bear Lake May 24, 1880. Bonaparte's from a female killed at Athabasca March 20, 1835. Full information on the early history of the species can be obtained by consulting the authors referred to.

BEAVER-CATCHING IN CANADA.

ONE of your correspondents has rather a queer story about having kept a mink ten hours under water without drowning. That mink must have been specially built for the purpose, or else provided with some patent apparatus for breathing under water, because an ordinary mink will drown in about five minutes. I can assure you of this from my own observations, as I have drowned them often, when caught in steel traps, in order to keep the skin white and clean. If they are killed with a stick, it leaves a red patch on a pelt, which spoils its appearance.

I also had occasion to drown a beaver once, in order to settle a point between a Canadian trapper and myself; he maintained that a beaver could remain under water for an hour or more without drowning, while I thought that of an hour would be the utmost. We selected for the experiment a middling sized beaver, with the following results. We secured him by putting his fore paw in a No. 3 Oneida trap (Newhouse's), and shoved him under water. After three minutes he showed signs of distress, and bubbles of air began to escape from his mouth, he struggling at the same time to rise to the surface; five minutes, still struggling slightly; ten minutes, we drew him up quite dead. Possibly the great exertions he made to escape exhausted him sooner than if he had been free, but I don't think it could have made a difference of more than a couple of minutes.

You will probably wonder how we could select a beaver to suit our purpose. Let me explain how they are caught here in the winter under favorable circumstances. First of all the lake must not be too large, as the work is rather tedious. From five to six hundred yards long is considered quite large enough for two men to work over in one day. The tools required are an axe, a shovel and an ice-chisel, the latter being nine or ten inches long, three-quarter inches wide and half an inch thick, with funnel-shaped top to insert a handle six feet long. Armed with this, a hole is then made in the side of the lodge near the surface of the ice, which is the thinnest part. At the first stroke the beavers crawl on the premises and make a rush for their holes, which are situated at intervals all round the lake, but generally where the banks rise abruptly. If the lodge is a large one, there is about fifteen or twenty of these holes. What we call a large lodge here contains eight or ten beavers—two old ones, four two years old and four young; they very rarely exceed that number. The outlets of the lodge being barred with a couple of stakes to prevent them from coming there to breathe, a search is then made for their place of refuge. This is done with the ice-chisel in the following manner: Standing about three feet from the shore the ice is struck with the point of the chisel; this is repeated at every step in going round the lake. On nearing a hole the ice emits a hollow sound on account of its being much thinner, owing to the going in and out of the beavers. Its exact location being found, the ice is cut away from the entrance by the chisel. This operation is performed till all the holes are stopped. A small sapling four or five feet long, with a slight bend in it, is then cut; this is inserted through the water and into the under-ground hole; if the beaver is there its presence is soon detected with the point of the stick. The ice-chisel is brought into use once more; a couple of strokes are given over the beaver's head on the shore. The roughly frightened one turns round to the shelter where, but is met at the entrance by the stakes; not daring to go back, he crouches on the bottom near the stakes. The hand is then inserted in the water; its hind paw felt and taken hold of; then drawing it half out of the water, a blow with the axe is given on the backbone, and he is thrown on the ice. Two are sometimes found in the same place. The above performance is renewed at each hole, till there is no more.

Some Indians have dogs trained for this kind of hunt; it saves a great deal of labor, as their sense of smell enables them to find their holes immediately.

Godbout, Canada. N. A. COMBAT.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS DRINKING.—New Bedford, Neb., Feb. 8th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—Having frequently heard it stated that "prairie chickens" drink nothing but dew, collected from grass and leaves, I have thought the following item might be of interest to some of your many readers.

Last November, while waiting for geese on one of the numerous sand-bars in the Platte River, a flock of pinnated grouse came from the prairie and lit near the water; after looking around for a few minutes they walked in where it was a few inches deep and commenced drinking. They stayed on the flat about half an hour, taking frequent sips, and at times were within thirty feet of me. Have frequently seen large flocks of them drinking just before sunrise, but never before had been able to get nearer than thirty yards. N. W.

We should be glad to know whether these "prairie chickens" were pinnated or sharp tail grouse.

CAT AND RATTLESNAKE.—The following blood curdling tale is told by the *Americus, Ga., Republican*:

About three weeks ago, during the beautiful sunny weather we have had which induced the trees to bud and bloom, I was walking in my garden one morning, thinking about preparing for an early start for spring vegetables, when I saw a large rattlesnake sunning. My first impulse was to go to the house, get a gun, and kill it. But looking around, I saw a very large house cat cautiously creeping upon the reptile. Anticipating a fight, and equally desirous of getting rid of the cat, which killed chickens, I concluded to witness his attack upon the snake. The cat crawled upon its stomach, pulling along on its feet, whisking its tail from side to side, and every now and then raising its neck to view the snake. Now and then eight or ten feet off the snake suddenly coiled up; sprung its rattle, faced the cat and darted its forked tongue out rapidly. The cat commenced a rapid retreat,

around the snake, so fast in fact that the eye could hardly keep up with it. At last it got near enough and made a dart at its enemy, but through providential reason went high above the snake, which also struck at the cat, thus breaking its coil. The cat went too far and by the time it turned to face its foe, the reptile was again coiled and ready for the attack. The same method was adopted and carried on for four or five times, the cat occupying at least half an hour. The cat wished to catch the snake, but seemed aware that if it missed the neck it would be certain death. At the sixth assault they met and instantly the snake was wrapped in several folds around the body of the cat, which used its sharp claws with deadly effect. The cat had been bitten on the head and neck several times, and both continued to fight. The snake was torn nearly to shreds, but did not use its coil around its victim. The poison was swift and deadly, but before the cat died it caught the snake's head in its mouth and crushed it, and fighting they died, the snake enwrapping the cat in its coils. The snake measured four feet eight inches, and had thirteen rattles.

HOW TO HANDLE SKUNKS.—Ferrisburgh, Vt.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—I do not know what skunks can do when lifted by the tail, and do not care to experiment with the animals for the good of science and natural history; but I remember when I was a youngster a skunk got into our cellar, and my big brother having heard of this as a safe way of handling them, tried it successfully on this one. With a pair of tongs he raised him carefully by the tail, carried him out doors, gave the holding of tongs and skunk over to me, proud as a drum major to have so important a duty assigned me, and then blew the unwelcome visitor's brains out with a heavy charge of shot, with no unpleasant results to any but the skunk. As I said before, I do not know what he could have done, but so suppose he would have done his worst, as to be so transported cannot be very soothing to even the tranquil soul of a skunk. AWAIISSOISE.

COLLISION BETWEEN A BLUEBIRD AND A LOCOMOTIVE.—Stoney, Morris Co., N. Y., March 6th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—To-day, as I was walking along the track of the D. L. & W. R. R., I noticed a bluebird perched on the telegraph wire. The afternoon mail train came thundering down the track, around the curve. When it was but a few yards away, the bluebird started to cross the track; but either through fright or by miscalculation, it struck the boiler of the engine and fell, stunned, to the ground. I picked it up, and it crawled away a few yards. Large flocks of blackbirds, robins and ducks have made their appearance, and I anticipate good sport with the latter during the next six weeks along the Passaic River and in the "Great Swamp."

HARRY D. B. PAGE.

Fish Culture.

THE MOVEMENTS OF SALMON IN THE SEA.

WHEN the results of trustworthy observations are interpreted with caution, certain conclusions present themselves respecting the movements of salmon in the Newfoundland and Labrador seas, which may be accepted as a first approximation to correct views. The subject is important, because it becomes a guide to the movements of other species of fish from which information of practical value may be gathered.

As the results of limited personal observations, some inquiry and a good deal of careful searching into records, I have arrived at the following first general conclusions as to the habits of salmon in the sea, on the coasts of Newfoundland and the Atlantic Labrador:—

1.—Salmon in the sea *there* move and feed in separate schools throughout the greater portion of the year, and in different localities they are taken in nets on the coasts from the early part of May to November. Alternating schools are always probably on the coast.

2.—The schools are distinct in respect of age and sex, keeping apart in so far that adult salmon, or salmon, say, of the fourth year from the hatching of the egg, school and feed together; salmon of the third year, or grilse, feed and school together; salmon of the second year, or smolts, do likewise. In these particulars they resemble the cod and the herring, which feed and school and have separate winter haunts according to age.

3.—The adult males do not school and feed with the adult females in the sea, nor do the males of the third year (grilse) school with the females of the third year in the sea.

4.—All the schools have a definite sea area as their home, which may be represented by the area immediately opposite to the rivers in which they were born, expanding seawards, so that the area occupied by different schools overlap one another. They do not confine their visits to fresh water to any particular river, but visit for short periods rivers adjacent to the one in which they were born. Adults always endeavor to reach the river in which they first saw the light, for spawning purposes.

5.—All schools approach the coast by well-defined belts, paths, and almost always in the same direction, fighting against prevailing winds and currents. In the very early stage the general movements of the cod and the herring. Should prevailing winds temporarily change the direction of the tidal currents, the fish accommodate themselves to the change. Should an unusual abundance of ice be pressed upon the coast in the spring, the fish remain outside of the ice or endeavor to skirt it. They refuse to pass under melting salt-water ice, probably on account of the cold heavy brines descending from the melting ice. They do not appear to swim fixed or floating ice in the winter, which is not melting. The cod and the herring are also influenced by the same conditions.

6.—Approaching the coast in the spring they feed voraciously upon caplin, sand-eels and young herring, which are also near the shores at the same period. School follows school in regular succession, but the old males are first, the old females second. They are followed at an interval of a fortnight or so by the male grilse; respecting females of the third year there is no evidence available.

The winter homes of the great body of salmon are on the seaward slopes of the sea-bottom outside of the 100-fathom line of soundings or thereabouts, and generally it

would seem just out of the reach of the harp-seals. There are probably two million harp-seals wintering on the coast of Newfoundland, but although these active marauders frequently bring cod and "turbot," the Greenland halibut, and flat-fish generally, to the ice-floes and ice-pens, I have not heard of a single salmon being brought up by seals. Nevertheless, since large salmon are caught in deep water off the island of Fogo up to Christmas, schools of this fish are on the coast, in deep water, at that period, and they have been taken there in seal nets. In such deep bays as Trinity, where there are from 120 to 320 fathoms of water, salmon are not unfortunately cast upon the shore during winter storms, but these are probably the only spawning fish, or schools swiftly resisting fresh water under the ice.

In order to form a proper conception of the general spring movement of salmon in the sea on a grand scale it is necessary to refer to a map of Newfoundland and Labrador. The distance from Burgeo Islands (longitude 57 deg. 40 min.) on the south coast of the island to Ukusaisalik (latitude 56 deg.) on the northern Labrador is about 1,500 miles. The salmon strike the whole of this long extent of coast line between May 16th and July 16th, a period of sixty days. The general absence of ice on the Labrador coast diminishes this period to six weeks. This is what we see, but from it we must not infer that detached or isolated schools are not constantly coming from and going to the mouths of rivers at all times of the year. The presence or the incoming of food at the spring season of the year brings the great body of salmon shoreward at that period.

They stream in from deep water to shallows near the shore to feed on the forms of life which are born there, or which gather for a similar purpose, or which are drifted shoreward by the never-ceasing action of tidal currents, for these play a very important part in the distribution and maintenance of marine life on all the coasts of northern seas.

The army of fish bearing the colors of *Salmo salar* advances from the continental submarine slopes in successive battalions toward the coasts through 9 degs. of latitude as far as Fern Bay, some twenty miles beyond Ukusaisalik, for there the salmon may be said to cease. They do not appear again until Ungava Bay is reached, inside of Hudson Straits.

SEX OF THE SCHOOLS.

Newfoundland waters offer no exception to the rule that the males come first to the coast in the general spring movement. It has long been well known as a natural law, with rare exceptions, that the males of most species, be it of fish, flesh or fowl, are the first to gather together with the increasing warmth and light of spring. Darwin pointed out this fact with regard to the salmon many years since. He also mentioned the great loss of males every year from fighting and tearing one another on the spawning beds. He quotes numbers to show that among salmon the males arrive first at the mouths of rivers, the females following after. Thus in 1865 Mr. Baist took sixty males out of seventy fish caught in the first runs for obtaining the ova. In 1867 Mr. Baist, at the outlet, took ten males and one female. Mr. F. Buckland records the disproportion between males and females in the first runs of trout. Mr. Wilmot goes so far as to speak of "the indisputable fact of grilse taken in rivers being always males." Mr. W. H. Hudson, of the Connecticut State Fishery Commission, mentions that all the salmon first caught and opened in the Connecticut River proved to be males.

SIZE OF THE FISH IN THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS.

The following enumeration of the size of the mesh of nets used in different districts refers to different periods of time, going back several years. It is introduced to show how experience dictated the mesh best adapted to the largest quantity of fish, regardless of the consequences to the fishery of the future. Acting upon the ascertained fact that the schools first approaching the shore consisted of the largest fish, subsequently followed with great regularity by schools of a much smaller size, the mesh was varied to suit each school. It may be premised that nets are generally set at right angles to the shore and chiefly at headlands. They are set singly or in fleets with a pound or trap at the extremity according to the strength of the tidal currents.

East Coast.—1. Conception and Trinity Bays.—First run May 20th to July 5th; mesh 6 inches. Second run July 5th to Aug. 10th; mesh 6½ to 5 inches.

2. West part of Notre Dame Bay.—First run June 6th to 15th; mesh 6 inches. Second run July 1st to 10th; mesh 6½ inches.

3. Notre Dame Bay (southern part).—First run June 15th to 20th; mesh 5¼ inches. Second run July 1st to 10th; mesh 4½ inches.

4. Cape St. John to Quirpon.—June 20th to Aug. 10th; mesh 6½ to 5 inches.

5. Twillingate and Fogo Islands.—Very large salmon taken in deep water at the headlands in November and December up to Christmas; mesh 8 to 9½ inches.

6. Hamilton Inlet (Labrador), July 1st to Aug. 5th; mesh 6½ to 4 inches.

7. Northern Labrador (North of Cape Harrison), July 15th to Aug. 15th; mesh, 6½ to 5½ inches.

It will be observed that there is only one run of salmon specified for sea or headland fisheries north of Cape St. John, Newfoundland. The grilse and smaller-sized salmon are taken in the rivers as far as Quirpon, but rarely in the sea, as is the case elsewhere to the south. The relative size of the salmon taken at the headlands and at the mouths of rivers and in rivers, may be gathered from the fact that between Cape John and Quirpon 35 to 40 salmon are required for a tierce of 300 lbs., but of the river salmon it takes from 100 to 120 to a tierce. Mr. Knight states that he has taken salmon in November, and counted the ova. A salmon of 15 lbs. gave 8,600 eggs of the size of particles of shot. The salmon would probably be in condition to spawn in April.

The capture of salmon about islands destitute of rivers is worthy of note. Such islands are:—

1. On the south coast—the Burgeo Islands, Pass Islands.

2. On the east coast—Fogo Island, Twillingate Island, the Horse and Barbe Islands.

3. On the Labrador—Grady Island (latitude 53 deg. 45 min.).

The movements of grilse and small-sized salmon on the

* Descent of Man.

* Evidence before committee of the House of Assembly, 1878.

Atlantic Labrador coast is an interesting question, which may be noticed subsequently.

DIRECTION OF MOVEMENTS IN THE SEA.

In describing local movements I shall commence with the south coast of Newfoundland, then turn to the east Atlantic coast of the island, and progress northwesterly toward the Fjord, or Farn Bay, on the Northern Labrador. Here *Salmo gairdneri* ceases to put in its appearance, and is replaced by *Salmo inermis*, or the true sea-trout, which has its home in these northern waters, and where it attains a size and beauty I have never seen approached in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

District of Fortune Bay (south coast).—The rule in this district is that salmon are always taken moving toward the west, or, as it were, out of the bay. Prevailing winds affecting the tidal currents sometimes change the direction the fish are pursuing.

Placentia Bay (south coast).—The large fish are always taken moving to the southwest, or out of the bay. The large salmon here are now never taken but off headlands or situations confronting the open sea.

Conception Bay, Trinity Bay.—On the northern as well as on the southern side of these bays it is alleged that salmon are always, as a rule, taken as if coming from the west, and, as in other bays already mentioned, as if going out of the bay.

French Shore (so-called), Cape John to Quirpon Bay.—Salmon are generally caught on this stretch of coast as if coming from the south, or out of the bays. Generally it may be said that the salmon taken in nets on exposed portions of the coast are almost always caught as if moving out of the bays. Of course, this rule does not hold good in the extremities of the deep bays, for there the tidal movements are guided by the configuration of the land.

In studying these and similar observations, which show remarkable regularity in the movements of the salmon, we must give attention to three leading features: First, to the winter homes of the salmon; second, to the supposed habit of biennial spawning; third, to the relation which most of the movements of all kinds of fish bear to tidal currents.

The supposed habit of biennial spawning gives us two classes to deal with: those which come on the coasts to seek spawning rivers, and those which follow their food, and occasionally seek fresh water for sanitary purposes, such as freeing themselves from external and internal parasites. It is unnecessary for the purposes of the present outline sketch to enter into any discussion relative to the biennial spawning habit, but it is worth a glance at the winter homes of the salmon and the life of the sea in deep waters where winter fishing has long been carried on, and by its results has enabled us to become indirectly familiar with the teeming submarine valleys and floor of the ocean, a thousand feet below the surface, on the south coast of the island of Newfoundland.

WINTER HOMES OF FISH.

The south coast of Newfoundland descends like a sloping wall, or in abrupt terraces, in many places to depths of 1,300 feet and even 1,000 feet. The sea there, close to the shore line, furnishes us with a wonderful spectacle of fish life. Every winter, including October to April, upward of 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 pounds weight of codfish are lifted from a depth ranging from 600 to 1,300 feet and brought to the surface. If we transport ourselves in imagination to the floor of the ocean, one, two and three miles from the bleak wall of rocks which form the ocean floor of the south coast, we may see upward before us a series of terraced slopes, with many deep-cut indentations or valleys, rising to an altitude of 1,600 to 2,000 feet, and of this huge escarpment five-sixths lie below the surface of the sea. These serrated slopes, and the sea floor from which they rise, are the winter homes of innumerable fish. The large cod are at the bottom with vast schools of young herring and caplin, for these are sometimes found in their stomachs when caught. The breeding herring occupy the higher slopes and lie closer inshore. They are found in a zone which extends from 60 fathoms or 800 feet up to the surface at the edge of, and under, the ice which covers the indentations or floors. The adult or full-grown salmon I conjecture are also roving about the deeper slopes and bottom, for they rise with and follow the caplin to higher levels in the spring, and are taken with these fish in their stomachs. The breeding herring soon become satiated with such abundant food, and the caplin, as they near the surface and approach the shores in June, are followed by the second run of the smaller or younger salmon which are called by the fishermen "the caplin school," because they approach the shores simultaneously with the caplin.

Some details as to the whereabouts of the profound depths close to the shore line to which I have referred may be acceptable, for in relation to the fish life they sustain they have no parallel in any part of the cold water-world on this side of the Atlantic. They have their representatives off other coast lines in the form of abrupt sandy slopes, but these are from 50 to 100 miles from land.

Baie Desespoir leads out of Hermitage Bay and the entrance to it is 2½ miles wide, with a depth exceeding 200 fathoms or 1,620 feet. Close to the coast on either side there is more than 100 fathoms of water. It is partly submerged fjord, and has many kindred records of former ice action on the bold front of the south coast. In Belle Bay, which lies within the well-known Fortune Bay, 1,000 feet will not touch the bottom in many places, and but as it were, a few rods from land. Towards the head of Placentia Bay we find on the Admiralty charts that the waters make a line three or four miles out there, all along this coast, three or four miles out there, in profoundly deep water. A mile and a half from Cape La Hune it takes a line 650 feet long to reach the bottom. Near to the Burgeo Islands 1,000 feet will not suffice. In La Poile Bay we may fish with a line 700 feet long, but near Sagona Island we must take 1,000 feet and more to touch the bottom with our bait. Along this southern coast of Newfoundland, fishing operations are conducted from the winter months, from October to April, and in order to form some conception of their magnitude in times past, we may turn to an official report published some years ago by the Newfoundland Government. From this report we glean that the actual catches of codfish between Cape Bay and Point May then numbered about 2,000 souls. During the winter they caught 145,

000 quintals of fish. This quantity, at 113 pounds to the quintal, would represent 16,240,000 pounds of cured fish, or more than 50,000,000 of fresh codfish lifted from the sea by 3,000 men during the winter months, fishing with lines and from boats. The entire fleet of Gloucester, Mass., did not bring into port a greater weight of all kinds of fish during the whole of 1879. In addition to the codfish there are the winter herring, the breeding fish, lying close inshore, of which 50,000 barrels were caught.

It is from these profound and populous depths, where cod, young herring, caplin, and probably lance range, with an innumerable multitude of sub-arctic fishes, and an infinite host of the lower forms of life, all feed directly or indirectly by the unfailing Labrador current, that the full-grown silver-sided salmon rises in the spring to pursue his food along the islands, headlands, promontories and wall-like escarpments of the south coast of Newfoundland. On the east Atlantic coast of the island and the Labrador coast these features are reproduced in various localities on a less grand scale, and in many parts the steep escarpments are replaced by gentle slopes which lead, within from five to fifty miles from the land, to profound depths. That the fish life in these depths on the eastern coast is yearly abundant during the winter season we know from the fact that from time immemorial the seas there have supported, every winter, such a surprising number of harp-seals that an annual average slaughter for half a century of upward of 300,000 of these animals has not produced a very sensible impression on their numbers, although it has changed, by experience of danger, their habit of trimming the shores of the bays. When we consider that the harp-seal feeds largely on fish during the winter months, and that it lives chiefly on crustaceans (shrimps, etc.), we can form an idea of the vast quantities of fish food these animals must consume during the five months they are on the coasts. They bring numberless cod and flatfish on to the ice, and it would be an interesting fact to know the general size of the fish they catch, so that a positive proof might be obtained that the smaller sized cod winter in a shallower zone than the average full-grown fish of forty or fifty pounds in weight.

We are now in a position to consider the movements of salmon in the sea as far as regards the large schools of adult fish which are first taken at the headlands during the earliest visible runs in the spring. The schools come inshore from deep water with and against the rising tide, and begin to feed without any special regard for river estuaries or fresh water, for they strike and coast about small islands and bold promontories stretching far into the ocean and destitute of rivers, just as frequently as they visit the headlands which guard the estuaries. They pursue a course in shallow water parallel to the shore line and against the tide; they go out to sea again just

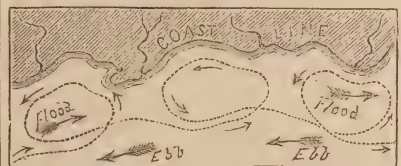


CHART SHOWING MOVEMENTS OF FEEDING FISH.

as the tide begins to turn, and when in deep water they turn round and swim against the ebb tide. At the turn of the ebb they approach the shore again and pursue their course as before, against the flood, going out to sea at the turn. Their movements, as will presently be shown, are in the form of a series of loops or ellipses along the coast, the straight line connecting these loops being in deep water. Let us take, by way of illustration, the movement of the first schools of salmon in Trinity Bay, on the east coast. Here they are taken in nets on both the north and south sides of the bay, as if going out toward the open sea. If we, in fact, caught moving eastward against the rising tide. At the turn of the tide they pass into deep water, and, veering round, swim against the ebb until the tide begins to rise again; they then approach the shore a second time, but their journey in deep water has brought them further up the bay, and as they coast against the flood, following the indentations of the coast line, they do not repeat nearly so much ground in a straight line as during their direct course in deep water against the ebb. By repeating this movement, and by passing in deep water through double or more of the distance they lose on the coast, they make their way to the head of the bay, which in Trinity is reached about ten days after they strike the headlands at the entrance. In the case of ebb-flood tides on the coast the movements are reversed, as well as when winds alter the direction of the flood. If these movements of the feeding fish be plotted they will form a continuous line parallel to the coast, with loops in it at irregular intervals. The loops represent the movements of the fish toward and on the coast, the straight parts in deep water the progress up the bay or along a coast line. I am persuaded that many fish, not excluding the mackerel and schools of young cod, approach the coast and feed in a similar manner, coming in with the flood and going out to sea with the ebb tide.

The first schools of salmon whose movements in the sea have been described are composed of the largest adult fish, but whether they are all breeding fish or all fish of an off-spawning year, or mixed schools of old adults, can only be determined by further inquiry; but I think that in general it will be found that they include both classes, which separate when they reach the mouths of rivers they desire to ascend. The next schools, which follow a fortnight or three weeks later, are composed of young adult salmon and grise. These appear to pursue the same method of approaching the coast as the large fish, and they make for the estuaries and mouths of rivers, ascending them when not barred by nets, as is unfortunately the case to a large extent in Newfoundland. Before attempting further to describe the movements of salmon in the sea it will be necessary to glance at the spawning process and the hatching of the egg, which may well serve for a future communication.

HENRY YOUTE HIND.

Windsor, Nova Scotia, Feb. 17th, 1880.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MARCH.

SOUTHERN WATERS.	
Pompano, <i>Trachinotus carolinus</i> .	Groupers, <i>Epinephelus nigritus</i> .
Drum (two species). Family	Trout (black bass), <i>Enteropterus</i> .
<i>Sciaenidae</i> .	<i>striatus</i> .
Kingsfish, <i>Ambloplites nebulosus</i> .	Striped bass, or Rockfish, <i>Morone chalcidus</i> .
Sea bass, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .	Tailorfish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
Sheepshead, <i>Achoerogaster probato-</i>	Black bass, <i>Morone saxatilis</i> .
<i>locephalus</i> .	<i>M. paludosa</i> .
	Snapper, <i>Lutjanus blackfordii</i> .

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Birds, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

THE OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON.—The long-looked for 1st of April is now close at hand. On that day begins the spring war on the *Salmo fontinalis* in this State. Anglers, who have been looking fondly at their tackle during the long close season, are now scrutinizing carefully their tools and getting ready for their cherished sport. We have usually, at this season, called the attention of anglers to some facts in regard to the preparation of their tackle, arrangement of casts, etc., and we now follow our custom; not that we would dictate to old anglers (who, sometimes, like the heathen, are "a law unto themselves"), but merely with the desire to give the results of our experience for the benefit "of whom it may concern."

First. The hook should be the "sroat bend," and it should be the very best make of this kind. Be sure your hooks are the very best that can be made. It is the poorest economy to save money here.

Second. The size of the hook should be about two numbers larger than those used later in the season. The trout have not, in localities where the law is enforced, been fished over for some seven months; consequently the prime necessity of small hooks is not present. Of course every one knows that one should use as large a fly for trout as he can without fear of scaring the fish. We do not give the proper numbers of sproats to use, because what would be small for some localities would be large for others. Let us merely say, use two sizes larger than you found most successful at the close of last season.

Third. What flies should be used? We think that, especially at this season of the year, the little jungle cock "shoulders" are a great addition to almost every fly, and a small spray of the crest of the golden pheasant can be mixed with the tail of most flies to great advantage. The following flies (with above additions, if possible) are the best for the opening day: (1) Grizzly King; (2) Imbrie; (3) Light Corduroy; (4) Professor; (5) Abbey; (6) March Brown; (7) Spider; (8) Cooper; (9) Brown Palmer, red body; (10) Grey Palmer, green body; (11) Black Palmer, yellow tail; (12) Scarlet Ibis. Using these flies in making your casts, beginning at the end of the cast nearest your line, we would advise as follows:—

FOR AN OVER-CAST DAY.	FOR A BRIGHT DAY.
Cast No. 1, 12, 1, 2.	Cast No. 1, 6, 7, 11.
Cast No. 2, 10, 4, 3.	Cast No. 2, 2, 3, 7.
Cast No. 3, 9, 3, 5.	Cast No. 3, 9, 3, 11.

The fourth suggestion is this: Be sure to remember that, if the air is very much colder than the water, and particularly if the surface of the water is broken by a cold wind, the trout are much more apt to take the fly just below the surface than on the surface.

We have said nothing about bait fishing. On this point we would only say: Eels and flounders are in season, and the bait fisherman should take a day in Coney Island Creek, or anywhere else than in trout waters.

We hope to receive accounts of the triumphs and reverses of our readers.

WHO WILL TELL HIM?—Our correspondent, "Salmon Roe," is unsatisfied with our view of the character of an alleged John A. Grindle, and insists in imputing to that gentleman the unsavory fame of the dogfish, which is supposed to bear his name. Doubtless, as he avers, "Salmon Roe" is sincere in his quest of information on this point, but he is certainly guilty of a grave offense in his statement. "It is reasonably certain that he was a lawyer," and that he must have lived in Mississippi, Illinois, or possibly in Indiana. Every lawyer (and "Salmon Roe" himself is one) owes it to his profession to prove either that Mr. Grindle was, as Marc Antony said, an honorable man, or else that he did not belong to the bar. And every patriotic sentiment should impel the citizens of Mississippi, Indiana and Illinois to a like consideration of the fair fame of their respective States. Now who will tell us of Mr. John A. Grindle, when and where he lived?

"Salmon Roe" writes from Jacksonport, Arkansas, March 6th:—

In a recent editorial article in your paper you make the mistake of supposing that I inquire who John A. Grindle was, by way of invective against the fish bearing his name. Nothing could be more foreign to my intention. I was in search of information in good faith. Besides, such a feeble way of handling "cuss words" is not an Arkansas failing.

I will give you my conjectures as to Mr. Grindle, and

would thank you to ask the question, who he was, to your numerous correspondents. It is reasonably certain that he was a lawyer, and perhaps a politician also. He must have been a greedy, grasping, unconscionable fellow, and must have lived in Mississippi, or part of Illinois known as Egypt—though there is a part of Indiana where such a man might have lived. I can find no one in this State who knows anything about him. I am almost certain the *Amia calva* was not named after him by way of compliment. Please help me find out who he was. I have seen the full name, John A. Grindle, applied to the fish in print.

SALMON ROE.

A CAMP BED.—*Atlantic City, March 17th.*—Seeing in the last FOREST AND STREAM a piece on camp beds I thought I would tell you of mine, which I have used for six weeks at a time and found very comfortable. It is a double piece of ticking, 7ft. long by 4ft. wide. It has a place for a pole at each side and also at each end. These poles are laid in forked sticks, in the manner you have already described. We fill up under the ticking with hemlock or Florida moss as the case may be. To keep this from scattering all over the tent we make side of board, or if we are without such a useful article we lay poles one on top of the other till they are level with the ticking at the top and bottom, as well as at the sides, so that no hemlock can get out. When we want to make our bed soft we run a stick under the ticking and stir it around, which I am sure is quite a novel way of making beds, but the result is such that I have often wished our hotel chamberlains would copy. I never put hemlock boughs as a top layer, but strip them, thus making a soft and comfortable bed, the beauty of which is you have nothing to carry except a piece of ticking, which folds up in a very small space.

VICTOR.

Port Wayne, Ind., March 15th.—In your issue of March 4th "H. L." of Warsaw, asks for a comfortable camp cot. Allow me to suggest to him and others that the best thing for the purpose is a cork mattress, 6ft. 2in. by 2ft. 6in. They are light; can be rolled up into a very neat package; can be used in any place; are much more convenient and not as heavy as camp cots; cost 60 per cent. less; are warmer, etc. The objection I have to the cots is, the feet sink into the ground, making the cot uneven and breaking it. I have used the bed-cot for years, but have been many a time without anything to fill it. Ham cots cannot be put up in a small place and are unhandy in a large one.

WILLIS D. MAIER.

A FISHING TRIP THROUGH CANADA WILDS.—*Quebec, March 11th.*—I can give you yet another very pleasant trip that can be made at small expense from Toronto and will not take more than say two weeks. Take the Toronto and Nepesing Railroad to Cobocank at the head of Balsam Lake. Here take guides, of whom plenty are easily found in the village at a cost of \$1 per day, or \$1.50 if canoes or skiffs are to be supplied. Then the choice of two routes is open and they are both good. Go north to Mud-turtle Lake, and then Gull River to Gull Lake. Again follow up Gull River after leaving the lake till Lake Boshung is reached. Here is fine fishing and shooting in fall. A portage of about three miles brings one into Lake Kaskaganigamoze, a very large lake with good fishing. If another route is desired go south from Cobocank, through Balsam Lake, then a short river, and so into Canoe Lake, where a short river trip brings you into Sturgeon Lake; then through Pigeon and Buckhorn lakes into Deer and Salmon Trout lakes. In all these lakes the fishing is good; trout, black bass, muskellunge and lunge are plentiful, with good duck and partridge shooting in fall. Deer shooting is also good about the upper lakes after leaving Salmon Trout Lake. Go by rail, or follow the Ottawa River in skiff to Hiawatha village, on Rice's Lake, where a short river trip brings you to Grand Trunk, and so to Toronto and home. When in Boshung Lake it is but a short distance, with comparatively few portages, to Trading Lake. Then down the South Branch of Muskoka River and through Muskoka Lake to Gravenhurst, where the Northern Railway is taken for Toronto.

AU SAUBLE.

NEW BRUNSWICK SALMON RIVERS.

THE three rivers, Miramichi, Nepesiguit and Restigouche, are all reached by the Intercolonial Railway, which runs from St. John, N. B., to Riviere du Loup on the St. Lawrence. If the Restigouche is the objective point I would recommend going via St. John and returning via Quebec to Boston, as the distance from the Restigouche to Boston is the same either way. Route from Boston to St. John by cars: Boston to Portland, 108 miles; Portland to Bangor, 136 miles; Bangor to St. John, 206 miles. One through train weekly from Boston to St. John, via Eastern Railroad at 7 P.M., reaches Portland at 11:30 P.M. and Bangor next morning at 6:10 A.M.; connects there with European and N. A. Railroad, leaving at 7:20 A.M., thus giving one hour and ten minutes for breakfast. Penobscot Exchange Hotel near the station; first-class. Arriving at St. John same day, 6:45 P.M., making 410 miles and 24 hours' time from Boston; fare, Boston to St. John, \$10. Parties preferring can take one of the steamers (International Steamship Co.), which leave twice a week in spring and summer. From Bangor to St. John, 206 miles, fare, \$5.50, exclusive of state-tolls and meals. Wharf, Boston to St. John, Intercolonial Railroad (Northern Division), 8 A.M., arriving at Miramichi, town of Newcastle, 167 miles, about 5 P.M. Hotel, Waverley; situated about quarter of a mile from Miramichi River; but no fishing here. Take a team seven or eight miles up river to Indian town, and go to Frank Jardine's hotel, a small affair, but best here in terms; \$1.50 per day. Fishing here good in the season, from 10th to 20th of June; salmon only, ranging in weight from eight to twenty pounds. Guides not indispensable. Canoes, \$5.00 per day, shore or from canoe.

From Miramichi to Bathurst is 44 miles; Bay View Hotel; no fishing in the immediate vicinity. The Nepesiguit, famous for its salmon, empties here, but it is necessary to take a team up the river; good fishing nine miles up at Tough Waters, and at points along up river to Grand Falls, twenty miles. Fishing may be done from the banks or in canoes. Guides plenty for \$1 per day. Scenery enchanting as you go up the river. Season does not usually commence till June 10th or later, and continues till the summer. Permits necessary; charge usually \$1 per day per rod. Settlement along the banks near Tough Waters. Grand fishing pool at the falls. Camp necessary. Salmon range six to twenty-five pounds.

Nepesiguit to Metapedia station, junction of the Metapedia and

Restigouche rivers, is 76 miles. Hotel Fraser, kept by Daniel Fraser—an excellent house, with accommodations for fifty or seventy-five guests. Mr. F., an intelligent Scotchman, will do everything to make his guests comfortable; terms, \$2 per day. Always get your guides through him, and he will see you are not imposed upon. He loses six miles of the river, and grants permit at \$1 per day per man.

The Restigouche is one of the most famous rivers in New Brunswick, and the salmon run very large, ranging from eight to fifty pounds; thirty, thirty-five and forty pounds are not uncommon catches. The season is about ten days earlier here than at the Miramichi or Nepesiguit, and usually opens from 5th to 10th of June, and keeps up through the summer. The largest fish are the first that run up. Splendid pool within a stone's throw of the hotel. Distance from here to Riviere du Loup, 116 miles; from there to Quebec, 125 miles. Whole distance from Boston to St. John, 460 miles. St. John to Quebec, 558 miles; Quebec to Boston, 460 miles. Total, 1,445 miles.

Round trip tickets from Boston to Restigouche via St. John, and return via Quebec, can be procured for about \$31.

Expenses of fishing at Restigouche per day: Board, \$2; board of two guides, \$2.50; permit, \$1; canoe, 50 cents; two guides per day, \$1.50. Total expenses per day, \$6.50. As the water is very "quick," two guides are indispensable per man. Estimated necessary expenses for two weeks' trip from Boston to Restigouche, \$150. Piece of camp cot, with tent and poles below Metapedia, running from one-half to five pounds in weight.

For particulars address Daniel Fraser, Metapedia Station, N. B.; Waverley Hotel, New Castle, N. B.; J. H. Wilbur, Bay View Hotel, Bathurst, N. B.

GEO. A. FAY.

West Meriden, Conn., March 9th.

HOW WE FOUND AND FISHED THE SOUTH FORK.

ON more than one occasion last summer did we have our curiosity aroused by reports relative to a certain trout stream that lay away back in the tangled woods of Wyoming County, Pa. We overheard one old veteran saying that he knew where he could get a basketful of the speckled beauties when all other sources had failed him; and still another telling of a stream that was filled with snow water ever up to the last of July. These remarks dropped at one time into another, we gathered that it must be a very late stream, running through a deep gorge for almost its entire course, and on whose banks snow could be found almost any time in June.

As near as we were able to ascertain, after diligent inquiry and search of maps, that it was called South Fork, so named on account of the branching or forking of the Mehopeny Creek; that it flowed through the pure wilderness, that no houses were within many miles of it, and that if we fished it we would be compelled to spend a night in the open woods. These difficulties, however, did not frighten my friend H. and myself from our determination to seek out and fish this wonder full stream, so on the 3d of July last, about 3 o'clock in the morning we left home for a few days' trouting. It was a delightful ride, over mountains and across valleys. And indeed, I know of none more pleasant and exhilarating than this same early morning ride of a party bent on a day's fishing. It was about 7 o'clock when we reached Bowman's Creek, perhaps the best trout stream in this part of the State, as many a fisherman with well-filled creel can testify. This creek was situated within two or three years ago, but never a one of them has been heard of since. We cannot stop here, however, although it does not seem natural to pass by this scene of many a good day's sport, and the only one of any pretensions hereabouts. We learn that we are still eleven miles from South Fork and are advised to go five miles further up the creek to the house of Mr. Foote, a noted hunter and guide, and put up there for the first night, and in the meantime we can fish the main stream at that point. Twelve o'clock finds us safely housed at the end of the day's journey and thirty miles from home. After a hearty lunch we rigged up our rods and started to whip the main stream. For myself, I can say that I never fished more diligently in my life, carefully whipping every pool, changing my flies from dark to light and again to a mean between the two, but all to no purpose. We were rewarded with only a paltry half-dozen, and those were small. Thoroughly disgusted we went back to Foote's where we got supper and spent a couple of hours listening to the stories of the host of trout and deer and what he was the best of the great pigeon roost that was in this neighborhood a few years ago.

There were still six miles of dense woods between us and the mouth of South Fork. To reach it we were compelled to drive five miles up to Dutch Mountain. Here we found a man to guide us over the mountain four miles and a half to our destination. On the way over we went a few steps to one side to show us a deer lick that he had constructed some time before, by forcing some rock salt in among the roots of a tree. We can plainly see tracks that have been made the night before, and in crossing the ridge he points out trees that are apparently fresh. We cross the main stream and another branch called Bellows Brook, and here we are at last on South Fork, and it is with mingled feelings of satisfaction and disappointment that we gaze on the almost mythical stream. Before parting with our guide we contracted with him to drive our horse back to Foote's, from which place we were distant eleven miles. In the face of this we were rash enough to start fishing up stream. But what did we care? We had come to this for ourselves the truthfulness of the stories we had heard, and we did not propose to leave any stone unturned. Big catches, big trout, the long and hard road we had come, all tended to work us up to the highest pitch of anticipation.

I prepared to make the first cast while I involuntarily ceased operations to watch him. Calmly he approached a beautiful pool, first making a few rapid casts in the stream below, so as to render his line of the proper length. Gently and deftly he lands the feathered delusions on the further side of the pool, and slowly works them back toward him. But nothing rewards his cast. The line describes a graceful curve behind the back of the anxious fisher of the hoped-for trout. The flies had hardly touched the water before there is a strike, to which H. responds with a quick jerk. It was one of those little beggars that rarely get the fly the first time. The result was, the trout missed the fly and H. missed the trout and succeeded in landing his leader in the top of an adjacent tree, and with disgust depleted on his face he determined to climb. We had no room to complain of our success as far as catching was concerned, but no large ones came to our creek. We were disappointed. Instead of the deep gorge, we found an average Pennsylvania stream, now flowing quietly along some level space and again tumbling with a splash and roar over huge rocks and boulders.

That night we lay down on a moss-covered rock in the clothes that we had been fishing in all afternoon, and between the wading of the stream and a heavy shower that we had during the afternoon they were pretty wet. We managed to start a small fire, but

on account of everything being so wet, and not having an axo, it did not amount to much. We slept probably an hour and a half and spent the rest of the night trying to keep warm by sitting in the hole where the fire had been.

The longest nights come to an end some time and it was with feelings of satisfaction that we hailed the coming of morning. As soon as it was light enough to see we started to our last day's fishing with twelve miles of stream to travel. We met with varying success, but as before could get no large trout. At the junction of South Fork with the main stream the tug of war began. The creek bed is completely filled with huge boulders, and the whole distance must be traveled by stepping from one stone to another, which soon becomes a very tedious operation. Add to this the discolored water, caused by flowing through the tamarack swamps. When one steps into it does not know whether he is going up to his knees or to his neck.

We did not spend much time in casting in the main stream, only now and again when some pool more tempting than its neighbor presented itself. And we soon tired of this, because for the most part our casts were made in vain. Only on one occasion was this monotony varied, when H., standing on a rock in the midst of the whirling current, hooked a lovely beauty. In some unaccountable way he became entangled in his line, but with rare good fortune he succeeded in drawing the trout up on the rock, and then sitting down on him.

Every anxious did we peer around every spur of the mountain and every bend in the creek in hope of seeing a clearing! And it did seem as if the end of that day's tramp would never come; but come it did at last, and with it two of the most tired fishermen that ever cast a fly. Upon calculation we find that we have over 300 trout, varying from six to ten inches in length, and they did look very pretty when laid out in the ice-box side by side.

We left Foote's at 3 o'clock in the afternoon with a thirty-mile drive before us. We stopped for supper at Forkston, and again at Bowman's Creek, reaching P. about 4 o'clock next morning with all our fish in good condition. Taking it all in all, it was a very enjoyable trip, and one which we intend to repeat next summer.

We noticed one peculiar feature of this stream, viz., that not a single minnow was seen in all the time we were on it. And considering that this is a favorite and very successful bait for catching large trout in this part of Pennsylvania, we are both of the opinion that if a party were to go there with a stock of minnows for bait they would catch more large trout in this way than with a fly.

It is also a splendid field for shot gun and ride, there being an abundance of both large and small game, such as squirrels, pheasants, deer and bear. Our guide told us that over eighty deer were shot and taken from there during last season. These woods are distant only nine or ten hours' ride from either New York or Philadelphia, and offer excellent advantages for city sportsmen who cannot spare the time to make more extended excursions in search of sport.

The Kennel.

SOMETHING ABOUT BREAKERS AND DOG BREAKING.

COMBINING THE VIEWS OF COL. HUTCHINSON AND OTHER FAMOUS HANDLERS.

NO. I.

TO insure good sport the shooter must be provided with good dogs. However abundant game may be, there can be no real sport without good dogs; and however scarce game may be, a good day's sport is only attainable with good dogs, and by a person who feels what sport is, and who does not look upon filling the game bag as the sole end and aim of the sportsman's occupation. The mere act of killing game no more constitutes sport than the jingling of rhyme constitutes poetry. Since, then, if you want a first-class dog, break him yourself; if, however, you cannot spare the time, be careful to select a breaker who lives where game is plenty—a man with a good temper and a plentiful store of patience to fall back upon—and of all things avoid a bad shot, for he is quite sure to be either a careless person or an impatient one at times.

It is to be presumed that you have selected a young dog that carries his head well up when beating, and not on that works with his nose to the ground. Though bear in mind, that a pottering dog that "traces" his quarry some distance off, taken in hand when young, by working him on an overgrown snipe meadow, where the birds lie on the high tussocks and rafts of floating reeds. He is then obliged to feel in the air for the scent, and the splashing made by his forelegs obliges him to keep his head well up. This system does away with the old-fashioned mechanical contrivance called the puzzle-leg.

The most killing dog is one that has been trained by a master, for he unconsciously studies his owner's disposition along with the daily rudiments of his education. The Babel of dog language is then unknown to him, as he knows but one voice, one dialect and one code of oral and manual signals. Thus he is never at a loss to comprehend his master's meaning, and unbounded confidence in each other takes the place of perplexity and distrust. It has often been a mystery to us how boyhood dogs really could adapt themselves to a new language so readily. At a moment's notice an entirely new list of orders must be obeyed, and, as is often the case, issued by those unfit to command. Hence we consider it equally as necessary for the handler to be "broken in" as we do the dog, and the number of good dogs that are yearly ruined are the living examples of the truth of this assertion.

This common sense (for there is no secret) in dog breaking is this: Never order your dog to do an impossibility, him obey and stick at it; be consistent even if it takes a week, and do not leave him until you have conquered. You will find by experience that you and he will have one or two grand tussles, but if you but firmly insist and use judgment you will be astonished and gratified at having won a complete victory when least expected. If your master's voice most excellently, and there are old steady fellows that cannot be induced to do wrong even when "hunted" by a raw hand; but if one wishes to see the

perfection of beating and working out the fine points of each shot, let him carry the game bag ten yards in the rear of the owner of one or a brace of dogs over whom the birds are killed to enable the pot to hang to be kept better. In this way the birds will be kept better, and the scattered berry has been reduced to a science. There is no one berry shot, followed by a few random cracks at the birds when they have been marked down, this finishing it; but a well-directed plan, well carried out, that in the end fills the game bag, and shows to perfection the well-trained and cleverly handled dog. For the excellence of the art of shooting is to leave behind you at the end of the day the least number of birds unmoved on your heels.

In the paragraph above we were led inadvertently to make reference to what is generally known as the "pot-hunter." Now, not wishing at the outset of this paper to be misunderstood, we take the liberty of digressing and giving our views on the subject, because we frequently hear in these civilized parts, the so-called "pot-hunter" held up in derision. First of all, our interpretation of the term "pot-hunter" is one who is compelled to shoot for a living; that he either kills game which he has the audacity to devour himself, or he carries it to the nearest market where he there disposes of it. However, in either case the game is utilized, which is more than can be said of the spoils of many a shooting trip, so wantonly left to rot when it has been shot down. It is not necessary that the "pot-hunter" or market-shooter should be a poacher, shoot out of season, or that he should bunch his birds any more than those who decry him. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is this very "pot-hunter" who is first sought out by city sportsmen in their outings, to act as guide, philosopher and friend, and we remember on more than one occasion seeing the "pot-hunters" dogs find all the birds. This has led us to consider this appellation of "pot-hunter," a species of cant used by a class of tyros to whom the birds, so to speak, are sour. So if you do not trick yourself, you will, after casting about, probably end in sending your dog to a "pot-hunter" to be broken.

Before thumping through the 315 rules for dog training, given us so thoroughly by Col. Hutchinson, and making reference to other practical writers, it may be well to say that we will have to apologize for some errors and no doubt for many deficiencies in attempting to deal with the subject. Beware of calling your dog by a name similar in sound to words that may be used for command; for example: Don—down; Charm—charge; Joe—toho, etc. To simplify the code of command, the ten following words will be found to cover all that is absolutely necessary:—

- 1st.—The dog's name, to be used at close quarters only, to which he should come.
- 2d.—"On"—to go forward, or to get up.
- 3d.—"Careful"—to take heed.
- 4th.—"Toho"—to stop still.
- 5th.—"Charge"—to crouch on the ground, to drop to hand, at the report of the gun.
- 6th.—"Dead"—to encourage to seek for a dead bird.
- 7th.—"Fetch"—to retrieve the bird.
- 8th.—"Loose"—to drop the retrieved bird in your hand.
- 9th.—"Heel"—to come to heel.
- 10th.—"Ha"—to be used to correct or check any action, such as crossing a fence, etc.

We would advise every one to adopt a whistle peculiar to himself. We for a long time have accustomed our dogs to the three notes of the black-breast plover, using the two first in a low tone, to attract the dog's attention, for him to receive the hand signal—and the sharp, shrill sound of all three, to call him to us. Although whistling is apt to disturb the game, it is an infinitely better call than shouting the name of your dog all over the country. "Penn," in his clever maxims on angling and chess, observes to this effect: "If you wish to see the fish, do not let him see you." And with respect to shooting, we may say: "If you wish birds to hear your gun, do not let them hear your voice."

No dog should be taken in the field until he perfectly understands the meaning of certain words and signs; and in pursuance of the order you ought to give these lessons when you are alone with the dog, and in a place where his attention is unlikely to be attracted by other matters. Give them also when he is fasting, as his faculties will be clearer and he will be more eager to obtain any reward of food. A quarter of an hour's daily house-breaking for four weeks will effect more than months of constant working in the field without preliminary tuition. After an hour or two of house-breaking, sit him down to you; nor at any time while the dog is being educated, to interfere in any way. Call the dog to you by the whistle you propose always using, and attach a check-cord to his collar. Throw him a small piece of meat, saying, "Dead, dead." Repeat this several times, tossing it into different parts of the room, and let him eat what he finds. Then throw a piece, saying, "Dead," and the moment he gets to it, check him by jerking the cord at the same time saying, "Toho," when pressing on the cord with your foot, you can restrain him as long as you please. Do not let him take what you have thrown until you say the word "On," accompanied by a forward movement of the arm. Let all your commands be given in a low voice. After a few trials with the check-cord you will find your self enabled, without touching it, and merely using the word "Toho," to prevent his seizing the meat until you say "On." Should he draw toward the meat before he has obtained leave, jerk the cord and jerk him back to the spot from which he stirred. He is not to quit it until you order him, occupy yourself as you may. At odd times let him take the meat the moment you throw it, that his eagerness to rush forward to seize it may be continued, only to be instantly restrained at your command. To teach him the meaning of the word "On," perpendicularly and call out, "Charge!" when so holding up the hand, and press him down with the other until he assumes a crouching position. Make him lie well down,

his fore legs extended and his head resting between them. Nothing is more slowly than to allow him to sprawl on his side, or should he be of a timid disposition, roll over on his back with his legs in the air. Do not let him raise himself to sitting posture. Walk about him, around him, and after a sufficient time call him to you. Perfect him in charging very thoroughly; practice him at odd times and in your walks, always remembering that your companionship will tend to enlarge the dog's ideas. As dogs are very imitative, a well-broken dog will aid you very materially at an advanced stage in this difficult part of your puppy's training. At very unobtrusive, unexpected times call his eye, having previously stealthily taken hold of the check-cord—which should be a long, light one—and then hold up your hand. If he does not instantly drop, jerk the check-cord violently and drag him back to the exact spot where he should have crouched down. Admit of no compromise; you must have implicit, unhesitating, instant obedience. When you quit him he must not be allowed to crawl an inch after you. If he attempt it, drive a spike into the ground and attach the end of the check-cord to it, allowing the line to be slack; then leave him quickly, and on his running after you he will be brought up with a sudden jerk. So much the better; it will slightly alarm him. If the dog is not of timid disposition a spiked collar can be used to advantage at this period of his education. Take out your whip at should be a stinging one—and let him feel it. You take him back to the precise place he quitted. Do this invariably, though he may have scarcely moved. Then make him again "charge," always observing to jerk the cord at the moment you give the command. After a short time he will be certain to lie down steadily, until you give him the order, "On!" to move. Most probably he will not at first rise when he is desired. There is no harm in that. Go up to him, pat him, repeat the order, "On!" and lead him for some paces, "making much" of him. When he is well confirmed in this important lesson take him on a level, cleared piece of ground, and as practice only makes perfect, continue the instruction, allowing the dog to range about, dragging the check-cord after him.

It is now the proper time to introduce him to the sight and sound of a gun and to the report of which he should be trained to drop, and for the following sufficient reasons:—

If there is any fault to which a dog can become addicted more vile than another it is that of "running in." When once admitted, it heads a list of vices that not only stamp the dog as perfectly worthless to his owner, but it makes him a spoil-sport and nuisance to every one with whom he comes in contact. When this habit is once established it is an extremely difficult one to eradicate, and the dog does not charge at the firing of the gun he will soon begin to "run in" to retrieve his birds without waiting for the proper order. After two or three rough and tumble with a crippled bird he will begin to chase those that are not winged. From this moment all discipline is gone, and unsteadiness and flushing will become the order of the day. The neighborhood will be awakened with shouting and shrieking, the gamut of the whole gamut of the dog's life will be in the air, and the cracking of the dog whip and the grunts and yells of the luckless brute. It is about this time that the "breakers with cold lead" leave in sight, and shortly the air is tainted with the fumes of sulphur and the odor of perspiration and blood.

Almost every reader that has had any experience in the field has been a witness to some similar scene. Has it occurred to you that the dog was not the one in fault, but the handler, on whom all the blame should rest? It is not, be assured, that it is so; and if you are not an impassive person, but one who is apt to speak your mind, direct all remarks on the subject to the animal with the two legs—and may they do him good.

In the days of the muzzle-loader it was very much easier to consistently enforce the dropping to shot than it is now with the breech-loader, the hand of every one being a hand-axe. Thus you as well as the dog, have a lesson to learn, and you should always remember not to move on until you have seen that your dog has charged. For no matter how thoroughly you have him under control at the start, unless you keep him on all occasions up to his duty he will soon deteriorate and drift into bad habits that will be hard to break him of and make him anything but what he should be—a first-class dog. Therefore, break your dog to drop to shot, and the moments that are consumed in keeping him at his charge will be returned by hours and days of pleasant sport. The minute's rest will neither hurt you nor your dog, but tend to steady the nerves of each.

We can well understand that if a dog could be broken to stand perfectly still instead of crouching down he would be much better able to mark his birds, and that in cold weather, in wet places, charging is severe on him. But not one young dog of the right sort out of a thousand can be made to stand immovable, and the difference between lying and standing in water is not so very great after all; the dog in the long run having to suffer more from numberless floggings than he ever would from the cold.

ENTRIES FOR THE DERBY.—New York, March 15th.—I send you additional entries received since your last week's issue, which be kind enough to insert in next:—Drake (Tory-Jaunt), white and liver pointer dog; Trinket (Tory-Jaunt), white and liver pointer bitch; Lena (Tory-Jaunt), white and liver pointer bitch; Melissa (Tory-Jaunt), white and liver pointer dog; Trip (Tory-Jaunt), white and liver pointer dog; Viking (Tory-Jaunt), white and liver pointer dog; Marguerite (Faust-June), white and liver pointer bitch, entered by St. Louis Kennel Club, Chas. H. Turner, Secretary; Cushla (Elcho-Fire-Flay), red Irish setter bitch, entered by Mr. W. C. Harding, Stamford, Conn.; Clyde (Elcho-Gypsy Queen), red, white tipped Irish setter, entered by Mr. Wm. A. McIntosh, New York, Pa.; and Abbridge (Gladstone-Clay), blue Belton setter dog; Dawn (Gladstone-Clay), blue Belton setter bitch, entered by Mr. L. H. Smith, of Stratford, Canada; Sir Alfred (Derg-Kathleen), pure red Irish setter dog; Prince Hal (St. Elmo-Maida), orange and white setter dog, entered by Dr. S. Fleet Speir, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Max (Dash III-Git), white and black setter dog, entered by Mr. A. E. Sterling, Cleveland, Ohio.

CHAS. DE ROSE, Secretary, N. A. K. C.

THED.—E. H. Merdillott's Champion Grace to P. H. Morris's Champion Lark.

Answers to Correspondents.

X. Y. Z., Washington, Pa.—Send us your address.

G. F. B., Boston, Mass.—See note on Druid Lake in last week's issue.

T. S. H.—Write to the Commissioner of Immigration, Lansing, Mich.

COM. P.—Articles on time allowance and measurement will be continued next week.

F. W., Erie.—Concerning importing yachts from Canada, see yachting columns this week.

PIONEER, Florida.—Thanks for your letter on yacht club house for Florida. Will publish shortly.

L. C. W., New York.—You can have your pin fire changed to a central fire by Messrs. Clark & Sneider, of Baltimore.

CONSTANT READER.—See Lyman's advertisement of "How Facing Rowing Gear." It is very useful and practicable.

A. B. C.—Is in a quandary about Salem Bay and would like to know the bearings by compass of the bay the Salem Bay Y. C. derives its title from.

HIGH SPEED, N. Y.—Write to Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, Bristol, R. I., for estimate. Advantages stated in article last week. Read again.

SUBSCRIBER, North Bloomfield, O.—You will find a report of the English gun trial of 1878 in Green's book, "Choko-Boro Guns." 2. Nitric acid and wood pulp.

W. N. S., Columbus, O.—When your 8-gauge gun puts an average of from 100 to 110 pellets of 11oz. No. 7 shot into a 30-inch circle at sixty yards, you may be satisfied with the pattern.

A. W. E.—You send letter for information, but fail to give any post-office address. The party you mention is undoubtedly bad and will soon get his deserts. Government officers are after him.

ENTHUSIAST.—The London Field is not in favor of length measurement. It knows too much to be caught by any such clap-net affair. We will take the matter in hand to your satisfaction.

INQUIRER, N. Y.—The safety appliance for preventing the capsizing of open boat will shortly be advertised in this paper. Sail with fixed ballast by rail means, unless you are practising for a circus clown or a coal heaver.

PROSANO.—Apply the shellac first, then light coat of paint and varnish. Or omit the paint, which will make the canoe lighter. Wet the canvas when you stretch it over the frame, so that it will shrink on without wrinkles.

Q., Long Prairie, Minn.—My rubber boots have been punctured by a nail, and as they are yet new I wish to know if there is not a way to stop the leak effectually. Ans. Send to the rubber stores for rubber cement. See addresses in our advertising pages.

M. N., Grand Rapids, Mich.—I have a gun, the stock of which is too straight for me. Can you give me the name of some reputable person or firm by whom I can have the stock bent, so as to remedy the defect. Ans. H. C. Squires, No. 2 Courtland street, New York.

W. C. S., Brookline, Mass.—I find that grass lines (like sample I inclose) are very kinky. Can that fault be remedied? Ans. All these lines have the same fault. You can only partially remedy it by putting your line full length in the water, and when reeling in taking good care to wind straight.

BROOKLYN.—The Brooklyn Y. C. is not as yet represented in the N. Y. A. The person claiming to represent that club and who had himself made Chairman of the preliminary committee is an impostor. He has been ousted from the N. Y. A. at the instigation of this journal. Have no dealings with him.

READER, New York City.—1. The largest size of shot used in choke-bore without chambering is No. 1. 2. Dr. Henshall, of Cynthia, Ky., is preparing a book on the black bass, and this will probably be what you wish. 3. You will find excellent black bass fishing at Oswego, N. Y. See late files of this paper.

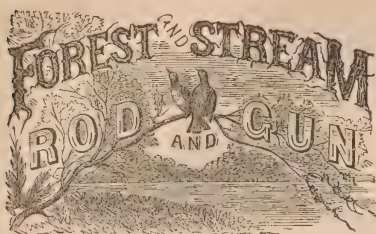
D. L., New York.—Your \$15 gun is a fair and safe weapon. The name on the lock-plates is not that of the maker, the latter being as mentioned by you, the Barrele of Connecticut steel are made of steel and iron screws welded together. The barrels of your gun are made of different kinds of iron without the steel. The charge of 80rs. is safe.

C. M. S.—Bushton builds ten canoes to every one of Everson. Would advise a modification of the "Shadow." See back files for canoe building. Will give further directions shortly if possible. Or get Baden-Powell's book, "Canoe Cruise in the Baltic," which contains much information, from Williams & Co., 283 Washington street, Boston.

W. P. C., Hinghamton, N. Y.—The fish-hooks sent for our inspection reflect credit upon the ingenuity of the maker, but as fish-hooks go, we should not advise your friend to undertake their extensive manufacture with high anticipations of the mercantile side of the venture. The best made hooks of the day are the result of a great many years' experience and a large outlay of capital.

J. J. B., Ontario, Can.—Last fall while shooting in Western Ontario I killed a fine specimen of a bird; it had a beautiful red-crest or top-not, a white ring around its neck, and white tips on the wings; the rest of the bird was very black. It was no doubt of the woodpecker species, as it made the woods ring with its bill and chattering noise. Now was it the bird described by Mr. Venor, of Montreal, in last week's issue, pileated woodpecker, *Hyphantornis pileatus*, or was it the *Picus borealis*? The subscribers called it the "Cook of the woods." Venor calls it "wood-cook." Who is right? I never saw but one before; they are very rare specimens in this part of Canada. Ans. You say nothing about the size of the bird, a very important point. It certainly was not *Picus borealis*, and probably was the pileated woodpecker, *Hyphantornis pileatus*.

SUBSCRIBER, Muncey, Pa.—1. Is there a hammerless gun now made over which the shooter has as good control of hammers, *i. e.*, in raising and lowering them at pleasure, as our old guns with hammers? 2. In any of these guns, when loaded and cocked, may the hammers be lowered in any other way than to the cock position? 3. Would not the inventor of a hammerless gun that could be loaded or broken down into position for loading without cocking by so doing, and one whose hammers could be raised and lowered at pleasure, have a good thing? Ans. 1. The shooter has practically the same control of hammers as in the ordinary gun. When opened for the insertion of shells the gun may be cocked again, uncocked by simply holding back the trigger. 2. The hammerless gun, when loaded and cocked, may be unloaded by opening and closing, without the triggers are held back. 3. We could not decide without examining and comparing the two actions. The present hammerless is of about as simple and rapid manipulation as could be wished for.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

PUBLISHED BY

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY.

—AT—

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No publisher inserting our prospectus above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions. Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mailservice if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

REMOVAL.

ON or before May 1st, the FOREST AND STREAM will remove to the new office, now being specially fitted up for its reception, in the New York Times building, Nos. 39 and 41 Park Row.

This change of quarters is one of imperative necessity. When we moved into our present office, in the spring of 1877, they were thought to be all that we should need for years to come. But since then our staff has been largely increased, our clerical force has doubled, our mailing facilities have become insufficient, other things have advanced and enlarged in proportion, and to-day Fulton street is too narrow for us. We must have room to expand. To frankly confess the truth, too, we have long wearied of the unceasing stream of humanity and traffic, that with rumble and roar and jar never-ending rolls on beneath us; and we are disgusted with the forest of telegraph poles which have grown up before our windows. Possibly, as the poets say—and it is a very pretty thought—the wires are instinct with living messages of life and weal and woe; but the poles themselves are sorry specimens, and we shall be glad to exchange them for the trees of the City Hall Park, and the birds (i. e., English sparrows). One other environment here in Fulton street has sadly annoyed us. That is the varnish sign across the street, which for three years has formed the limit of our horizon; this, too, we shall exchange for an outlook over the Jersey hills, and to the sunset beyond.

In short, we are moving into much more spacious, central and convenient offices, where we shall have room to surround ourselves with all the appurtenances of the craft, specimens of American game, mementoes of camp life and other things congenial to our tastes. And there, in the future, as here, in times past, we shall welcome our friends, old and new, and from Park Row the FOREST AND STREAM, let us trust, may go forth as full of good things as are the volumes which have marked its growth while in Fulton street.

—Mr. Edmond Redmond, of Rochester, N. Y., a correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, and the inventor of the diving decoy and explosive target ball, in 1877 invented and projected the ship railroad for the Isthmus of Darien, which engineers now say is superior to a canal for the purpose of transporting vessels between the oceans.

—We must again urge secretaries of clubs to send us their reports as early as practicable after club meetings.

NOTES.—His name was Gosling. He boasted that he was the greatest walker that had ever been known, and that he was going to bring the champion belt back from England by an original system of pedestrianism invented by himself. This brilliant plan was to take a deep breath and then by the application of bandages to keep this air stored up in his lungs for a week. It was a grand conception. Its realization promised to revolutionize the world. But they decided that the inventor was affected with the form of insanity known as the "general paralysis of the insane." So the belt will stay in England, and the life of man will still be three-score years and ten.

Some months ago we published an account of an alleged extraordinary slaughter of caribou in New Brunswick, and in commenting upon it we took occasion to note that few perpetrators of such butchery were moved to detail their exploits in print. The "Sanguinary Deer Hunt," on another page, is as decided a contrast to this as could well be imagined. It must not be inferred, however, that because upon this particular occasion the writer of the sketch did not (or says he did not) bag any game he is therefore no hunter. The fact is that many a deer has fallen to his rifle, and now he can well afford to convert the tragedy of Hamlet into a comedy, with Hamlet left out.

Indeed to fully appreciate the humor of such an experience as this, one must have passed beyond the stage of the novice, who is eager to kill for the sake of making his record. It is the veteran who really comprehends the ludicrous incidents of the battle-field, and the scholar or specialist of established repute who is not afraid of practical jokes. Here is a case in point, told by the celebrated English naturalist, Rev. J. G. Wood:—

There is a calm, broken and battered, on the summit of the hills near the Vale of White Horse, and visible from the railway. A very well-known author refers in a very well-known book to that cairn as a Danish monument, whereas, I doubt it may ever be by the same token, there is in the middle of it a flag-stone without a handle. Jokes of this kind are very prevalent among scientific men. There is, for example, one of our best entomologists who prides himself on his skill in manufacturing insects. If they have wings, he discharges the color by chemical means, and paints them afresh. He substitutes various parts of various beings for those of the creature which he manufactures, cutting out from an old champagne cork anything that may be found wanting. He once tried to palm off on me a most ingenious combination. The head was made of cork, the wings were real wings, only turned the wrong side upward, and the body had been taken to pieces, painted and varnished. Unfortunately for himself, this very clever forger of entomological rarities had visited one of those houses where the celebrated cardinal spider lives, and had added the legs of a spider from Hampton Court to the body, wings and antennae of insects from all parts of the world. The spider's legs betrayed him, but the author of the entomological forgery was not in the least disconcerted at the discovery of the fraud. There are no school-boys who enjoy a joke half as much as your educated scientific and literary men. Their reputation is too safe for cavil, and when they get together they are as playful as so many kittens. The museum of the late Charles Waterton was full of zoological jokes.

It is among the most experienced and capable sportsmen, too, that we must look for advanced sentiments in sporting ethics. The men who study wood lore most thoroughly and intelligently, and who become familiar with the secrets of the forest and stream, are those from whom we most often hear protests against unmanly and unsportsmanlike conduct. Among those who have so courteously offered us their experience in the different methods of deer-hunting is Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, of San Diego, Cal., whose note accompanying his letter admirably illustrates what we have just said. He writes:—

I take pleasure in answering your questions about deer hunting, though I am doubtful if I can help the cause much, so long as the idea prevails, and is helped along by sporting writers, that the primary use of game is to eat; that one of the greatest boons vouchsafed to man is to get his tooth into a haunch of venison; and that the market's value in respect is inviolable. However, I am about twenty-five years ahead of the time in my views, so I will not bother you much with them.

Mr. Walter M. Brackett, of Boston, is best known to American anglers as the author of the famous four salmon pictures, so often referred to in these columns. It must not be thought, however, from the frequent mention of these masterpieces of fish-painting, that Mr. Brackett has never done anything else. A true artist is rarely satisfied to rest on his laurels. The notice of Mr. Brackett's contribution to the Berlin Fishery Exhibition, which we made from a brief newspaper mention last week, did that gentleman injustice in stating that he was to send to Germany one of this series of salmon pictures. The painting which he furnishes to Prof. Baird will be a new work, upon which the artist is just now putting the finishing touches, and is said by those who have seen it to reflect great credit upon this branch of American art.

Virtue is alleged to be its own reward, and it often happens, in the realm of canine morals at least, that the practice thereof is attended with no more substantial compensation. It will be remembered that Mr. Richard Moncreu Conway, of Spotsylvania County, Va., some weeks ago advertised in the FOREST AND STREAM a lost dog which had come into his keeping. And now, after thus seeking to restore the animal to its rightful owner, he writes: "Some one has stolen the cocker—the only dog I ever lost in that way."

Philadelphia is excited over the birth in that city of a baby elephant. The mother is "Hebe," the great black Asiatic elephant of the London Circus.

Modern science maps out the floor of the ocean with the same exactness as the plains of the continents; determines the altitude of mountain ranges on land and in the sea alike, and follows the movements of the inhabitants of the deep as intelligently as those of the beasts of the field. Few persons, outside of the circle of workers who are actually engaged in the work, realize the wonderful perfection to which the methods of this branch of scientific investigation have been brought, and the importance of the results attained. Professor Hind's paper on "The Movements of Salmon in the Sea" illustrates the progress in this department of knowledge, and is, moreover, a most valuable addition to the series of important papers contributed by the author to this subject.

WILD RICE FOR THE RANGELEYS.—Mr. J. A. L. Whittier, noticing in FOREST AND STREAM an advertisement and editorial notice as to wild rice to be had from Charles Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Ont., has purchased from him the balance of his present supply, and purposes to plant it in the shallow waters around the head of Lake Molle-chunkamunk, one of the Rangeley Lakes, as soon as the ice goes out this spring, in the hope that hereafter visitors to the lakes (and especially those visiting Birch Lodge, Mr. Whittier's fishing camp) may enjoy good duck shooting. FOREST AND STREAM will be kept informed as to the result of the experiment, which no doubt will be watched with interest. All the Rangeley Lakes now need, as good shooting as there is good fishing.

AMERICA AT BERLIN.—The following appointments have been made for the representation of America at the Berlin Fishery Exhibition next month: Prof. G. Brown Goode, deputy commissioner in charge; Mr. Fred Mather, department of fish culture; Mr. F. W. True, care of the exhibits; Mr. Julius E. Rockwell, secretary; Mr. Joseph Palmer, taxidermist in charge of casts; Capt. Joseph W. Collins, in charge of fishing apparatus. The experts are charged not only with the exhibits in their own departments, but also to investigate and report upon all European methods of gathering statistics of fish culture and fishing. The party sail on the 20th inst. in the North German Lloyd steamer *Neckar* from Hoboken. We shall be in receipt of letters from our special correspondent, and have made arrangements for securing the fullest and best reports of the Exhibition.

OUR ALASKA LETTER.

THE KURO-SIWO — THE AURORA-BOREALIS — SOMETHING ABOUT THE PEOPLE—ONITHOLOGY.

SITKA, Jan. 18th.

STEAMER day, the great and about the only event which interrupts the monotony of our life here, has come and gone; but although the mast-head has been manned by as eager lookouts as ever watched for the black smoke on the horizon of a blockade-runner, their watch has been in vain. She has failed to connect, and what is worse, we hardly hope for her to-morrow, and perhaps another week may pass leaving us newsless and letterless; for if the stormy weather and the blinding snow-storms, which have for a week buried Sitka and kept the sky obscured, have extended to the southward, she has had no weather that would justify her risking the trip through the devious and tortuous passages between Portland and Sitka. And if running, it has been at slow speed.

This has proved a blank month for fishing or hunting, and except the occasional bagging of a pintail (*Anas caudata*), or a "long-tailed duck," and an occasional "saw-bill" by a lucky rifle shot over the stern, the game resources of Alaska have not been diminished by me. Coues' description of the "long-tailed duck" is perfectly that of the duck which is most common here now; they come in small flocks and are very shy. The Indians bring in a few mallard, buffleheads, or butter-balls, all of which are very good, especially the mallard.

Plenty of venison and some few ptarmigan are brought in daily, but the deer are getting poor and the rutting season has begun. My fishing has been confined to attacks on a case of Cutting's canned salmon, which is good; a box of Alaska herrings packed in Portland, which are not good, and one of "boneless codfish," which my Cape Ann experience teaches me to accost as "pollock." If we have been deprived of other resources, we have had plenty of climate to furnish us with something to think about. I think we are prepared to out-brag a Californian, even if a Forty-niner. For seventeen days the thermometer has been below freezing; so low down, in fact, that to-day with it up to 31 deg. we feel as though it were rather warm. It did touch minus 7 deg., and it didn't touch plus 24 deg. during the period.

Having nothing else to hunt, I attacked the kuro-siwo—(please don't let your type-setter get that word "kunsu," as he did in a previous letter)—and have succeeded in obtaining some valuable data about it, all of which is duly reported. I will only lumber your columns with the fact gained, that with a range of variation of air

temperature of 57 deg. the temperature of this Japanese gulf stream varies less than 8 deg. With air at 50 deg., the water was 48 deg.; with air at minus 7 deg., the water was plus 40.5 deg.

And the extreme cold weather rendered visible to us—and a beautiful vision it was too—the map of vapor which constantly arising from this body of warm water causes the excessive humidity of the climate of Alaska. It whirled and danced in the wind and assumed all sorts of fantastic shapes, resembling smoke, or dry steam, more than it did fog. Bits of it would get caught by a gust of wind and go whirling and dancing and shaping itself into mist rings.

At ten feet from the surface it became invisible at the lowest temperature, and at plus 14 deg. it ceased to be visible at all. The warming effect of this river of warm water upon adjacent shores was made manifest to us by a comparison of the records of two thermometers—one on board ship, in the midst of it, and one well back from the beach, ashore. At all times the record on board was the higher by 1 deg. to 3 deg.; and this difference was greatest in the day time, with a bright sunshine.

We had, too, another sensation in the way of a natural phenomena granted us, which, if we had not come to Sitka, we might have passed our lives without seeing and enjoying, viz., an aurora borealis, which came up to the most vivid description that I have ever read. It occurred on the morning of the 17th inst., and although I had left a masquerade ball because I was sleepy, at 1 A.M., I felt fully repaid for sitting up till after 3 A.M. to watch it. I will essay a description, but I know I'll fail.

A dense black bank, reaching to, perhaps, half their height, above the chain of high hills which, from north-west around by north to northeast, form our horizon, made for them a gloomy background, against which the peaks, crowned with perpetual snow, stood out in bold relief. This bank was surmounted by a curtain of white, reaching some ten or fifteen degrees further toward the north star. Away back behind this curtain—perhaps at the Pole itself—skillful operators were giving with a camera of immense power an exhibition of *phantasmagoria* (I use the Spanish word, for I know of no English one that conveys to me the impression), so grand that it was well worth the price of admission, even if the latter were a winter in Sitka.

I call the upper bank a curtain, for such it seemed, and white, because no other shade would have permitted the slightest changes in hue of these celestial fireworks to have plainly shown themselves. In reality this curtain was for two hours seldom white for more than a few moments, for nearly constantly its hue was changing from a pale green tinged with pink to a deep rosy flush, and its shape, too, varied. At times its contour would be undulative like waves, and these undulations would pass from west to east, and disappear, and at others it would show a sharp, distinctly-drawn arch, as perfect as ever seen in a rainbow. These colors would brighten and fade, as though these various hued fires were advanced and drawn back. As well as a little thing can represent a great one, the varying intensity of glow of a captured firefly is typical of these changes.

Occasionally the whole curtain would tremble, then suddenly a broad band of brighter glow would shoot up into the sky, and reach above its upper edge; this would be quickly followed by another, and soon the curtain was traversed by many bars of elongating and shrinking light. For a space they would mark time, and then go dancing off to the eastward; new ones, or the same old ones, coming back around the curtain, as in a theatrical procession, would appear at the western extreme, and follow their leaders.

At times the black bank would draw up into a peak in one place, and from its summit a jet of light would suddenly dart upward, and I could make no mistake in judging that the exhibitor was depicting a volcano in eruption. Toward 3 A.M. the exhibition drew to a close, a dense bank which had been arising from the southward invaded the region of the Aurora, the temperature rose, and the hygrometer showed the approach of rain, and to-day we have it, the first in nearly a month; a steady, constant pour down, alternated with intervals of snow, the flakes of which, larger than geese feathers, melt as they fall. Our cold snap is over, the weather has changed, and whether there is a connection between this marked change and the aurora, or simply a coincidence, I'll leave to more learned meteorologists than I am to establish.

Jan. 23d.—No steamer yet, and you who get from day to day your mails can very little appreciate the length of the five days that we have been expecting her. And yet we cannot wonder that she has not come. She is commanded by a weatherwise old seaman, and has for pilot another, and neither of them, certainly not both, would have exposed her and her people to the dangers that would have attended an attempt to get to Sitka during the last five days. It has rained and hailed and snowed and squaled steadily, and the surf comes rolling in over the low islands in a way that makes us congratulate ourselves that we are snugly moored instead of outside "catching it."

I don't want any more "phantasmagorias" to come anywhere near steamer day; they are all very well to

taper off with after a "balle", but, like some other very early morning dissipations, the after effect is not pleasant. It has struck me this evening that there is probably among your readers—in fact I know there is—those who would relish a little information gathered upon the spot in regard to the manners and customs of the new lot of United States citizens to whom by our treaty with Russia we fell heir. Minerva-like, in this respect and no other, these people came full grown into this new world, but, unlike her, they brought with them their recollections and habits of the one in which they had previously lived.

In 1868 the United States became the proprietor of this country and of its people, and became enabled to boast with the English that the sun never sets on her possessions, which ought to count for something in reckoning up the profit and loss of the invested seven millions.

The people here, some three hundred in number, hardly as yet realize that they are citizens of the United States, and an attempt to impress upon the more intelligent ones among them that such is the case is met with either indifference or resentment. "No, I am not," said a lady to me when I tried to convince her that we were fellow-citizens, "I am always a Russian." "Why?" Asked. "What has the United States given us for that which they sent away?" After considerable reflection, and nearly giving up the conundrum, a happy thought struck me and I answered, "the *Jamestown*." I could not have done better. Her frown relaxed, and a pensive expression took its place. Memories of those happy days when her father, a Russian gentleman; her uncle, a Russian General, and their associates, made of Sitka a paradise for those who, of Russian descent, had never left this, their native land, mingled with fresher memories of the "bailes" at the castle, the strolls to Indian River, the boating trips to the island, and the hops on board, and I took advantage of the moment and changed the topic.

We have here, as I have said, a community of about 300 people, the males of which have never voted, and don't know or care who is, was, or is going to be, President, and not one of whom has an atom of patriotism or pride in being a member of the great Republic. They are purely Russian in their thoughts, tastes, habits and religion; and yet the Russian element is not very strong among them. The old saying that "Skin a Russian and you find a Tartar," should be modified to fit Sitka. Here, under a Russian surface, lies a native American foundation, for nearly all of these people are of mingled Russian and Aleutian blood. As a class they are worthy people, but almost entirely devoid of energy, and so accustomed to poverty that they hardly think it worth while to undergo any fatigue to better their condition. There are among them those who are striking exceptions, but they are few. They are not to be blamed for this apathy. Neither Russians or Aleutians are characterized by the go-ahead proclivities of the Anglo-Saxon, and their descendants, the Creoles, cannot be expected to develop traits not transmitted to them.

These people are very religious. The orthodox Greek Church has more power over them than the Government would ever attain were resistance among their peculiarities. In every house there hangs in the corner of the best room—and, I am told, in every bedroom also—a frame in which, surrounded by gilt and silver ornaments, is enshrined the image or picture generally of the Virgin Mary, in some of Saints. These people have been accused of idolatry, because of the reverence in which they hold these shrines, which are called *obrazes*.

I am convinced that the charge is erroneous. The image in this shrine is to them simply a symbol, and held in the same respect as is the crucifix by Roman Catholics, and the Bible by old-fashioned orthodox Christians. The forms and ceremonies of worship in the Greek Church are elaborate; in the standing congregation every lip is moving with the prayers constantly, many hands employed in crossing, and some knees bent in genuflection, which are carried to an extent equaled only by the *kouton* of the Chinese. During the entire service a chant is rendered by an invisible choir, and the whole effect would be to sustain and increase reverence if once it were acquired.

They are much given to little tea parties, at which the singular and not very pleasant custom prevails for ladies and gentlemen to occupy separate rooms during the repast. This may be due to the fact that with the men cigarettes form an alternative with each course, and the women here have not initiated the women of Russia in acquiring this habit. Tea is served to the women in cups, to the men in tumblers, and the repast is almost altogether composed of sweet things, such as preserves, tarts and cake. It is possibly owing to their great consumption of sugar, or it may be to some blood defect, that a good set of teeth is a rarity. Some have a habit, in sweetening the tea, of holding between the teeth a lump of sugar and sucking the tea through it.

Milk is an almost unknown article of food—with them weaning means something. Tea is served by means of a *samovar*, which is a brass or copper urn, in which, by means of a charcoal fire, water sufficient for many cups is kept boiling. They are exceedingly fond of dancing, and many of them are natural musicians, the concertina or accordion being the favorite instrument. During the

Christmas holidays a continuous series of masquerades prevailed, and several very pleasant mask balls were given.

In entering one of the houses the article of furniture which attracts the attention of a stranger is the stove. This standing generally in a corner, consists of a cylinder of sheet-iron lined with fire-bricks; it is from two to three feet in diameter, and reaches from floor to ceiling, to which it has the appearance of a supporting pillar. In using this stove, wood is piled in through a door a foot square near the base, and a brisk fire kept up for an hour or two, then allowed to die out; and when the gas and smoke have entirely disappeared a damper in the upper part is closed, and the stove becomes a radiator of warm air for twelve or fourteen hours, with no further attendance; the danger of shutting down and throwing gas into the room—coal gas—necessitates care in the management of these stoves.

There are among these families some of nearly pure Russian blood who have received the advantages of education, and by their culture, refinement and other estimable qualities afford to those of us who have established a school here great encouragement as to the probable future results. The material is good, it wants only the polishing.

Jan. 25th.—The steamer is just in, nearly a week over time, having been detained by bad weather, and it is only through protest that her Captain is prevailed upon to give us till to-morrow morning to get up our mails. So I must drop some other things and save this letter by winding it up.

The comparatively mild weather during the week has started the ducks in, and I have obtained and identified by means of Coes' Key as follows: Old-wife, male and female; harlequin, do., surf duck, black scoter, mallard and "Golden Eyes." The descriptions are nearly all perfect; but in two cases I think that I can add a bit: My scoter has a membranous patch reaching nearly to nostril or culmen and sides of bill, and the tertiary feathers are tipped with white. And in my old-wife, the outer vanes of all of the tail feathers have more or less black, bordered and terminated with white, and the inner vanes white, and beside the two long tail feathers in center, there are two others about half their length, all four being black. As I learn to use this Key I appreciate its value, and shall devote myself to supplying any errors of omission I may detect, which may be due to variations not as yet observed.

PISCO.

GAME PROTECTION.

PENNSYLVANIA MIGRATORY QUAIL.—*Towanda, Pa., March 12th.*—I notice occasionally in your columns items in regard to the migratory quail, and should be glad to hear more of this experiment, and thinking that there are others probably similarly interested I am prompted to state what I know in regard to the one hundred that the Rod and Gun Club of this place procured and released in this vicinity. They came to us in fine condition, and were (I can say from personal knowledge) freed in favorable localities. Since then I have heard from reliable sources of four different broods of them being hatched, ranging from twelve to eighteen each. They disappeared as the cold weather set in last season, and I do not think they were but a few of one covey of them killed, and that was, of course, not done by any of our sportsmen. From our limited experience we should incline to think the introduction of them a success, which will be confirmed if they only return to their summer residences the coming season. JOT.

TAKING GUNS.—*Brooklyn, March 15th.*—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—It is with real pleasure that I read the different arguments, pro and con, on my proposition to tax the shot gun; but I must admit so far none of said arguments are very strong, or even tenable. A sportsman's heart, everybody knows, is very large, and such is, I think, the case with my friend and fellow-townsmen, Harry Woodcock. The idea of a tax on the gun, not being able to pay a yearly tax of three dollars is certainly very bad, but I think with a little ingenuity and self-sacrifice it can easily be overcome. We have at the present an Irish famine relief fund, a policemen's fund, and why should we not have an old sportsmen's relief fund? Let the broken down sportsmen be divided into two classes, the junior and the senior class. The junior class would include all of them, say under the age of forty, while the senior class would include all above forty. Let there be raised, through your paper, all over the country, voluntary subscriptions. Mine will be five dollars to start with. These subscriptions will be known as the "Old Sportsmen's Relief Fund." Each member of the senior class will be entitled to a yearly amount out of said fund, provided that said member can prove that he has been all his life a good and true sportsman, that he has never been a market shooter or a po-hunter, and that he has never spent any money foolishly at pigeon shooting. Unfortunately I cannot, at the present, suggest anything for the junior class; still I might give them a little advice. Should they be married men, for their wife's and children's sake I should tell them, sell your guns and give up shooting. Should they, on the contrary, be single men, for their boarding-house keeper's sake I should tell them, do the same thing. As long as we are after devising some means for the protection of game, let us by all means devise some ways for the protection of the poor sportsmen, but in the meantime do not let our sentimentalism run away with our object in view.

A TRUE LOVER OF THE SPORT.

N. B.—In your last issue I notice that a party of gunners started at Bay Ridge some twenty-five woodcock. May I, through your paper, ask of those gunners one or two pertinent questions? What business did said party of gunners have at Bay Ridge this season of the year? and how many of those twenty-five woodcock did they kill?

I am told that the following evening a prominent politician of Brooklyn had woodcock for his supper, furnished by some gunner. Whether said gunner was of said party I am not positive. Would it not be well for our shooting clubs to employ a detective to watch a little those Bay Ridge gunners?

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN MARCH.

Hares, brown and gray. Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FOWL.

Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Quail, Snipe, Ducks, and Wild Fowl. "Bay birds" generally, including various species of plovers, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, surf birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Littoralis* or Shore Birds.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its season; Fish and its season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

LONG ISLAND DUCK-SHOOTING.—We add to our reports, published last week, the following note from Pond Quogue, L. I., sent by Mr. M. Williams, of the Bay View House:—

It promises to be very good shooting this spring, as there are more ducks in the bay now than there have been for some years past; more redheads than broadbills. Brant and geese are coming into the bay now by the thousand. I never saw redheads so fine as they are this spring. Sportsmen who would enjoy a few days good shooting should improve the opportunity now. L. J.

MONTREAL GUN CLUB.—At a meeting of the above club held Tuesday, 2d inst., the following were elected officers for the ensuing year:—President, Col. F. Bond; 1st Vice-President, F. X. Archambault; 2d Vice-President, Peter McKenzie; Secretary and Treasurer, A. G. Rudolf; Committee, C. J. Allway, V. S., P. E. Normandeau, R. A. Allan, and officers of the club; Captain, Robert Blackwood.

NEW JERSEY SNIPES.—Lake View, N. J., March 11th.—I killed a Wilson's snipe here last Saturday, March 6th. Killed a pair of teal duck on the lake the day before.

BEN PHILLIPS.

SOUTH SIDE AMATEUR GUN CLUB.—Pittsburgh, S. S., March 10th.—The South Side Amateur Gun Club, of Pittsburgh, S. S., organized on Feb. 8th, 1880, with President, Hy. Smalley; Vice-President, Joseph Kitz; Treasurer, Chas. Gaul; Secretary, F. J. Heinz; Executive Committee, Wm. Thomas and Otto Heinze. F. J. H.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Chester, S. C., March 6th.—I never saw quail so plenty as here. One can go a mile from the town and start from one to two hundred in an afternoon. Myself and friend bagged forty-seven. We usually get from twenty to thirty in an afternoon. C. C. M.

WILD PIGEONS.—North Vernon, Ind., March 13th.—Pigeons have been flying over this country for several months in great numbers. They roost in Scott County, thirty-five miles from this place, and have roosted there nearly every year for seventy-five years. The birds fly in the mornings, feeding in the eastern part of the State and Ohio, and return in the evenings. Have seen none for a week past; but they will likely fly for some weeks yet. Have heard of only one trapper, a Mr. Fisher, who set his traps near Dupont, in Jefferson County. Do not think he has been successful. Quail season is from 1st of November till 1st of January. Not much shooting was done last season, as the season before many birds were frozen or starved to death. We look for good sport next season, as the birds increase so rapidly, and they have had no hardships to encounter this winter. We have only a few ducks on our creeks and ponds, and only an occasional one is killed. Fishing is fair in the season; bass of several kinds, carp, and a few other kinds of good fish, are caught in Muscatuck, Big, Sand and Graham creeks. No fly-fishing. Largest green bass (fish) from 3 to 4 lbs. W. G. M.

SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—New York, March 9th.—It strikes me that "Fair Play" is leading his pen in a very loose way. The pleasure of fall shooting does not consist alone in the mere act of killing a bird. The soul of a true sportsman is also keenly alive to the beauties of nature, and a few hours shooting on a lovely day in October or November is better than a week in the usual cold and dreary weather of December.

But where is the objection to a special law for woodcock? I went to Morrisdown a few seasons ago to shoot partridges, and up to that time—Nov. 1st—woodcock had been "numerosous," but from that time scarcely a woodcock could be found in that vicinity. I admit that in some seasons they stay later; but as October is the woodcock month, and as he is the true sportsman's bird of America, let us have our chance at him while his surely here. And let me add that if summer shooting is not prohibited we will soon find woodcock a scarce commodity. Any true sportsman would rather stop one bird flying whistler in the fall than half a dozen in July when they get up with the spirit of youthful owls and give the "shooter" time to wipe the perspiration from his eyes before they're out of reach. A young lady once told me that a July woodcock reminded her of a new-born baby, and she despaired them. (A pair of trousers would have made her a sportsman.)

DUDMAY.

LIVE QUAIL.—Gardenton, Texas, March 9th.—I notice your demand for live quail. Although quail are now being furnished from this point, the season for pairing-off being now at hand, a little information for those who wish to provide them the ensuing season may not be out of place. Some 10,000 live quail were received here the past season, the shipments commencing about Nov. 1st. The greater part of the birds come from Mexico, Kosse and Corsicana, though every little railroad station furnishes from one coop upward. When not too much crowded they generally reach here in good order, and sell from \$1

to \$1.50 per dozen. They could be sent to New York by the Atlantic line of steamships; one leaves every week; oftener during the busy season. Major J. H. Grayson receives a large portion of the birds, is a reliable person, and will treat all fairly who may wish to deal with him. Mr. C. C. Pettit, the President of the gun club here, will, I feel sure, assist sportsmen to get birds. As to whether these wild birds will stand the trip by sea to New York, or whether once there they will do well in that climate, I am not able to say. CARONKAWAY.

WHERE TO GO NEXT WINTER.—Philadelphia, March 6th.—I noticed in one of your February numbers an article from a correspondent calling attention of "lovers of sport" to the fact that Col. Allen, of Ocoee, Fla., had recently launched a steamboat on Lake Topopelaliga, in Florida, to ply between that point and Lake Okechobee via the Kissimmee River (400 miles). As that section of country is practically uninhabited and virtually *terra incognita* to our sportsmen, and having spent the winter in Florida, and having heard so much of that almost unknown region teeming with game, and supposing that some of your many readers would like to know the great inducements it offers, I take the liberty of giving an extract from a letter from Col. Allen under this date:—

I was struck with Col. Allen's idea of opening up that country to the tourist, and more particularly the gunner, for the sparseness of its inhabitants renders it a wonderful place for game of all kinds. Col. Allen writes that parties coming up the St. John's have the advantage of some eight or ten daily steamers, and that by landing at Brantley's Landing, or at White's Wharf, he will, upon a day or two advance notice, send an ambulance to convey them over to Lake Topopelaliga, 35 miles distant, where they find accommodations with him on shore or boat. He makes monthly trips, or as often as the necessity demands. Of course there are few points where sportsmen can find board or habitation in that section, therefore it would be well, if there are several in the party, to have tents or accommodation for camping purposes. At Fort Kissimmee or Fort Bassenger board can be had from \$3 to \$5 per week. In the vicinity of Istokoga the game is more plentiful than in any section of Florida. Deer and turkeys in great numbers, and bears plentiful. As an indication of the abundance of deer, he says on one of the five trips he has made, the mate of his boat killed four deer without moving from his position, and they all fell within 100 yards of his position (this was near Fort Bassenger).

I contemplate spending next January and February in that section, and it would give me pleasure to be put in communication with any parties who have an idea or a desire to visit that part of the country. When Col. Allen's enterprise is known, I think he will be liberally patronized by sportsmen, for it is easy of access and cheap by steamer or rail from the East.

R. M. BLAKEFORD.

LARGE VS. SMALL BORE GUNS.—Worcester, Mass., March 12th.—I was much interested in reading "St. Clair's" description of the different guns he has owned, as given in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM. For two years previous to last year I have used a 10 bore 30 inch barrel, 94 lbs. Greener breech-loader, but as I did not care to lug around any extra weight, I exchanged it for a 7 lbs. 14 bore, of same make. Now, this smaller gun throws shot equal in penetration and pattern to the larger bore, but thus far I cannot do as good shooting at a moving object as with the larger gun. What is the reason? In firing at a mark or stationary object I can do as well with it at any distance as I could with the larger bore. The stock of the small gun has three-quarters of an inch drop more than the larger. Would this make a difference? I do not like to give it up and go back to the large bore, for I fully believe a 14 bore is just as good in shooting qualities and much pleasanter to handle than a 10 bore, even for shooting coots. And right here let me say, I was with a party last fall duck shooting on Long Island Sound, and the one who got the most birds used No. 7 shot. How is that, ye sportsman whose motto it is to use no load but such as will knock No. 8? I wish some of your readers could enlighten me, so that I can do better work with my present gun. No use to say the penetration is not as good, or that the shot is not distributed as evenly, for I have been all through that kind of experimenting. JOHN.

The experience of others is in order.

INTO THE DISMAL SWAMP.

MANY have heard, but few have seen, much of the great Dismal Swamp, in Southeast Virginia. With a view to ascertain something reliable about the prospects for fun and trapping, we lately made a trip there for that express purpose. Proceeding to Philadelphia, we took the J. W. Everman, of the Clyde line, to Norfolk; time, 30 hours, which was a little in excess of her usual time, on account of bad weather. Landing in Norfolk at midnight, we had difficulty in getting accommodations, and finally succeeded in the next morning took the ferry to Portsmouth, and on the arrival of the bay line boat from Baltimore took the train on the Seaboard and Roanoke Railroad, eighteen miles to Suffolk. At the steam saw mill of Manchester & Co., about two miles east of here, we made inquiry as to the best plan for a visit to Lake Drummond, and were directed to engage the boatman who would convey us in by canoe on the swamp ten miles to the lake. As it was already past high twelve, we were anxious to get on our way, and Eli soon had together the complement of provender and cooking utensils, and seated in his fine, large canoe, we soon were on our way, and before sundown had made six miles, which found us at the lowest camp occupied by swamper, which locality was about five miles from the mouth of the river. Our shanty was well constructed out of cedar "boards," i. e., shingles about four feet long, not shaved, with a floor of beveled cedar planks. The roof extended well forward over the fire, which had the effect of throwing the heat on us as we lay in our comfortable bunk. Next morning we reached the end of Jericho Canal, where it unites with the Washington "ditch," close to Lake Drummond, and which they both empty into the Potomac and half feet footfall through regular canal locks. We were surprised to find

a man comfortably camping on the banks of the lake, where he had been spending several days. The fish are generally catfish and mullets, with a few perch. The lake is nearly round, and without a clearing or settlement of any kind on its border. Prentiss Duke formerly lived near the entrance of Jericho Canal, but several years since removed over to the higher land near the railroad. The lake is situated in the very center of the great Dismal Swamp, and is from five to six miles across, with an average depth of twelve feet. The water in the lake and canal of the swamp is of the color of strong tea, caused by the cedar and juniper timber which grows abundantly, and is not only found above ground, but beneath the surface, in the form of sound logs, which in places are being taken out for lumber of various kinds. We returned the same way as we went in, stopping again to camp in this dismal place, and in conclusion would say that there has been no word of the novelty of the thing of trapping, but in no place as wild as this swamp did we ever find fur-bearing animals so scarce. From evidence gained, we think there are quite a good many bears in the fall of the year, and a chance offer passes through, with a sparingly few muskrats and coons. The lake has considerable fame, and many come from a distance to see it, but for a trapper we can find many places that will far exceed this in point of profit. SHEETMAN-BOZAL.

Dugdale, Va., March 8th.

Was there ever a sportsman who has not at some time been allured into this sport? (if it comes within the vocabulary of sport, which I very much doubt.) I'll venture to think there is no one who has not at some time enticed all who have an opportunity to indulge once, and not many of us, I think, will have any desire to repeat the dose. Last fall I made my debut in the coon-hunting arena. I was visiting a friend down in Virginia on a little hunting expedition, when, after gunning all day, my friend proposed a coon hunt for the night. I willingly filed into line, and off we started down to Uncle Sile's cabin to get him and his dog, Sambo, and the three entices all who have an opportunity to indulge once, and not many of us, I think, will have any desire to repeat the dose. Last fall I made my debut in the coon-hunting arena. I was visiting a friend down in Virginia on a little hunting expedition, when, after gunning all day, my friend proposed a coon hunt for the night. 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In connection with the discussion of the Palma conditions, the following expressions of opinion have been received from men who have taken part as successful competitors in the contests for

the trophy. They of all others have the right to speak their minds on the question under consideration, and there is a hope for unanimity in their cry of "come on" to their British rivals.

"Old Reliable" says: "I beg to say that I still quite recently I have felt reluctant to consent to a modification of the rules governing the contest for the Palma, for reasons previously entertained by many members of the Association. But the apparent impossibility of obtaining a match in the future, together with the failure of the past two years, has convinced me that it is now expedient to so alter the rules as to meet the wishes of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, in which case I have the assurance that the contest will be resumed."

"The directors of our Association have this matter under consideration, and I am led to believe that the change will be effected at an early period, but I fear not in time for a contest this year."

"Very truly yours, JOHN BODINE."

Mr. Rathbone, who has served on two teams, says:—"I can see no valid objections to the change in the conditions of the Palma match which you suggest. I think it is the wish of American long-range riflemen to have the strongest possible foreign representation in the future contests for the Palma. The two past years, much against our wish, we have had no team from a foreign country to meet, and we sorely longed that 1880 may not pass away without a lively competition. During the past two years a visit from any one of our former competitors would have been most welcome. I believe the position of the British N. R. A. to be logical and correct, and I also understand that the American N. R. A. have the subject under consideration, and I doubt not will come to the same conclusion, and, I hope, very soon, if it will be the means of a British team coming to see us this year."

"Truly yours, R. KATHBONE."

J. S. Sumner, with the best long-range record in the world, is anxious for another of his quiet squelchings of the Britishers, and remarks:—

"I have read your editorial of last week with much interest. You have presented many good reasons why the conditions should be changed. It does seem as if it was the only way to bring about a match. They have said so much about it, their pride will certainly bring them here if the conditions are changed."

"Yours respectfully, JOHN S. SUMNER."

Mr. Isaac L. Allen is as pungent as ever, and shows that he is in good fighting trim, by writing to the Editor of FOREST AND STREAM as follows:—

"You will please pardon me if I decline to offer any suggestions as to the advisability of changing the terms relating to the Palma trophy."

"The members of the teams of 1876 and 1877 once thought they were entitled to some consideration, but soon found themselves 'set upon,' any suggestion from them being entirely ignored. My opinion is, that if the Board of Directors of the N. R. A. wish to have the terms changed, said terms will be changed, as they have been before, without reference to any suggestions from them."

"Yours respectfully, ISAAC L. ALLEN."

Col. Clark, of Poughkeepsie, who was on team of 1878, and some suggestions for the conduct of a team match. He remarks:—

"While I am in favor of modifying the conditions of the Palma match so as to admit a British team only, I am also in favor of doing away entirely with our present American Team system, and, to speak plainly, I believe there is no one obstacle so much in the way of bringing about an international match as our present system of team coaching. I would place each man of the team entirely upon his merits, and if necessary allow no person to have intercourse with him during the shooting. We have had enough of the American Team system to test the quality of our rifles. Now let us test the metal of our marksmen by placing each man of the team upon his own responsibility. This system would bring together our best shots, and I have no doubt that a match on this system could be arranged with our British friends. It has been said that such a man is not much of an individual shot, but he would give himself up to the coach and would make a good team man. Why not allow him to do all the thing if he is a good trigger puller, and leave the other seven to adjust his sight and instruct him when to pull? Is it not almost a pity to use such men on a team, for if a big score be credited to them we never hear of them after. It may be remembered that in the 'Spirit of the Times' match, which occurred a few days after the Palma match, the British eight scored quite a number of points more than the American eight in this match. There was no coaching allowed. If our rifles are superior, what caused such a wide difference in the scores of this and the Palma match? I believe it is a matter yet to be decided which are the superior marksmen."

"I. F. CLARK."

Capt. L. C. Bruce is working with vigor for recouping the attendance of a British team here this year, and Capt. W. H. Jackson, the captain of the last American Team and the present holder of the trophy, says he will write more fully in a later letter and remarks for the present:—

"I am pleased that you are making an early move. I will write a few lines for the FOREST AND STREAM. We must all do something to stir up an interest in long-range rifle practice. I do not know that we will get the Englishmen over here. Whatever we may do, we can take away any excuse upon their part."

"Prof. Chas. E. Dwight writes from Wheeling, West Va.:

"The proposed plan of future competitions for the international rifle matches for the trophy Palma, as proposed in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, meets with my hearty approval, and seems to me to be fair and just. The adoption of such a plan could do nothing to make an international contest more remote or improper than it is at the present time. Whether long-range shooting owes its lethargy to the want of stimulus of these international contests, or to the fact of the sport being so largely participated in by professional shooters, maintained by our enterprising manufacturers, is a question which if debated might elicit a variety of opinions."

"No one would be more pleased than myself to see an international contest. I have thought the best way to secure them would be for the teams to visit the opposing country alternately regardless of the result of the match. The entrance fees of the contests would, if given to the team, go far toward paying the expenses of their visit to the opposing country. It seems to me that this plan would tend more toward keeping the interest up in both countries than the former manner of deciding the place for the contest to be held. It would also, I think, have a tendency to introduce American arms into the country visited by the American team."

"Yours truly, CHAS. E. DWIGHT."

Frank Hyde says:—"Your admirable editorial in last week's FOREST AND STREAM is so conclusive upon this question that little remains to be said. I am decidedly in favor of making it a truly international match. The title is now a misnomer, and, besides, the conditions are unfair to us, for while we can put only one team in the field, Great Britain is allowed something like a dozen; and for Canada, Scot-

land, Ireland and Australia are admitted, there is no reason why each principality in India, South Africa, etc., should not be represented. In the past our superiority in runs and drill has been such that we could stand this, but now England is imitating our rifles and ammunition, and will meet us next time on more equal terms."

RANGE AND GALLERY.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston, March 13th.—There was a large gathering in the "winter shed" at Walnut Hill range to-day, the attraction being the tenth competition in "everybody's match." The day was not just what a rifleman would have selected for the scoring of an extraordinary record, but, in spite of the many disadvantages that the elements threw in their way, a large number of the competitors succeeded in repeatedly finding the bull's-eye, and adding some fine scores to their previous records. The lights and shades were fair, but the wind was unsteady and vacillating, ranging from northeast to east in direction and from one-half to one and one-half points in intensity. Captain Jackson, with his Stear's rifle, government model, loaded with government ammunition, which he himself loads, leads the van with a band-score of 48; P. Brown, 43, and H. Tyler, 42, with the same class of rifle. Among the marksmen who practiced with sporting rifles, W. Howard ranks the highest, having started off with a four and finishing up with nine "centers," making the handsome score of 49, which, taking the weather conditions into consideration, was an extraordinary performance. There were 100 entries at yesterday's meet, and appended are the highest scores made:

W. H. Jackson.....	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 5 4 8
W. Howard.....	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 49
J. Nichols.....	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 48
W. Charles.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 48
C. W. Grilling.....	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 47
E. Bennett.....	4 5 5 5 5 4 4 4 5 5 5 46
R. D. Archer.....	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 46
R. Davis.....	4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 46
J. P. Brown.....	4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 43
H. B. Southwick.....	4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 43
H. B. Southwick.....	4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 43
E. Whitler.....	4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 43
J. Jordan.....	4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 43
C. P. Melges.....	4 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 43
C. A. Arthur.....	3 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 4 4 39
A. Locke.....	3 4 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 4 4 39

According to the terms of the handicap, W. H. Jackson, W. Charles, J. P. Brown and H. Tyler, all of whom used military rifles, are entitled to two more points on each of their scores than appears in the table above.

Boston.—Mammoth Rifle Gallery.—The second week of the Consolation Rifle Match has shown some wonderful shooting in the first class. Mr. W. H. Harrison takes the lead with 40 and two 39s. The management announce that a new rule is adopted for hereafter in case of ties; it is as follows: When the contestants have been notified to appear and shoot off the tie, and fail to do so, they relinquish all claim to shoot-off, and must accept the prize in order of their other scores. No one to appear and shoot. For example, last month there were three ties for the first place; if two should appear they take the first two prizes, leaving the third one for the absentee. This rule is to be strictly enforced, and the management hope all will govern themselves accordingly. The following is the standing of the several competitors to date; 150 feet; rounds 8; possible 40:—

W. H. Harrison.....	39	40	—118	C. Edwards.....	37	39	—114
W. H. Arnold.....	39	40	—117	Frank Hollis.....	37	38	—113
D. N. Sherburne.....	39	39	—117				

L. W. Farrar.....	37	38	—113	Col. Nat. Wales.....	31	37	—108
D. D. Swift.....	37	38	—111	H. C. Matthews.....	31	37	—108
H. Shaw.....	37	38	—111	E. B. Shaw.....	35	37	—107
Gordon McKenzie.....	36	37	—111	P. A. Bradford.....	35	37	—107
G. C. Arthur.....	36	37	—110	W. P. Stuart.....	34	36	—108
P. Bassett.....	36	37	—110	J. Golden.....	35	36	—106
F. J. Bonney.....	35	36	—109	A. H. Casley.....	34	35	—105
S. E. Ring.....	35	36	—109	G. E. Estey.....	35	35	—106
M. L. Pratt.....	35	36	—109	C. C. Staples.....	34	35	—104
Thos. Howe.....	35	36	—108	C. R. Curtis.....	34	35	—103
N. S. James.....	35	36	—108	G. W. Dyer.....	34	35	—103

Boston.—Gallery Practice.—The new classified match opened at the Magnolia Gallery with an abundance of entries and fine scoring. F. Hollis again leads the best scores, standing:—

F. Hollis.....	49	48	—148	P. Hall.....	46	46	—137
W. Henry.....	48	48	—144	J. H. E. Schaefer.....	43	43	—132
F. M. Smith.....	47	47	—140				

W. H. Farnham.....	45	46	—139	H. Lawrence.....	44	45	—137
A. B. Thomas.....	46	46	—140				

P. D. Swift.....	45	45	—140	A. Goss.....	44	45	—138
J. Anderson.....	43	45	—138	H. Taylor.....	43	44	—136
A. L. Howe.....	42	43	—130	F. Dudley.....	42	43	—132
C. J. Foy.....	42	43	—129	T. Carr.....	42	43	—130

MASSACHUSETTS.—Springfield, March 16th.—Rod and Gun Rifle Club scores made to-day in a sharp run with some fog at 200 yards; possible 50:—

L. H. Mayott.....	5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 8
S. S. Burstead.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 47
W. H. Chapin.....	5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 46
W. E. Matthews.....	4 4 4 5 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 4 45
J. H. Dederick.....	4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 44
Dr. Boring.....	4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 43
A. W. Wilson.....	4 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 42
C. Van Vleet.....	5 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 41
J. Lewis.....	5 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 40

Newfield, March 13th.—The Wakefield Amateur Rifle Association held their fourth competition in the "shot gun" series this afternoon, there being a large gathering of riflemen present. Below are given the best scores:—

P. R. Richards.....	5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 24
David Ogilvie.....	4 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 23
David H. Walter.....	4 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 22
Frederick A. Winslow.....	4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 21
John Henderson.....	4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 4 5 4 20
William Daniel.....	5 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 19
George Towle.....	5 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 18

CONNECTICUT.—Coltsville, March 10th.—Canton Rod and Gun Club, Riverside Range. Practice meeting at 200 yards; off-hand 8-pounds pull, 10 shots; fresh wind 10 to 12 o'clock:—

J. Laubenstein.....	11	10	10	10	10	10	11	11	11	11	Mass.
O. B. Hall.....	11	10	10	10	10	11	11	10	10	10	44
J. B. Dyer.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	42
J. Bidwell.....	12	10	11	12	9	7	6	9	10	9	42
J. D. Andrews.....	9	7	10	8	11	10	8	10	8	9	41
C. P. Lewis.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	40
J. Pfister.....	6	8	8	11	12	11	11	8	9	6	41
G. J. Cason.....	8	8	11	6	9	10	4	8	8	7	38

SCHUTZEN NOTES.—The Board of Directors of the Schutzen Park at Union Hill, N. J., are making arrangements for a fair to be held at the park; time, 6th to the 20th. Connected with the fair will be a grand prize shooting for an aggregate of about \$25, open to all comers. The programmes for this shooting will be issued in a few days.

The New York Schutzen Corps, Capt. Aery, will commence with their regular practice shootings the first week in April.

New York.—Headquarters Zettler R. C.—Shooting for club prize March 24; 20 shots; Creedmoor targets, reduced to gallery distance; possible 100:—

M. Hares.....	98	I. H. Brown.....	65
P. Jennings.....	98	M. Dorier.....	94
B. Zettler.....	90	J. Dutail.....	91
Wm. Klein.....	90	T. O'Neil.....	90
M. B. Engle.....	90		

EMPIRE RIFLE CLUB.—New York, March 15th.—Matches at Hartung's Park, fourth fruit dish competition, 300 yards; handicaps:—

J. W. Todd.....	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 19
D. E. Davis.....	5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 18
N. D. Ward.....	4 5 5 4 4 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 18
F. H. Colby.....	4 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 17
W. M. Farrow.....	4 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 4 17
J. H. Brown.....	4 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 5 5 5 4 16
H. Fisher.....	3 5 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 14

* Less 2 points handicap, 47. + Less 1 point handicap, 40. + Less 3 points handicap, 44. + Less 3 points handicap, 39.

"Subscription match"; 200 yards; 5 rifles; re-entries allowed:—

W. M. Farrow.....	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	8
A. H. Cobb.....	5	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	4
F. H. Holton.....	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4
J. H. Brown.....	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	5	5	5	3	46
C. E. Taylor.....	45											
D. E. Davids.....	41											
H. Fisher.....	41											
N. Dorrier.....												44
N. D. Ward.....												43

NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB.—Hartung's Park, March 15th.—The regular practice of this club took place on Wednesday last with the following result—not as good as it might be, but some improvement on the preceding week:—

G. J. SAEURH.	
Ring.....	14 22 18 22 14 22 22 14 10 21 21 19 21 19—202
Creedmoor.....	4 5 4 5 4 5 5 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—67

A. J. HOWLETT.	
Ring.....	20 19 22 22 23 25 25 18 14 24 4 22 20 23 19—303
Creedmoor.....	4 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 5 4 5 5—67

J. S. CAIRN.	
Ring.....	22 18 22 19 22 22 22 22 20 21 16 15 19 22—235
Creedmoor.....	5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4—65

M. M. MAITLY.	
Ring.....	22 23 14 21 12 24 15 23 18 11 20 6 23 20 23—278
Creedmoor.....	5 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 5 4—65

J. W. MANGAM.	
Ring.....	22 21 20 11 23 20 17 16 15 16 11 10—228
Creedmoor.....	5 5 4 4 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—62

Total ring, 1,450; total Creedmoor, 336. Average ring, 237.15; average Creedmoor, 65.45.

M. M. MAITLY, Adjutant.

CREEDMOOR PROGRAMME FOR APRIL.—The competitions upon the range at Creedmoor, during the month of April, 1880, are announced as follows:—

Saturday, 3d.—Mr. Frank J. Donaldson, Executive Officer.—

"Off-Hand Individual" Match; conditions in last week's FOREST AND STREAM.

Wednesday, 7th.—Maj. Geo. S. Schermerhorn, Jr., Executive Officer.—"Ballard Rifle" Match, 100 and 200 yards, and "Remington Rifle" Match, 700 yards.

Saturday, 10th.—Gen. Geo. W. Vangate, Executive Officer.—"The Remington Shot Gun" Match, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, and "Off-Hand Individual" Match.

Wednesday, 14th.—Col. Geo. D. Scott, Executive Officer.—"The 'Alford' Match.—Twenty competitions (semi-monthly), twenty Remington Military Rifles, N. Y. State model, 50 caliber, or U. S. Government pattern, 45 caliber.

Saturday, 17th.—Mr. James Grant, Executive Officer.—"Remington Rifle" Match; distances, 900 and 1,000 yards; and "Off-Hand Individual" Match.

Wednesday, 21st.—Col. J. H. Cowperthwaite, Executive Officer.—"The 'Secretary's' Match, first competition. Conditions: Open to everybody. Distances, 300 and 500 yards; five shots at each distance. Position, standing, at 300 yards; at 500 yards, any, without artificial rest. Rifle, any of the following: Winchester Military, Peabody-Martini Military, Snider Military, Remington Military, Hotchkiss Military, Martini-Henry Military, Sharps Military, and Springfield Military. Entrance fee, 50 cents for each entry. Competitors allowed three entries, but only the highest score to take a prize; prizes—first, \$100; others, percentages.

Saturday, 24th.—Maj. Henry Fulton, Executive Officer.—"The Remington Shot-Gun" Match; 100, 200 and 300 yards.

Wednesday, 28th.—Lieut.-Col. H. G. Littlefield, Executive Officer.—"The 'Alford' Match. 'We Will' Match; 300 and 600 yards. 'Winchester Rifle' Match; at the running deer target, distance, 100 yards.

Tickets of membership in the National Rifle Association for the year 1880 can be purchased either at the office of the Association in New York City, or upon the Range at Creedmoor. Members will be entitled to free admission to the range grounds, and to use of targets at all times (Sundays excepted), and will, upon application at the office, be furnished with a card entitling them to railroad transportation between New York or Brooklyn and Creedmoor at the reduced rate of thirty cents excursion.

ESSEX vs. PRINGSHOUSE.—Narrah, March 10th.—A friendly contest took place at the range of the latter on Wednesday evening last, which was closely contested by both clubs, members of each team shooting alternately, the highest score being 47. The match was won by the Essex Club:—

W. A. Cleaveland.....	42	A. G. Neumann.....	45
A. Crane.....	40	A. G. Veigman.....	45
Jas. Doon.....	40	C. Soden.....	42
P. H. Soden.....	40	F. H. Soden.....	42
P. H. Soden.....	40	F. H. Soden.....	42
A. Manie.....	40	J. K. Walsh.....	41
W. Ditcher.....	40	H. Westerman.....	41
A. W. Lewis.....	40	J. Dennis.....	41
John Doon.....	40		
Total.....	437		431

WHAT A HUNTER KNOWS.

BOZEMAN, Montana, Feb. 28th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Replying to "Hunting Rifle's" query in issue of Jan. 31st, the weight of the 40 caliber hollow-point bullet to which he refers should have been 122rs, instead of 102rs, as the types had it. It was thought unnecessary to correct the error, the proportion of powder to ball given (1 to 2.28) fixing the true weight. If he will send his address to Walter Cooper, gun dealer, Bozeman, Montana, he will send him a lot of the balls for trial in his rifle. It is a patched ball, and of sufficient length for a good hunting ball. On account of peculiarities of caliber, grooving, etc., in different rifles ball that flies true from one rifle will not necessarily fly true from others nominally of the same caliber. The Winchester, .44 cal., for instance, is not, I think, more than .43 cal., and

with other rifles. This ball is gotten up for a Sharps rifle, and from witnessing its shooting up to 200 yards I believe it a properly shaped ball. Mr. Cooper has also gotten up Express moulds for .44 and .45 cal., patched balls modeled from standard English balls, and I am told by those who have used them they fit true.

The experiences of an expert rifleman like Mr. Rabbeth at the target are very valuable—more so than a large quantity of theoretical trash and nonsense that so often, perhaps unavoidably, encumber sporting journals. His remarks are sometimes obtained at the target, but puzzle experts, but they should not be cast aside without due consideration. My experience differs from his in one or two particulars, more especially as to the necessity of the lubricant wad. With the patched ball I understand that all the targeting reported was done without wiping, and, with the exception of the first few rounds, without a lubricant wad. My own experience with the patched ball, and without the lubricant, is that it soon loses its accuracy in successive shots, unless wiped after each discharge—the patch stripping off, the rifle's leading and want of accuracy necessarily resulting. This appears to be the experience of rifle makers both in this country and Great Britain, as it is understood that all invariably use a lubricant wad of beeswax and tallow or sperm oil with the patched ball. I understand also that most of the British rifle makers use a patched ball in the Express rifle.

Mr. Rabbeth reports only one experiment with an Express ball—.45 cal. Canollured ball for the Sharps Rifle—making a group of sixteen inches at 200 yards. That, in my opinion, is about as good a target as is usually made by any solid Canollured naked ball at this distance, and should not be an argument against the accuracy of this particular ball. I doubt the practicability of swedging a hollow-pointed ball, yet they are comparatively so light that no difficulty should exist for casting them without flaws.

I had Mr. Rabbeth obtained from the Sharps Company balls from moulds ordered and made by that company for me in 1876 (.44 cal. patched-and .275ers. weight), he would have found them all he could have desired as to accuracy, and all they should be as to destructiveness. It was modeled from an English ball, except it had a more pronounced hollow point.

There are several objections to the Sharps .45 cal. Canollured Express ball. I much prefer the patched ball for hunting, on account of superior accuracy. In the second place, the point seems too blunt. I think a ball with an orifice in the point more than three-sixteenths of an inch will lack accuracy. It has a .22-inch orifice. Thirdly, the explosive cap in the orifice is dangerous to a certain extent, and, in my opinion, superfluous. With the proper velocity given the ball, and without the explosive, it will, of its own weight, expand or explode at the proper distance, so as to enter the animal—and with as much or more destructiveness as with the explosive inserted. Moreover, a twice is liable to cause, before striking the animal. I consider the insertion of a copper tube in the end of the bullet, where of no greater diameter than three-sixteenths of an inch, unnecessary for accuracy, and must interfere materially with its expansion and destructiveness.

I have now used the Express ball from an American brood-load, and have found for two seasons that it is well adapted for the two preceding years. My prejudices (caused by too much being claimed for it, in my opinion, by those evidently inexperienced in its use) were against its merits. Mr. Nighy's opinions, however, caused me to give it a trial, and after experimenting to find a ball of proper weight to suit my rifle, and then using it for two years on antelope, deer, elk, grizzlies and mountain sheep, I have no hesitation in saying that, for hunting purposes, it comes up to the standard claimed for it by the Irish rifleman. A reference to my book shows that during the season of 1876, I shot of twenty-nine deer and antelope known to be hit fairly in the body between shoulder and hip (nineteen of which were "punchshots"), five required a second shot, or one in nearly six—charge, 60grs. C. & H. No. 6, and 275grs. ball. For bear, a 380grs. hollow-pointed ball was used; but the powder was insufficient for a proper velocity, and the results were unsatisfactory. During the season of 1879, of twenty-four deer and antelope hit fairly in the body, only one required a second shot, one in twenty-four. Of thirty-five deer and mountain sheep hit fairly in the body, six required a second shot, one in five and two-thirds. Of eight bears killed (seven grizzlies), only one required a second shot. This record does not include animals known to be hit in the limbs—some of which got off. Charge used, 60grs. C. & H. No. 6, and 275grs. ball for deer, and 310grs. ball for bear and elk. This last ball, made by boring out a 280grs. ball, produced very satisfactory results, as the record shows, though it is a little heavy for the powder, and has not quite taper enough for firing consecutive shots without wad. The powder used was the result of 1876, arising from using more powder, and probably placing shot more carefully—the "wire-edge" of the sport having probably worn off.

During 1876 and 1877, of about seventy deer and antelope hit with the solid ball, about one-fourth required a second shot, and about one-half of the elk and bear. In those days, however, a bombardment was kept up on a grizzly as long as he kicked.

In the successful use of the Express ball, a strong and moderately quick powder is necessary (such as C. & H. No. 6). As an evidence that my opinion is correct, I will state that the powder I am using cost \$3 per pound (mostly from mistake of the shipper), and would still be used could it be had no cheaper, as it is superior to any other brand to be obtained.

In conclusion, I would advise "Hunting Rifle" to depend upon his own experiments in the solution of rifle or ammunition. If he contemplates hunting larger game, this experimenting will familiarize him with the powers of his own rifle, something essentially necessary for a successful hunter. If he thinks of using the Express ball in his .40-caliber, I advise him to have it charged for the 60-grs. shell.

Feb. 23th.

Archery.

BOSTON NOTES.—Archery has taken a firm hold here, and before July I hope to see half a dozen more clubs springing up in and around the city. The expected match between New York and Boston gentlemen, which is to take place in May, is much talked of, and there is considerable curiosity to know who the lucky ones will be who are to represent Boston.

Before many weeks we shall probably form a club to be known as the Boston Archery Society. This society is for the encouragement of archery in this section, and we shall probably meet once in two weeks. A private practice club for the encouragement of long-range shooting is also talked of, some of the rules of the present P. F. C. Club seem to be better suited to suit the Eastern archers. During the coming season we shall probably shoot a great deal more than some matches.

JANCK WOOD.

—The Robin Hood Archery Club of Nyack, N. Y., is selecting a team for the coming campaign. The club has some seventy-five members, and good work may be expected from it next summer.

CORTLAND ARCHERY CLUB.—Cortland, N. Y., March 13th.—The following score was made by the members of the Cortland Archery Club at Van Buren Hall; 50 arrows; 50 yards:—

	First 30.	Second 30.	Third 30.	Total.
Dr. F. O. Hyatt.	193	205	216	610
Willis Cloyce.	191	202	210	603
James H. Schenck.	191	199	190	580
A. Schermerhorn.	181	184	187	552
A. Mahan.	171	184	184	539
J. S. Crenshaw.	173	156	189	518
Frank Turner.	168	159	174	499
S. Hull.	157	144	145	446
Dr. G. H. Smith.	151	137	160	448
Mrs. A. Mahan.	91	139	123	353
Miss Maggie Force.	103	117	93	313

A. M.

MANHATTAN BOWMEN.—This new club has been organized in this city, with the following officers:—President, D. M. McLean; Vice-President, W. C. Beecher; Secretary, J. O. Davidson; Treasurer, S. E. French. The members practise in the Ninth Regiment Armory hall, sharing there the privileges of the New York Club.

—In the current number of *Harper's Bazar* appears a page drawing from the pencil of an artist, whose truthful character sketches last fall of the Eastern Archery Movement at Boston were enjoyed by the archery fraternity everywhere.

The picture represents a scene in the Ninth Regiment Armory, during a Saturday night practice shoot of the New York Archery Club and the Manhattan Archers—these two clubs having shot amicably together since their organization. We recognize in the picture many well-known members of the two clubs, and not only are the likenesses there, but also the individual manner of each.

A lover of the bow himself, the artist has faithfully rendered all those little details of the archer's outfit, which gives the picture an added value in an archer's eye, rarely accorded to drawings by those not "up" in archery.

Mr. Davidson is doing much with pen and pencil to give those not conversant with archery truthful representations of how this beautiful and pleasant sport is carried on.

"ROUNDERS" IN ARCHERY.—New York, March 14th.—The New York Archery Club of this city has passed a resolution excluding members of all other archery clubs from membership. This they claim will prevent any claims of other clubs to a share of the honors to be won hereafter. This resolution will no doubt accomplish the desired end, but will not exclude many deserving members and keep the club in the background during the summer months?

The New York Club have based their action on very sound and sufficient grounds, and in setting their faces against what are known in other sports as "rounders" have taken a commendable lead. It is possible, however, that this action of the club is premature. Archery is yet in its infancy; clubs are few in numbers and weak in membership, and it may be for these reasons that the club is so susceptible of drawing the lines too close. In inter-club matches it is plain that where a member of many clubs shoots against one of his own clubs, the credit of the victory is decidedly complicated and dubious. This, it strikes us, should be provided against, and it may be provided against without totally barring members of more than one club from all the club privileges of each. An archer might belong to one club, with which in all inter-club teams he should shoot. At the same time, he might be allowed the privileges of a semi-honorary member in other clubs, on membership with certain well-defined restrictions, which should yet do him in no wise from a full participation in all club contests and privileges. We should be pleased to hear from some of the older archers on this question. Let us arrive at the middle course, which will be the safest and most progressive for archery to pursue.

DEFERRED.—Several interesting and timely communications have necessarily been deferred.

Yachting and Canoeing.

IMPORTED YACHTS.

AS yachting on the lakes takes stronger hold upon the masses the desire to import craft of foreign build from Cuthbert's yard at Toronto, the best-known builder in the West, becomes more manifest. It has been an open question as to what standard of club rules, or of a vessel's license, points a necessary adjunct to escape interference by revenue officials abroad. As there is a duty on "articles manufactured of wood," yachts under twenty tons should be sailed from the Canadian yards of their birth into our harbors in a *bona fide* manner, when they will circumvent paying duties on the same grounds as a suit of clothes worn on the back. It would seem as though the time had come for an entire revision of the laws passed by Congress relating to yachts. We hope that the liberal persons who are to stop in the fore and demand about five minutes' attention to the matter at the hands of our representatives, who can have no earthly objection to an overhauling and simplification of laws originally intended to foster the construction and sailing of yachts, but which have long ago become a drag instead of an aid to the object sought. With the assurance that the revision is asked not in the interests of an onslaught upon Uncle Sam by red-handed pirates, nor yet with a view to starving him by nursing contraband trade, even the most suspicious and unconscionably tender legislator may so far relax his protective hobbies as to grant the small boon asked by a sport which has attained a growth sufficient to demand national recognition. The following is the letter received:—

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 9th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Sir—Relating to yachts of over twenty-ton build, of foreign build, imported and owned by American citizens, this Depart-

ment desires to say, that a yacht of foreign build, of the burden mentioned, could neither be enrolled nor licensed as an American vessel, nor be entitled to the privileges defined in Section 4241 of the Revised Statutes, except by special Act of Congress.

As to the right of such a yacht to carry the American flag, this Department concurs in the opinion expressed in Article 236 of the regulations prescribed by the State Department for the use of the Consular Service of the United States, which is as follows:—

"The privilege of carrying the American flag is under the regulation of Congress, and the statutes have not made that privilege practically available to any ships, except those duly registered or enrolled at some Custom House."

Very respectfully,

H. J. FRENCH.

Assistant Secretary.

MEASUREMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

To my way of thinking, there is no one man or body of men than can figure up a just table of allowance. You might just as well expect them to figure exactly the weight of construction. In the first place, we must have every owner of a small yacht understand that they are to ballast their yachts to their own liking, and keep their ballast just where they put it in the first place, that is, not shift from side to side or end to end while under weigh. This done, every tub will sit on its own bottom. I then would propose to do away with our tables of allowance. Make your classes of center-boards and keels, make them of sloops, schooners, cutters, yawls and sharpies. Give a man to understand that if he desires to go into the 20ft. class, his yacht must not be over that limit; if into the 30ft. class, not over 35ft. deck line, and so on until you arrive at the largest available yacht, even if it brings but two boats out for competition.

The judges have then not got to pore over a stationery store or work like clerks in some down-town shop; they will have to stand no censure about half inches, or split seconds, or the difference of length. The boat first across the line is the winner, if an anchor start, and also a winner if more than the time has elapsed between her and her rivals in a flying start.

As the table of allowance now is, two boats may be just as long on deck, the same beam and sail draft; one's stern may rake more, and she would probably get allowance on a few inches. Two boats are in the same class. By water line measurement one is 20ft. on deck, 10ft. beam and 21ft. water line; the other is 20ft. on deck, 10ft. beam, 21ft. 6in. water line. The smallest boat actually allows the largest by water line measurement at present in vogue.

When men understand they can build so long, and are restricted only to fixed ballast, their pocket-books and fancy will determine which class their ambition lies in, and we shall see a more uniform size of vessels with more variety of rigs and models. It will also determine whether a sloop is better than a cutter, or cutters better than schooners, etc. "Every tub will sit on its own bottom." Never consent to put a shifting ballast boat against one that keeps hers under the floor.

Boston, March 5th.

We object altogether to any measurement by length for reasons set forth in these columns. We also take exception to the child's play of allowing so many minutes to cross the starting line. It is a race of its display of seamanship and skillful maneuvering. All of a class should start at one gun, and their times be taken from the gun. We have enough lubberliness about our racing as it is, without trying to rob the sport of all the enticements and chances to wide-awake spectators. Placing a premium on sloth and incapacity by all sorts of allowances and faint-hearted commiseration rules with tubs and lubbers, should be done away with wherever possible. Yacht racing ought to be graduated out of hazy and leading strings. In relation to shifting ballast among small boats, our correspondent has a clear head.

NEWPORT "CATS."

Editor Forest and Stream:—

A good many years since, further back than I sometimes find it pleasant to look, I noticed at Newport, R. I., the finest fleet of small sailboats I had ever been my luck to see. They were all of them est-vised, with short booms and high, narrow-headed sails; were fine sea boats, sure in stays, and every one of them was a keel boat. Their owners were practical men, who gained a living by taking out sailing parties, and they understood handling their boats to perfection. I often talked with these men about center-boards, but it was no use; they considered their boats perfect, and that the keel was what made them so. Now, however, the visitor to Newport will find all this thing changed. It is as difficult at the present day to find there a keel cat-boat as it was twenty years ago to find a center-board.

What has caused the change? Solve the riddle, *mon ami*, and if you can't, pass it on to some of the cutter fraternity, who, instead of using their brains in improving what is good, are attempting to introduce something that has been thoroughly proved an inferior article. After Messrs. Cutter & Co. have given up the conundrum, we can accommodate them with still another.

QUI VIVIT.

We certainly take a very different view of a perfect boat from what our correspondent seems to set up as his standard. The Newport cat-boats we consider without question the embodiment of the very worst elements a yacht can possess. They are exceedingly dangerous when fully rigged, very hard on their helms, and very hard on their crews, and under the most narrow head, cannot sail close on account of their great hoist of narrow head, permitting the gaff to fly broad off when the boom is trimmed fore and aft, and they are leavely and very slow in rough water, to such an extent that we boxed about an hour in one of them trying to fetch a mark not an eighth of a mile to windward. They yaw frightfully, and with helm hard across the quarter will fall to answer till a favorable sea throws their snout again where it ought to have pointed right along.

It is not difficult to see about designing a craft combining all the worst qualities known we should choose something like the Newport cat as our model. Make those vessels of less beam, however, greater depth, add a keel and low ballast, less hoist and more gaff, and the result would show a boat which would be safe, easy, dry, comfortable to steer, reliable in a sea-way and closer on the wind. We think it high time that the humiliating custom of taking our cue from smackmen, clam-diggers and the like gave place to a little more confidence in intelligent and special training. Practice is very good in its way, but practice salted with a little brains ought to go for a good deal further.

It is not difficult to assign a reason for the regrettable change from keel to center-board in Newport. New York fashions there rule ashore and they rule aloft. When New York again takes to be keel the clam-diggers of Newport will follow fast enough.

and there will be less business for the undertakers every season, which no one will regret. The risks of the light-racer performer ought not to be accepted in a well-designed yacht. As long as they are present, sailors and men who are not agents for life insurance companies will repudiate such craft as productions not even equal to those of the Fiji Island savages.

A REPLY TO "CORINTHIAN."

Editor Forest and Stream:—

In a late article "Corinthian" he attacks Mr. Smith for his assertion that length measurement would tend to produce over-spurred vessels, and this from the gentleman who spurred *Vireo*, *Madcap*, *Intrepid*, *Tidal Wave* and the new *Mischief*, is remarkably good, to say the least; much more so it seems to me than he would make it for Mr. Smith. "Corinthian" should remember that an architect makes his plans of a house according to the requirements of the person proposing to build, and likewise a yacht designer must do as the owner wishes, though often against his own better judgment. However this may be, I don't see that "Corinthian's" remark alters the truth of Mr. Smith's assertion at all. I was once inclined to think as "Corinthian" does—that length is the principal and only element of speed, but I have had reason to change my mind somewhat. I have seen the cutter *Midge* sailing day after day in company with *Midge*, *Schemer* and *Chief*. She could not hold her own with *Schemer* or *Chief*, and could not gain much if any on *Midge*. Now *Muriel* is 40.55 feet water-line, *Chief* 45 feet over all, and *Schemer* 37.17 feet water-line, while *Midge* is but 36.6 feet water-line. In a run from New London to Newport the *Chief* and *Schemer* beat *Muriel* badly, and *Midge* also got in well ahead of her. Glancing at the beam of these vessels we find *Muriel* to be 9.14 feet, *Schemer* 14.5 feet, *Midge* 10.9 feet. The *Chief's* beam I do not know exactly, but she has, I should judge, about 15 feet. Taking in view these figures and facts, should not beam have quite as much consideration as length, and were *Muriel* to meet these vessels in a race on a length basis, would she have her due? Likewise in the *Volante-Schenck* race spoken of, *Volante* has 40 feet on water—by 12 feet beam, to *Schemer's* 37x14.5, and the *Chief* the *Volante* was beaten, and "Corinthian" attributes to the fact that she is slow; so indeed would be the conclusion in any case when narrow and beamy yachts sail together on length; except perhaps in double reef breezes, I have seen but few very narrow yachts of the English type sailing with wide center-board vessels, but those I have seen cannot have a fair race with center-board yachts of similar length in their average racing weather without receiving considerable time allowance, owing to their being smaller.

That the English type of boat is the more weatherly any one will allow who has seen them in the native waters, and if a gentleman wishes a rough-weather yacht why should he be deterred a fair race with his center-board friends, which, I think, is attainable as near as possible by the present Savannah rules, which Mr. Smith advocates. I cite these instances as bringing together vessels of opposite extremes which it might be desirable to race together.

A time allowance based upon length alone will do well enough when all vessels are of the same general shape, but it cannot be made to apply fairly to such cases as I have spoken of. "Corinthian" also inquires, "Why would not be fair to compare *Intrepid* to *Rambler*, one of her own class, rather than to *Tidal Wave*." Probably it would; so let us make the examination. *Rambler* is 27.64 feet longer on water-line than *Intrepid*, and by length allowance this would give *Intrepid* something more than a minute less than what she now receives from *Rambler* by cubic allowance!

As to freeboard, *Rambler* has but 2 feet 8 inches, while *Intrepid* has 3 feet 9 inches. The *Rambler's* draught without keel is 8.2 feet, or 6 per cent. of her length, while the *Intrepid's* draught without keel, or 8 per cent. of her length. How much this difference avails *Intrepid* by cubic allowance "Corinthian" need not be told.

He seems desirous, too, of having pointed out a yacht of scientific construction that has developed speed without some alterations. Saying nothing of many English yachts of this kind I could name, I will point to *Madcap*. Three days after her sale she was her first boat she entered the N. Y. Y. Club Regatta and was an easy winner against such craft as *Kaiser* and *Active*, the latter a much larger yacht, built from a model by Mr. William F. Force. "Corinthian" also casts reflections upon *Vindex* as being unwieldy yachts. The best argument on the question of her speed is her former owner's well-filled plate-locker, trophies of races won by a keel against center-board yachts.

As to any question of her weatherly qualities, the fact of her cruising the coast from Cape Sable to Savannah and twice rounding Hatteras in midwinter is a sufficient answer; a fact, I think, "Corinthian" would hesitate to undertake in some of the sloops of the same class whose good qualities in other respects he is not slow to praise.

It would seem as though "Corinthian" had some other object in view than an argument on time allowance when he so rabidly attacks Mr. Smith and his productions, and when he aims so gratuitously and uncalled for a slur at the owner of a little cutter. I pray "Corinthian" will take it in good part when I express my sentiments to this effect—that a gentleman when writing under cover of a *nom de plume* should exercise greater courtesy than when he assumes the responsibility of his words over his own name.

We regret that the desire to leave our columns open to all shades of opinion should have been the untoward cause for the appearance in print of the allusions referred to by Mr. Cromwell. Concerning measurement by length we believe "Corinthian" is too good a mathematician to countenance any such folly, though his letter may have made it appear so. Length measurement is the straw at which drowning men clutch when they find themselves too unattainably to grasp a simple problem. Intelligent persons who begin with a prejudice in favor of simple length measurements discover its shortcomings upon investigation and come to the conclusion that it is altogether too simple. As Mr. Cromwell correctly remarks, it will do well enough for boats of one type, but in that case almost any arbitrary element will suffice for comparison of size. It is in matching different types that the cloven foot of simple length is detected. As long as length is synonymous with size it can be applied with equity. When it is no longer interchangeable with size its application becomes illogical and unfair and its effect is vicious, forcing the growth of short, dumpy vessels will explain this even to the most obtuse. A *Volante* cutter 30x12x29 for his own good reasons, right or wrong. B builds a sloop of the same length, 30x25x7. On length both would sail on even terms. They will not in the following proportion: the cutter, 30x12x29=6,150; the sloop, 30x25x7=5,400. In other words, the sloop may be 50 per cent. larger and yet enter this amount unpaid when racing on length. The fallacy of such a rule is so glaring that it is a wonder how it ever gained widespread adoption. The effect of such a rule is equally obvious. No one could build anything departing from the beamy type without giving up all hope of racing. Hence the unfortunate

preponderance of the round "wash bowl" vessels in our fleet with all the drawbacks of huge spars and excessive canvas, want of accommodations, except under a trunk, unseaworthiness unless under a very slow rig, and dangerous enough to count the victims drowned annually by the hundred. Such craft may be the highest conceivable in naval design to a certain class, but we submit that educated men will be slow to accept the results of the day as anything more than the clumsiest makeshifts in which the elements of a safe, handy, roomy, weatherly vessel are swamped in the necessity for producing the most power—the greatest size—on a given length, a method by which taxation is wrongfully escaped at the expense of the most desirable qualities the perfect yacht should possess. Length measurement is the most detrimental ever devised, and with the intelligence of the age it should be a disgrace to find the rule on the books of any club.

UNCAPSIZABLE BOATS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

It was with no small degree of pleasure I read your yachting columns in your last number. I have had considerable experience in boating and shipping in various countries, yet it with all confidence I offer you the following remarks, relative to two improvements of a nautical character, which I have introduced, and which improvements are now being protected by letters patent here and in other parts. One of these inventions is for preventing open boats or small vessels from upsetting by pressure of wind or squalls. The other is an improvement for yachts, or for other vessels, by which they can be made more weatherly than heretofore, and that without the use of center-boards and false keels. I am quite convinced that science and practice have done nearly all that can be done in the way of perfecting the lines of ships, the displacement, the plan of sails, etc. But the perfection of present perfection has been carried too far in other respects, and hence many simple yet important things relative to other qualities have been entirely overlooked. My present improvements are in the latter direction. I have submitted these improvements to several gentlemen of high scientific attainments, civil engineers, yachtsmen, and nautical men. On first naming the matter to them, I was always met with a smile of incredulity; yet all of these gentlemen, on seeing the matter illustrated, were just ready to admit the importance of these improvements in complimentary terms.

I am sorry I cannot show my models to the public at present, as they are now in Washington; but privately I can refer you to a gentleman of this city who is noted for his scientific knowledge of yachting. He has inspected my models and approved them. With your leave, I shall offer further details in a subsequent communication. JOHN McLEOD.

New York, March 10th.

The inventor has explained his improvements to us, and they are certainly ingenious enough to justify full particulars, as soon as he is prepared to make public the specifications upon which his patents are founded.

YACHTING NEWS.

JERSEY CITY CANOE CLUB.—The editor of these columns returns his thanks for recent election to the J. C. C. C., and hopes to meet the members of the club with a paddle of his own construction this spring.

EMPIRE YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year:—Commodore, Henry H. Smith; Vice-Commodore, Peter Krumelch; Rear Commodore, John S. McDuff; President, William O. Davis; Secretary, James McGilgott; Treasurer, William C. Foran; Measurer, Andrew D. Hunt; Regatta Officer, Richard Cullen; Robert Miller, John Widdor, John Fitzsimmons and Theo. Worsbe. A new club-house is in prospect.

STREAM YACHT BURNED.—The *Arron*, of Genoa Lake, Wisconsin, was burned by an incendiary March 11th. Loss nearly \$15,000. If we mistake not, this is the *Arron* built by the Kirby Brothers, of Wyandotte, for high speed. She attained about 15 miles an hour.

Woman's Column.

IN SEARCH OF FERNS.

AS I listen to the stormy music of the March wind, while it "bloweth where it listeth," and watch the strong, swift flow of waters swollen by spring freshets, my heart throbs with a vain longing to add my shadowy to the innumerable other shadows that diversify a certain sunny exposure in the woods from slope to summit. But the chilliness in the air vetoes any such excursion at present. Therefore I must be content with a retrospect of a bright day in the spring that has gone, and hope for just such another in the spring that is here. The earliest vernal flowers bloom again; the snowdrop, emblem of hope, shows itself as the longer days encroach upon the night, and the yellow crocuses, sacred to Saint Valentine, the lover's saint,

"The first glint thing

That wears the trembling pearls of Spring,"

have awakened from their slumber lethargic state, and the borders are gray with the "cloth of gold." Surely some early wild flowers are in bloom in the woods now; at least the mosses, saturated by recent rains, are in all probability fresh and vigorous and green, while the lichens rejoice in the solitude of which they are the fit emblem.

It will not be a great while now until there comes the anniversary of a day on which four itinerant pleasure-seekers, bound together in a sort of quadrilateral friendship by those who at common purpose arrayed themselves—not altogether like "lilies of the field"—and armed with baskets and gardening trowels, betook themselves to sylvan scenes, a short distance from the common haunts of men.

The historian was the least but not the last of the party. The landscape was not new to her, and for that reason she was looked up to as a guide, philosopher and friend; by those who at common purpose arrayed themselves—not kept by her side, and at others formed exploring parties on their own followed. Our route for almost a mile lay along the railroad. The genial temperature of the air, the soft blue of the sky, the gleaming beauty of the water course, over whose sands and shallows the willows hung their pensive branches, all contributed to add to the lightness of hearts that were free from care, and seemed in those who at common purpose arrayed themselves—not kept by her side, and at others formed exploring parties on their own followed. Our route for almost a mile lay along the railroad. 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Is Indorsed and Highly Recommended by
Hon. Maurice Thompson, Father of Archery in this country;
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Special attention is called to my SPANISH YEW-TIPPED BOWS and footed peacock feathered Arrows.
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ARE THE VERY BEST.
KEEP'S PATENT MADE SHIRTS,
only plain seams to finish, 6 for \$7.
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An elegant set of extra heavy gold-plated
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BEST GINGHAM, Patent Protected Ribs, \$1
each. Warranted. Fifty per cent stronger than
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REGINA AND TWILLED SILK UMBRELLAS.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR
for spring and summer wear, 60c., 80c., 75c., \$1,
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in all the latest styles; also
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PHARMACY,
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San Francisco,
I keep constantly on hand a full stock of pure and reliable Ho-
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Send for descriptive price current.
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Brass without drag	\$2 75	\$3 00	\$3 25	\$3 50	\$4 00
with	3 25	3 50	3 75	4 00	4 50
Nickled without	4 00	4 25	4 50	4 75	5 25
with	4 25	4 50	4 75	5 00	5 50
Yards	25	40	60	80	100

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Brass without click	\$5 25	\$4 75	\$4 00	\$3 50	\$3 00
with	5 75	5 25	4 50	4 00	3 50
Nickled without	6 00	5 50	5 25	4 75	4 25
with	6 50	6 00	5 75	5 25	4 75
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with	9 25	8 75	8 25	7 75	7 25
Number	1	2	3	4	5

HIGHEST QUALITY STEEL PIVOT BLACK BASS.

Hard Rubber, (Imbrie's pattern), with adjustable click	\$14 00	\$12 00	\$11 00
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With Patent Water-proof and Patent Split Ferules, the former protecting the wood from moisture
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FINE FISHING TACKLE.

Send for Price List.

I. B. CROOK & CO.,
Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in
Fishing Tackle, Archery,
GUNS,
AND ALL KINDS OF SPORTING GOODS,
50 Fulton street, N. Y.

Sole Agents for THOMAS ALDRED, London, manufacturer of the Finest Archery in the world.
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THOMAS ALDRED'S Yew Bows, from \$25 to \$75.
RICHARD DART'S Cricket Goals.
J. B. CROOK'S Hexagonal Bamboo Fly Rods, Solid Reel Plate, \$20.
J. B. CROOK'S Lancelwood and Lemonwood Bows, \$7.50.
J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rods, suitable for Trolling and still Baiting for all
kinds of salt water fishing, eight to nine feet, German Silver Mounted. Pepper Cane second joint and two tips, \$15.
Send 5c. for Illustrated Catalogue for 1880, giving Hints on Archery and Rifle Shooting and the Rules of Cricket, Foot Ball, Lawn
Tennis, Glass Ball Shooting, and a Synopsis of Fishing, giving a description of Fishing, when to go and what Tackle to use.
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ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,
WITH THIRTY CHANGES OF
POSITIONS.
Parlor Library, Inva-
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Bed or Lounger, coun-
terpaning beauty, light-
ness, strength, simpli-
city and comfort.
Everything to an exact
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promptly attended to.
Goods shipped to any address. C. O. D. Send
Stamp for Illustrated Circular, quote Forest and
Stream. Address Wilson Adjus. Chair Mfg Co.,
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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE
is a sure cure for spavin, splint, curb, callous,
sprains, swellings, galls, lameness and all enlarge-
ments of the joints or limbs. It will completely
remove a bone spavin without blistering or caus-
ing a sore. It is also as good for man as for beast
and is used full strength, at all times of the year,
with perfect safety. Remember, we claim it will
cure a bone spavin and completely remove the
bunch without blistering.
Office U. S. Marshal, Western Dist. of Michigan,
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warded by express in January last. I am happy
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called for. In three weeks after I commenced
using it, the spavin was entirely removed and a
valuable horse restored to usefulness.
Very truly yours, JOHN PARKER.
Send for illustrated circular giving Positive
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amount will be placed, if necessary, with
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250,000 BLOOM TROUT FRY,
At reasonable rates. Address for prices to
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Mar.18-1t

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sporting rifle, 4 cal. model 73. Address G. W.
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beautiful marsh on the Detroit River, four
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Royal Ben, lemon and white setter dog (Carlo-
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1st and special, St. Louis, 1879; partly broken.
Kenna and Royal H, lemon and white pointer
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some.
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Mar.18-1t

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Pride, of Pride of the Border x Petrel. The
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St. Bernard dog "Marco"; rough coated, two years old; a magnificent animal—Rev. J. Cunningham Macdon's stock—second prize Hanover Show and Rochester.
Newfoundland dog "Keeper"; four years old; first prize Westminster Kennel Show, 1879.
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Having engaged the services of Macdon's renowned field trial breaker, I am prepared to book orders for thoroughly broken dogs, deliverable upon application. 1880. Particulars will be furnished on application to
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1880.

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Attractions of Arkansas.

SECOND PAPER.

IN touching upon the river system of Arkansas, it will not be necessary to be very statistical. A glance at the map will show that the Mississippi River flows along the greater part of the eastern boundary of the State, and the Red River of Louisiana along a small part of the southwestern.

Beginning then in the northeast, we find first the St. Francis River, flowing out of the State of Missouri through low lands, cypress swamps, cane-brakes, etc., in a generally southerly direction, and emptying into the Mississippi. This river is navigable by steamboats for a portion of the year. It is stocked with all the coarser varieties of fish, and has some bass, and many perch of different varieties. Then comes L'Anguille, a sluggish and unimportant stream. Proceeding westward, Crowley's Ridge, a low range of hills, is crossed, and Cache River reached. It is a thin, chocolate colored stream, with innumerable "bottoms" and cypress swamps—all of which are, at certain seasons, filled to overflowing with dirty water. The stream rises in Missouri, and empties into the White River, in Monroe County. But for a railway bridge near the mouth, this stream would be navigable for light-draft steamers. The river is well stocked with fish, and flows through a notable game country, much of which is in its native wilderness state. Deer, turkeys and bears abound along the course of this river, and wild fowl in astonishing numbers visit its sloughs and shallows. A portable boat would be a great help in this region. Going still westward we come to the Black River, a fine stream of dark-colored water—properly named—rising in the mountain country of Missouri, flowing southward through the northeastern part of the State, and emptying into the White River at Jacksonport. The stream is rough and rapid in its upper course, and smooth, but not sluggish, in its lower. It is well stocked with game fish, as well as the coarser varieties, and there are some notable trolling places along its course. Both the main stream and its tributaries are noted for the hunting grounds in their vicinity. Wild

fowl, in their annual migrations, pursue the course of this river. The stream is navigable for steamboats most of the year to, and into, Missouri. Packets ply regularly as far as Pochontas, Ark. The "boss" of this line never neglects an opportunity to place a sportsman under obligations to him. Being of the fraternity himself, he calls it "being good to his own sort." At Jacksonport the Black River is joined by a stream of the clearest water in the State, one as well entitled to its name of White River as is the Black. This river rises in the Boston Mountains in the northwest corner of this State, and flows northeast into the Missouri, thence southeast again into this State, and eventually into the Mississippi. This stream is navigable, and actually navigated by steamboats to Batesville all the year, and as far as Forsyth, Mo., during the winter and spring months. It is abundantly stocked with game and food fishes. Its banks abound in good hunting grounds, and the mountain scenery along the upper waters is exceptionally fine, and worthy of far more attention than it receives. Tributary to this are several rivers of lesser note; as Little Red, Sycamore, Buffalo Fork, King's River, etc., all well stocked with fish, and all running through noted game regions. In White River and its tributaries, the Ohio River salmon or glass-eyed pike (*Stizostedion americanum*), the striped bass (*Morone chrysops*), and the croppie or speckled perch (*Pomoxys heuacanthus*), are taken in greater numbers than elsewhere in the State—or in the world for that matter.

In the southern part of the State, tributary to the Arkansas, are the Petit Jean (pronounced Petty John), and the Fourche la Pave (Fosh la Pav) rivers; and tributary to Red River are Little River, Washita, Bayou Moro, Saline, and Bayou Bartholomew. The most considerable of these, the Washita, is navigable for steamboats—as indeed are all the others to a somewhat less extent. It will be seen that this is preeminently a land of navigable streams—and consequently of steamboats—so that it is comparatively easy to reach any desired point in the State. To this may be added, fair railway facilities; but the prime favorite with the native population is the steamboat.

In the bottom lands, along the lower course of these rivers, and within the district covered by their annual overflow, is a system of lakes, lagoons, or ponds, usually lying low—anything but inviting in aspect—surrounded by cypress trees of large size, possessing and sending no long streamers of moss to intensify and set off their unspeakable dreariness. The sportsman soon becomes habituated to these gloomy scenes, and learns to find not only fish and game, but pleasure in exploring them. They usually have one bluff (but not very high), and one low or sloping bank. The high bank is not unfrequently covered with a luxuriant growth of cane, furnishing unlimited supplies of fishing-rods, as well as a hiding cover and concealment to the casual hunter. The lakes are generally supposed to be old river beds, and are uniformly of the width of the parent stream. They are resorted to by myriads of wild fowl in the winter months. Some of them are quite deep, and many are fed by cool springs at the bottom. These latter are exceptionally well stocked with fish. Concerning the system of lagoons, of which these form so considerable a part, I quote from good old "Uncle Tish" in the *Arkansas* Book, pp. 112—

"The lakes, as they are called (though they are more properly ponds), along the alluvial banks of the Mississippi become very low after a succession of dry seasons and the fish cease to breed in them; with, with excessive fishing with nets and hooks, almost depopulates those waters, but when a good rise in the river overflows the bottom lands, the ponds are swept of the low water and replenished with fresh fish, at the same time restocked with fish. Then it appears almost miraculous where the vast numbers of croppies, bass, perch and other fish come from, and there is no other way of accounting for this fact than by supposing that all the lakelets and streams of Wisconsin and Minnesota to the north, have thrown off their surplus production, which they appear to have garnered up."

To give an adequate account of the number, extent and resources of these lagoons would far exceed the allowable limits of this paper. I will only add that they are as a general rule stocked with our game fishes—pickrel, bass and perch, independently of the character of the parent stream. To illustrate: it is generally believed here that the Mississippi, the Arkansas and Red rivers do not present the conditions necessary to these fishes, and that they are consequently not stocked with them, as are the other rivers—the White, the Washita, etc. My own observations have satisfied me of this fact. The lakes along these streams, on the contrary, are well stocked with choice specimens of the bass and perch tribes. Indeed, the finest pickrel and black bass I have seen in the State came from a lake in the vicinity of Arkansas River, when not a specimen could be taken in that stream in a week's time. Both the Arkansas and Red rivers flow across the "plains" and are subject to the "red rise" at high water in the spring or early summer, when the waters are discolored by contact with some formation through which they pass. Assuming that this is the

cause of the absence of game fish from the main streams the Mississippi above the mouth of the Missouri should be stocked with them, and probably is.

To the geologist and the student of natural history, Arkansas presents a field full of rare attractions. But time and space alike are wanting to even touch upon them. I write in this letter only for the sportsman, and could I but set the lands on the dial-plate of Time back twenty-five years, then indeed might I hope to say something of interest to that class. That was indeed a "blissful and never to be forgotten age, when everything was better than it has been since, or ever will be again." In those days game was too plentiful to afford sport. The wants of the people were few and simple, and easily supplied. If meat was wanting, the man of the house would rise a little earlier than usual and repair to the woods with the faithful dog and the trusty gun. Early breakfast time would see him back again with the choice parts of a fat buck. At the approach of cool weather in the fall, a week or so set apart for that purpose would produce an abundance of animal food for the winter supply. Many are the tales of adventures with panthers, etc., happened upon in excursions after the more useful animals of the chase. Occasionally the animals classed as "varmints" becoming too numerous for comfort, neighborhoods would turn out to destroy them, and thus keep them within proper bounds. The soil, generous to a fault, yielded a most disproportionate reward to the labor invested. Cattle and hogs came on space, with no other care than they were able to bestow upon themselves. Sheep, however, seem never to have thrived, and never have been able, even unto this day, to gain favor in the eyes of the people, owing probably to a mistaken notion that they bite and worry the dog! However, as I have already remarked, the wants of the people were few and they were happy. Money, that great corrupter of human morals, was not in all the land. The unit of currency, the dollar of the Arkansas daddies, so to speak, was the skin of the deer. Change was made in coin-skins and the aristocratic five and ten dollar bills were represented by the outward coverings of the bear and the beaver. Even taxes were paid in this currency. "Bug-juice" was obtained and used in moderation—on account of the malaria—and that custom is honored even unto this day.

I have spoken of the Boston Mountains in the northwestern part of the State. Whether these elevations on the fair face of the State were named for the "Athens of America" and the "Hub of the Universe," is not now to be even conjectured. One thing, however, is certain, the "Athens" of Arkansas and the seat of her only University of learning, the town of Fayetteville, is in the very heart of these mountains, and all the region round about boasts of the culture and refinement of her people. It is in these mountains that the scene of the story of the "Arkansas Traveler" is laid, a story from which it is said the general impression of the people of our State is almost wholly derived. This story has been in print and may be familiar to many of your readers; to many of the younger, however, it will be new. I have procured a copy from B. S. Alford, Esq., formerly of Little Rock, Ark., now with his brothers, A. & G. Alford, 22 S. Calvert street, Baltimore, Ark., gun dealer, who kindly gives permission to publish.

"Col. Sandy Faulkner, the original 'Arkansas Traveler,' was born in Georgetown, Scott County, Ky., March 2d, 1803. He came to Arkansas in 1829, and settled in Chicot County, on the Mississippi River, as a cotton planter. In 1833, Col. Faulkner (with his father, the late Nicholas Faulkner, a Virginian by birth) took up his residence in Little Rock, where he died August 4th, 1874, at the age of seventy-one years.

"It is well known throughout the Northwest that Col. Faulkner was the original personator of the 'Arkansas Traveler'; it was his pride to be known as such. The story, it is said, was founded on a little incident which occurred in the campaign of 1840, when he made the tour of the State in company with the Hon. A. H. Sover, Gov. Fulton, Chester Ashley and Gov. Yell. One day in the Boston Mountain, the party approached a squatter's for information of the route, and Col. 'Sandy' was made spokesman of the company, and it was upon his witty responses the tune and story were founded. On return to Little Rock, a grand banquet was given in the famous 'bar-room' which used to stand near the Anthony House, and Col. 'Sandy' was called upon to play the tune, and tell the story. Afterward it grew into a popularity. When he subsequently went to New Orleans, the fame of the 'Arkansas Traveler' had gone ahead of him, and at a banquet, amid clinking glasses and brilliant toasts, he was handed a violin by the then Governor of Louisiana, and requested to favor them with the favorite Arkansas tune. At the old St. Charles Hotel a special room was devoted to his use bearing in gilt letters over the door, 'Arkansas Traveler.'"

A lost and bewildered Arkansas traveler approaches the cabin of a squatter, about forty years ago, in search of lodgings, and the following dialogue ensues, the

squatter all the time fiddling the first bars of a tune over and over again, between each question and answer.—

Traveler.—Halloo, stranger.
Squatter.—Hello, yourself.
T.—Can I get a little light with you?
S.—No, sir; you can't get to—
S.—Have you any spirits?
S.—Lols av' 'em. But one last night, by that ar ole hollar gun, and it nearly skeered her to death.
You mistake my 'em, but Ole Boss he got in and lapped all av' it out'n the pot.
T.—You don't understand; I don't mean pot liquor. I'm wet and cold and want some whiskey. Have you got any?
S.—Oh yes—I drunk the last this mornin'.
T.—I'm hungry, but had a thing since morning; can't you give me something to eat?
S.—Hain't a durned thing in the house. Not a mouffull av' meat, nor a distil av' meal here.
T.—Well, can't you give me horse something?
S.—Got nothin' to feed him on.
T.—How far is it to the next house?
S.—Stranger! I don't know, I've never been 'thar.
T.—Do you know who lives here?
S.—Yes, air.
T.—As I'm so bold, then, what might be your name?
S.—It might be Dick, and it might be Tom; but it lacks right smart av' it.
T.—Sur I will tell you where this road goes to?
S.—It's never gone any whar since I've lived here. It's always thar when I git up in the mornin'.

T.—Well, how far is it to where it forks?
S.—It don't fork at all, but it splits up like the devil.
T.—As I'm not likely to get in any other place, can't you let me sleep in yours, and I'll tie my horse to a tree, and do without anything to eat or drink?
S.—My horse licks. As I'm the only one dry spot in it, and me and Sal sleeps on it. And that 'thar tree's the ole woman's persimmon; you can't tie to it, 'case she don't want 'em shuck off. She 'lows to make beer av' 'em.
T.—Why don't you finish covering your house and stop the leaks?
S.—It's been rainin' all day.
T.—Well, why don't you do it in dry weather?
S.—It don't leak then.
T.—As there seems to be nothing alive about your place but children, how do you live here anyhow?
S.—Putty well, I thank you. How do you do yourself?
T.—I mean what do you do for living here?
S.—Keep tavern and sell whiskey.
T.—Well, I told you I wanted some whiskey.
S.—Stranger, I bought a bar'n here, we only had a bit betwixt us, and Sal she don't want to use her'n fast, nor me mine. You see I had a spiggin in one end, and she in t'other. So she takes 'em out'n my hand and she takes the bit for it; then I'd take up an o'bern, and give her the bit. Well, we's getting long last-rate, till Dick, durned skink like she is, she took the whole of the bottom to shuck at, and the next time went to buy a drink, they went none thar.

T.—I'm sorry your whiskey's all gone; but my friend, why don't you play the balance of that tune?
S.—It's got no balance to it.
T.—I mean you don't play the whole of it.
S.—Stranger, can't you play the fiddler?
T.—Yes, a little, sometimes.
S.—You don't look like a fiddler, but if you think you can play any more onto that fiddle, you kin just try it.

(The traveler takes the fiddle and plays the whole of it.)
S.—Stranger, tuck a half a dozen cheers and got down. Sal, air yourself round like a six-horse team in a mud hold. Go round in the boiler whar I killed that buck this mornin', out off some of the best pieces, and fetch it here, and make us this gentile man, d'rectly. I raise up the board under the head of the bed, and git the ole black jug I hid from Dick, and gin us some whiskey; I know that's some left yit. Till drive ole Boss out in the bread-tin, then climb up the lofts, and get the rag that's got the sugar in it. Dick, carry the gentleman's horse round under the shead, give him some fodder and care, and make him kin eat.
T.—Lads, then, I'll be a buff for to set the table.
S.—What's big butcher, little butcher, ole case, cob-handle, granny's knife, and the one I hanged yesterday? That's nuff to set a gentleman's table, outer you're lost um. Durn me, stranger, if you can't stay as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink. Will you have coffee for supper?

T.—Yes, sir.
S.—I'll be glad if you do, tho', we don't have nothin' that way here, but I trust you'll make it out.
T.—Precious! Play away, stranger, you kin sleep on the dry spot to-night.

T.—(After about two hours' fiddling.) My friend, can't you tell me about the road I'm to travel to-morrow.

T.—To-morrow! Stranger, you won't git out'n these diggers for six weeks; but when it gits so, you kin start, you see that big ole over thar? Well, you kin get to git crost that; then you take the road up the bank, and in about a mile you'll come to a two-acre acorn't mound, and ride on. About a mile and a half or two miles from thar, you'll cum to the damdest summer you ever struck in your travels; it's boggins good to mire a saddle-blanket. Thar's a fiddle and a half a foot under thar.
T.—How am I to get at it?
S.—You can't git at it nary time, till the weather stiffens down sun. Well, about a mile beyond, you come to a place whar thar's no roads. You kin take the right hand if you want to; you'll foller it a mile or so, and come out in the lofts, and you kin back to you. You may know you're wrong, for they ain't any road thar. You'll then think you're mired here, and you kin mire a saddle-blanket to your house, whar you kin cum and play on that ar tune as long as you please.

Alas, times change and men change with them. The Arkansians of to-day would scarcely be recognized by those worthy old campaigners.

YELL.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

FIRST PAPER.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again; the first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay with the hues of summer's rainbow or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red. At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped; yet, even his noonday glow fell chastened and subdued. On the cornfields, old orchards and sordid pictured wood.

"And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night, He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light; Staining through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill; And beneath it poured and onward lay, brighter, greener still."

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble fields lay dry. Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rice. But still, on gentle hill slopes, in valleys fringed with wood; Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

J. G. WHITMAN.

It was a few days later than America's poet has described, for the dim, smoky twilight of the last October evening was gradually settling down over hill and meadow; leaving but a thin shred of crimson visible above the horizon, as we drove up in front of Bill Simpson's cottage, situated upon one of the prettiest knolls and most picturesque pieces of rural scenery in Suffolk County.

Never shall I forget the first day my old friend Thorpe drove me from the railway station up hill and down dale, through cedar groves, and by the courses of purling

streams, and when, completely overflowing with sentiment, I could no longer suppress my thoughts of admiration, as the wagon swung suddenly around a wind in the road, and the old, shaggy, snowed coat met my eye. I faltered, for little indeed was my expectation, at the pace at which we were rattling along, of halting so abruptly, when, where should he (to fully express the idea), where should he "dump" me, but right down in front of this same little gate. It swings yet upon its rusty hinges at the same entrance which has so often welcomed us, and as often furnished us a means of exit for Pine Nock, or "Pain," or "Pain."

The byre, barns, corn-crib and out-houses, are overrun a little more with lichens; and the same lusty oaks nod dreamingly to the listless winds; the pond is just as full, and Tom's mill gings away far into the night the same as upon the evening of my first visit. Though some years ago, it seems but yesterday that we sat around the hearth in that ancient kitchen, revelling in great expectations, some of which were never realized.

Faithfully, indeed, do I remember that cool October evening. There were four of us; and we had come one hundred miles to shoot quail among the buckwheat heaps and corn shocks. Our host was awaiting our arrival, and after making the usual courtesies, grasping him by the hand, I know not how many times over, removing the baggage from the wagon and putting up the horses, we stalked in Indian file into the snug little dining-room to honor a repast, tight and savory whiffs of which would have tickled the cockles of the heart of an alderman. And honor it we did, for we had not supped for five long hours, and the drive (after leaving a miserable, creeping train) up through the beautiful country had sharpened our appetites amazingly.

As I recall that romantic event I sometimes think we did behave indecently, but then it was, there to be eaten, and that's all there was to it, and we've done the same thing repeatedly since. But, adjoining from the remaining fragments of what once bore the appellation of sheldrakes, a hunt was instituted for the pipes. And after that, again we repaired into the sitting-room before a tremendous mass of crackling logs, which filled a fireplace eight feet long, from whence issued a bright but quivering glow upon the objects in the room, not forgetting four or five of the guests.

The Wilson boys are coming up to-night and Oscar will be over directly. I told them you were coming down. But George Wilson has lost Major. He was shooting at some coots off shore from the bank—the day before yesterday, I think it was—and Majie jumped over his head just in time to meet the load out of the gun!—interrupted our host, in a low tone, as he came into the kitchen. This singular coincidence was the subject of various remarks, both humorous and sympathetic, for Major was a good dog, and his singular death was received, I am sure, with a feeling of regret.

"Bob" sang "May the Pipes and the Bowls never leave us," at the conclusion of which the door flew open its full swing, and in walked the trio who had been listening outside. Then there was a greeting.

"Repeat, and I'll add it to these fellow sit down, their look pulled, are there many quail, Oscar?"

"There more than this crowd could shoot in six months. I was almost tempted to try my hand to-day, but I don't know, somehow I didn't."

"That's good. I'm glad you did not. It would not pay any man, in my estimation, to break the law, even for the sake of one day, and then you might be caught, and then hauled."

"Be hauled up before Bisgood to pay for the privilege. Saucy penny now that's I, reckoon," said Will Wilson, as he drew further from the blazing fire.

"What's the penalty for shooting a dog?" chimed in Henry, derisively, over which there was a tremendous laugh at the expense of poor George, who laughed louder and longer than the rest. I do not really believe I ever met him but that he was laughing; and to be sure he repeated such a horsey way, though laughing all the while, that every one of us concluded that it was a sheer accident.

"I thought it was a ghost at first, when I saw the white thing fly over my head, but then I don't very often get scared at them."

"No, George, do not allow such things to make a false impression on your mind. There's no such thing as ghosts, although your hair would stand at the recital of some stories my father would tell to me when I was a mere boy, and many a night have I gone trembling with fear to bed while he would laugh at the ignorance of believing in such absurdities."

"There is one story in particular which would always strike terror into me. 'Twas about an old man named Nevill, whom, after his demise, would be seen walking around his domain, grim, gaunt and lean."

"Let's have it," was the unanimous request.

"Well, if I can tell it straight, though I cannot attempt to spin it as the old man can."

"Bob, give me some of that tobacco, and then I'll go on, and after that every mother's son to bed, if we mean quail in the morning."

"Well, to begin with, my father was born in a country famous for its poets, orators, statesmen, military heroes, and a race of men whose wit was blended nearly every nation on earth. (Applause.) My father was a farmer, but he had but the two sons, viz. Johnny and Willie. I'm named after the latter. He was a gardener and had all the gentlemen's gardens to keep in Dublin and adjacent towns. The dame died when the boys were quite young, and he having so much flora and horticulture to attend to, and desirous of giving the lads a good education as well as keeping them under the eyes of a whole-some professor, was determined to send them from home. As I said, their mother was dead, and to effect the scheme the old man sent the boys off to a Mr. Cox, who kept a grammar school in a place called Bansa, which was about twenty-four miles from their home, in Urlingford. They would come home about once a month. Sometimes they'd walk, or if they met any one coming to town they could easily get a ride for "two pence-happenny" (five cents). But one summer evening they started for home, four of them. The two brothers, a lad named Morrissey and another named Larry. They walked along the beautiful road, bedecked as it was with the cowslip and oxalis, discussing a problem from Hawney's "Mensuration," and never looked over nor heather until they got to the turnpike which led to Nevill's, though at that time they

knew very little of the place or the ghastly legends attached to it.

"In due time they came to the castle, with its unglazed, long, narrow windows and walls overrun with ivy; some of the turrets knocked off, and long crevices between the stones; together with the pond with its closely tangled, dappling bower that had grown and interwoven for years and given to the place a weird and lonesome appearance."

"Across the pond was the old fellow's mill, which, though the water was still running, had not given a grind for many a day. Around the whole was a high, crumbling wall over which in many places the ivy grew or straggled through a crevice; and around outside the wall were beautiful tall trees which over-arched the long avenue that environed the grounds."

"Jack Larry used to tell how he went to Nevill's one night to steal wood. And how he succeeded in getting the stick of timber nearly to the way over, and then wondering why it wouldn't slide over the wall, looked up and saw old Nevill disputing the theft at the other end—the brazen liar." "And was Nevill dead?" asked George Wilson. "Dead! Why man, he was dead forty years. But long after his death he used to be seen walking in his grounds or riding on his old gray horse inspecting the fox covert, the deer park, etc., but, the boys."

"People often pay dear to gratify their curiosity. Nothing should be but they must go into the old stone mill. Ned Flynn said he wouldn't go into that mill for a transport—to heaven. There it was, weird and vacant-looking, with all the indelible wear of time. The great stones for grinding; the hopper and all the equipments; the long, steep, winding stairs, and in one corner lay a great heap of old sacks which, no doubt, bountiful care had piled up, and which now the boys swore were filled with ghosts; and in short everything was there just as Garrett Nevill left them, for he worked the mill after his brother Robert's death."

"The moon began to rise, and the long, silvery shadows crept in through the tenantless lancet windows, casting here and there a flick of discernment upon a dusty object. Drowsiness came over them, and they dropped off the seats, another into the—I was going to say into the dreaming arms of Morpheus, but into no such benediction did they settle, not even into soothing oblivion."

"How long they had been asleep I never could find out, but Larry was the first one to wake, then Johnny. But they could not move hand nor foot, scarcely breathe, and to their terror everything was dark as a dungeon. The moon, whose fleck had thrown a little romance about the place, was overcast. Quick, airy footsteps emanated from the floor above. They heard strange noises, as if the spirits were adjusting portions of the old machinery, and sure enough they were. In a twinkling the mill began to jig and hum at a most terrible gait. Then the spirits dashed down the perpendicular spiral stairway, making hideous, neighing chuckles as if well-pleased at their success in starting things up. The mill went on gaining in rapidity, was overcast. Quick, airy footsteps emanated from the floor above. They heard strange noises, as if the spirits were adjusting portions of the old machinery, and sure enough they were. In a twinkling the mill began to jig and hum at a most terrible gait. 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Natural History.

GIANT LIZARDS OF THE JURASSIC.

Far away to the westward, on the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, is the burial-place of a race of giants. Stretching along the base of the rugged and frowning mountains for miles upon miles, embracing in its wide extent every variety of country, lonely and rarely trodden by the foot of man, it is a fit resting-place for their huge race about which history and tradition are silent. The enormous buttes which at intervals rise in massive proportions above the level of the surrounding plain, might be taken for huge tumuli erected by savage race in memory of their dead, as the mounds of the Mississippi Valley were built to commemorate their departed, by the strange people who have left these works behind them as their only monuments.

And, indeed, the analogy less forced than might be imagined; for, if we dig into these buttes in the bad lands of the West, we often find them filled with the bones of this extinct and unknown tribe, just as in the mounds of Ohio we find the remains of the mound-builders. But how different are the relics which are uncovered. In the one case are brought to light a few crumbling human bones, some cinders and charred sticks, a dozen copper beads, with a few broken arrow-heads and perhaps some fragments of pottery; in the buttes of the Jurassic Rocky Mountain region, the bones that are unearthed are huge and black, and are turned to solid rock. So enormous are they in many cases that to lift one of them would tax the strength of the stoutest man, and some of them would weigh many hundred pounds. Great femora, six feet and more in length and eighteen inches in greatest diameter, vertebrae eighteen inches across and ten in length, pelvic bones as large as a table, and shoulder-blades four or five feet long and two feet across, are some of the *reliquiae* uncovered by the explorer. The remains of a single skeleton may weigh several tons, and the bones are frequently found in as perfect a state of preservation as though they had been covered up but yesterday. Sometimes, it is true, they are extensively cracked and broken by the enormous pressure to which they have been subjected by the superincumbent earth for so many millions of years; but even in such cases it is possible, by careful collecting, to piece them together so as to obtain not only an accurate idea of their form, but even their exact dimensions. With the enormous bones referred to are found others of more moderate dimensions; but, as a rule, the remains buried in these deposits belonged to creatures of great size.

Mesozoic time has been well called the age of reptiles, for it was during this period of the earth's history that reptiles were the dominant type, and flourished in marvelous profusion, being not less remarkable for their numbers than for the great variety of forms which then appeared. Among these reptiles perhaps no group was more strange—certainly none was more interesting—than the order termed the *Dinosauria*. They were strange on account of the great difference in size which existed between the various forms of the order, for certain of the genera are the largest animals known to have lived on land, while others were no larger than a cat, and they are of especial interest to the anatomist, because through them we are enabled to connect two at present widely separated classes—the birds and the living reptiles. Dinosaurs occur abundantly in Europe as well as in America, and many species have been described from the Mesozoic deposits of England and Germany. The bones of these animals have been found in considerable numbers in the cretaceous deposits of New Jersey, and in one instance in the so-called Jura-Trins of Massachusetts. Though the remains of Dinosaurs are very rare in the deposits of the Connecticut Valley, evidences of their presence are numerous. These consist of the footprints of the animals made in the sand or mud of the sea-beach or the shore of the estuary on which they lived, and these impressions having been covered up by subsequent deposits and hardened, have remained to this day indelible witnesses of the number and variety of the huge beasts that made them. Many of these tracks are three-toed, and bear some resemblance to the tracks of birds, and it was for a long time supposed that all the three-toed footprints were made by animals of this class; and as some of these footmarks were no less than twenty inches long, much speculation was indulged in as to the character and habits of the supposed enormous bird that made them. Recently, however, it has been shown that many of the Dinosaurs have three toes on their hind feet, and further, in connection with almost all the three-toed tracks, have found impressions of very small four or five-toed feet, showing that the three-toed tracks were made by animals that habitually walked on their hind legs, and only occasionally lowered their small fore feet to the ground. This state of things precisely agrees with what is known of the structure of the Dinosaurs; and hence, in the absence of any direct evidence that the tracks were made by birds, it is only fair to assume that they belong to Dinosaurs.

This order of reptiles has been divided by anatomists

into five groups. The sub-order *Sauropoda* includes animals of great bulk which habitually walked upon all four legs, as indicated by the nearly equal size of the fore and hind limbs, and in which the long bones were without any cavities for the marrow. The *Sauropoda* appear to have all been vegetable feeders, as shown by their teeth, and were great, slow-moving, unwieldy creatures of very low intelligence. The *Ornithopoda* were another group of herbivorous Dinosaurs, but differed widely from the *Sauropoda*. The fore limbs were much smaller than the hind limbs, and the latter present many points of resemblance to the legs of birds. The carnivorous Dinosaurs, of which *Megalosaurus* of England may be regarded as typical, constitute another division of this order. They were of smaller size than the *Sauropoda*, were more lightly built, and were thus more active and better fitted for capturing their prey. The fore limbs were much reduced in size, and the usual mode of progression appears to have been by walking or leaping on the hind limbs. The teeth were serrated and keen and trenchant, and the feet were armed with long, sharp claws. The carnivorous Dinosaurs, no doubt, preyed upon their larger but more sluggish herbivorous cotemporaries.

A fourth sub-order of Dinosaurs is the *Compsognathia*. These were animals of small size, and were in many respects very bird-like in structure. They had long necks, long, light heads, somewhat resembling a bird's, the jaws armed with teeth, and had the femur, or thigh bone, shorter than the tibia, or shin bone. The forelimbs were very small, and the hinder ones large. This sub-order has but few representatives, but it is probable that the American genus *Nanosaurus* belongs here.

Another very remarkable group of Dinosaurs were the *Stegosauria*. These were of great size, and had large fore and hind limbs, the latter, however, being the longest. The head was very small, the tail very large and long, and the animal was protected against the attacks of its enemies by an armor of huge bony plates and by great horn-covered spines, some of them over two feet in length.

It is difficult for us to understand, in the present state of our knowledge, just how these strange creatures, so different from anything that we now know, lived, and equally so for us to attempt to picture to ourselves their surroundings and their contemporaries. Life was abundant at this epoch, and extremely varied. Small mammals, almost the first of their kind, had appeared, but the largest of them scarcely exceeded in size the weasels of to-day, and all were probably marsupials. There were also crocodilians and turtles in great abundance, and strange fishes, of the genus *Ceratodus*, one representative of which still lives in Australia, inhabited the waters about the shores of which the Dinosaurs dwelt in such abundance. Vegetation was luxuriant and the climate was tropical in its warmth. It is very probable that in America pterodactyles were also abundant, as they certainly were in Europe. One fragment of a pterodactyle has, indeed, been described from the Jura of the Rocky Mountains, but the rock in which the Dinosaurs are found is not well adapted to the preservation of such delicate bones. It is also likely that birds were represented here, though of this we have as yet no evidence. But the presence in rocks of this age in Europe of the strange *Archaeopteryx* warrants us in supposing that the pterodactyles were not the only inhabitants of the air.

Such were some of the features of the animal life in this country during Jurassic time, though we have been able to touch only in the briefest manner on some of its most marvelous facts. In its abundance and variety it is even more interesting than in differences between the forms then living and those now upon the earth.

Many facts will be required before we can gain an adequate conception of the marvels of this long past age, but the hints which we already have indicate that the story, when told, will be a most interesting one.

NOTES.—We have recently received the *Monthly Journal* of the Virginia State Agricultural Society, which contains, together with a number of other interesting articles, a sketch on "The Beaver in Virginia," by Mr. Richard Irby, of Ashland, Va. The article though brief is interesting, and in view of the frequent queries by our correspondents as to the abundance of the beaver in the South, we do not hesitate to recommend it to them. So far as the author speaks of what he himself has observed the article is, of course, perfectly reliable and trustworthy, but we venture to suggest that the same cannot be said of his quotations. The statement by a recent writer in *Wide Awake* that the beavers, in the construction of their dams, transport mud from place to place upon their tails, "which are broad and flat," is especially open to criticism. We had supposed that this and its companion story, that these "ingenious and intelligent animals" use the tail as a trowel for pressing and smoothing the mud on their dams, had long since been relegated to the limbo of fable. We confess that the statement that the Northern beavers employ their dams as habitations is also new to us, and we are at a loss to know from what authority Mr. Irby quotes.

The explanation given of the reappearance of the

beaver in streams which flow into the Chesapeake is very interesting, and we are glad that the facts in regard to the point have been put on record.

Mr. H. W. Henshaw's ornithological report to Capt. George M. Wheeler upon collections made in portions of California, Nevada and Oregon, which is published in the report of the Chief of Engineers for 1879, is an extremely valuable pamphlet. The region examined by its author "amounted practically to a continuous line from Carson, near the western border of Nevada, and a little south of the Central Pacific Railroad, to the Dalles, on the Columbia River," and the work extended over the summers of 1877 and 1878.

A region so interesting, when explored by such an ornithologist as Mr. Henshaw, could scarcely fail to furnish very interesting results, and the annotated list of one hundred and eighty-four species which he has given us fully justifies our expectations. The notes on the habits of many little known species are very full, and add much to our knowledge of the bird life of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges. For the important conclusions which the writer reaches, we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself. It should be in the library of every ornithologist.

We wish to call the attention of the readers of this column to the very interesting report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of Maine, to be noticed in our Fish Culture column. Messrs. Stillwell and Smith have set about their work with vigor, and their efforts are already bringing forth good fruit.

Professor A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, has recently published in "The Transactions of the Connecticut Academy" a portion of his most important and valuable paper on "The Cephalopods of the Northeastern Coast of America." So far as published (Part I.), it treats of The Gigantic Squids and their Allies. This part is illustrated by twelve plates.

The subject is a most interesting one, and the paper well worthy of the subject. It is our intention, if the demands upon our space will admit of it, to give some extracts from Prof. Verrill's article at an early day.

PARASITES IN A DUCK'S FLESH.—*Editor Forest and Stream*.—Through the kindness of a professional colleague I had the opportunity of examining a wild duck (mallard) a few days ago, which was, I think, of sufficient interest to warrant the begging of a few lines of your valuable space. The duck was infested with a large number of encysted parasites of the same general nature as the trichina found in the muscles of pigs, *i. e.*, an encysted form of entozoa. It had been bought in the market by a gentleman, but when his cook came to prepare it for the spit, she noticed an unusual appearance of the flesh of the breast, the skin being torn in one place, and called the master's attention to it, and it was by him submitted to my friend. The duck was infested out a piece cut from the heart to the Zoological Museum at Cambridge, was kind enough to send the bird to me, knowing that I was interested in everything pertaining to field sports. The muscles of the duck were crowded with the encysted parasites, more especially the pectorals, and they seemed to be more numerous at the surface, *i. e.*, just under the skin. The cysts were from 5-20 to 5-30 of an inch long by about 1-30 in width, being all very nearly of the same dimensions. They may be described as cylindrical, or rather bluntly rounded off ends, about the color of fat, or rather light-colored butter, and were imbedded in the muscles, between the fibers, with the long diameter parallel with the muscular fibers. I cannot think of any better well-known object to which to compare them than the pieces of that form of Italian paste which we call vermicelli. Their number may be appreciated, when I say that in the space of a square inch, on the breast, the skin of which had been stripped off, fifteen were seen on the surface. I have it at second hand, that Prof. Hagen, of the Museum at Cambridge, states that they are cysts of *Psorospermia*, the immature, encysted stage of the *Gregarina*, and that he has never before known of these entozoa being found in the muscles of birds. If these parasites are capable of development in the intestinal tract of men, it ought to be known, as from the semi-cooked state in which we eat our ducks, the cysts would be very apt to be ingested without having their vitality destroyed. On the other hand, if as large and as numerous as in the specimen I saw, nobody, with their eyes open, could fail to notice the presence of unusual bodies. My object in making this communication is twofold: First, to get any scientific knowledge on the subject, and second, to find out from the sportsmen whether the presence of these parasites has been previously noticed in ducks. So far I have not been able to hear of any similar case.

Boston, Feb. 25th.

MIC-MAC.

Through the courtesy of Dr. Hagen we have received the following notes with regard to these parasites, which will be read with interest by all sportsmen:—

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., March 20th.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

The flesh which I have seen from the mallard duck contained cysts filled with what is called *Psorospermia* in an exceedingly large number. So far as I know, such flesh is only disgusting, but not unhealthy. *Psorospermia* are very common in man—perhaps one in ten or even more—but never so large as in the duck.

I received yesterday bear flesh from the market. It contained in the cellular tissue next to the skin cysts containing thin white worms, four inches long and less than one-twelfth thick. This is a very interesting parasite, described in 1873 by Fr. Redi, Italy, and since seen by nobody. Rudolphi quotes it as *Strongylus ursi*, and Diering as *Nematodidum*, but both only after Redi's de-

DR. H. A. HAGEN.

A PRACTICAL FISH CULTURIST.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 19th, 1880.

Sincerely yours,

SPENCER F. BAIRD, Commissioner.

SAMUEL N. NORTON,

Secretary Salmon Fishermen's Association of San Francisco.

UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., March, 11th, 1830.

1) 姓名: 王小明 性别: 男 年龄: 25 岁

LIVINGSTON STONE.

FISH IN SEASON IN MARCH

SOUTHERN WATERS.	
Pompano, <i>Trachinotus carolinus</i> .	Groupers, <i>Epinephelus nigrifus</i> .
Drum (two species). Family	Trout (black bass), <i>entroprists</i>
<i>Sciaenidae</i>	<i>atrarius</i> .
Kingfish, <i>Merittornis nebulosus</i> .	Striped Bass, or Rockfish, <i>Roc-</i>
Sea Bass, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> .	<i>cus undatus</i> .
Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus proba-</i>	Tailorfish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrx</i> .
<i>tocephalus</i> .	Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> .
	<i>M. pallidus</i> .
	Snapper, <i>Lutjanus blackfordi</i> .

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

--New Yorkers will find good trout fishing in the streams of Sullivan County. The man who goes to Isaac W. Bradley's, at Eldred, will be sure of a basketful that will repay him for the time and expense incurred. Deer are to be had there in season.

WAWAYANNA FISHING CLUB.—At a late meeting the following officers were elected:—President, Shepherd F. Knapp; Vice-Presidents, James A. Flack and Charles Banks; Secretary, Robert E. Van Wyck; Treasurer, William C. Connor. After the meeting the members were treated on a delicious feast. In an appropriate speech by Col. Lee, in behalf of the club, President Knapp was presented with a full-length portrait of himself, done in crayon by Ludovico, and measuring nearly five feet by four. The picture will remain at Case's until the opening, early in the summer, of the club-house on Crabtree Island, opposite Fire Island.

GRAYLING FISHING.—*Chitago, March 20th.*—Gentlemen who live in Ohio, Indiana and adjoining States, and who visit Michigan for some trout fishing, should stop off at the little town of Tustin, on the G. R. and J. R. R. Near this place is a small stream, called Pine River, that flows into the Chitago River, and is one of the best places for the great grayling stream of Northern Michigan, one may expect the streams connecting with it will also contain grayling. These fine fish are found in great numbers in this Pine River, which can be easily reached, because the road to the mouth of the river is only a few miles from the village, wagons can be secured at very reasonable rates, and guides will take you to the best fishing points on the stream. Camping parties would find good camping grounds, good fishing and obliging men to serve them. Should any desiderata of information let them write, or send a stamped envelope, to Mr. J. W. Mosher, of Tustin, Oscoda County, Mich., who will willingly give them all the information they require. Mr. Mosher is a fisherman, though a professional gentleman, and would secure guides for any one desiring to visit this stream. I have been fishing here for several years, and I can assure summer's fishing remember this place, and make preparations to take in some fine grayling.

W. D. T.

VARNISHED FLY-RODS.

rather an uncertain subject, and opposite positions can be taken and seemingly maintained upon almost any question of either science, until the crucial test of practical experience proves their truth or falsity. The fact is that fish are not frightened by flashes of light or the reflections of bright objects, but, on the contrary, are attracted by them; any one who has ever fished by torch-light, or trolled with a bright metal spoon, can testify to this, and there is a method of fishing practiced by the natives of the coast of Japan, in which a board is attached to a boat at such a height that the light of the moon upon the water when the fish, attracted by this, jump upon the board as the boat is moved along. That fish are not much disturbed, if at all, by the flash-

That fish are not much disturbed, if at all, by the flash-

Split bamboo rods must of necessity be varnished to preserve their elasticity and beauty. Think of a delicate split bamboo tip coated with sky-blue paint! The very thought is heresy, and an offense against the eternal fitness of things that would make even the spots on a brook trout blush more deeply crimson. American split bamboo rods are the finest made rods in the world, and the makers of them are the best. The following manufacturers fully attest this fact, and show, moreover, that they are duly appreciated abroad, as well as at home, highly varnished and flashing though they be. The coming Fishery Exposition at Berlin will prove the superiority of American rods beyond all peradventure.

There is one feature of this subject that is peculiarly gratifying to me, and I heartily thank Mr. Francis for the article in question. It conceals the fact that fish, having eyes, can see, and that the strange light tints which they are said to have would have no effect, if they could not be put in a stronger light than by the assertion that they are frightened at the flashing of a varnished rod, and that a rod, therefore, should be rendered as nearly invisible as possible against the sky by painting it a sky-blue or cloud color. But if this were done, what a quantity of fish would be lost! The multitude of sins of omission and commission which would this sky-blue mantle, like charity, cover. When fish are frightened at a fishing-rod at all, it is when its shadow is suddenly cast upon the water—which all prudent anglers are very careful to avoid doing, especially on small streams—and, viewed in this light, a sky-blue rod has no advantage, a fancied advantage, and is most decidedly a dis-advantage.

Cynthiana, Ky., March 19th.

TROUT FISHING IN CONNECTICUT.

IT was two o'clock one mild morning in the latter part of April, 1878, when my alarm clock called me from my slumbers for a day's trout-fishing. In about three minutes I was under the window of my neighbor sportsman calling him to action. Before I could get my steak broiled and coffee boiled, he was on hand. Breakfast over, we quickly left the house again in quiet and darkness, taking with us all the paraphernalia of our craft, including a substantial lunch and a jug of coffee.

A feeling of satisfaction came over us as we climbed the hills, and passed out of our village. We were leaving Rockville, in Tolland County. Its score of factories were at this early hour all quiet, its 6,000 busy people at rest. The Hockanum River, which flows from Snipsic Lake though the place, is but a succession of mill-ponds,

We were scarcely out of Rockville when Snipisc Lake appeared in view in the faint gray dawn of the morning. This lake is a favorite resort for fishing and picnicing. Its waters are well stocked with black bass, perch and pickerel, and the State Commissioners have furnished several thousand land-locked salmon, which seem to do well there. One of the salmon recently caught weighed four pounds. A little steamer, owned and run by Capt. Fred H. Thompson, plies around the lake during the summer months, and Capt. Thompson has cleared a grove and built a picnic resort, where shore dinners are served.

Then we passed through Tolland, across the Williamantic River, and at length brought up on one of its eastern tributaries. By the time our team had been cared for, the sun was over the hills, and we felt somewhat of the spirit of the old gentleman who, when he was ready to go to the trout-brook, used to say: "Now, the man who can drink the fastest, take the reins." We hastened to get on our feet, and in a few minutes had a little nap, below which many years since there stood a little mill. The partly broken dam yet holds back a little body of water, and the good will of the owner long ago made obsolete the sign "No fishing," which still adorns the old water-gate. We tried such flies as are likely to suit the caprice of the fish early in the season, but to no avail; yet our disappointment was largely tempered by

the knowledge that in the bottom of our pockets were two boxes of well-soured worms, brought along for just this state of affairs. From past experience we know that school of young trout taking the morning feed where the brook runs into the pond. We wound our flies around our hats, after trying them till our consciences were satisfied, and placing on our leaders some hooks and snells which we had tied and colored with especial care, we baited well and casting both our lines at just the place where the last ripple of the brook's current was visible in the pond, found the fish at breakfast. Forgotten was every care and trouble of life, and the years of toil that have left more grey hairs than dollars. A tremor of pleasant excitement played through every nerve, and we felt only pity for the man who sees no sport in fishing. The trout continued to take the bait till a baker's dozen of plump fellows, running from half a pound down, lay in our baskets. Then they ceased to bite and we could secure no more there. After taking out two more from under the old flume, we fished the brook down, through the weeds, taking now and then a trout and enjoying to its full the beauty of the spring day, and all the sights and sounds such a day brings. Every ray of sunshine seemed to bring health and vigor after a winter of confining labor.

As we enjoyed our noon lunch and cigar in the forest beside a miniature cascade, we seemed to be as far removed from the haunts of men as if in the wilds of Maine. Then we fished back up the brook, and tried the pond again in its deepest part. Following our usual practice, we started for home in time to avoid the darkness and chill of the evening. Our united basket counted twenty-eight and weighed about seven pounds.

The farmers in this section, as well as elsewhere, do not look with much favor on any sportsman they do not know; but the man who has by fairness and courtesy gained their esteem, will find the farmers of Tolland County as hospitable and as cordial as any class of men he meets. In many instances the only way I have been able to repay the kindly services I have received, has been by presents that were accepted as tokens of good will, rather than as pay for entertainment and information. Under such kind and generous treatment the farmer's boy will give away his choicest secrets, will walk miles to feel the snail that feeds on his father's meadow, the best "trout hole" in the river, or the little meadow brook where he caught or saw some "big ones like those in your basket."

The basket of trout mentioned above is as heavy as one may ordinarily expect to take in a day, and often he will have to be content with his basket half as full. Yet we think that it is more satisfactory than to incur a considerable expense in time and money to visit some distant section, even where the trout are expected, and the question is not how many can we take, but how many can we use. The air of our hills is just as health-giving as any, and if our game and fish are less plenty and more difficult to capture, there is the more pleasure and satisfaction in their successful pursuit for that very reason. From April 1st to July 1st is now the open season in this State, but most of the trout are taken between April 15th and June 15th. Before the season opens, the snow of the past winter and the abundant supply of water for the past year, there is a good prospect of sport this season.

NUTMEG.

The Kennel.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—EXPRESS ARRANGEMENTS.—*Editor Forest and Stream*.—As the express companies have agreed to return all dogs free that have been exhibited at this show, provided they have prepaid the usual rates charged by the different companies, I beg to suggest to exhibitors sending dogs to have them addressed carefully.

It is necessary that a chain and collar should accompany each dog. A competent and trustworthy man will be specially detailed off for all dogs coming by express, who will be provided with a sufficient number of attendants at this show, provided they have prepaid the usual rates. The entries close on the 12th of April; but as it greatly facilitates arrangements, exhibitors will confer a favor by sending them in as early as possible before that time.

The prospects for a great and good show continue to increase.

CHARLES LINCOLN, Superintendent.

We understand that Sir William Verner, Bart., will send out several of his crack dogs—bulldogs and bull-terriers—to the coming show, the great bull-terrier Tarquin being among the lot. Tarquin was bred by Mr. Vero Shaw, of England. The third edition of the "Dogs of the British Islands," by J. H. Walsh, Esq. (Stonehenge), contains a portrait of this noble dog. The entries up to date are very much larger than they were last year. The show promises to be a very large one.

A GLADSTONE PUPPY.—*Jackson, Miss., March 16th.*—Poor Otto was about eleven months old when he died. A better puppy it was never my privilege to see—well trained, dropping to shot or retrieve, and behaved beautifully in the field, and I held him as old dog, and he was, no pottering. Otto was the writer's choice of three puppies, the other two being a Joe, Jr. puppy (Tim), and a highly bred lemon and white bitch puppy (Cosette), presented to the owner by a gentleman in Tennessee. The owner of the three puppies, Mr. F. J., worried because Otto would not retrieve, hence used the force method. The puppy, before he was at all broken to fetch, was to flush in the field, and retrieve the first bird he made over him as only the best retriever can do. Ever after he would disdain to fetch anything but a bird. Mr. J. and a friend, Mr. Archie, were hunting over Otto and Cosette one day. Having a covey of birds scattered, Otto came to a point. "Now, Mr. Archie," said Mr. J., "take that shot." Mr. Archie, an elderly gentleman and the best man in the woods, walked up, kicking the grass to flush the bird; up jumped an old hare, and made freely tracks up the hillside; Mr. Archie looking after the hare as she showed him her white tail disappearing over the crest of the hill, and Otto still at a stanch point. "Well," exclaimed Mr. Archie, "that is a stanch point on a hare, and where the hare has been, Why,

Frank, come here. What is the matter with Otto's eye?" Mr. J. came up and discovered a spot of mud entirely covering the dog's eye. He took his coat-tail and wiped Otto's eye as well as he could. The puppy replied, stretched out to his old point. "Well," said Mr. Archie, "that is the stanchest point I ever saw for a puppy—where a hare has been. Come, Otto, old man, that is very beautiful, but it will never do to stay on Molly Cottontail's bed in that way. Why, old fellow, she has gone long ago." Mr. Archie patted the puppy, turning him clean around, still at the point. "Well, this is the most remarkable thing I ever saw," said the elderly gentleman, kicking the grass in front of him. "See here, old man, there is nothing here; come away." Otto still held his point until Mr. Archie had kicked the grass far enough, and a covey of birds arose. To the credit of the elderly gentleman, be it said, he shot once and bagged his bird.

Otto is dead, and with him the promise of one of the best dogs that ever hunted a field. He died, I am afraid, of a mistaken diagnosis of his case. He was sick, but what his ailment was I could not tell. His owner feels his loss keenly. Otto was black and tan, with a white tip to the tail and a narrow white frill on the breast. The only fault I over found with him was a somewhat unusual length of tail. Hope my friend will get Otto's matchsoon.

GEO. C. EYRICH.

IMPORTED SKYE TERRIERS.—Mr. Hume, of the Eastern Shore of Virginia, has just returned from England, bringing with him a pair of genuine sky terriers. The dogs will probably be forthcoming at the New York show.

IMPORTED SETTERS FOR THE MONTVIEW KENNEL CLUB.—The steamer *City of Richmond*, which arrived here on the 9th inst., had on board three very promising young setters from the kennel of Mr. G. T. Teasdale Buckell, of Alford, Lincolnshire, England, from whom Mr. Dew has received quite a number recently. Mr. Dew purchased these beauties from Mr. E. Leewellin, and they were consigned as usual to Mr. E. B. Goldsmith, of 58 Wall street. The setters arrived in good condition, and are as follows: Dashing Rascal, by Dash II., out of Norton; Count Nailer by Count Windsor, out of Norton; Dashing Plover by Dash II., out of Phantom. The dogs were at once shipped, per Adams Express, to Columbia, Tenn., where they arrived safely.

EXERCISE CHAIN WITH TRAVELER.—*St. Leonard, P. Q., March 20th.*—Every dog should be exercised daily, but many dog owners find it impossible to give the necessary exercise to their dogs. The best way to tie up all day. If a dog is too valuable or savage to be allowed to run loose, I can recommend the following plan as giving the dog more liberty than he has when tied up in the usual manner: Get a piece of telegraph or fence wire, the longer the better; slip on it a strong iron ring, so as to run freely along the wire; set two stout posts in the ground about fifty feet apart or longer; let the tops of the posts be only about six or eight inches out of the ground; fasten securely the ends of the wire to the tops of the posts by strong staple or through hole bored in the posts near the top; round off the rough edges of the posts at the top so that the dog's chain will not be likely to catch in anything. You can then fasten your dog's chain to the ring sliding on the wire, and he will have the full run of the distance between the two posts, and for the length of his chain on either side of the wire. The dog's chain should have a swivel, and the wire must be examined to see that there are no flaws or breaks in it. The reader will see at once that this plan can be altered to suit the surroundings; the wire may be stretched like a clothes-line or from fence to fence. Watch dogs do very well so chained, as they can be given the run across a large garden or orchard.

HEMLOCK.

The above excellent arrangement is worthy of the attention of all dog owners. By using a high-stretched wire and a chain of short length, dogs after being washed will be prevented from rolling until thoroughly dried, and yet be allowed to exercise enough to prevent catching cold.

ESSEX COUNTY HUNT, LATE MONTCLAIR HUNT.

The fifth hunting season of the Essex County Hunt of New Jersey has opened most auspiciously. The first meet was announced for the 20th inst., at the kennel at Montclair, N. J., and the second yesterday, at the main entrance at Llewellyn Park, near Orange, N. J. The subscription plan, which was adopted last season, has met with great success, and, in fact, the interest manifested in all parts of the county has led to the adoption of the new name.

It is hoped that those who are interested in the encouragement of the sport of fox-hunting, but who have taken no active part in the hunt, will now come forward and give the support that this healthful and invigorating pastime so well deserves.

The services of Mr. Harry Howard as huntsman have again been secured, and this, with an addition to the pack of fox-hounds, should attract a still larger attendance of ladies and gentlemen at the meets. It is particularly desired that there may be seen in the field a larger attendance of land-owners—particularly the young farmers—for the sport is one that should be made peculiarly their own.

Weather permitting, the meets will take place twice a week, in accordance with the following list of appointments:—

Saturday, March 27th, at 4 P.M., at Mr. N. Sullivan's, Montclair.

Wednesday, March 31st, at 4 P.M., at Llewellyn Park (main entrance).

Saturday, April 3d, at 4 P.M., at Verona Post Office.

Saturday, April 10th, at 4 P.M., at the Common, Bloomfield.

Wednesday, April 14th, at 4 P.M., at Mr. William F. Kidder's, East Orange.

Saturday, April 17th, at 4 P.M., at the Hamilton House, Paterson.

Wednesday, April 21st, at 4 P.M., at South Orange.

Saturday, April 24th, at 4 P.M., at Llewellyn Park (main entrance).

The hunts are open to every one, and all attending the

meets will receive a hearty welcome. Frederick M. Wheeler is master of foxhounds. The following are the officers of the Hunt, and the list of well-known subscribers:—President, Mr. C. W. Nason; Vice-President, Mr. C. A. Heckscher; Secretary, Mr. H. N. Munn; Treasurer and Master, Mr. F. M. Wheeler. Subscribers:—Messrs. C. W. Nason, F. M. Wheeler, N. Sullivan, Dr. J. W. Pinckham, William H. Power, of Montclair; A. Vanderbilt, J. A. Blair, C. A. Johnson, of New York; C. A. Heckscher, D. Robinson, F. E. Martin, E. P. Thurnham, of Orange; H. N. Munn, George Lethbridge, Alexander Hudnut, Llewellyn Park; William F. Kidder, of East Orange.

WORMS IN DOGS.—*Toronto, Canada, March 14th.*—I don't say it is a specific, but once, by accident, a dog of mine eat heartily of a curry and voided a lot of worms. Another time, in camping, seeing the coat starting, and other symptoms—no areca nor santonin being at hand—I administered a dose of "India Curry Powder" with marked and good effect. When other remedies fail, or are not at hand, this might be tried. Probably the curry acted as an irritant, in the two cases quoted; but would have no effect on dogs of a different constitution.

H. B. H.

It is remarkable for a dog to eat curry of his own accord. Your view is undoubtedly a correct one, as the curry powder contains capicum.

BARE SPOTS ON DOGS.—*St. Leonard, P. Q., March 14th.*—In your "Answers to Correspondents" I often see people asking for a recipe to make the hair grow on bare places on dogs. Now I have tried coal oil frequently on cuts and wounds, and I always found the cut to heal cleaner, and the hair to grow quicker and smoother afterward on wounds so treated, than by any other way I have tried. I own a very quarrelsome bull-terrier, accustomed to follow my buggy, and I often have occasion to borrow the oil-can at farmers' houses along the road. A friend of mine had a very old cat that had lost most of its hair from old age. He tried the coal oil, and after some application the cat commenced to grow again, and soon puss had a fine and glossy coat as ever. I may mention that the cat, decidedly objected to the whole business, and was very lively for a day or two after being rubbed.

HEMLOCK.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Nelle II.*—Mr. C. F. Huntman, of La Crosse, Wis., claims the name of Nelle II. for his red Irish setter bitch out of Mr. Geo. B. Claxson's Queen, by Mr. E. C. Waller's Race. Nelle II. was whelped July 10th, 1879, and is now in the kennel of T. M. T. McKennan, of Toledo, Iowa.

Floss II.—Dr. H. B. Vignart, of Poekskill, N. Y., claims the name of Floss II. for his liver and white cocker spaniel bitch, whelped Feb. 6th. Presented by Mr. J. B. Harrington, of Buffalo, N. Y., out of his Floss, by Mr. Battey's Con.

Ray, Bessie and Poets.—Capt. Chas. B. Yeld, U. S. A., Fort Davis, Tex., claims the following names for his pointer puppies, whelped Nov. 1st, 1879, by Scent-Daisy II.—Sensation out of Poets, Whiskey-Sleatford.

Punch.—Mr. John Aspinwall, of Barrytown, N. Y., claims the name of Punch for his Irish water-spaniel dog, out of Judy by Mack, whelped Feb. 1879.

Judy II.—Mr. John Aspinwall claims the name of Judy II. for his Irish water-spaniel bitch, out of Judy by Mack, whelped Feb. 1879.

Moj.—Mr. Frank L. Morrill, of New York City, claims the name of Moj for his red Irish setter-bitch puppy, by Berkley out of Rockwood's Mack, she by Elcho out of Fottier's Ellen.

Jewell.—Mr. Garrett Roach, of this city, claims the name of Jewell for his liver and white pointer-bitch puppy, by Sensation out of his Queen II. Bred by Mr. Roach, whelped Sept. 21st, 1879.

Chum.—Mr. George Van Wagen, of New York City, claims the name of Chum for his liver and white pointer-dog puppy, by Sensation out of his Garrett Roach's Queen II. Bred by Mr. Roach, whelped Sept. 21st, 1879.

Gen.—Mr. George Van Wagen, of this city, claims the name of Gen for his liver and white pointer-bitch puppy, by Sensation out of Mr. Garrett Roach's Queen II. Bred by Mr. Roach, whelped Sept. 21st, 1879.

Pat Ryan.—Mr. N. Blmore, of Granby, Conn., claims the name of Pat Ryan for his red Irish setter puppy, whelped Oct. 23d, 1879, out of Hiddy sired by Red. Pat was presented to Mr. Elmore by Mr. L. B. Jewell, of Hartford, Conn.

Holla Wildair.—Mr. Burr Hollis, of Hornesville, N. Y., claims the name of Holla Wildair for his black and white cocker spaniel stud dog, whelped at the Topeka Kennel, Kansas, Dec. 7th, 1878, out of Waddell's Josie by Whitman's Doctor.

Topey N.—Mr. Burr Hollis, of Hornesville, N. Y., claims the name of Topey N. for his pure liver and tan Burdette cocker bitch, whelped Nov. 20th, 1879, out of Waddell's Belle by Waddell's Beau.

Holla Meado.—Mr. Burr Hollis, of Hornesville, N. Y., claims the name of Holla Meado for his liver and tan cocker bitch, whelped Oct. 20th, 1879, out of Fellow's Fanny by Hollis Wildair.

WHEELS.—*Jennie*—Mr. W. Tallman's field trial winner Jennie whelped on the 31st. four dogs and five bitches, by Mr. Samuel Scranton's Patch. The puppies are all black and white and very handsomely marked. Mr. T. intends raising and breaking a pair of the bitches for his own use.

Rhine.—Mr. Thos. A. Addison's (Chelsea, Mass.) red Irish setter bitch Rhine (Elcho-Juno) whelped on 14th inst. eleven puppies (seven dogs, four bitches), by champion Berkley.

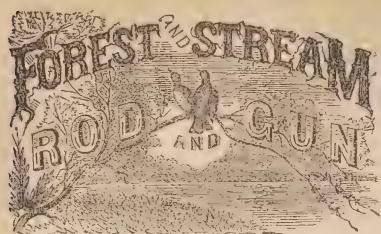
Psycho.—Mr. W. M. Tilton's English setter bitch Psycho (Col. Fennell's Frank-Khoda) whelped on 10th inst. at Westminster Kennel Club Kennels, Babylon, L. I., five puppies (two dogs and two bitches living); sired by Mr. Godfrey's Decimus Dash. Psycho was imported in litter, and her dam Khoda is litter sister to Mr. Macdonald's celebrated dog Rango.

Pat.—Mr. M. Tilton's clumber spaniel Puppy (Duke-Tio) whelped on 15th inst. at the Imperial Kennels, Poms River, N. J., two dog puppies; sired by owner's imported clumber spaniel Trembeck.

Girl.—Mr. R. T. Greene's Jersey City Heights, N. J.) pointer bitch Girl (Maryland-Tell) whelped March 18th eleven puppies (seven dogs and four bitches), by Mr. W. F. Steel's Glenmark (Ogil's Rush-Rump).

Bell.—Mr. S. Wilbert's cocker spaniel bitch Belle whelped Jan. 22nd, by Mr. Andrew Dunn, Jr., of the Union Square Hotel, and Mr. John B. Matthews, the celebrated comedian, are the recipients of valuable prizes from the progeny.

ZRL.—The Massachusetts Kennel Club's (Boston, Mass.) black and



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INTELIGATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1888.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

•We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

•Trade supplied by American News Company.

REMOVAL.—On or before May 1st the FOREST AND STREAM will remove into its new offices in the Times building, Nos. 39 and 41 Park Row.

GAME AND FISH RESORTS.—We have been much gratified at the courtesy of numerous friends who have so kindly responded to our request for specific information of fishing and shooting grounds. The season when such information will be put to practical use is now rapidly approaching; and we again call attention to the scope and usefulness of our plan.

The office of the FOREST AND STREAM has long been recognized as the right place at which to apply for directions to the various sporting localities of the country. To make the information thus sought fresh, accurate and reliable we are compelled, in turn, to urge our correspondents and friends all over the land to give us the results of their personal experiences. By receiving such reports, filing them away here and there, transmitting them to others whom they may benefit, we are constantly rendering an invaluable service to the great body of sportsmen.

The managers of various railroads which may pass through good sporting country, the proprietors of summer hotels and residents in game districts will find it greatly to their own interests to transmit to us at an early date such particulars as are designated in our Game Bag and Gun columns.

The spring trout fishing opens in this State, in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Virginia, Minnesota and California next Thursday, and at that time the army of anglers will go forth to the streams. Early reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory will be duly appreciated by those who avail themselves of the same.

—Do not fail to inspect the display of trout at Mr. Blackford's stand in Fulton Market next Thursday. Next to going out to the trout streams, will be the pleasure of lingering over the beauties to be seen there. The American Fish Cultural Association is happy in the appointment of its annual meeting this year at such a time that the members may avail themselves of the pleasure of examining the rare collection.

—The party who have in charge the American exhibit for the Berlin Exhibition sailed last Saturday from Hoboken in the steamer Neckar. Too much credit cannot be given to Prof. Goode, upon whose shoulders in a great measure fell the task of collecting and arranging the proposed display, and to whose energetic labors the excellence of that display is largely due.

THE NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.

THE entries for the coming bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club are coming in much more rapidly than at the corresponding period of any other exhibition; and there is every promise that the number of animals and the general excellence of the various classes represented will surpass any previous show. The rapid advance in quality of the dogs now presented for competition at the exhibition of the Westminster Kennel Club is very marked. Many dogs, which in the earlier history of bench shows would have received awards or high mention, fall short of such honor because the standard of excellence has advanced. Certainly no agencies have contributed so appreciably to the breeding of fine stock in America as the bench shows in various parts of the country. They have had in their peculiar field the same good effects as those which have followed the annual cattle shows and other competitive exhibitions of live stock.

The Westminster Club has been largely influential in directing popular taste in canine matters. For instance, among pet dogs the much and justly-abused Spitz, once so common and fashionable, was ignored by the Club at its first show, and at subsequent shows. The consequence is that the Spitz has long since deservedly lost caste, and his place is filled by other breeds of pet dogs. We shall not now attempt to speak of the increase in the number of the various classes of pet dogs and sporting dogs now owned in New York, the direct result of former bench shows, for we have not the statistics before us; but this increase is both noticeable and highly encouraging. Doubtless a similar effect has followed the exhibitions of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and St. Louis.

In the selection of judges the committee have been very happy this year. Messrs. Hammond and Wise are well known to all interested, and the gentlemen from abroad need no commendation from us. Dr. Gordon Stables has made special study of the classes which he is appointed to judge, and as a judge at bench shows Mr. Hugh Dalziel has a well-earned reputation for honesty, straightforwardness and impartiality. Competition is keen in the judging ring nowadays; many owners press forward their favorites for the first prize; and the judging must be not only by experts, but by experts who are unprejudiced and impartial. We may at this early day premise that the assignment of the awards will give satisfaction, not to all—that will never be possible—but to the great majority of exhibitors and visitors.

THE NEW YORK STATE TOURNAMENT.—It is a foregone conclusion that the approaching Sportsmen's Convention, to be held at Seneca Falls under the direction of the Seneca Gun Club, will be a grand success. The prize list, although not yet completed, figures over \$3,000. A very generous response is being made by the citizens of Seneca Falls for the purpose of adding a citizens' purse, and the prospects are that the present prize list will far exceed any before offered at a State convention. Reports from the West contain favorable news for an early catch of birds, and there is little doubt of their being secured early. The location of the grounds has not yet been decided upon, but the committee have several in view, any one of which would be excellent. From all parts of the State comes news of new clubs organizing, with the intention of joining the association. There is every reason to hope for an early meeting, and with the renewed interest manifest among the Long Island sportsmen, and intentions expressed from members in Central and Western New York, there can be no reasonable doubt but that the 1888 convention will be the largest ever held.

NOTES.—It is an excellent plan while in the woods to keep a diary, in which each night the incidents of the day may be jotted down more or less fully. The roughest and most incomplete memoranda are better than none at all. Memory is a very capricious faculty of the mind; it responds readily to suggestive notes or tangible mementoes. By means of a few written notes it is possible to bring back almost a complete picture of the entire vacation trip, as pleasant in its recollection as in its actual experience. A worthless bit of bark, a feather, a fur tip, or a flattened bullet, and the numberless little odds and ends of camp-life, preserved by chance and of no intrinsic value, may yet possess in their suggestiveness a worth which renders them more precious than trinkets of silver and gold. The trophies of the hunt, adorning study or dining-room, are naturally objects of pride as evidences of success in the field; but there is a much higher gratification in thinking over the thousand and one incidents and experiences connected with them and brought back to memory by them. If we can find sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks, a cabinet of the nick-nacks of camp life contains material for whole volumes of reminiscences.

We had a most pleasant call last week from "Penobscot," whose frequent contributions to this journal have done so much to interest and instruct their readers. Mr. Libby returns from a four years' residence in Nevada to his home in Maine. Next fall he proposes to make an

extended trip through the Maine woods, and we are promised an account of the trip. "Penobscot" knows the Maine country as well as any man living, and what he may write will be sure to be intelligent and authentic.

Mr. Charles G. Jewett, of Howell, Mich., is one of the exponents of the therapeutic value of field sports, and has proved the efficacy of the rod and gun to change an invalid into a robust, strong man. Mr. Jewett is by no means the only one of our acquaintances who has found in the health-giving properties of exercise, sunshine and pure air the great remedial agencies provided by nature. We can mention men in almost every profession and walk of life who have found health and strength only in the exhilarating rough and tumble of out-of-door occupation. Our correspondence brings us into communication with scores of men of similar experiences. Were there no other good attending participation in the sports peculiar to the forest and stream, this single fact would afford sufficient grounds to encourage and foster such participation.

We need make no apology for reproducing in our columns to-day the bit of native American literature, which our correspondent has embodied in his paper on the "Attractions of Arkansas;" for certainly no sketch of that State would be complete without at least a passing reference to the famous dialogue between the Traveler and the Squatter. The story is an old one; but it is for this very reason all the more interesting, because it pictures a curious phase of social life in the Southwest, which has now almost completely passed away. To be appreciated, the story should be listened to as doled out by a self-taught musician of the backwoods, to whom the peculiar idioms are not altogether novel. It was our good fortune once, on a bright moonlight night, down in Eastern Tennessee, to hear it thus rendered from a vagrant Troubadour from the Florida pine woods, who interpreted the spirit of the original with a disregard of musical harmony and a mutilation of the English language, which we candidly believe was never before approached by mortal man. Or, better still, "Yell" tells us that he should hear it played by an Arkansas fiddler, in a log-cabin, and see it danced to by some Arkansas young folks, on a "punchoon" floor. The dexterity of the dancers in getting over and around the inequalities of this style of floor, without missing a step or breaking the continuity, so to speak, is an inexhaustible source of delight to the spectator, and well worth a day's journey to witness.

PRESIDENT ADAMS ON DOGS.

IT affords us no little satisfaction to be able to present to our readers this week a letter from the late ex-President, John Quincy Adams, "the old man eloquent," narrating some peculiarly interesting, though not unparalleled, instances of the sagacity and memory of the dog. The letter, which has, outside of its attractions to lovers of the dog, an historical interest that will command for it the attention of every one, has never before been published. It was written to Dr. Parkman, of Boston, whose murder by Professor Webster, of Harvard, will be remembered by some of our older readers; when that gentleman was assisting his friend Mr. Audubon in collecting material for the latter's superb work on the Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America.

We owe the opportunity of reproducing this interesting document to the courtesy of a member of the great naturalist's family, in whose possession it now is. To her we desire most cordially to acknowledge our obligations and those of our readers.

The letter is as follows:—

WASHINGTON, 28th March, 1855.

Dr. George Parkman, Boston.

DEAR SIR:—I have received with much pleasure your kind letter of the 9th inst., and am always gratified with every token of your friendly recollection. There are two incidents which I have witnessed indicating instinct, memory and association of ideas in dogs, which made impression upon my mind, and to one of which your letter no doubt refers; my own memory fails me so much that I have no recollection of having mentioned it to you, as I certainly did from the reference which you made to me of it.

Residing at Berlin, during the closing years of the last century, the British Minister of that Court, the Earl of Elgin, had a pair of dogs of the terrier breed with the remarkable peculiarity that their color was white, though generally with two or three chocolate-colored spots on some part of the body. In a litter of puppies bred between them, in 1794, there was one female milk white, without a single spot, purchased of one of the servants of Lord Elgin, who was then in England, for me by an American named Whitcomb, who lived with me as my steward, and whom you have perhaps known in later times as keeper of the house at Concert Hall.

I gave to my dog the name of Dlanche, and educated her myself. Her principal good quality was that common to all the terrier breed, being an admirable rat-catcher, and in that capacity often useful. But as she grew up she had acquired the habit of a lap-dog, and whenever she had the opportunity would jump up into my lap and there coil herself up and go to sleep. If I were sitting at a table writing or reading, so that she could not get into my lap, she would come and lie down between my feet and go to sleep in the same manner.

I indulged her very much in both these habits, considering them as marks of the affectionate nature of the animal, and finding the latter often comfortable to myself by keeping my feet warm, particularly when traveling in a carriage in cold weather.

In 1801 I returned from Berlin to the United States and resumed my residence in Boston. I brought my dog with me. Whitcomb,

who had gone with me from the United States, and lived with me seven years in Europe, came back with me; but as I had here no occasion for a steward, he left me and opened a public house in Boston. He was for several years the keeper of Concert Hall.

In 1893 I was elected a member of the Senate of the United States, and on that occasion broke up my household establishment at Boston. Blanché was then four years old. I could not conveniently take her with me to Washington, and gave her to Whitcomb, who then kept a public house in another part of the town.

Three years later, in the summer of 1896, having occasion to pass some weeks in Boston, my wife and family being at Washington, took lodgings at Concert Hall, then kept by Whitcomb. On the first day that I dined at the common table, where there were perhaps thirty persons, I felt while at dinner, a dog lying down between my feet, which were under the table. It was my poor Blanché, whom I had not to my recollection seen for nearly three years, and whom, I am almost ashamed to say, I had forgotten. While she had so faithfully remembered me. On my pushing back my chair she jumped into my lap with all the lively caresses and marks of attachment and delight usual to her kind. She was not accustomed to jump into my lap or lie down between the feet of any other person but me.

This is the circumstance which I must have mentioned to you; it was when it happened, perhaps, more particularly noticed by me, because it confirmed an idea of the power of memory and the force of habit in the natural history of the dog, which I had formed in very early life, and of which I must also tell you the story.

In the year 1780 I went with my father from Paris to Holland, and in passing through the city of Delft visited the church containing the magnificent monument in honor of William the First, Prince of Orange, the Washington of his age and country. He fell, you know, by the hand of an assassin at Delft, and lies buried under that monument. A figure of him in bronze is exhibited extended on the tablet of the monument, with that of a dog lying at his feet. The reason for which, we were told, was to perpetuate the memory of the fact that his dog actually followed him to his grave, and refusing to leave it or to take any sustenance, there remained attached to him to the end. Whether this fact is strictly historical or whether a little aided with the embroidery of imagination, I do not require; but the sight of the monument with this explanatory comment, you may suppose, was not likely to be soon forgotten by a boy of thirteen. Two or three days after this incident I met at Leyden, another city not far distant from Delft, an English gentleman, a traveler, who had also visited the monument of William the First, and it gave rise to a conversation in which that gentleman stated that he himself had been the owner of a dog to which he had been strongly attached, and which was also much attached to him; that he had given this dog to an intimate friend of his departing for India; that seven years after he went himself to Calcutta and there met with a reception equally cordial from his old friend and from his dog; that the dog instantly recognized his old master, flew to him, and for some time could scarcely be separated from him, though quite happy and equally attached to the master to whom he had been given.

All these anecdotes are but evidence that the nature of the dog is the same as it was in the days of Homer and of Ulysses—in the days of Argus.

Who knew his lord; who knew and strove to meet,
But strove in vain to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet all he could his tail, his ears, his eyes,
Salute his master to his soul's surprise.
The dog whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had rolled,
Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies—
So close'd forever faithful Argus' eyes.

The second incident, to which I have now alluded, and which I think I never mentioned to you before, relates to a dog of the same breed as my Blanché, but of a prior generation, and which belonged to Whitcomb himself.

In the summer of 1890 I traveled with my family from Berlin by the way of Frankfurt upon the Oder into Silesia, and returned in the autumn by the way of Dresden and Leipzig. At this latter city we halted and spent there three or four weeks. Whitcomb and his dog Pincher were with us through the whole tour. When we left Leipzig and returned to Berlin, Pincher was accidentally left behind, an event which was not discovered until we were some miles advanced on our way, and he was given over for lost. About ten days after we reached Berlin Pincher made his appearance, as ragged and gaunt as a wolf in January, on a land covered with snow and with bluffs stiffened so that he could scarcely move, from which, however, he soon recovered to his usual strength and vivacity.

The distance from Leipzig to Berlin was about one hundred miles. How Pincher had found his way, we were never known. The road which he had gone from Berlin was in the opposite direction, and he had never traveled the direct road from Leipzig to Berlin. This occurrence, therefore, indicated a faculty in the dog more comprehensive than that of memory, perhaps an existence of scent, of which I can yet scarcely form a conception.

Whether these facts will be deemed by you or by Mr. Audubon of sufficient interest to be noticed in his memoir upon the instinct and intelligence of dogs I leave to you and his better judgment. They are at his and your service. I pray you to remember me kindly to him, and also respectfully to Mr. Parkman. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in the course of a few weeks, and in the meantime remain your ever faithful friend and servant,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A CENTURY BENEATH THE WAVES.

WE have recently had the pleasure of examining, through the courtesy of Mr. Chas. Hallcock, a came and a pen-holder made from the oak of an old French frigate which was sunk off Quebec in the year 1756, and which was only last summer raised from her muddy bed and towed to shore. These articles were sent to Mr. Hallcock by Mr. J. W. Dutton, who, as our readers may remember, was the constructing engineer of the celebrated Dufferin Terrace, which clings to the heights of Cape Diamond at Quebec, an account of which appeared some time since in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. To the kindness of Mr. Dutton we owe the following interesting historical sketch of this old vessel, based on the old records of the French Government in the possession of the Seminary at Quebec. Mr. Dutton says:—

Quebec, as you will doubtless remember, was taken

from the French by the English under Wolfe on the 13th of September, 1759. It was upon this day that the decisive battle was fought that terminated in the defeat of the French under Montcalm, and also in the death of Wolfe on the plains of Abraham. For two or three years before this time there had been rumors of war about Quebec, brought from France by the merchantmen and traders who came across.

The city, and in fact all the country about—even into the States of Ohio, Michigan, New York, etc.—was under the French, who had forts and outposts all over it. Of the inhabitants the Marquis de Montcalm was the head, or in fact the Governor. Upon the rumors of war coming to him, all the works about Quebec were very much strengthened and in many cases doubled. New earthworks were thrown up and new vessels built in the Lower Town to help repel an attack by river. Among these last there was one that was known by the name *Le Grimaldi*. She was built and named in honor of a quarter of a mile from where Montgomery fell nineteen years later. For those days she was a large vessel, but in this age a thousand-ton vessel is not much to tell of. She was built of oak timber, which must have been brought from France, as none of the Western oak forests had then been cut into, it being impossible then to bring the timber down. The vessel was built of the best timber and iron, but she was fated never to touch execution for her country, as shortly after being launched she was sunk just opposite where she was built.

There she lay until last summer, when she was raised and towed to shore. She sank in September, 1756, so that she had lain under the waters of the St. Lawrence about one hundred and twenty-three years. In spite of her long immersion, when they first attempted to raise her, it was found impossible on account of her being sunk in the mud, and it was equally impossible to tear her to pieces as the oak was as solid as on the day she went down. The only thing that was gone was the iron, in those places where it had been exposed, and this had completely rusted away. After several vain attempts to stir her, a diver was sent down, who fixed a heavy charge of dynamite under her. This broke her up somewhat, but it was only after many explosions and two years' hard work that she was finally got rid of.

The wood was eagerly sought for, and now it is almost an impossibility to get a piece of it large enough to make anything of any value. The frigate was the last relic of the old French Government, having been built under the superintendence of the Intendant Bigot. She lay in ninety feet of water, and while she has been there, many are the changes that Quebec has seen—as well in manners and customs as in men. When she was removed, there were found to be over a hundred anchors of all sizes and many hundred fathoms of chain entangled with her. These were of course raised, and in some instances claimed, but most of them were sold by the Government to satisfy expenses.

GAME PROTECTION. BLACKBIRDS FOR CENTRAL PARK.

EVERETT HOUSE, NEW YORK, March 9th.
Editor Forest and Stream.

I enclose you five dollars to form the nucleus of a sum of sixty dollars required for the importation of five pairs of blackbirds, to be turned loose in Central Park. The blackbird is hardy and local in its habits; it does not migrate. I have turned it out at Quebec, where it lived till the end of January, when the last of the colony was caged and sold; this bird, a male, was quite fat and very strong in both feather and wing at that season of the year. I have noticed in Canada the blackbird song both earlier and later than the American song, and as it is an "all-the-year-round bird," and comes to food, it is well suited for Central Park.

Messrs. G. H. Holden, of 357 Sixth avenue, will undertake to furnish alive and in good order five pairs of blackbirds (cocks and hens) for the above sum (\$60), providing they get the order immediately.

The best part of Central Park to try this experiment is where the peacocks and guinea fow are kept. We have all our studies and our manias. Mine was, twenty-five years ago, to kill European insects in America with their natural enemies, European birds; consequently I imported sparrows. Now I advocate that boys should be allowed and encouraged to commence their sporting career by putting salt on a sparrow's tail, or circumventing Mr. Sparrow by any other device, such as brick trap, horse-hair noise or dust shot. From sparrow shooting they will go on to blackbirds, and so on to game.

W. H. KROPP, of Canada.

We hope that Col. Rhodes' generous offer may be met with a prompt and liberal response from the citizens of New York, who are to be directly benefited by the success of the undertaking proposed above. If a disinterested stranger, coming to our city, sees the possibility of adding to the value and enhancing the pleasure of our beautiful Park, and is willing to put his hand into his own pocket and so to give a substantial impetus to the accomplishment of the plan, certainly we should not hesitate to join heartily in the work. The blackbird is a sweet singer; his notes are heard before those of the robin in the evening—the two periods of the day when a bird's song is the sweetest. Col. Rhodes successfully introduced the blackbird upon his own grounds at Quebec, and we can conceive of no possible reason why the experiment, if made now and here, should not be attended with like success. We shall be ready at once to receive subscriptions for this purpose, and hope next week to have the pleasure of giving credit in these columns for the whole sum required. The spring will be so far advanced before the order can possibly reach England that immediate action is urgent.

We have received \$5 from Col. Rhodes, and have added thereto \$5 ourselves, leaving \$50 still to be contributed.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?—*Nantico, Conn., March 17th.*—I speak from my own observation regarding this section

of the State. Birds were shot and trapped long before the season opened legally, and also after it closed. Now that trout fishing is about to commence, these wretched so-called sportsmen will sneak along the brooks, ashamed of their actions and afraid to be seen, and go to all this trouble and humiliation. Yet these men claim to be gentlemen and law-abiding citizens. I shall keep a close watch this year for these aristocratic poachers—perhaps some of the New London boys will assist me. If one or two can be shown up, perhaps a square fisherman can have some sport. What do you think of a fellow netting black bass? I am told by responsible parties that it was done. Is there any cure for such doings? SCALDS.

Try publishing their names in the FOREST AND STREAM.

BELLEFONTE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION. — *Bellefonte, Pa., March 8th.*—A meeting of the sportsmen of this place was held Monday evening March 8th to form an association for the protection and propagation of game and fish. Officers were elected as follows: President, George Valentine; Vice-President, H. S. Hale; Treasurer, Theodore Drescher; Secretary, J. D. Geissinger. Board of Directors: S. P. Shugart, Thos. Bernside, S. F. Foster, J. P. Hughes, F. P. Green.

As above stated, this club has for its object the protection and propagation of game and fish, and the enforcement of the laws and ordinances against the illegal killing of the same, the advancement of good fellowship and mutual improvement among sportsmen. This community has long felt the want of an organization of this kind, as our streams and woods are almost depopulated of fish and game, owing to the war of extermination carried on by hunters and fishermen to the utter disregard of all law and common sense. This association has just been started, and any suggestions or anything that will help our organization will be thankfully received by this society.
J. D. GEISSINGER, Secretary.

OTTO.—A bill has been introduced into the General Assembly to prohibit the catching of brook trout or salmon, except by angling, making the close season from Sept. 30th to April 1st, and providing against trespass for the purpose of fishing.

NEW MONTANA CLUBS.—*Helena, March 12th.*—Montana is falling into line. Two more rod and gun clubs duly organized—one in Deer Lodge County and one in Missoula County. Protection of game is the order of the day. B. F. Cope, of West Gallatin, recently shot an elk, and was fined \$50 and costs (about \$80 in all), according to the provisions of the game law. I do hope Congress will pass a law to protect our buffalo and other large game, now being slaughtered by wholesale. It is reported that one man on our border killed 2,000 buffalo this winter for their hides only. At that rate how long can it last?
HELENA

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN MARCH.
Hares, brown and gray. Wild duck, geese, brant, etc.

FOR FLORIDA.
Deer, Wild Turkey, Woodcock, Quail, Snipe, Ducks, and Wild Fowl. "Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sand piper, snipe, curlew, oyster-catcher, snipe birds, phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Limicola* or Shore Birds.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

COOT SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

TAKING it for granted that many of your readers have never enjoyed the above sport, perhaps a few lines descriptive and to the point may not prove uninteresting.

Of all duck shooting, either inland or on the seacoast, coot shooting is perhaps the most difficult and hazardous. In the first place one has to get to a boat, invariably, although I have killed them from a blind on the South Bay over decoys; but, generally speaking, they can only be killed "in the right fashion," over deep water. At least fifteen men ought to constitute the party (the more the merrier), and they ought to be equipped with suitable duck-boats, not the huge row-boats one sees so often, and enough actually to frighten the silliest coot that ever flew, but good, strong, low duck-boats, decked clean to the cockpit, and able to ride a heavy sea. Thus provided, and with at least 150 feet of strong light rope and a neat lead weight for an anchor, the gunner need never despair of not keeping his place in line. Often and often have I seen a glorious day's sport utterly ruined by not regarding these simple rules—a good boat and plenty of anchor line. Verily, *Veritas* is the key.

Supposing, therefore, that our party of noble "coot-ists" have reached the waters where they intend to form their line, they proceed to draw lots for positions. Sometimes this is done before they leave the shore, but the arrival of one or more outsiders necessitates going over the lottery business again. (I would mention here that the center of the line is considered the best generally.) The line is formed off some convenient mark, such as a point of rocks, and the boats are stationed about fifty or sixty yards apart; any nearer together is positively dangerous. In fact, I never hesitate to keep a good clear space of water between my neighbor and myself, especially if I notice that he is green at the work; he might get excited when the birds were flying about him; and a charge of No. 3 shot at fifty yards I do not fancy personally, do you?

Well, our line is at last formed. I can just make out the nearest boats in the gloom, as their occupants are busy arranging themselves comfortably before the day breaks. We ride gently on the long swells, it almost puts us to sleep, the gentle, lazy motion, when "Boom! Boom!" goes a heavy gun to the southward. In an instant every man is watching keenly for the birds. A

light rosy tint in the east proclaims the approach of day, and we watch the mists rolling away over the water. "Mark e-a-s-t" echoes along the line. A pair of "old white wings" are coming swiftly along in their feeding grounds, when suddenly catching sight of the boats, they endeavor to cross higher up in the air. A sharp report, and one whirls over into the water. The other, swiftly turning at the sound, skims down the line and falls a victim, as he tries to cross. "Mark east!" again rings out. This time a large flock is seen. In a moment, several splash into the water under our fire; while the rest, utterly panic-stricken, cross and recross the fatal line. The fun has commenced in earnest. Almost constantly a rattling volley is kept up along the whole stretch of boats. The birds are flying thick and fast, and you can see the young "Mark" birds. Sometimes the birds seem possessed by the evil genius of the hunter, and frequently the lucky man, who happens to be stationed there has the cream of the shooting. Often the birds are wild and will turn deliberately around when approaching, especially so when they have been shot at a good deal during the season. Occasionally a pair of old loons will come swinging along to vary the monotony, but one has to have a choke-bore of the first quality to shoot these fast birds. I have always considered them unbound and double-riveted, and will never think otherwise.

Broadbill and old-wives sometimes cross the line, but the former are too shy generally. The shooting does not last long as a rule—say from sunrise until 9 o'clock, when it is over until 4 P.M. From that time until dark very good shooting may be had, but the morning's work is always the best. I am speaking now of Long Island Sound especially. In other localities the time to kill them best may of course be different. It is famous sport for those that love duck shooting indeed, as it requires a deal of cool judgment and the right kind of nerves to stop those white wings as they cleave the frosty air. Take my advice, those who desire a day on the "line." Use a choke-bore of not less than nine pounds weight, and with plenty of good powder and chilled shot you will not regret your venture.

BLUE BILL.

BEACH SHOOTING ON JESSUP'S NECK.

THE day was beginning to dawn on the 22d of last October as the Long Island Forester Club, represented by five as agent sportsmen as ever drew bead on a duck, landed at Sag Harbor, a village which might be compared in somnolence with the one rendered more celebrated by the pen of Washington Irving. It has been the custom of the L. I. F. C. to make an annual excursion to these hunting grounds about this time of the last four or five years, and were not surprised to see a wagon awaiting us, and into which guns, baggage and ammunition were piled sufficient to stock an arsenal.

A four-mile drive through cedar woods brought us at last to one of the prettiest and most sequestered hamlets on Long Island, named from an Indian tribe which once dwelt here, Noyac or Noeg (though it is believed that the former is the true etymology, and this is now known by the former name). It lies nestled close by a forest which extends seven miles back to Bridgehampton, fronting Noyac Bay, and commands a beautiful view of Long Island Sound, Peconic Bay and the sandy hills of Shelter Island.

After breakfast we strolled around the vicinity, visiting the former friends of the club. The time passed pleasantly, listening to the old gossip or some thrilling sea yarn spun by an old whaler.

When we awoke early the following morning the moon, which had been shining brightly early in the evening, had gone down, leaving the place shrouded in inky darkness, and the wind howling around the house with almost winter fierceness caused many wistful glances to be cast at the warm beds we had just left.

But the expectations of a great bag which we hoped to make us shake off these feelings, and a good many thrilling parties of hot coffee and rolls, after which, shouldering our guns, we stumbled out on the dark road en route for our destination—Jessup's Neck.

A twenty minutes' walk brought us to the neck. This singular formation of land consists of a low sandy peninsula, one hundred feet in width, extending out into the sound about a mile and terminating in a promontory perhaps eighty feet in height, and named Peconic Bay from Noyac Bay. Having collected firing gear, we make a circular blind about one hundred yards apart, high enough to screen us from the keen eyes of the ducks, and lying inside these cramped quarters we patiently await the breaking of day.

The distant gull in this early light, in his search for food, appears to be magnified to the size of an eagle. Soon the sun appears creeping above the horizon, and reflecting on water and clouds the most brilliant and beautiful colors I have ever seen. A glance along the entire beach reveals nothing but heaps of sea grass, whose tops rustle in the keen blasts which sweep over them. Suddenly a cry is faintly brought to our ears of "Down eastward!" and peeping just over my blind in that direction I can perceive up against the sky a bunch of ducks. They are rapidly nearing us, and we anxiously, breathlessly, watch their course. They are now over one of our blinds. They veer northwesterly and cross over Lon Edwards' stand (one of the L. I. F. C.'s best shots) at lightning speed, their wings going so fast they resemble the spokes of a wheel in rapid motion. A puff of smoke issues up from the blind, and a duck, suddenly arrested in its tremendous velocity of flight, leaves the flock and falls heavily to the ground. It proves to be a coot, of the swiftest of ducks, whose flight is computed to be from sixty to ninety miles an hour.

Now a flock of sheldrakes appear in front, going across the beach. They pass in front of my cover; the gun follows their line of flight a moment and is discharged, but still they keep on their course for two or three hundred yards, and I am chagrined to think I missed what seemed so fair a shot; but suddenly one flutters his wings in a desperate effort to keep up with the rest, but in vain. A great million plunge follows as the water of the bay closes over it.

A small number of ducks are lost here in this manner. Sometimes at the turn of the tide they drift ashore and are picked up next day; but more frequently they either sink, and in their death struggles grasp hold of some marine plants and never come to the surface, or

else are carried out into the sound. One of the most difficult things in duck shooting to a novice is to be able to judge when a duck is within killing distance; also considerable address is required so to aim as to give them the coup de grace before they could pass over this narrow strip of land, and requires one who is truly a dead shot.

But to return to our mutton—the ducks. The fusillade was general from the end of the beach to the mainland. Occasionally a flock will fly along against the entire peninsula receiving a whole broadside of shot, and then pass on leaving their number somewhat decimated. Toward 11 o'clock the flights slacken, and by 12 the sport is over for that day.

The club returned to New York, bearing as their trophy of the morning's shoot twelve coots, six broadbills and five whistlers—a small bag comparatively, but well earned by long and difficult shots.

HARRY HUNTER.

MY FIRST SHOOTING ON AU SABLE FLATS.

IT was in the year 1865, before the Canada company had any thoughts of draining the vast country near the bend of the Au Sable River, that myself and a friend posed going to the marshes for a few days for ducks, which then were to be found in countless numbers in that section. There were not many shooters who were familiar with this ground then, so that we had some fine sport over a ground that was almost a preserve. The Au Sable, I may say, is not the stream of that name known to most of our sporting brethren in the State of Michigan, but one that rises somewhere in the interior of the western peninsula of Ontario, and flows into Lake Huron near a small village known as Port Franks. Before reaching the lake the river winds in a tortuous course to almost every point of the compass, and one of these bends, encircling many hundreds of acres of marsh, is known to all sportsmen who go there as the Devil's Elbow. In the bend of the elbow there were in olden times two lakes known as Lakes George and Burwell, of considerable area, shallow, and partially grown up with rice and other water plants, making one of the best duck grounds for its size in Canada. The lakes were from one to five miles wide and about seven miles in length, with an average depth of say six feet. Some distance below the bend of the river some obstruction existed, which caused the river to overflow the little banks it had, and flood thousands of acres of the adjacent low land. This obstruction was a bar, like the lakes, was grown up with water plants, and in stormy weather was a secure haven for ducks that had been driven in off Lake Huron and the other two lakes by heavy seas and winds. For many years not more than a dozen sportsmen visited this El Dorado in a season; thus, as I said before, it was almost a preserve. So much for our ground.

We started from Stratford, and took with us all our provisions, blankets, etc., sufficient for a trip of ten days, although we found out afterward that we did not require them, as we got lodgings at the house of a French-Canadian by the name of Varey, about two miles from the shooting-ground. This man was one of those who had settled in that place, and contrived to eke out a miserable existence by shooting ducks, fishing, trapping and taking in sportsmen in the fall for the fall for sport—not, reader, "taking them in," as that term is generally understood, for he was one of the fairest men in his charges I ever saw.

My armament consisted of a single-barrel gun, somewhat noted about Stratford, and a double gun borrowed from Joe Turner, of happy memory, and a good weapon by his metal. My stock of ammunition might have served a company of regulars for a week in war time, so extensive was it, and it is needless to remark that most of it came home again.

We arrived at our ground in the evening, after a drive of sixteen miles over a rough road from the railroad station, and after a good supper got things in order for a terrific onslaught on ducks next morning. During the night Jack was taken ill, and after our ducks had had his or too heavy to carry, while no twenty men in the country ever shot so many ducks in a whole trip as I did in this first night of my first duck shooting excursion. We were up long before daylight, and while breakfast was fixing equipped ourselves giving our boots one more coat of waterproof and arranging sundry other little details. These and the good breakfast being disposed of, we started in the forenoon, and the first belonging to Varey, taking turns at pulling to keep warm. Arrived there, it did not take long to run the boat into the cover of the rushes, and very soon the fun began. With daylight the ducks flew, and up to that time I had never seen so many in my life. What wonder, then, that fever (whether "buck" or "duck" I know not) took me, but the flight was passed for that day before my nerves got cool and down again for me to shoot with any success. However, I soon made up for lost time, and during the remainder of our stay, gave a good account of myself.

We were five days on the ground; but after the second, the weather got so fine that the ducks only came in to feed at night, and went out in the lakes, where it was impossible to get them in the daytime. After waiting three days more in hopes of a change, but without securing, we packed up, gave a boy for our team, and returned once more to civilized life, after five days of rest and two of good sport. Our bag, when divided, gave us forty-five, nearly all mallards, so our time was not lost. The expense of the trip only amounted to \$15.

Thus it was not ruinous and well repaid itself, and I may say, although I have been duck-shooting many times since, that this was the only trip I ever had in my life where the receipts exceeded the expenditure.

This fine shooting ground is now only a shadow of what it formerly was, as the Canada company cut a canal from the lakes to the river, about a mile from its mouth, and partially drained them out. Instead of being covered with water and rice, it is now a vast bog, impassable in many places, and during spring and fall one of the best snipe grounds in Canada, especially in fall after a dry summer. With the rice the ducks departed also, and now not one is shot where as many hundred could be killed fifteen years ago. I have been there nearly every year, but it is only to see the glory surely waning, and instead of ducks, employ my summer holiday in catching black bass, of which more at another time.

AU SABLE.

ADIRONDACK DEER HUNTING.—*Moira, N. Y., March 16th.*—I think the deer the coming season will be plenty in the Adirondacks, for there has not been snow enough during the winter for crusting or killing them in yards, as is generally done in winter when the snows are deep. They also will come out in good order, the weather has been so mild, and they could get at their food easily. I have not heard of any being killed during the past winter which is the first one that I have not for many years.

ANDREW JACK.

NEW JERSEY.—*Ocean County, March 31st.*—Shooting has been poor. Ducks are plenty, but hard to get at, as they will not stoop. The flight has already commenced, and thousands are arriving and leaving daily. Wilson's snipe are here, but are very scattering. I have seen and shot a few this week, but the strong easterly winds nearly all the month have kept the tide so high that walking on the meadows is very difficult. We shall have plenty of good sport the first warm days that come.

S. K., JR.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Applebachville, March 22d.*—I and Mr. Townsend of Philadelphia were down around "Tinkers Island" the 8th of this month. We met with poor success. It was stormy nearly all the time, and the ducks were very wild. All we shot were over stool-ducks. Snipe do not seem to come very thick. I was down in the Big Meadows last Saturday and started two snipe. I think it is most too early for them, but I hope in a week or two they will be plenty. There is any quantity of quails and rabbits left from the winter. I hope by next fall we will meet with good success. Pheasants are very scarce.

S. T. L.

VIRGINIA NOTES.—*Bedford County, Va., March 12th.*—This is a dead time of year in these parts as regards sporting matters, unless one can dignify the annual flights of robins by classing their migrations under that head. For want of more interesting matter we may state that these birds have arrived in unusually large numbers this spring, and the heart of the single barreled schoolboy has waxed extra joyful at their abundance, and the danger to the woods and fields around them in the vicinity of the hood of grass lots around towns and other such localities dear to robins and their youthful pursuers is proportionately increased. The winter in the mountains has been specially favorable to the young trout, and we may hope when the season opens—April 1st—to have better luck than last year.

I hear that black bass are being caught in great quantities over down the Staunton (Roanoke) river, a fact before known. I visited Captain McMurdo's kennels last week and found that gentleman busy at work upon some very fine young dogs, representatives of the canine aristocracy of diverse sections of the Union.

The whistle of the steam-engine is at last to awaken the echoes of the James River Valley, that hitherto have responded only to the music of the boatmen's horns, and the epidemic of bass fishing at the head of the river in the course of a year or two be more easily reached than now.

RINGWOOD.

DUCK AND GOOSE SHOOTING AT GOOD GROUND, L. I.—*Providence, R. I., March 19th.*—Myself and companion, Mr. P., of Providence, arrived at Lane's, Good Ground, L. I., on the evening of March 15th. Found Mr. L. and Mr. S., of New York, and Mr. P., of Hartford, all fine sportsmen, waiting for a flight of geese. Wednesday dawned cold, cloudy and windy, and as Lane said, "a poor prospect for geese." Messrs. D. and S. started early for ducks, and the rest of us, four in number, took the boxes for geese. After the stools were well set out and the boxes emptied of water and sand, the party helped themselves to boxes and waited for the game. They soon how in sight (a bunch of eight), and settled among the stools. We secured only three of that bunch, owing partly to a miss fire from Mr. P.'s gun and the poor shooting of your correspondent. We waited a long time before another set was in sight, and when they did come they were very shy and settled a long way off; and after half an hour of skillful work of the boat, with St., at the helm, Lane thought it best to "give it to 'em," although a long way off. Eight shots rewarded us with seven as fine geese as ever fell in the bay, and soon after a black duck fell to Mr. P.'s gun, of Providence, at a very long shot, and was the last of the bag for that day. We were nearly chilled to the bone, and returned to the house through a severe snow squall. The luck, since then, I know not of.

J. H.

NEBRASKA DUCK SHOOTING.—*Omaha, March 16th.*—A party consisting of General Crook, Major Feney, J. S. Collins and J. W. Petty left to-day at 8 A.M. for a hunt about fourteen miles north of Omaha. They returned at 8 o'clock P.M. with the following bag, 476 ducks, red-heads mostly; 1 Canada goose and 1 trumpeter swan. The same party last spring, on the Platte River, thirty miles west of Omaha, bagged 131 geese, 10 ducks and 3 sandhill cranes. General Crook and J. S. Collins on last Friday, the 13th, killed and bagged 125 ducks in about two hours' shooting at the first named place.

If any of the sportsmen want some good sport this is the best place to come to. The fall shooting is much better than the spring. Parties wishing information will be favored with any reply by addressing Collins & Petty, Omaha.

M.

THE ST. MARY'S AND OKEEFEENOK.—Your recent notices of the St. Mary's River and the Okeefeeno, as "happy hunting grounds," have turned the attention of sportsmen already in that direction, and their experience, no doubt, will bring many more next year, when the folks of Okeefeeno will be better prepared than they were last week. Our party consisted of two Harvard men, one Long Islander, and our correspondent. As one of the party proposes a contribution on the subject, I will not steal his thunder, but cannot refrain from expressing our entire satisfaction at the trip up and down the St. Mary's River, which far exceeded our combined expectations, and we had all had pretty large "river experiences," from our trip up and down the St. Mary's affords perfect "batute" for alligator-shooting. Our rides and shot-guns were in constant requisition; we did not keep count on the trip, but on the down, fifteen fell to our fire. The Captain and Engineer of the *Flora* are both first-class shots, and no doubt have first-rate practice on this beautiful river. Already the banks were ablaze with all kinds of flowering

The Colonel quotes the gist of a paragraph on picking a team. When he says, "He has seen said that such a team is not much of an individual shot, but he would give himself up to the coach and would make a good team man."

If you will review the scores made in the Long-range Tournament held at Creedmoor last fall, you will find that the leading men made on the first two days 3,235 points (within 9 of the best team score on record), and the Tournament was purely an individual match. Another Tournament shot in connection with the Spring Meeting (and I have many letters urging me to propose it), was for five days in one week, say, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with daily and aggregate prizes, would secure the attendance at Creedmoor of all the long-range men, and the first twelve could be taken, out of which to select a team. This would secure the best individual shooters, and as Col. Clark says, would try marksmanship instead of system and rifles. So much is left to us in manhood to offer as a gallant challenge, and does not bear the appearance of a concession. Let them shoot the match on the conditions of the Tournament, mixing the chances on the several targets, and as they would be obliged to stand at the firing point fifteen feet in advance of the line of scores, the crowd could see clearly who was shooting and make comparisons of individual rivals on the same target. Heretofore the people have been unable to see the shooters, but have had to be content with watching blackboards, at once uninteresting and usually monotonous.

EDWIN A. PERLEY.

New York, March 22d.—*Editor Forest and Stream*.—I think I can safely say that Colonel Clark, of Longhemp, can rest assured of the distinction of being the only long-range rifleman either here or abroad who would question the great utility and efficiency of the American team system, as practiced in all of the international contests except in the first in 1874. It is universally admitted that this was the strong feature of the American teams. If you asked any member of the foreign teams to account for their successive defeats they immediately attributed it to our superior team organization, and deplored the impossibility of introducing the same management in their teams, owing to their different local conditions. The belief that this American team management is a great obstacle to another international match can only be accounted for by supposing that should his views of individual effort be adopted the foreign team might think that Sampson had been shorn of his locks and would consequently fall an easy prey to the Philistines.

I think I know enough of Englishmen, Irishmen or Scots, to say they would not value a victory won under such conditions. There is ample opportunity to test individual merit in the preliminary contests for position on teams, and each member cannot fail to take rank as his merits deserve.

A rifle team depending on individual effort would stand no more chance of winning than a number of oarsmen in the same boat, each pulling his own stroke without regarding his companions, against a well-trained and coached crew. I apprehend that Colonel Clark does not as fully comprehend the working of this system as though he had passed the ordeal of one or two international matches with "very live" competitors. The American team system is based on the axiom that "the whole is greater than a part," and that "there is wisdom in council." Each member is guided by the results obtained by those who have preceded him, as also by the opinion of the "coach," after which he is at liberty to adjust his sights in accordance with his own judgment, which will be frequently more or less modified by the opinions of his associates. It seems that this is a sagacious and comparatively safe method by which to conduct a contest of this kind, and although future wars may lead to modifications and improvements on this plan, it is safe to say that its long features, which have been the envy of foreign rifleman, will be preserved. The Colonel's allusion to the results of the "Spirit of the Times" Match in comparison with match for Palma is in itself a complete refutation of his theories and opinions. If he is desirous of ascertaining who is the superior marksman, he should challenge for an individual match for the championship, in which he would be a redoubtable antagonist. I think such a match could be organized, and this would offer an opportunity for isolated individual effort, which would be much out of place in a team match.

LONG RANGE.

VERBETTER SIGHTS FOR HUNTING.—Chicago, March 18th.—*Editor Forest and Stream*.—I have no wish to enter into any argument with you in regard to the merits of the various rifles, but I can say about our respective opinions to revise them, can satisfy themselves in regard to their relative value. But I must again protest against being criticized by any one who only writes from memory of the impression my communications have upon him. "P." acknowledges that he has not my articles at hand to refer to, but he asserts unconditionally that his views "were commented upon unfavorably by several on this side the water, notably by Mr. Cleveland, who seemed to ridicule the idea of taking such a weapon into the field."

Now I have all my letters at hand, for I always preserve my published communications for reference if necessary, and it is fortunate, in this case, that I have done so. There is not, in any one of them, the slightest reference to "P." or his communications, and I have no recollection of ever having seen any of them till some one called my attention to his letter of July 20th, '78, in which he comments upon what I had said about the use of long-range rifles in the field.

"Of course no sportsman would think of taking the long-range target rifle, with its elaborate arrangement of sights, for the purpose of shooting game," and then went on with the remarks which have elicited so much comment from him. I should hardly have entered on the subject with such a sentence as the above, if I had known that an accomplished sportsman, as "P." evidently is, was actually using and advocating the use of such a gun. I only expressed my honest opinion, and am still not in the slightest surprised to find how greatly I was mistaken. But I shall never utter a word to prove that I was right, or to try to make presently to my side of the argument, but shall simply continue to travel and hunt with a rifle I can pack in a valise, and if ever "P." and I happen to meet, shall be happy to try a friendly match with him.

H. W. B. CLEVELAND.

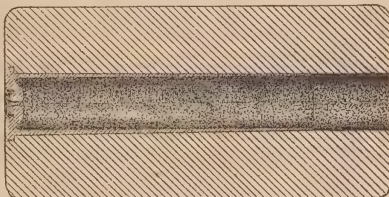
HUNTING RIFLES.—St. Louis, Mo., March 14th.—I am very glad to hear from our contributor "P." once more—I had begun to think he was lost, "sure." His details are what we (who wish to learn) want. Now as he is almost alone, as far as I can ascertain, in making a light bullet shoot accurately, will be kind enough to describe closely the bullet he uses. We know the weight and crifice already; but it is asked or feathered, smooth or cannelured, and of the make of the latter? And most of all, "how" does it bear upon the rifle? Is it the same .27grs. Express bullet that the Sharps Co. furnish? I would like to know his opinion of the new mid-range Sharps 30in. barrel, hammerless, 40x70 straight shell, and which can be chambered for a bottle-necked 90 to 100grs. shell, and take a 27grs. bullet? Would this gun be a good

one to take for a trip out in the mountains around Helena, Montana.

Not making a special business of hunting bear, would prefer the 7grs. shell, if it would be enough powder-charge. What loading tools are required? Does the mouth of the shell swell and require a reducer? A gentleman, late from the West, told me that many shoot a smooth bullet without a patch, which leads me to ask, if it is the bullet that is made for a paper patch by the Company, or a trifle larger to make up for the said paper patch? In regard to the Maynard, I am of the opinion that the conical bullet referred to, with the 40grs. of powder, the weight would be 300grs. proportion of 71.

HUNTING RIFLE.

SWAGING EVERLASTING SHELLS.—I have experienced the same difficulty with shells that Texas complains of, and having overcome it, send you a sketch of swager. My rifle was sent to the factory for some slight alteration, and while there had the old chamber cut out and a steel bushing put in. On trying my old shells they were all found to be too tight, and even new ones



would stick after a few discharges. I got a piece of machine steel drilled with a 7-16 drill, and sent it to the factory to be chambered with the standard taper, but left a trifle smaller than the gun. It was very nicely done, and in a very short time every shell was reduced and they have given no trouble since. One point in reducing them is to give the shells a good coat of grease, which acts as a liner between shell and chamber, and moreover affords a means of regulating the degree of contraction, so that if the shell be found still too large, it may be further reduced by the use of more grease.

It will often happen that the shell shows a bright zone of contact, and if the position of this ring corresponds on all of the tight shells, it would seem to indicate that the chamber was slightly crooked at that point, or that there was a high place behind it. In such case the chamber may be eased by putting a paste of flour emery, or crocus powder and oil on the bright part of shell, and then grinding out. The shell can be turned by making a hole in the base, cleaning internally with hot chloride of zinc, then inserting a stout, clean, brass wire and filing the shell with melted solder.

A. W. G.

Altoona, Pa.

Yachting and Canoeing.

CONSTITUTION OF THE N. Y. A.

ARTICLE I.—This association shall be called the National Yachting Association of the United States.

ARTICLE II.—The objects of this association shall be the advancement and improvement of yachting.

ARTICLE III.—The association shall consist of clubs, duly organized, who are engaged in promoting the purposes of the association.

ARTICLE IV.—The management of this association shall be entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of twelve members, elected by the delegates from among their number, no two of whom shall be from the same club, of whom three members shall be elected each year, to serve for a term of three years, except at the first election; when four members shall be elected for one year, four for two years, and four for three years. Members of this committee shall continue in office, in case of a failure of election, until their successors are duly chosen. This committee shall from among their number elect a President and Treasurer, who shall serve for a term of one year, and choose a Secretary from among the members of some club belonging to the association. The Treasurer shall give bonds in the sum of \$2,000, for the faithful performance of his duties unto the Executive Committee. The committee shall hold and have custody of all the property of the association, in trust for the clubs composing the same.

ARTICLE V.—Vacancies in the Executive Committee occurring between the annual meetings, shall be filled by the committee until the next annual meeting, when the vacancy shall be filled by an election of a new member to serve the unexpired term.

ARTICLE VI.—No person not a member of some club belonging to the association, shall be eligible to any office or representation from any club.

ARTICLE VII.—The annual meeting of this association shall be held on the second Wednesday in February of each year. Special meetings may be called by the Executive Committee, and shall be called on the written request of the delegates of five clubs, that are members of the association. Thirty days' notice of such special meeting, at least, shall be given.

ARTICLE VIII.—The election of members of the Executive Committee shall be conducted by means of blank balloting paper, to be sent to the delegates of each club, enrolled in the association, at least thirty days before the annual meeting. These ballots being returned to the Secretary duly filled out, shall be counted by a committee appointed for the purpose at the annual meeting, in open meeting and the result then declared upon the plurality of such ballots for the candidates.

ARTICLE IX.—Each club shall have but one vote in any election, or upon any question, either in the annual or special meetings.

ARTICLE X.—New clubs shall be elected members of this association by means of balloting papers to be forwarded to the delegates of each club, upon a recommendation of two thirds of the Executive Committee, and if upon the return of such ballots duly filled out to the Executive Committee, such new club or clubs shall appear to have been elected by a majority of all the clubs, the Executive Committee shall declare such election and give the newly elected club notice thereof.

ARTICLE XI.—The annual membership dues of each club to this association shall be the sum of fifteen dollars, due on the last day of January in each year, except the first annual dues upon joining or forming this association, which shall be then due.

ARTICLE XII.—Any violation of the rules of the association, by any club which is a member, shall render such club liable to suspension by the Executive Committee until the next annual meet-

ing of the association, and to expulsion by a two-third vote of the clubs represented at such meetings.

ARTICLE XIII.—It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to hear all questions presented to them, to frame rules and to determine and settle all questions and disputes relating to yacht racing or yachting which may be referred to them for decision, and further the committee shall take such other steps as they shall consider necessary or expedient to carry into effect the objects of the association.

ARTICLE XIV.—The Executive Committee shall submit the sailing rules, etc., to the meeting of the association, and all alterations shall be made by the committee, in rules which have been approved by the association, except by a vote at the annual meeting of the association. Notice of any proposed alteration of the rules shall be given to the Secretary, and by him to each club in the association at least two months before the annual meeting, at which the same is to be presented for action.

ARTICLE XV.—No addition, alteration or amendment shall be made to this constitution at any meeting, except by a two-thirds vote of the clubs represented. At least three months' previous notice of any such proposed change must be given to the Secretary and by him due notice given at once to each club belonging to the association.

Since the above has been printed, the following clubs have joined the Convention by appointing delegates: Southern Yacht Club, of New Orleans, La.; Pavonia Yacht Club, of Jersey City, N. J.; and twenty regularly organized yacht clubs are now participating in the formation of the National Yachting Association of the United States.

The following special request has been sent to all clubs:—

"In order to keep this movement properly moving along, with as little loss of time as possible, it is hoped that all yacht clubs favoring the idea of a national yachting association will adopt this constitution at their first meeting after its receipt, to afford a basis on which to start, and rules for the guidance of the delegates: It will be apparent to all, that this is the first necessary step, and as so many different ideas may pass on this constitution, and so far apart from each other, we hope that any amendments submitted to it will be made a separate matter, and the constitution, simple as it is, be adopted and accepted without any present alteration, as that would oblige our sending the particular alteration to every other club for adoption before it would become binding, and we would never be able to have a constitution. Blank balloting papers will be sent to your delegates to be filled out as their choice for members of the Executive Committee, and a return as early as possible is respectfully requested."

Address all business to Mr. John Frick, Secretary of the Convention, P. O. box 2,070, New York.

THE N. Y. A.

The following letter shows that the N. Y. A. is rapidly extending. We have favorable reports from the East as well. This makes the third club which has joined since the Convention:—

PHILADELPHIA, March 15th, 1880.

John Frick, Esq.

DEAR SIR:—Your communication, relating to the National Yachting Association, reached us in good time, and at the meeting held March 14th was adopted, and Commodore A. E. Bancroft, Vice-Commodore Chas. H. Magee, and Robert Adams were appointed delegates. They will present their credentials at the proper time.

Yours, CHAS. S. SALIS.

Secretary Quaker City Yacht Club, 233 N. Third street, Phila.

MEASUREMENT.

BOSTON, March 10th.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

In relation to the proposed new rule of yacht measurement which you have advocated so ably in your columns, i. e., the use of the three factors of length, beam and depth, one fact seems to have escaped notice. This is, that it is a practical return to the system originally adopted by the English Government, and our own for tonnage measurement, and which was only changed because an arbitrary form of stating the formula enabled marine architects to construct vessels which should evade its intent.

The rule of the English Yacht Racing Association is substantially the same as this old formula. It is the length being found by specified means; to take that length, multiply it by the breadth, then multiply the product by half the breadth and divide by ninety-four. Now why multiply by half the breadth? The answer is, because when that rule was originally adopted, vessels were almost universally built with a depth of one-half their length. This one-half the beam was therefore used, as a historical fact, to represent the depth, and it practically was the multiplication of the product of the length and breadth by the depth. So long as this was the general construction of vessels, the rule worked well. When, however, builders began to construct them of less or greater depth than one-half the breadth, the rule or formula began to work partially to such constructions as had an increased depth. What you propose to do therefore, and what the Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron has done, is merely to alter the wording of this ancient, tried and known formula so that it shall apply as equitably to all classes of model as it formerly did to the class of vessels for which it was devised. You put the word "depth" in place of the words "half the breadth," which were intended to mean depth, and did, in fact, so mean. The question to be considered is, whether such an amendment, restoring the ancient meaning and effect of the rule, is not rather worthy of adoption. Let us hear from the objectors to such a course. Let them give some good reason why it would not work fairly in practice, and develop the best type of yacht. I have before me a recent letter of Hon. F. C. Sumner, Rear Commodore and Secretary of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron and member of the Yacht Racing Association, in which he says of this rule you propose: "The advantage of the rule is that it leaves a builder unfettered, and he may build deep and narrow, or beamy and shallow, or moderately deep and of moderate breadth, and work very well in practice, and to enable different types to be judged on a fair basis. The yachts built under the rule have a good proportion of beam to length and a sufficient depth to render unnecessary recourse to the abomination of shifting ballast, which is strictly prohibited." This letter was written to the Secretary of the National Yachting Association Convention officially, and demonstrates the value of that organization in collecting evidence upon this subject, if nothing more. I notice some correspondence said, in your columns, to object to joining the National Yachting Association because it indorses shifting ballast. Such an idea is as incorrect as it is unjust. No such indorsement has been made. When it is done it will be time to object on account of it. I believe the National Yachting Association will not indorse anything fatal to good seamanship, and your correspondent may safely calm his fears and join. The Association is bound to be a success, nay it is a success if he does not, and it will

—A New Haven paper contains an advertisement calling for "a well-trained 'cat-dog,' one that is kindly disposed to the human family, but has a decided antipathy to cats and favors their complete annihilation. For such a dog a reasonable price will be paid. Address, naming breed and price, 'D,' box 892."

—One Staten Island dog whipped another Staten Island dog the other day, and the owner of the whipped dog sued the owner of the whipping dog for damages. It was decided to introduce the two combatants in evidence, and the belligerent brutes were accordingly brought into court. While the Justice was scrutinizing their respective points they broke loose, and within about two seconds that court-room was an apparent dog-pit. The dogs dashed and leaped and sprawled about, the lawyers and spectators climbed up on to the tables, a stampede ensued, and finally the dogs were parted, while their owners were ordered to pack off and settle their differences elsewhere.

New Advertisements.

SPORTSMAN'S RESORT & SUMMER BOARDING-HOUSE.

TWENTY miles of good trout streams; easy access from house; good place for dog and gun in season. References given. ISAAC M. BRADLEY, Eldred, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

RICHARD DAFT

(CAPTAIN OF ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN).

CRICKETING, Foot Ball and Lawn Tennis outfit to the Army and Navy, begs to inform Secretaries of Clubs, Colleges and Schools, that his new and enlarged illustrated Price List for season 1890 is now ready, and will be sent post-free upon application. Address RICHARD DAFT, No. 1 Lister Gate, Nottingham, England.

To Agents: Goods can also be had from Mr. A. J. REACH, Philadelphia, Pa.



Horsman's Archery

Is Indorsed and Highly Recommended by

Hon. Maurice Thompson, Father of Archery this country; Will H. Thompson, Esq., Champion Archer of the United States; Henry G. Carver, Esq., President of the National Archery Association; A. S. Brownell, Esq., President of the Eastern Archery Association; and other leading Archers.

Special attention is called to my SPANISH YEW-BACKED BOWS and footed peacock feathered Arrows.

Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue of Archery and Lawn Tennis.

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KEEP'S SHIRTS
ARE THE VERY BEST.

KEEP'S PATENT FAIRLY MADE SHIRTS, only plain seams to finish. 6 for \$7.
KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS, very best, MADE TO MEASURE, 6 for \$10. Fit guaranteed.
An elegant set of extra heavy gold-plated buttons presented to purchasers of six shirts.

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the very best, plain or embroidered. \$1.10 per pair.

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BEST GINGHAM, Patent Protected Ribs, \$1 each. Warranted. Fifty per cent stronger than any other umbrella.
REGINA AND TWILLED SILK UMBRELLAS.

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for spring and summer wear, 60c., 60c., 75c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50. Very best.

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Shirts only delivered free.
Merchants will be furnished with trade circulars on application, as we furnish the trade on the most favorable terms.
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KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
631, 635, 635 & 637 Broadway, New York.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLET & CO., 4, Main St.

MacINTOSH WATERPROOF GOODS.

In ordering Stock or Pants please state the Size--you can easily obtain it from your Shoemaker-- of the Boot or Shoe you are accustomed to wear.

The quality of these goods is so well and widely known as to require no comment. It is not only unequalled, but also unapproached by that of any similar manufacture in the world. By a special arrangement with the Messrs. MacIntosh, we are enabled to place their goods in the hands of Sportsmen at prices which will certainly drive all inferior makes out of the market.

Stockings, full length of leg, any sized foot, per pair, \$8 00
Pants, reaching nearly to the armpit, 14 00
Heavy flax ground sheets, weight 6-12 lbs.; size 71-2x41-2 ft. each, 8 00

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H. L. LEONARD'S
CELEBRATED
SPLIT BAMBOO RODS.

With Patent Water-proof and Patent Split Ferules, the former protecting the wood from moisture and the latter making it IMPOSSIBLE FOR THESE RODS TO BREAK AT THE FERULE.

Trout and Bass Fly, - - - \$25
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(With Reel Plate \$5.00 additional).

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I. B. CROOK & CO.,

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

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ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,
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THE SOLE AGENTS,
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SKUNK, RED FOX, COON, MUSKRAT
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BOUGHT FOR CASH
At the highest market prices.
Send for circular with full particulars.
E. C. BAUGHTON,
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AUDUBON'S BIRDS.

ANY GENTLEMAN having a set of Audubon's A birds, half size, in good order, which he would like to sell for \$75, will please address at this office. -an 29-1f.

OWLS WANTED.

50 cts. each paid for the dead birds delivered in good condition at my address. W. J. KNOWLTON, 188 Tremont st., Boston, Mass. Feb12-2m.

WANTED—Berth on a small sloop yacht for the coming season; competent to overhaul and take complete charge. Address CAPTAIN TOM, care Forest and Stream Office. March25-1f

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DUCK SHOOTING.—35,000 acres of beautiful marsh on the Detroit River, four hours from Detroit by steamer. A share in above for sale. Apply to G. MACDONALD, 32 Wall street, New York. Mar15-3f

FOR SALE—A high-sided, very able and fast sloop yacht, built by Lennox, two years old, 35 by 13, drawing 3 1/2 feet. Owner cruised along coast all last summer with safety. Cabin roomy; is sound and strong in all respects, so that owner, if desired, will give legal warranty to be as represented. Cabin nicely furnished. Price \$1500. Inquire at 56 BROADWAY, Room 1. If desired, a good man to take charge. Mar25-4f

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CHARLES LINCOLN,

Superintendent.

mar25-5t

NOTICE.—A DOG TRAINER.—The undersigned, now prepared to take a limited number of dogs for thorough handling and breaking, respectfully offers the following well-known gentlemen as references: Mr. F. Schuchardt, 62 William street, New York; Mr. M. R. Dennis, Newark, N. J.; Dr. W. S. Webb, 48 Wall street, New York; Mr. Chas. Heath, Newark, N. J., and Mr. Edward Leverich, 111 Reade street, New York. For particulars and prices apply to Mar25-1f. T. E. SMITH, Stockholm, N. J.

Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,

New York, January 1st, 1880.

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Having removed our kennels from Delaware City to this far-superior game district, where we have every facility for training in breeding, bounding and exercising on land and water, we invite inquiry. Inclose stamp. Price low. Terms easy. E. & C. VON CULIN, P. O. Box 218, Dover, Del.

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DOGS:

St. Bernard dog "Marco," rough coated, two years old; a magnificent animal—Rev. J. Cunningham Macdonald's stock—second prizes Hanover Show and Rochester.
New Foundland dog "Keeper," four years old; first prize Westminster Kennel Show, 1879.
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Blue Belton setter, "Decimal Dash," eighteen months old; sired by Llewellyn's celebrated "Dash"—a magnificent stud dog—never exhibited.
Irish setter, "Ilover II," pure red; son of Macdonald's champion "Rover." Never exhibited.
English setter, "Ranger II," a pure bred Laverack, son of Macdonald's celebrated "Ranger." His grand sire at Hanover and Paris shows, and second prize in Eastern Field Trials.
Stud fee, \$25.00.

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The get of the following thoroughbred Bitches.

St. Bernard "Braunfels," rough coated, out of Prince St. Bernard's celebrated stock; a magnificent bitch, in whelp to "Marco," 1st prize in Hanover and Rochester show.
Pointer "Queen," liver and white, 1st Westminster Kennel Show 1878, in whelp to "Croxeth." Gordon setter "Beauty," 1st Boston Show 1878, 2nd New York Show 1878.
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Blue Belton setter "Sik."
Irish Setter "Moyna," out of Col. Hilliard's "Palmerston," in whelp to Rover II.
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Pups can be secured, by an early application. Besides I offer for sale pointers and setters of minor quality, but of good thoroughbred stock; full pedigrees. Also, several puppies of champion "Queen," by champion "Sensation."
Having engaged the services of Macdonald's renowned field trial breaker I am prepared to book orders for thoroughly broken dogs, deliverable, autumn, 1880. Particulars will be furnished on application to A. E. GODFREY, Guyard, Orange Co., N. Y.

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Rush is lemon and white, and winner at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Louisville Shows. He is an excellent field dog; fine nose, fast, stylish and staunch. For full particulars, pedigree and field qualities address
EDMUND ORGILL,
1,093 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mar 25-18

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National American

Kennel Club.

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THE first American Field Trial Derby will be run under the National American Kennel Club Rules, about the third week in November, 1880, time and place to be hereafter announced, for setter and pointer puppies whelped on or after APRIL 1st, 1879.

First Prize, \$100; Second, \$100; Third, \$50. Entries, Five Dollars each, to be paid at time of entry; Ten Dollars additional each for starters, to be paid before starting.

Entries, giving full particulars as to color, marking, sex, pedigree and name, may be made on or before APRIL 1st, 1880, to the Secretary of the National American Kennel Club. Any number of dogs, the property of one owner, can run for this stake. The names and pedigree of all the puppies entered will be sent to all the sportsmen's papers for publication. The forfeit money to be added to the stake and divided between the winning dogs in the same ratio or proportion as the stake is divided.

ENTRIES CLOSE APRIL 1st, 1880.
For blank forms of entry apply to
CHARLES DE RONCE,
Secretary N. A. K. C.
(P. O. Box 994) No. 51 Broad St., N. Y. City.
Feb. 18, 1880

The Kennel.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

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THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.
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Both the above are recommended by ROX AND GUY'S FOREST AND STREAM.

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WANTED—I want to have two or three valuable setter and pointer puppies thoroughly broken and trained on quail, woodcock and snipe by an experienced man who lives where this kind of game is plenty. Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, southern New Jersey and Ohio preferred. Address with full particulars, including price, references, &c.,
Mar 4-18 J. H. C. Forest and Stream office.

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Llewellyn setter, Rattler, in the stud. Rattler is a handsome blue belton, which points, winner of four bench prizes; sire, Rob Roy, by Laverack's 1st out of Slatter's Phoebe, founder of the field trial strain, winner of five English field trials, out of pure Laverack imported bitch Pickles; she by Llewellyn's Prince, winner of two firsts and three championships, out of Llewellyn's Lill II.; no better blood in America! Will serve bitches at \$15. Litters warranted. I am breeding to Rattler the following bitches: Mel, a beautiful blue belton, black points, sire Jack, dam Spot, winner of first and second specials at Detroit, Mich., 1879, also first at Boston 1879 in native classes; Fly, a very fine round belton bitch, sire Spot, dam Imported Fannie; Fat, orange and white, out of Belle, by Royal George. Puppies bred from above, fine stock, for sale cheap. Address, with stamp, L. F. WHITMAN, Detroit, Mich. Dec 11-18

IN THE STUD—The pure Laverack dog

Prize, by Pride of the Border x Petrel. The only pure Laverack in New England. Fee, \$50. Address H. F. DEANE, Box 1,824, Boston, Mass. Sept 4-18

FOR SALE—Pure red Irish setter

1000 pup, ten months old, for \$15. J. ROY, Fort Washington, O. Mar 1-18

FOR SALE.

250,000 BROOK TROUT FRY.
At reasonable rates. Address for prices to
J. B. & F. N. EDDY,
Randolph, Cattaugus County, N. Y.

The Kennel.

MICKE'S
Never Failing Dog Distemper Cure
and Flea Destroyer.
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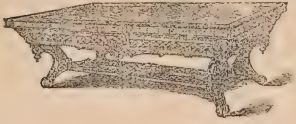
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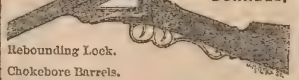
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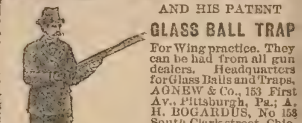
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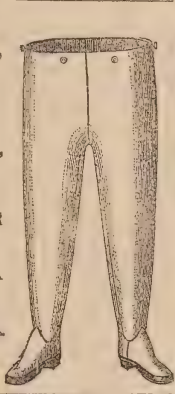
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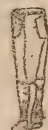
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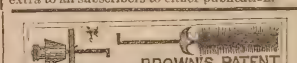
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A Day's Trout Fishing in Ireland.

PICTURE to yourselves, O long-fleeced and much-enduring victims of American hackmen, the face of one of these unsurpassed extortionists, on being handed 12 cents for the conveyance of yourself and baggage on a dark night the distance of one mile into the country from a railway station in the respectable time of 5.30. The same unsophisticated Paddy, that one April night, two or three years ago, landed me at my friend Jack's hospitable door in — County, Ireland, is possibly now mounted in state upon the box of a gorgeous New York chariot, waiting wearily at the Cunard landing stage for the occasional and unsuspecting Briton who, in the innocence of his heart, calls lightly "for a cab."

Many of my readers have been in Ireland, and will remember that the rapidity with which they were conveyed at 6d. per mile along the excellent highways of that interesting island was as a rule in inverse ratio to the progressiveness of the country through which they passed. This, however, is a ticklish topic. The political state of Ireland, Mr. Parnell and the famine will be upon us if we do not, in the words of my friend Jack—who is a shining light and a "first-flight man" in the thunder and turf hunt—"haste back" to the shelter of that hospitable roof where he himself keeps bachelor hall, as the last representative of a long line of worthy Irish gentlemen, who in due succession "pinked" and "winged" their neighbors or made targets of themselves; performed unparalleled exploits among the claret bottles and bumpers of rum shrub; kept or supported the county hounds, and in old days sat in the Irish Parliament to the detriment of their purses and their paternal acres.

One of these gentlemen was so passionately devoted to the field of honor that it is said, on one occasion when acting as second he was reminded by his *vis à vis*, a personal friend of his own, that his principal's spare pistol which he held in his hand was, contrary to etiquette, cocked. "Well, cock your's and be d—d, and let's have a slap at you in the meanwhile," was this bellicose individual's reply, and tradition says that shots were actually exchanged, *pour passer le temps*, between the seconds,

More pacific thoughts, however, circled round the time-honored mahogany upon that April night. Anything but gouty limbs were stretched beneath it, and the grim gentry from their canvas on the walls must have looked down with contempt at the dull circulation of the decanters upon the table, under which doubtless during life they used to fall with nightly regularity, hopelessly and gloriously drunk. Contempt would certainly have been the uppermost feeling in their manly bosoms had they been able to listen to the enthusiasm with which their degenerate representative and his guest discussed old angling experiences and planned expeditions to the banks of streams that to them had been but landmarks of the chase.

The Irish squire is for some reason or other not nearly so much addicted to trout fishing as his English or Scottish brother. It may be that the abundance of salmon has generated an indifference to the capture of smaller fry, or more probably that the impulsive nature of the Hibernian character finds in the hunting-field and the race-course something more congenial than in the contemplative sport of the angler. Our side of the Atlantic can offer something of a parallel to this in the almost total obscurity under which fly fishing south of the Potomac, till the last few years, remained.

When old times had been fully discussed and old scenes in other lands had been revisited, we laid our plans for the following day, or rather Jack did, and a river, as every brook in Ireland is called, was fixed upon, lying some seven or eight miles distant from the house. April maintains perhaps its traditions more consistently in the south of Ireland than in more fickle latitudes—I should say its English traditions—for what do the anglers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, of the White Mountains and the Adirondacks, of Michigan and Minnesota, know about that balmy, sweet-smelling month that Transatlantic fishers love? We in Virginia are among the privileged few upon this side to whom the long, gradual dawn of spring gives, in common with our British cousins, an ideal April, or even a superior one to their's for angling purposes.

As the dog-cart rolls along the smooth and well-graded Irish turnpike everything bodes well for a successful day. Soft showers fall, sparkling in the fitful sunbeams that burst now and again through the rolling clouds, and light up the vast expanse of soft green sward that rolls uninterrupted save by still greener banks, bristling with yellow gorse, to the low-base mountains whose swelling outlines cut the horizon; a landscape in which the shades of green vary only in the red or brown fallows, over which the harvest drags its slow course, hidden among clouds of dust that in the springs of other lands form such a prominent object to the angler's earlier pilgrimages, are here scarcely to be seen.

The ivy hangs in thick clusters and festoons from gray stone bridges, hoary with age, that lift us over sparkling streams whose amber color bespeaks their boggy source. An occasional mill-dam, skirted by velvety meadows and fringed by willows, reflects on its broad surface the changing skies. We miss the stalwart teams, whose bells go tinkling down the roads of the sister island; but in their stead pass long rows of donkey carts, which (pardon the "bull") represent the one-horse system of agriculture here in vogue.

Now we are rattling through the streets of the little market town, where Jack officiates in the dignified position of a Justice of the Peace, to the chagrin of the insurance company who are interested in his life. Here, too, at the outskirts of the town, rises the Church of England, proud and forlorn—a relic, Mr. Parnell, I suppose, would say, of the tyrannies of the past, and where on Sunday mornings Jack unfaithfully takes his solitary seat in a great square pew beneath a row of marble tablets on the chancel walls that commemorate the sainted deeds of the untraveled Irish gentry as to their own importance, so imminently satirized by Thackeray.

The rector himself, whose congregation may on fine days number thirty all told, is one of the now scarce clericals whose performances behind the hounds or round the mahogany are more brilliant than when clad in his sacerdotal robes. He is standing at the rectory gate as Heaven says that the old gentleman's eyes sparkle and that it is by any means the rarity of a good dinner that causes those clerical orbs to kindle, for our parson is not only an aristocrat (being first cousin to Lord Ballincanny, the ex-Patron of the living), but also well clothed with this world's goods, both by property and by the defunct Church of Ireland. No; it is that famous old port laid down years and years ago by Jack's father and over which the parson and the squire have had many a pleasant evening. He waves his stick as we leave him,

and shouts out an injunction to his old friend's son as to the color of the seal and the exact spot in the cellar to lay his hand upon the treasure. Well do I remember that courtly gentleman, Jack's father; as a lad I dined with him on four different occasions, at the Adelphi Hotel, in Liverpool, in as many years. He took to drinking port instead of claret strangely enough in his old age, and accompanied the peregrinations of the bottle with a look that amounted in the case of guest almost to compulsion. I don't mean to say it was a fierce look. Not at all—kindness and hospitality beamed in his eyes—but there was something in that stately old gentleman's manner of starting the decanters on their round which seemed unable to comprehend even the idea of a half empty glass, and the rapidity with which those decanters circulated was to a modern stomach something too awful to contemplate.

But here we are at our destination, a stone bridge—a famous meet of the thunder and turf hounds—and the old horse, once a hunter, pulls up of his own accord and pricks up his ears as if in quest of the gay cavalcade he has in former days so often upon this spot awaited their approach of.

Before us the mountains swell gradually upward, colorless, except for the bright green patches of grass that here and there dash their sides amid the waste of dead heather and ferns. Beneath us the river, in splendid fishing order, dashes against the buttresses of the bridge, its gravely bed being just visible through three feet of clear amber water.

Looking up stream a long, wide, level valley stretches—a valley one would expect to see traversed by a dull canal rather than a sparkling trout stream—and leaving Jack to begin at the bridge I walk a mile or so up the bank, so as to give myself plenty of water before coming on his leadings.

Fishing down stream was always a mania of Jack's, All Irish fishermen, I believe, do fish down stream, while Englishmen and Scotchmen hold the reverse as their creed, though they do not always follow it. With discolored water early in the season and open banks, I have not much choice, and feeling a trifle lazy gladly gave in to the national custom on this occasion.

The surroundings would in January, I must confess, have been somewhat dreary; more so in many ways than the most savage highland glens; more so than the dreariest of lowland moors or Welsh mountains. The verdant flush of spring, however, softened to a great extent the harshness of those patches of rushes and stretches of bog through whose wiry grasses even the April zephyrs whistled. The yellow gorse, covered with gorgeous dross the broken and dilapidated fences, while the triumphant strains of the skylark counteracted the sad cries of the curlews that circled round our head. Civilization had invaded these solitudes at one time, but apparently had "gone West," not altogether, though, for here by the side of a solitary grove of Scotch fir is a son of Erin, with a long-handled shovel, throwing up a turf barrow round one of the very "humblest cois" it has ever been my lot to see inhabited by man, and I have seen some tolerably humble ones among our mountains. If Wordsworth had come across such a cot he would have written pages upon pages on it. If Mr. Parnell had been able to exhibit it to us this winter, he might have been a success as an agitator—who knows?

But I must stop this, as I am upon the property of one of Jack's cousins (which is a state of matters, however, apparently normal during my peregrination in — County), and that worthy angler will justly accuse me of a breach of hospitality. His residence, methinks, must be somewhere in the neighborhood; and on appealing to the bog-trotter, already immortalized by his astonishment at my ignorance, I feel inclined to make the most of the luxury of open water, and determine to make a start at this point. My readers will, I am afraid, think I have been a long time in getting under weigh, and that the heading of this paper is a fraud and a delusion. Still further delay is occasioned by having owing to a miscalculation of the supplies of my fly-bok, to sit down on the bank and fix a cochy-bonda, a fly that, upon previous days, has been my permanent leader, upon every water and under every clime. While doing so, recollections of stories I had heard Jack tell about the particular cousin in question came into my head, and I remembered that he was a "Sunday man." This, gentle reader, does not imply that he has any particular veneration for the Sabbath day, as he has so much for the bailiffs, and had for twenty years held them in such constant awe, that the first day of the week was the only one on which the laws of Ireland rendered it safe for that unfortunate gentleman "to take his walks abroad." Judging from an English standpoint, on which model his establishment

had evidently been framed, there was at first sight a decided look of five-thousand-a-year about it; but if five hundred found its way into the mansion house coffers, his nearest relations did not know how it could get there, as the land had long been under creditors' management. This did not prevent two or three annual visits of the hands on his lawn, and I have myself seen champagne flow like water on such occasions, and watched with inward wonderment the sons and daughters splendidly mounted, and faultlessly got up, leading the pursuing field, as the never-failing Reynard sped swiftly from the groves and shrubberies that surrounded the imprisoned *paterfamilias*. There is a way of working those things in the Emerald Isle, however, which we foreigners are unable to fully understand. I could, perhaps, throw a little light upon the subject; but fly-fishing, once more, is our theme, and not the domestic economy of Hibernian squires.

As our flock make their first sweep in the air, and fall in that unsatisfactory and "kinky" manner that is always the case with a dry cast and a first throw, one of the welcome and oft recurring showers comes lightly pattering on the leaves of the trees, we have turned our backs upon, and dimpling the surface of the swirling pool before us. Responsive comes the flash of a yellow-belly, and the inexplicable tremor that, electric like, communicates itself to the rod's point, and he is fast dashing in every direction through the clear brown water. Another, and another find their way into the basket, now falling a prey to the cooey-bouda, and now succumbing before the equally fatal allurements of the woodcock and orange on the grouse-hackle. While upon the subject of flies, I must confess to being to a great extent a mocker—a state of opinion born rather of personal experience and observation than of theory. Being at one time an ardent fly-tier, and laboring under the delusion for many years that he who fished with bought flies was only half an angler, I was at last forced by the even run of success that season after season, with an increasing disregard for wind and weather, the standard flies, that I gradually reduced my stock to a rather uncommonly diversified experience of every kind of water and every species, and every nationality of the trout family. A fact, which rather clinched my unbelief, was that my steps for two or three years followed frequently along the same river banks that were being, at that time, trodden by the late Mr. Stewart, whom I used occasionally to meet at those historic resting places that are scattered along the banks of Tweed, and where the trout fisherman in Scotland, that land of piscators, was, as his book still testifies, a very complete scoffer. It was difficult to refuse such evidence as that, though it was with something like a sigh that I saw my favorite sport shorn of its entymological mysteries, old foggy though they were, trumpeted up successfully by the incontestable evidence of baskets filled to bursting from unimproved and much-whipped streams, with that constant distinction the champion fisherman of the North Country in those days, even above the army of skillful fishers that this portion of the world produces.

Mr. Francis Francis, of the Field, the mightiest angler of Southern England, from his gently-flowing, willow-bordered Hampshire streams, shouted forth, I recollect, his defiance at these new heresies; but Mr. Stewart and his followers fished on, and slew their trout, and the wariest brook trout in the world, in the teeth of scientific indignation, with their black hackle and their woodcock all tied on that small hook that distinguishes Scottish flies above all others. Could, after that, a poor angler be expected to rush, waist deep, into the stream, and pursue, vainly, perhaps, every winged midge that came sailing past him, and spend precious minutes, when trout are rising, of his time, in a bet, and be surrounded by a paragraph of dubbing and doggerel, of a moirai, of hooks, and thread, and scissors, and pincers, and goodness knows what, endeavoring to make a feeble imitation of the insects whose place above the surface of the stream has in the meanwhile been supplied by some distant relatives of a decidedly superior flavor?

Have you ever seen, dear reader, one of those forefathers' ancestral, those hereditary, fly-books, that our ancestors, at any rate in the old country, contrived somehow or other to carry along the river bank? In the days of my youthful ardor, fired by constant contact with an elderly relative of the "old time" angling school with a desire to surround myself with the cumbersome appurtenances of a bygone age, and imbued with a contempt for the more concentrated conveniences of the modern fly-fisherman, I took the old gentleman's fly-book, which had ever been to me an object of admiration, and enlisted the services of all the ladies of the family in the manufacture of it, upon what I may call the Sir Humphrey Davy style. It was an awful book; the inside game pockets of a shooting jacket were completely filled by this bulky volume. For years, I am ashamed to say, I bore this bundle to the river side. It was the admiration of all youthful aspirants. The young gentleman who had more money than brains, and the sportsman of the Cockney order—offered me twenty dollars for the old bundle of parchment in its red leather case, without the contents. It made immense impressions everywhere, I can assure you.

Nothing could have been prettier than the variety of water offered by the Irish stream. The foaming cascade of his hot and his cold regions was not there, it is true, but rapid and pool, sparkling in the occasional sunbeams and ruffling in the western breeze, alternated with that exact proportion of each that the angler loves. For two miles no tree nor bush impeded the full backward sweep of the line, and the foot trod incessantly on velvet turf.

As regards the trout, too, we were in luck, for they continued to rise, with little cessation, for three hours or more—fine, plump little fellows occasionally, but not often reaching a pound, a trifle smutty in color in the higher waters, and from their peaty character, but emitting more silvery, as we descend the stream, and more like our Allegheny trout, which is surpassed in gameiness, appearance and flavor by the inhabitants of no rivers in the old country, and surpasses those of the majority that I have had experience of; and this latter I mention it for the sake only of the comparison—has not been either cursory or occasional, but thorough and varied.

About one o'clock, just as the basket-strap begins to feel a little tight round the chest, Jack comes strolling up to meet me, as before settled, for luncheon, with his heavy Irish rod lowering above him and his three ponderous Irish flies streaming from his coat. We used to have a joke against him in old days about the weight of his tackle, wherein it was insinuated that he used to single out his fish as they were feeding near the surface, and steer them with his leader. Our baskets, oddly enough, contain exactly the same proportion of fish to one another as they used to do in former days, making a trifling allowance for Jack's knowledge of the water, which is as it should be, and seems a pleasant tribute to pleasant memories. We count out, if I recollect aright, seven dozen trout between us.

Why is it that in writing a sketch of a day's fishing, or of a day's shooting, too, for that matter, the sporting chronicler invariably pulls up, as if he had reached some longed-for half-way haven, at the everlasting, hackneyed, threadbare-worn midday snack? The English writer, whether in Europe, Africa or Asia, pauses to sing, as if it had never been sung before, the noonday delights of the invaluable bill of Kinshasa, and moralizes a little before resuming his sport amid the fragrant clouds of Mr. Wille's Bristol bird's-eye.

His American cousin, though his menu is perhaps more varied, still finds it hard to get through without assuring the public that his inner man did not suffer in any way from want. As for myself I cry "peccavi" as loud as ever. My pen can no more help pausing at that eventful period of the day than my appetite refrains from the basket and luxuries, which Jack's little grove emerges with from behind a neighboring wall—to my intense amazement, and shall we say also satisfaction. I say amazement, for Jack and I had always rather done the frugal on our sporting expeditions upon principle, and I had supposed the boy had driven the carriage back and that Jack had a bite in his pocket for us both. However, for once in a while the cloth was spread, and beneath the heavy bill of Kinshasa, and the bill of the curlews and the screaming of the lapwings, the popping of corks resounded.

What wonder, then, that after such good things fresh vigor attended our evening efforts. The wild moorland scenery was left behind, and our river carried us through scenes which, though peaceful enough, were more redolent of life than the barrens behind us. The trout ceased to rise and did over a pool and a little eddy yielded its tribute. We had to be less reckless now in the manipulation of our lines for tall trees. Willows, poplars, mountain ash and beech threw at intervals their lengthening shadows on the stream and on the meadows, that grew greener and brighter in the light of evening. Here upon the bank, in a sheltered nook of woods, is a gamekeeper's cottage, picturesque in its thatched roof and latticed windows. Have you any mind with it, and of deep pool and big overgrown, not-to-be-trampled trout that the miller doubtless takes wholesale annually.

Runs there are, too, in plenty all through the country, from yonder ivy-covered tower that, four centuries ago, was the stronghold of some petty chief, in whose recesses the pigeons from generation to generation have reared their young, to the stupendous remains of the famous Castle of Ballynagar, that even the sunning of the green hills and the sun and solid relics of an age that Irish history can scarcely throw light upon, and which played, doubtless, an important part in those dim and distant days when the haughty Normans, under Fitzgislebert and De Lacy, wrested from the kings of Leicester their savage kingdom.

But it is time to wind up both our reel and our story. We have a mile to walk to the bridge, where the boy is waiting with the trap, and six miles to drive home, and Jack is getting nervous about the parson, who, like many of those venerable eaters and drinkers still extant, would have a fit if he were kept waiting ten minutes over the regular dinner hour. Both of us agree we have never known fish rise so constantly, without cessation, as on the present occasion, for though we started late and it is yet barely sundown, we count out thirteen dozen trout as the result of our heaving and pulling, and which are poached at will in the dry summer months, and is reckoned only as a second rate stream at the best, is a very fair haul. Devout thankfulness is uppermost in our breasts that we did not—as at first had been our intention—send home the carriage, and trust to our legs to convey both ourselves and our fish home.

The long, gradual twilight falls as we roll homeward between the hills, and the light and gloom of an old country night has fallen before the lights are seen twinkling from Jack's library windows, within which his anxious imagination paints the hungry parson restlessly perambulating, with his eyes on the clock and his thoughts upon the soup. A shout at the lodge, a short spin over smooth gravel and through dark laurel shrubberies, and the light shines from the open door in our faces, and over the smooth lawn, and on the casement of the large bay window, and the light of the fire of that pillar of the church, who, as anticipated, is there to greet us, watch in hand and distress depicted on his countenance, which, it is needless to add, is speedily removed by the mellowing influences shortly brought to bear upon that kindly bon vivant.

Charlemont, Va.

A DAY AT LANE'S.

SCIENTIFIC GOOSE SHOOTING.

WE took the ferryboat at Thirty-four street for Hunter's Point at 3:15—an earlier one at James' Slip would have done as well—on Saturday, the 21st ult., catching the 3.30 train on the Long Island Railroad, for Good Ground and Shinnecock Bay. The train was off on time, and we were pleased to recognize the faces of two of the oldest conductors on the road—Hobson on the left and Smith on the right. The Bay and the river are conductors of the older time, before elevated roads were known, and when to be a conductor was not to bury all the courtesies and instincts of the gentleman behind a blue coat with brass buttons. We were glad also to learn that the Long Island Railroad under its present management is fast acquiring the confidence of the public. Its system of low fares and freights, with

its rigid regularity, may not be so remunerative at first, but will pay in the end, if the public is honestly dealt with, as seems to be the determination of the present Board of Managers.

We noticed several sporting characters on the train, as divers gun clubs and heavy safes gave ample evidence. Upon making a judicious inquiry we found two gentlemen, Messrs. J. S. Mundy and J. W. Phillips, from Newark, were bound with us for "the Sportsmen's Retreat," or more familiarly called "Bill Lane's." Others got off at Moriches, Westhampton and Atlanticville—all noted places for good shooting.

We found Johnny Lane with his vehicle at the station, and after a ride of fifteen minutes were landed at the Retreat, and heartily welcomed by mine host. We found several sportsmen there, and had the satisfaction of learning the geese were moving, some twenty having been killed the day before, and that the prospects were good. After a hasty ablution we were called in to supper, and such a supper! Who that has ever visited that celebrated spot does not hold in reverential memory Mrs. Lane's clam fritters? Were there ever anywhere else such fritters as these? After plate enough would be a desirable thing, but including them, we think, as they fly only in certain weather, and do not stay, would be rather hard, and would not work.

Upon retiring, your correspondent found coming over him one of his old attacks of rheumatism in his right foot. Were he an English nabob, or a generous liver, it might be called gout. It is very painful, and the long night is sagged in a good room and his eyes will not be able to get together. But morning came at last, and blinding down to the lounge in the gun-room, he lay there all day swathing the swollen member with hot applications of soda in the devout hope of being able to get out on the following day; but alas, Monday morning found it not much better and he saw Bill and George, with Mundy, Phillips and Shepherd start with stools across the field. It proved an excellent day for geese. Before reaching the bogs, where were the boxes, a large flock of geese, some 500 in number, arose and flew back and forth, until some more favored party to the west blazed away and sent them off. But others were coming in, and but a short time after the setting of the decoys, the guns could be distinctly heard telling us that the fun had commenced. Your correspondent having propped himself up with a good glass, was able to see the different flocks as they came, and approached the point where the shooters were concealed, and could see the white puffs of smoke and the sudden descent of the falling bodies, and as they struck and threw up the water in the bay, ah! what aggravation—what a situation for a sportsman—nursing a burning, throbbing foot, every movement of which was worse than ten toothaches, listening to those guns and seeing what he was doing, and not being able to do anything, and not meant for ears polite?" Would it have been very wrong and inexcusable if he thought a bad word, just once? Distance lent no enchantment to that view. He wanted to be there himself, and how often he vowed that on the morrow he would go if he had to crawl on his hands and knees to the boat. And when evening came and his foot brought in twenty-nine geese as the result (one being lost in the last hour), and the gun shooting, he was still determined. And the stories they told of this one's making that double shot, and of the long shot, one of Mundy's, with his 40-inch Long Tom, 160 yards as they all agreed. (About how a flock of eleven came in hovering around the stools and they all fired two barrels each and not a bird scored to the account, they had not much to say.) But such things will happen.

There are, of course, frequent and noisome decoys the previous evening, Tuesday morning, when Lane called, found the undersigned suffering some but determined still. With tightly closed teeth and a grip almost of despair, the rubber boot was pulled on, and though excruciating at first, the pain gradually grew to a numb feeling and he started with the rest. Now, lest some of your readers may not understand the *modus operandi* of goose-shooting, I brought to your attention in Shinnecock Bay, let me give you a description.

There are a number of rigs (as they are called) of live decoys around the bay, the largest and best of which is owned by Wm. Lane. His outfit consists of some thirty-eight wild geese, tamed and educated to a certain extent; some of these have been wing-tipped and cured up; others he has raised (as they often note, even in captivity). He has a large, closely-fenced yard inclosing plenty of water where they are kept and are released twice a day when shooting. During the summer, after having clipped one of their wings, they are allowed their freedom, and they never fail to come back at night for their feed and roost, though they may have been far out in the bay. Lane generally takes about twenty or twenty-five of these geese at a time (placing them carefully in boxes) and he has a boy to the point, where a bar runs out. On this point boxes are sufficient to allow a man to lie down comfortably were previously sunk even with the surrounding soil and then trimmed with seige grass, making a complete blind. The decoys, with a hoop or leather strap on each, are staked out on the bar at irregular intervals, say half a gun shot from the blind. An old and educated gander is placed on one of the decoys, and a short distance from the main dock. He is the caller or honker. And a well-trained honker is a very valuable bird. Lane has two that he says he would not take \$200 apiece for.

And here is where Lane's great success over his many competitors comes in. He knows his birds; he studies them; understands their notes and their workings, and while geese often fly around other stools, when they

come in sound of his honker and his companions they rarely fail to come down. It seems taking a mean advantage of the bipeds, but Lane's decoys seem to understand it so well, they enter into the spirit of the whole thing so humanly, so to speak, that when a flock flies over they will call out vociferously, "Come down here." "Come dear ones and see us." "It is all right." And when the guns crack and their fellows do come down they rise up and cackle and shake themselves, and evidently say, "Hia, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha." So well does Lane study his geese that when he takes out a new one and it acts badly or gives out a wrong note, he has been known at once to leave his box, go out and deliberately cut its throat, saying that that goose is not good; he would not only keep away the wild ones, but as "evil communications corrupt good manners," would ruin his whole school.

The next thing, and a very important part of a successful rig, is to have a good "swimmer" of geese. This is the man in the boat that goes off down the bay and around the flocks if there are any settled therein, and by judicious and careful sailing endeavors to drive them within sound of the voices of the stools. This requires at times great judgment and perseverance and a perfect knowledge of the points and bars of the bay. It takes a great deal of practice to get a flock in the right position for a big shot, if geese can be induced to swim up to a blind, a far better shot can be had than to have them fly over or settle among the decoys. One of the best "swimmers," if not the very best in the bay, is George Lane—as yet a boy, but with a man's head on his shoulders—a thorough water dog as all these bay men are. An instinctive talent to take in at once the nature of the occasion and a muscular activity to turn that knowledge to instant account, make him the equal among many who are good; and but a few more years of experience will help him to far outrank the best of them.

Having set our decoys, settled ourselves in our respective boxes, feet toward the stools and guns cocked, we awaited events. George had started off eastward, where the geese sometimes feed when they come in at night. So Bill (who could hold his head higher than any of us were allowed to), his brown cap and florid round face looking, as some one remarked, "so much like a bunch of sand, that the birds couldn't tell the difference," whispered, "Here comes a bunch, keep low," and low we were. Our honker tuned up, and was answered down the bay; the flock joined in, the honk came back multiplied tenfold. Soon the rustle of wings fell on our ears, and it was still. "How is it?" "There are nine in all; but only about half of them right yet. Wait until they walk out clear of the stools. Don't shoot until they rise. Now give it to them." And as we arose, there was an astonished lot of geese—and how they did scramble to get off! But those steel tubes were too much for them. Five out of the nine remained kicking in the water—two of them only being wing tipped. Then came a scene of excitement, and such high rubber-boots came in play, for a winged-geese is not an easy bird to get, nor even to shoot, as they throw their heads and almost entire bodies under water, and go off at no slow pace. The undersigned was not in racing condition, but Shepherd and Mundy each took after a goose, shooting as they ran through the water. Mundy soon got his; but "Shep," with his short legs, could not go so fast, and in his excitement ran in on the high rubber-boots and lost his line after all. Fortunately George came up and shot the goose from the boat. It is not necessary for me to give the particulars of our different shots; how the undersigned, ourselves, made a beautiful double; how Phillip and Mundy bored the same goose; nor of the big buckshot that Phillips put through the very center of that gander.

The water came up sharp and cold, and, as no birds came with it, we sat our lonely boxes and lunch tables out there on the bay, especially if you have had luck. Toward 4 o'clock a large flock, some forty or fifty, came in and settled on a bar about three-fourths of a mile east. George was soon around them and commenced driving. His tactics were admirable, and the way he managed that flock was superb. Not too near, nor too far; back here, on here, and the flock in long line came sailing toward us. A half hour was done. Still nearer; another quarter hour—they were doing splendidly; another quarter, and they would be within sight and hearing of our decoys.

"Steady! Keep down there! Don't show your nose even! Geese have tremendously sharp eyes. Keep cool! Oh, what a shot we'll have! We must get twenty this time. Aim at the hind ends if they are well bunched. You, Mundy, take the extreme right; you next, Phillips; Jacobstaff, you look out for the center; Shepherd and I will tend to our end." These were the orders of General Lane.

Another twenty minutes. "Where are they now? They ought to be pretty near here. What in thunder is the matter? They have stopped, and are going off eastward. Where is George?" George was gone—had left the geese, and could be dimly seen off Ram Pasture Point. "What has happened? How could he leave those geese when in such splendid shape? It must have been something very serious, or George never would have acted thusly."

"Some d—d fool tipped over, I'll bet," grunted Lane, in great disgust. And so it proved. One of the inhabitants, returning home after a tarry at the hotel at Pon Quogue, loaded to the muzzle (we mean he was, not his boat), in and cranking to round the point with no reef at his sail, and I tell you the wind, over to went, his boat rammed into the mud. Having crawled over the mud, the upturned boat, he was yelling like a lion, and, but for George's turning back, would have frozen to death, sure. Well, all praise should be given to George. A human life is of far more value than many geese, but the anatomists on poor whisky were loud and deep.

Of course, all this time, as the geese were in sight, we had to sit close and tell you the wind, over to went, his chance to stir or shake yourself; we shivered and growled. Having dug the mast out, and righted and pulled out the boat, an oar was given the obfuscated individual, and he was told to paddle ashore. And George once more started for the geese, but the sun was only twenty minutes high. It was too late to swim them. The only chance was to put them up, and they might come any day or might go to sea. Soon they arose, Oh, what a flock!

"Which way are they going?" "Can't tell yet," "Here they come!" "We'll have a shot yet." "Give tongue, old boy!" to the gander, and as he spoke out the reply came back, "Here they come, lay low."

There they go over our heads. Ye gods! how big they looked. All passed and lit on a bar to our left, two or three gunshots off. Too late to wait for them to come in to-night. There they sat, forty or more, cackling and pruning their feathers. No chance; what a shame! Blast that confounded fool that upset!

"But hold, here are four right in front of us. How are they, free from the stools?" Lane asks, as he could not see from his box. "Yes," we replied; "right out in the open." "Then it is our only chance; give it to them," and we arose and fired. Three out of the four lay over, the fourth going off with a broken leg to die at sea probably, for he would not be able to rise again after having settled in the water.

And thus ended our day at Lane's, having bagged twelve in all. We soon were homeward bound. Lane says the prospect for goose shooting was never as good as now, and he expects it will continue big until May. "So mote it be."

Among others whom we found at Lane's were Messrs. Albert Peitzer and Hermann Schellberg, two very intelligent Germans, from away in Crefeld, Rhemish Prussia. Having been in the country but a few weeks on business, and erecting the Saturday's White Star steamer, they had taken a run down to Lane's (the FOREST AND STREAM giving the hint). They each, we were informed, own preserves at home, where they shoot the fierce, grunting wild boar, and have thousands of partridges, hares and such like; but this killing ducks out of a box, and the ducks going at the rate of seventy miles an hour, rather look them. However, on Monday they had good sport, and, considering the circumstances, did well. They got some 150 shots. We will not say how many birds they bagged, but they were wonderfully pleased, as the champagne corks on their return to the gun-room will testify. They proved themselves right good fellows, full of humor as well as enthusiasm. We hope to meet them again.

In the party we had the pleasure of joining this time (and we have been down there many times and always found agreeable gentlemen, and have made some lasting friendships) we found in Messrs. Phillips, Mundy and Shepherd three as courteous gentlemen and good shots as one would want to lie beside in a shooting-box. All had their stories and reminiscences, and the days and evenings were short indeed that we spent with them. May we all meet at Lane's and have as good a time again (barring the gout), is the hearty wish of JACOBSTAFF.

Natural History.

DESCRIPTION OF A NEW SPECIES OF BIRD OF THE FAMILY TURBIDIDÆ FROM THE ISLAND OF DOMINICA, W. I.

BY GEO. N. LAWRENCE.

Margarops dominicensis.

Margarops herminieri, Lafr. n. sp. *Lafr.—Proc. U. S. Nat. Mus.* Vol. I., p. 52.

MALE.—The entire upper plumage is of a rich dark brown, the crown is darker and has the edges of the feathers of a lighter shade; tail and quill feathers of a darker brown than the back; axillars and under-wing-coverts white; the lores are blackish brown; the feathers back of the eyes and the ear-coverts have narrow shaft streaks of pale rufous; the feathers of the neck and upper part of the breast are of a warm dark brown, those of the chin and middle of the throat with light rufous centers; those of the lower part of the neck and the upper part of the breast have also light rufous centers, but in addition each feather has a black terminal spot; on the lower part the breast, and on the sides the feathers have white centers, bordered strikingly with brown; the markings of the breast feathers are squamiform in shape; those of the sides, innuolate; the abdomen is white, a few feathers on the upper part are very narrowly margined with brown; under tail-coverts, brown, terminating with white; outer feathers of thighs, brown, the inner, whitish; "Iris, tea color;" there is a naked space around the eye; bill, yellow, with the basal half of the upper mandible dusky; tarsal and toes pale yellow. Length (fresh): 9 in.; wing, 5; tail, 3; tarsus, 1; bill, from front, 15-16; from rap, 11.

Type in U. S. National Museum, Washington.

Mr. Ober sent five specimens of this form from Dominica, all males, and closely resembling each other; it is probable, as in the allied species, that the females do not differ in plumage materially from the males.

Mr. Ober's collection from Dominica contained three species of *Margarops*, which I never had seen before; these were referred to known species, two of them I think correctly; but the one which is the subject of this article I now find was erroneously considered to be *M. herminieri*, Lafr. I supposed these species would be the same as those recorded from the neighboring islands, as they agreed well with the descriptions given of them, and there were no available specimens to compare with.

As soon as I had finished the examination of the birds of each island collected by Mr. Ober, they were placed in a box by themselves and not disturbed again except for an occasional comparison. The collection from Guadeloupe, containing specimens of the true *M. herminieri*, Lafr., was not received until more than a year after that from Dominica. These specimens I labeled *M. herminieri*, Lafr., as a matter of course, they being from the locality of the type; the difference between the birds from the two islands was not observed at that time, as no comparison was made.

This winter, having occasion to review the species of *Margarops*, I got the specimens from the different islands together for the first time, and at once saw that the species from Dominica was quite distinct from the Gua-

delphe bird. It differs from *M. herminieri*, Lafr., in being less in length, of a more robust form, the bill stouter and the tail shorter; the brown coloring throughout is much darker and of a ruddy cast, instead of olivaceous; the centers of the feathers on the throat and upper part of the breast are much more rufous, and have black spots at their ends; the abdomen is pure white, whereas in *M. herminieri* the lower part of the breast and the abdomen are covered with lanceolate-shaped markings, which are very striking, each feather being white with a strongly-defined brown border; only a very small space on the lower part of the abdomen is white; *M. herminieri* has the white ends of the under tail-coverts edged narrowly with pale brown; in the new species they are white without borders, and it has the tarsi and toes stronger and paler in color than those of *M. herminieri*.

AMPHIOXUS LANCEOLATUS.—In two valuable papers which appeared respectively in the January and February numbers of the *American Naturalist*, Mr. Henry J. Rice has given a very full account of his "Observations on the Habit, Structure and Development of the curious Lancelet" (*Amphioxus lanceolatus*), a creature about whose true position in the animal kingdom there has been and still is so much discussion. The author of these papers during the summer of 1878, while engaged in laboratory work at the Chesapeake Zoological Station, succeeded in obtaining two males, a ripe female and about twenty young of these species, and it is on this material that the present papers are based. Previous to this the young of *Amphioxus* had not, we believe, been taken in America. The young remained alive for nearly two months, and thus gave the observer an opportunity of making a series of most interesting observations not only over their habits, but also on their growth and development.

Mr. Rice's most interesting account of the habits of both adult and young of *Amphioxus* is supplemented by a very full and valuable essay on its anatomical structure, to which we can here only allude. The paper as a whole is a valuable one, and throws light on a number of points hitherto in doubt.

WHITE BLUE HERONS.—Dedham, March 14th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—Last year while in Florida I caught three young white herons, just hatched, and was able to raise one of them. When I left him South last fall he was about eighteen inches high and finely feathered. He is now turning blue. Is it the "nature of the beast" to change color? Have often heard that they did, but thought it a hoax. If you give me any information on the subject it will greatly oblige me.

C. W. RANTOUL, JR.

The bird, from what you tell us of it, is no doubt *Ardea herodias*, a species which is sometimes white and sometimes blue. Audubon, who had good opportunities for observing this species, regarded the white birds as young, and the blue ones as the adults. This species is often found cursorily mottled in its change from the white to the blue plumage.

PILEATED WOODPECKER.—Springfield, Mass., March 20th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—I notice in your last issue, "J. J. B." On this occasion I ask about a bird, and I should judge it is the same kind I shot about thirty years ago. The man that stuffed it said he had stuffed birds over forty years, and never stuffed but one before. I am not much of an artist, but I inclose a sketch of mine; it is the exact size, for I laid my bird on the paper and marked around it with a pencil, and then put in the colors in water colors. I did it in about twenty minutes, and but I hope it will give you an idea of what it is.

The inclosure mentioned by our correspondent is an admirable sketch of a pileated woodpecker (*Hylotomus pileatus*), which well presumes was the bird referred to by "J. J. B."

REULLA.—I have submitted specimens of this curious marine animal to a scientific friend in Boston, who gave it the above name, and stated that it belongs to the corals, family *Pennatulidae*, and is allied to the sea-pens and gorgonians. As this creature has some interesting peculiarities which I have discovered by keeping them alive in a jar of sea water, I will describe it. It is shaped like a leaf of the English violet, about two inches or more in diameter, anchored in the mud by a tube five or six inches long; the leaf is covered with innumerable minute tubercles, and is of a reddish-brown color. This part, for it exactly resembles one, and is called by the fishermen, "the mud leaf;" has a certain power of locomotion, and withdraws itself into the mud when irritated. I collected some of them, and placed them in a jar of sea water. In about half an hour, when they had become quiet, I was surprised to see protruding from these tubercles, tentacles like those of the *Actinia*, about an inch in length, and surmounted by a crown of waving white plumes. The animal then extended with water, and the beautiful purple hue. At night, with the room darkened, the creature on being taken emitted brilliant flames of phosphorescent light, illuminating the whole jar of water. I kept them for two days, when, probably owing to a want of mud to burrow in, they died one by one. Perhaps with an aquarium, properly fitted up to meet their wants, they might be kept alive; and certainly it would be one of the most interesting inhabitants of the aquarium—beautiful by day, and brilliant by night. It is quite rare, I am told, even on the coast. I have never seen it described in American books, though "Nicholson's Manual of Zoology," my friend tells me, mentions a European species, *Pennatula phosphorea*, found in similar localities in England, which has this phosphorescent quality.

S. C. C.

New Smyrna, Florida, March 14th, '90.

—An English scientific journal relates that while the sailors of H. M. S. Faraday, aided by the new system of electric illumination, were one night lowering a cable, they noticed an immense number of fishes of all sizes and shapes, gathering around the spot. By promptly throwing out nets they were enabled to make an extraordinary haul. The electric light may doubtless be employed to advantage by fishing boats.

Fish Culture.

JAMES WOOD MILNER.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

[A paper read before the American Fish Cultural Association.]
THE sad duty devolves on me of announcing to you the death of Professor James W. Milner, who, at Wakegon, Ill., on the last day of December, 1879, passed away from this world.

Many of you here must remember what interest Professor Milner took in our proceedings. Thoroughly grounded in all the scientific data, perfectly at home in the practical details of fish culture, there were no questions on an ichthyological or other character we could put to him, that he did not respond to at once, in a singularly terse and clear manner. He had the power of stripping the husk off of matter, and presenting you the perfect grain. This society owes a great deal of its prosperity to the labors of this man. Many of its plans, and especially the widening of its scope—the effort to make it more than local, to extend its influence, were suggested by Professor Milner. If ever any one has his whole soul in the work, it was that man, whose death has now taken away from among us, His quick, nervous manner, his intensity, the power he possessed to make any question lucid, his easy method of explanation, we can hear no more. His place will be one, in this Association, not easily filled. Fully trusted by the Smithsonian Institution, he had charge of some of its most important missions, and there are those present who can testify to the thoroughly conscientious manner in which his task was fulfilled. There are, in this world, many ways of doing one's duty. It was Mr. Milner's ambition to leave no stone unturned that might be an obstacle in the way of scientific progress. You have often heard that saying, that "if war has its heroes, so has science its martyrs." The sacrifice of this has perhaps become trite, but it is none the less true. It was as much overwork as anything else; an excess of zeal which, early in Milner's life, as late in his career, shortened in such an untimely way his days. Brimful of his work, I have seen myself how careless, how utterly indifferent, Mr. Milner was of his person in the prosecution of his labors. It was my good fortune to have been with Mr. Milner as his guest on more than one occasion when he was engaged in his present duties. I remember when on a cold night on Chesapeake Bay, when his men were out on the water catching the shad eggs, that a sudden storm arose. There was no danger to the numerous boats' crews, but the chances were that if his presence was wanting that some millions less of eggs would be the result. Indifferent to the rain, I have seen him hurry from out his berth (it was in the floating hatching-house), and, but half clad, spring into the nearest boat, at midnight, and spend all that night until dawn, going from one boat to boat, encouraging the men in their exertions. The fishermen wanted to have the rivers teeming with fish, and there was enthusiasm enough in Mr. Milner to think himself the instrument for thus furnishing food to millions, and he was perfectly willing to lay down his life for what other men would have been languidly indifferent about. I have myself frequently been distressed with Mr. Milner as to what I deemed to be an unnecessary exposure, and had warned him of possible fatal results, but his reply was, I remember his words distinctly, "I do not think I fulfill my duty thoroughly, conscientiously, in any other way." This somewhat explains the character of the man. The last time I saw him was some two years ago at Gloucester, where he was busy arranging apparatus for hatching cod. The novelty of this duty excited his enthusiasm, and quite possibly he could he had taken some time before was augmented by the chill dampness of a New England fall.

I can but briefly describe this useful life. Mr. Milner was born in Kingston, Ont., January 11th, 1841, and came to Chicago when he was five years old. As a boy he was a hard student, and developed early in life a taste for natural history. He was but a lad when he traveled through Minnesota making collections. At the breaking out of the war he volunteered in an artillery company, and served with distinction to almost its close, having been noted for conspicuous courage and gallantry. After an honorable discharge, he obtained a position in the Chicago post office. Still retaining his love for natural history, he thoroughly filled his position, but, combining with it the study of his favorite topics, this double work was too much for him, and his health broke down.

Retiring from his postal duties, he made explorations in the peat beds, and exhumed the skeleton of a moose, which he supposed belonged to an extinct species. Having written to the Smithsonian Institution in regard to it—describing the remains of this creature—the singular terseness and scientific instinct displayed in his letters attracted the attention of the Smithsonian Institution. This led to Mr. Milner's series being engaged by the Smithsonian. He was first employed by Professor Baird, in 1872, to gather together the statistics of the fish of the Great Lakes. Shortly afterward he joined the United States Fish Commission, in Washington, and was in their employ up to the day of his death. Successive publications of the Fish Commission fully attest Mr. Milner's work and services. In addition to this, he was in close communication all the time with the present distinguished Secretary of the Smithsonian in collecting general statistics, and arranged the literary material for fish propagation in the reports, of which he was most especially editor. Milner's work was wide and extended. At different times he planned various fish-hatching campaigns in North Carolina, Virginia, on the Potomac, on the Susquehanna, at Havre de Grace and at Holyoke. He had under his charge the cod hatching at Gloucester in 1878. The Secretary of the Smithsonian writes in his honor: "He was

very methodical in everything, and as keeper of that portion of the archives under his charge was a notable example of industry, care and precision."

There is some information more than touching, which I have received, descriptive of Milner's last days. He was so enthusiastic in his work, that he went beyond his strength. He believed that with such a mission as was his, that he was invulnerable to the attacks of malaria or overwork, under which so many of his friends had succumbed.

When advised by Professor Baird, in the summer of 1879, to seek his home and take a needed rest, he still lingered at Washington, perfecting his plans for the steamer *Fish Hawk*, which he never was to see afloat, which vessel was the great triumph of American fish culture, and was only called into commission last month. Coming at last home to his wife, he refused to be thought even ill. In a month he was again at his post at Gloucester, entirely forgetful of himself, absorbed as he was in his work. When his task there was concluded he became so ill that he was forced to take to his bed. As soon as he could travel, he hurried on to Washington. There, confined to his room, still, with untiring energy, he conducted the business of the shipment and planting of the California salmon into Michigan waters, by means of the telegraph. His cough continuing, his physician ordered him at once to Aiken, S. C. But finding he could do no work there, but slightly improved in health, he went to Western Florida. Mrs. Milner having met him in New Orleans, she informs me that any idea of rest was even then the furthest from his mind. Florida might do him good, but that was secondary to the fact that he might conduct some work in Florida; there were collections to be made there. Mr. Milner remained in Florida until May, but was no better. It was with a terrible struggle that he then gave up the hope of future usefulness. I cannot imagine any more dread conflict than that which is sometimes waged between a man's active brain and his perishing body. It was in May that this devoted man went home to die. Life was gradually ebbing, but still the mental powers had lost nothing of their force. He could not bear to think that his work might stop with him forever.

A bare chance of life was possible. It might be found in Colorado. Thither he went last September; still he refused mental rest, for life was to him as worth nothing save enhanced by work. He rallied for a while, but then became more physically feeble. The vitality in the man was immense. If he was too weak to write letters, he dictated them. When, in October, the doctors told him that his time was short, then his resignation was supreme. Even then he remembered many of his friends, members of this Association present here to-day, and wanted to send them his last word and greeting. He said—these are his very words: "I am dying without a feeling of ill-will toward any man," and could—(writes to me, Mrs. Milner)—"could you have seen it, your kindness toward all who came under his notice, you could better understand the noble qualities, the untold goodness of this man."

Let us then, respect the memory of James Wood Milner, who was not only of singular service to this world, but who was honest, sincere and endowed with many wonderful gifts. It is to the disinterested efforts of such sterling men as was Professor Milner that we are beholden for the present position we enjoy, and should be lost to us, I am hopeful that the memory of one of our leading officers will always be revered by the American Fish Cultural Association.

The Kennel.

BREAKING DOGS WITH COLD LEAD.

WHITEHALL, VA., Feb. 23d.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Through the kindness of your correspondent, "Ringwood," I have occasionally the pleasure of perusing your paper. In your issue of the 12th inst. I notice a letter signed "W. F. Steel," deprecating the use of "cold lead" in breaking wild dogs, and, in short, declaring it to be perfectly useless. I decidedly disagree with him. My experience of a dozen years, and the experience of twenty years, and during that time, it may easily be supposed, I have had some pretty wild ones, and I cannot call to mind but one instance in which a dose, or doses of shot, followed by a sound "hiding," have not been effectual. That instance, by the by, was very effectual in its way, for the shot killed the dog, and perhaps, like the doctor's patient, he died cured. I do not mean to say that the shot gun could be part of the regular recognized tools of the dog-breaker—on the contrary, it should only be resorted to as a forlorn hope. At the same time, I repeat, I have never known it to fail, if applied at the proper time, to effect at least a radical improvement. No doubt there are serious objections to it. Some might say it is cruel—though scarcely more so than a series of whips, or whippings, which are apt to do to a dog what the whip does, but after each other mode has been tried in vain, I would have no hesitation in using it, the more so as a dog which you cannot control is worthless. At this moment I have a living monument to the good purpose to which a shot gun in dog-breaking can be put. Shortly before Christmas, '79, I came into possession of a setter dog which had never been broken, though he had been hunted, and I had by his former owner, who declared him quite unmanageable. He was a very fast dog, had a good nose, would stand steady enough to birds for say five minutes, but the moment the covey was flushed he was "all over creation," as his owner phrased it. I have seen him chase a partridge half a mile, and as for rabbits, he was the best rabbit-dog in the country. Now all this was not because he was so much interested in it. He had been whipped over and over again until I was sorry for the poor beast. I suggested the advisability of giving him a dose of shot, but my friend was a young sportsman who shrunk from doing this, but said he would hand over Porter to me and I could do as I pleased with him. I would not have troubled about the beast, but partly for my friend's sake, and partly because the dog was good looking, well bred, extremely fast and had a good nose, I thought I would

try him. Let me say here he was two and one-half years old. My first step was to get acquainted with him. My next to, in general way, make him obedient—not an easy task—but he was not sulky, and came in to hand pretty well. Then I took him out hunting without any gun, but with a steady dog of my own. Well, it was the same old thing. He flushed every covey of birds he found. Then he would not "back stand," and disgusted my setter, "Alb," by taking his point and flushing his birds. Then, worse than all, though quite obedient at home, returning when called (he was always very attentive to the whistle), and ever "down charging," He paid not the slightest attention to whistling, calling, or even stronger language. I regret to say, I beat him unmercifully as soon as I could catch him, and tried again. Presently Alb found a rabbit in a bush. I called Porter, who came with perfect obedience, there being no birds on the wing. He made a faint attempt to "back stand," rushed past Alb to put up the birds and was exceedingly disappointed—there weren't any, and, in fact, looked very foolish. Just then Mrs. Alb, rabbit, who did not understand this fooling, bolted, and so did Porter, notwithstanding he had just received a tremendous beating for that same thing, and that I did my utmost to restrain him, even to throwing stones at him. This satisfied me there was no resort left but the shot gun. Two or three days after the occasion just referred to I took him out again, this time by himself—I, armed with my choke-bore. We soon found birds. I shouted to him and running as fast as I could, I got within about sixty yards, when the birds were flushed. Off went Porter as usual. I shouted to him as loud as I could, and then let him have it. There never was such an astonished dog since dogs were. The shot stung pretty smartly, and before he had fairly recovered from his surprise I had him by a hind leg. I knew it was now or never, and I thrashed him until he was almost dead. Of course he could not have any more to do. Next day a friend happened to come, and we went out for a short time, taking the dogs. Porter hunted first rate, but flushed the first covey he found, which was also the first we found. Fortunately I was not far off, and "ha! you Porter, his back sir," stopped him in time. He came back looking very frightened, and I petted and made much of him. From that moment he was a conquered dog. Of course he was not much afterwards, and I was more than once on the point of giving him another dose, but happily refrained. Now he is the fastest, steadiest dog I have owned for many a day. This is only one instance of many wherein "cold lead" has done good service.

SAPIENS QUI ASSIDUUS.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE COLLIE AT THE NEW YORK SHOW.—*Jersey City, N. J., March 18th.*—I wish to call the attention of the Westminster Kennel Club to the injustice done the breeders of the Scotch collie in classifying the dog and bitch of that breed together at the Fourth Annual Bench Show. Heretofore it has been customary to class them separately. There has been a great interest taken in the collie since the last bench show, and a number have been imported especially to exhibit at this collie bench show. I do not see why the kennel club should make any distinction in the classification of non-sporting dogs, as none are more useful than the collie. Appleton's "American Cyclopaedia" states as follows: "At the head of the list of the domestic canines of temperate Europe stands the shepherd's dog, having been trained from time immemorial to the care of flocks; its peculiar faculties seem to be instinctive, and its sagacity, fidelity and courage are not excelled by any species of dog." I think for the above reasons the collie should at least have a chance, similar to other non-sporting dogs, and I ask the kennel club to make two classes instead of only the one, for if they are exhibited separately I know of at least five bitches in this State that will be entered. I think it is the duty of the kennel club to do all in its power to encourage and promote the breeding of such valuable dogs. Look at the English Bench Show and see the great number of collie dogs that are exhibited; in fact, they are taking the lead over all other breeds. By opening a class for bitches separate from the dogs the kennel club will confer a favor on all lovers of the Scotch collie and also insure a larger number of entries and finer specimens of this breed than has been heretofore exhibited in this country. J. L.

As regards classification, the points of the male and female collie are so much the same that no injustice is done the bitches as far as the judging is concerned. The question, therefore, is only one of prizes, and in making up the premium list the committee were governed to a great extent by the entries in various classes in previous years. However, we observe that a special club medal has been offered for the best collie bitch, providing a bitch does not win first prize, which makes five prizes in all for this breed.

ENTRIES FOR THE DERBY.—*New York, March 23d.*—Be kind enough to publish in your paper the following entries for the Field Trial Derby: Lad (Lincoln-Daisy) bred white and orange setter dog; Dashing Flover (Dash II-Phantom), white and black setter bitch; Blue Queen (Tam O'Shanter-La Prince), blue Belton setter bitch; Blue Princess (Tam O'Shanter-La Prince), bl o Belton setter bitch; Lu (Lincoln-Daisy Deam), white and orange setter d (ou-Nora), black and wt (Dash II-Norma), blue 3 (entered by the Monty Prince Albert (Brusset) picked setter dog—ent dianapolis, Ind.; Lady I and white setter bitch—New Castle, Pa.; Dick and white pointer dog; and white setter dog lung, (Fashion setter dog—entered) C

—An internation at Lincoln, in Ht. June.

player inside. Years ago—it must have been fifty—Mr. Felix suggested the application of the Roman catapult to the purposes of propelling the cricket ball, and Caldecott, several years later, simplified the machine. Again, a newly invented catapult has been rigged up on the turf, the inventors and patentees being J. Wisden & Co. This is claimed to be "the most effective substitute for the professional bowler." At the time of the debut of this automaton many differences of opinion arose respecting the real merits of the instrument of the bowling substitute. The author of "The Cricket Field" waxed sarcastic over it, and the "prophets" of the day went about scratching their heads with fewer half crowns to jingle in their pockets, and wearing an unusually thirsty look. The press of the time then came to their rescue, and from the two following extracts the reader was supposed to be able to draw an opinion for himself: "The catapult is accredited to Mr. Felix, who, according to his own showing, borrowed the idea from the resources of the beleaguered Archimedes and irresistible Marcellus for the more friendly encounter of the cricket ball, directing attacks from which towers and temples went to the ground, to the more humble task of lowering obstinate wickets. Though not quite so good practice as a first-rate bowler, because a ball does not certainly come from it in quite the same manner as it does from the hand, still it is not without some advantages over the services of a good hired bowler. It never tires, is never ill, and it can adapt its pace without spoiling its pitch." Another writer, in the *Sporting Magazine*, 1838, says: "I allude to the catapult, a convenient instrument, which will make any man with eyes in his head a bowler. Let them have a railroad for the ball to run upon, and the bowling is complete. As to the injury it does not the incertainty, but I sincerely hope it will never supersede nature's catapult—a free shoulder, with its proper up pendulaves, a strong arm and a steady hand; and right well he might have added, a supple wrist and a sufficiency of brains.

Lastly we come to the machine-made long-stop, in whose meshes the long taut of byes finds its source; we refer to the stoppage-net. Whence this came, and when it was first introduced on the cricket field, it matters little, but it has been an importation, in our opinion, that has done great harm to American cricket. Fortunately it is the only one of the three labor-saving machines which we have recapitulated that has taken out its naturalization papers, and one is certainly enough. Good bowlers, good wicket-keepers and good long-stops are not such a drug in the American market that we can afford to let machines take part in our practice. If we are to fight our way up in the cricket world we must leave these jim-cracks and innovations alone.

CRICKET AT PORT HOPE IN 1846.—The game was firmly established at Port Hope, Canada, over thirty-five years ago, and we have records of their club playing against Cobourg in the above-named year. It would really be a pity if one of the oldest cricket organizations in the Dominion should be disbanded on the eve of a prosperous season.

AMERICAN CRICKET.—*New York, March 27th.*—It is characteristic of Americans that they are always striving for "something new," something different from any other nation, consequently it is not surprising that they want a new game of cricket, or rather American cricket, with American rules; and hence we see the Cricketers' Association at the head of the "average system" and "revolution" both quite unknown or unheard of in any other country where cricket is played. These advanced ideas may be good enough for some, but are they acceptable to the majority? Do they promote the noble game? This is a very important question, and should be well considered by all cricketers, now that cricket seems to be going ahead in this country; therefore let American cricketers decide whether cricket is likely to advance more rapidly with the new idea or the old.

THE AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN.—A Melbourne correspondent informs us that the Australian team for England and America is nearly complete. They made a start on New Year's Day, and are about to play a strong fifteen of Sydney. The list is as follows: Spofforth, Honner, G. Bannerman and Murdoch from New South Wales, and Alexander, Blackham, Boyle, P. M. Donnell, Palmer and Sligh from Victoria. The two extra men will probably be A. Bannerman and Evans or Kendall. Honner is said to be the hardest and cleanest hitter ever seen in Australia. He stands six feet six inches; can run like a deer, bowl like a catapult, but with plenty of break, and throw a cricket ball 131 yards the first try—altogether rather a "nail-er." They have had some weather out there, too, one day did not rain for overcast and two days after it was 104 in the shade and 118 in the sun. In South Australia it went as high as 172 in the sun.—*London Sportsman.*

—Mr. Chas. W. Dance, of the Staten Island and St. George's clubs, of this city who has been spending Easter in Hamilton, Ontario, was hospitably entertained by Alderman R. Kennedy, of that city, the jovial Captain of the Hamilton Cricket Club, who visited New York and Philadelphia last summer. Captain Kennedy is in hopes the St. George's, Young America and Staten Island teams will visit Hamilton this season and promises them a "gay old time," both on and off the field, and will then pay them another visit next season.

THE CRICKETERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES.—*Philadelphia, 93 Walnut street.*—The third annual meeting of the association will be held at 93 Walnut street, April 4th, at 4 p.m. Delegates must present credentials properly certified, each club being entitled to one vote.

JOHN P. GREEN, Sec'y and Treas.

—The Germantown Cricket Club is to be governed somewhat differently in the future, and expects a large increase of membership this year.

—The Manhattan Cricket Club will have a strong eleven in the field this season. It has several new members that can play.

—The Hargreave brothers, so long identified with the Germantown Club as its bone and sinew, have joined the Girard Club, of Philadelphia, which is composed mostly of Englishmen, and they will make it a match for any organization in the country.

—We call attention to an article on "American Cricketers and a Foreign Trip" in another column.

—George Lane, professional Staten Island Cricket Club, has engaged passage from Liverpool, England, 15th inst.

—Now that it is positively known that the Philadelphia boys are not "going foreign countries for to see," the Hamiltonians will have to look out, for Captain Kennedy will surely be after them.

—The Australian eleven, which is to visit England early in May will, it is expected, return home via New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

—Secretaries of clubs are requested to send in their full addresses at an early date.

—Mr. James Eyrle, of the Staten Island Cricket Club, has been presented by that organization with one of "Cobbett's best" in record of the best bowling—three of the Young America wickets in three successive balls—Young America (2d) vs. Staten Island (2d), July of last year. "Our Jim" is happy.

Answers to Correspondents.

A number of answers are crowded out this week, and will appear in our next issue.

L. P. B., Houston, Tex.—Read our advertising columns.
A. REARIN, Fredericton, N. B.—The address is New Smyrna, Florida.

H. K.—Address of Commodore Jersey City C. O., is Charles E. Chase, 27 Broadway.

W. L. J.—Send to Manning's Yacht Agency, 53 Beaver street, N. Y., for yachts in the market.

W. P. S.—Address Commodore W. D. Lintz, Poughkeepsie C. O., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

C. O., Erie, Pa.—You will find Jordan's "Manual of Vertebrates" the thing you want. See our issue of March 11th.

G. G. G.—Gelson's anti-fouling paint for yachts is to be had of Gelson & Co., 185 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

C. G. H., Montreal.—A preparation of paraffine dissolved in naphtha or benzine, is used for waterproofing fish lines.

C. F., Montreal.—Chas. Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, New York, can supply you with the birds, and is thoroughly reliable.

H. S. H., Bellefonte, Pa.—Will you be kind enough to tell me where I could purchase some live quail? Ans. We cannot tell you.

ESCALAPIUS, Montreal.—We will give the desired information if you will send us more specific particulars, the kinds of fish you have in aquarium, etc.

RACE HORSE, TEXAS.—The fastest mile time on record is that of Ten Breck, 1:32.1. Your other query we cannot answer, as there is no official time recorder.

E. W., Pekin, N. Y.—A letter addressed to you has been returned. We should advise you to consult the editor of the Jacksonville (Fla.) Sun and Press.

W. H. C., Haverford College, Pa.—Can you tell me the date of the *Harp's Bazaar* in which were sketches of the Eastern Archery Meeting? *Bazaar No. 44*, vol. XII.

W. R. B., Orange, N. J.—Unable to give you Mr. George Hecker's address or the pedigrees of the Laveracks Zip and Naoml. We will be pleased if any of our subscribers can.

AN INQUIRER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your horse is not an unusually heavy animal. Whether or not he is fitted for saddle use can best be determined by actual experiment. Saddle him and try it.

REMY, New York.—Which model Winchester did Mr. J. E. Stetson use when he won the medal presented by Schuyler, Taylor & Graham, July 22d, 1876, for rapidity and accuracy? Ans. Model of 1873.

C. N. K., San Francisco.—R. Valentine, Janesville, Wis., did have wild rice for sale. If he has sold it all, your best plan is to order in advance either of him or of Mr. Charles Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont.

NARGOLIN.—You may purchase the pipe of F. Kaldenburgh & Co., Fulton street, New York. There are several replicas, the comparative merits of which depend upon the use for which they are intended.

C. A. G., Tom's River, N. J.—We cannot discriminate by recommending one brand of shot as superior to another. The various makers claim special advantages, and the merits of each have already been set forth in our columns.

H. W. P., Weyauwega, Wis.—The treatment for foot rot in fish will be recommended to H. H., Brooklyn, N. Y., in this column. We make no charge for receipts, and feel rapid when we can be of real service to our brother sportsmen.

J. A. H.—No firm manufactures waterproof canvas for boats. Use 8 or 10 oz. duck, and apply following: Boil 6 ozs. hard yellow soap in 14 pints water, and add half pound patent driers, 5 lbs. boiled linseed oil, or take reduced proportions. If color is wanted, add paint as desired.

W. J. R., Roxbury Station, Conn.—1. For map apply to the Coltons, William street, New York. 2. The rifle sight is highly spoken of. 3. We have repeatedly refused the advertisement of the firm. As to their reliability apply to Dun, Barlow & Co., New York, or to any other mercantile agency.

T. H. R., Poughkeepsie.—Is there no way of preventing the passing of a bill now before the Legislature permitting persons to fish with nets in the Wallkill? The bill is pending, there is very good, and now they propose to ruin it. Ans. Post your representatives at Albany and secure their intervention to defeat the bill.

M. P. H., New Haven, Conn.—Mr. Vero Shaw, in his excellent "Book of the Dog," states, in a special chapter devoted to the "getting up" of dogs, for shows, that "curly coat which should be flat are sometimes ironed out," and "hand rubbing is most efficacious as a means of both drying and flattening down the coat."

H. W., Cypress Mill, Texas.—For instructions to a novice in the various modes of fishing we commend Hallock's "Gazetteer." The pages devoted to fly fishing, trolling, care of tackle, etc., are exhaustive and explicit, and leave little to be said. Dr. Henshaw's book on the "Black Bass," we may premise, will also be a valuable work; worthy of the study of every experienced angler.

G. H. E., New York.—I have a Winchester Express rifle of .50 cal., shoots very well with the light bullet, but I would rather use solid bullets of about 50 grains, and 50 grains Hazard powder. Would ask your advice whether the rifle would shoot well up to 500 yards? Ans. The gun has slow twist and shallow rifling, and made only for short, light ball, but will shoot with a heavy, long ball.

PRATERIDGE, Dover, N. H.—1. For scroll saws write to R. Simpson, 122 Nassau street, New York. 2. The National Gardener is defunct—dead on the field of honor. 3. For a work on medical botany write to William Wood & Co., publishers, 17 Great Jones street, New York. 4. We did not publish the scores because they could not be obtained, although promised. 5. Beadle & Co., New York, publish penny songs, and there are other firms engaged in the same business.

F. G. C., New York City.—We know nothing of the guns. You may be assured of square dealing if you go to any one of the several gun dealers whose names appear in the advertising columns of this paper. The customer has in their long-established reputation a sufficient guaranty. 2. There are some good trout streams in Sullivan County. Go to J. M. Badley's, at Eldred, where, late reports say, there are plenty of fish.

H. H. E., New Jersey.—Your attention is called to our notice at the head of this column. In issue of March 15th we commenced a series of articles on dog breaking, which may interest you. To get your dog under proper command use a check-cord. It is not ne-

cessary that your lessons should be confined to your house or yard, as you can carry the cord with you in your walks and pursue your instruction in the open fields.

T. B., New York.—1. I have a Sharps military rifle, Borchardt's model, and will go to Wyoming Territory for a couple of years. Do you think this arm a good one for large and dangerous game with the service charge? 2. Could I use a 450 or 500-grain bullet in a Ballard Creedmore rifle, .45 cal., 105 grains powder, Everlasting shell, with reduced charge of powder, say 85 grains? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Yes.

P. H., Bloomsbury, N. J.—A friend's dog has a large swelling on under jaw; red blotches all along the jaw. It has broken open in one or more places. Dog seems very much affected. He also has small red blotches on forelegs. The dog is a well-bred setter, but from his appearance will not last long. Ans. If the swelling is an inflammatory or painful one, would apply poultices of flaxseed meal. Give a single dose of castor oil and from two to three grains of quinine three times a day. Write further if there is no improvement.

J. W. B., Pueblo, Colorado.—In Colorado the killing, snaring or having in possession of "partridge, pheasant, prairie chicken, prairie hen or grouse" is prohibited, save between Oct. 1st and Nov. 15th. Professional taxidermists are allowed to kill birds and animals for specimens in museums. No person shall kill or transport elk, buffalo, deer, fawn, antelope, mountain sheep or bison between Jan. 1st and Sept. 1st; and then only in reasonable quantities for food. Apply to the Governor or to the Secretary of your State for a copy of the law.

M. B., COUNCIL, Americas, Ga.—See it stated in a Philadelphia paper that a catamount was killed near that city, weighing over fifty pounds. What is the difference between this species and our wild cat? Sixteen and eighteen pounds is an average weight of wild cats here, and twenty-six pounds is the heaviest I ever saw or heard of. How many species of catamount, or wild cat, are there in the United States? Ans. There are three species of the *Felis* in Eastern America; two of them small, of *Lynx rufus* and *L. canadensis*, and one large, *Felis concolor*. The classification in the paper was probably a young one of the last named species.

D. McG., Rutherford, N. J.—I have two bound puppies three months old. One is badly bow-legged and can hardly walk. He seems most afflicted in the first joint and walks on the outside of his feet. I have kept them in a large dog house, locked up, with hardly any exercise. The other puppy is all right. Ans. All dogs, and especially puppies and growing dogs, should have their liberty and be allowed to run about and take plenty of exercise. The larger breeds of dogs should not be kennelled in barrels, as it is apt to crook the legs. If your puppy is afflicted in such a manner as to render it incapable of doing its duty, or if it is of a condition, it may be well to give them a trial.

M. L. V., Savannah, Ga.—1. My Irish setter has lost all the hair around her eyes, and her frequent scratching keeps the parts sore; she has also two sore spots behind the ears. What shall I do for her? 2. I have been advised to keep her from a litter of puppies, only four or five. Is it necessary to do so in order to insure success in raising the puppies? 3. What is the best food for a bitch suckling pups? Ans. 1. Examine carefully for the presence of lice; if found apply a small quantity of kerosene oil, and then thoroughly rub in an abundance of lard or lard-oil. Leave on twenty-four hours and repeat if necessary. 2. A well-conditioned bitch should nurse satisfactorily five or six puppies. 3. Mixed food containing small quantity of meat. If your bitch is sickly secure a young and healthy bitch as foster-mother for her puppies.

H. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—I have a setter puppy about eight months old; he has just had the distemper, and though he is apparently recovered from that disease still he seems to have been forever since the attack with a sort of spinal paralysis. He has great difficulty in raising himself to a standing position, and seems unable when standing to set himself in motion. By letting me know what would be beneficial for the dog you will greatly oblige. Ans. Yours is only a typical case and one of the common results of distemper. Administer two grains of quinine with one-eighth to one-quarter ounce vomica three times a day. The quantity of vomica must be governed by the resulting symptoms, which will manifest themselves principally by twitchings of the muscles. When this takes place the dose of vomica must be reduced. If you prefer, you might give a large teaspoonful of cod liver oil twice a day in place of the quinine. Feed liberally, and write result later on.

PAUL, West Hoyalston, Mass.—My setter died last week, eight months old. In the morning he was lively and playful. In the afternoon I noticed that he was inclined to be alone and very quiet, his hair coming out by handfuls, not caused by shedding, as he was groomed every day and had been combed and brushed since then. I watched him all the afternoon, and he showed no other sign of sickness than disinclination to move; nose cold and moist, pulse regular. About six he commenced to clamp his teeth and froth badly. After doing so for about ten minutes, he threw back his head and had a fit, which lasted but a few moments; he was then quiet for nearly an hour, when he had another fit, and so on until two next morning, when he died—the fit coming off toward the last. When I saw the first fit coming on, I prepared an injection of sulphuric ether and iodoform, same as I have used in other cases of fits, and gave injection once in about half-hour, none being returned, but did no good. After death opened him and found nothing in stomach or intestines to cause the fits. The liver was mottled; spots about the size of a dime, being very light-colored. His heart was the size of a pint bowl—about eight times its natural size. Can you tell me what ailed him, and what I should have done different in treatment? Ans. A little anxious, as I have a number of other dogs, and the rather sudden death and sickness troubles me. I wish to save the others, if possible, although I may never have a similar case. Ans. From the description which you give, it is impossible to say precisely what was the cause of death, because you omitted to state the condition of the brain and spinal cord. In all probability the disease was chiefly in the heart, which you state was very much enlarged. It is not unlikely that "the fits" were due to the plugging of the blood vessels of the brain membranes with clots, or something firm from the heart. Whatever treatment was adopted, it should therefore have been in the direction of stimulating the heart to increased action. For this case the simplest treatment would have been whisky. If this fails, nothing can do any good. But heart disease should always be recognized by a careful breeder, because it is exhibited by panting and a weak pulse, even if it changes to be regular, which it usually is not. The "shedding of coat" and "mottling of the liver" have probably nothing to do with his sudden death. It was for cases like yours that we arranged with the Columbia Veterinary College, No. 27 West Thirty-fourth street, of this city, to receive all special treatments and furnish a complete diagnosis free of charge, providing that the express charges were prepaid. Had you availed yourself of our liberal offer, the case would have been covered most thoroughly.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

*Any publisher inserting our prospectus above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

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Trade supplied by American News Company.

REMOVAL.—On or before May 1st the FOREST AND STREAM will remove into its new offices in the Times building, Nos. 39 and 41 Park Row.

—We have received a copy of the constitution of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, the preamble of which sets forth the objects of the organization to be "to secure the propagation and protection of fish, game and birds by the recommendation and enforcement of judicious laws prohibiting the killing and sale of game and fish during improper seasons, and their wanton destruction by sportsmenlike means; also to foster genuine social spirit and union of action among the several clubs of Long Island and their members, and encourage skill in the use of the rod and gun."

On two points the new association has taken a most commendable stand. One point is the mutilation of pigeons in trap shooting, concerning which the sportsmen of Long Island say:—

This association denounces the mutilation of birds as unsportsmanlike and barbarous, unworthy of gentlemen and calculated to bring trap shooting unjustly into disrepute.

And we pledge ourselves to do everything in our power as an association and as individuals to prevent such practice and punish its perpetrators.

The other movement, which seems to us to be judicious and likely to result in good, is the invitation extended to the farmers of Long Island, who may be in sympathy with the objects of the association, to become honorary members of the body. This is in direct sympathy with the course which we advocated some weeks ago of securing the cooperation and friendship of the proprietors of farm lands. A mutual understanding of their mutual interests by farmers and sportsmen will result in more efficient game preservation than we can ever hope to attain by piling up laws on the subject. The Long Island Sportsmen's Association has a ardent field before it. Rightly fulfilling its mission it may stand as a worthy model for all other organizations of like aim. It has an excellent constitution; we hope that it may live up to the principles therein. Now, as a further step in the right direction, let the delegates who go from Long Island to the State Convention next June infuse their spirit into the other clubs which they meet there.

—Paymaster L. G. Billings, who went out in the Irish relief ship *Constellation*, last Sunday, is well known among the sportsmen of Brooklyn and vicinity as an expert shot, and the owner of some very handsome setters.

—Read the advertisements. This will save much postage, work and paper, now consumed in writing for information there given.

THE ANGLER'S ANNIVERSARY.

THE old definition of fishing—"A rod, with a string and worm at one end of it, and a fool at the other"—has an unpleasant indorsement from the Legislature in the fixing by law of April 1st as the beginning of the open season for trout-fishing in this State; especially does the most earnest and devoted lover of angling feel the apparent truth of the definition when he awakes on the 1st of April to find the ground covered with snow. No man will acknowledge, even to himself, that he is a fool; but some of us are free to admit that we do sometimes look like fools. And, on the first of last April, when we were trudging along a country road on Long Island, with trout-basket slung to our side, and rod in hand, we did feel, that the urchins who met us and asked us where we were going, and how the skating was, etc., etc., had altogether too much reason for their jeers than was pleasant.

The past winter (is it past?) has been so open that there will be an unusual number of trout, and they will be fat. There having been so little ice, it has not been possible for that most destructive of all poaching—fishing through the ice—to be carried on at all. The unusually high temperature has also prevented solid freezing of brooks, and thus there has been no destruction of spawners, or eggs, or young fish, or infusoria. These circumstances combine to insure plenty of fish three years hence, and fat fish this year. The preservation of spawn and infusoria insure good fishing two years hence; and the preservation of spawners and young fish insure fat fish this year.

But we think the fish will be harder to take this year than usual. First, because a warm winter generally means a late and cold spring. Unless the first of April is warm and fine, the fish will be loath to come to the surface to take the fly. By using good-sized, rather bright flies and letting them sink a few inches trout may be induced to take hold, that would never take otherwise. The second circumstance that will work against a full creel is the very fact of the warm weather we have had during the late winter. The trout will not be so hungry; they have had far more feed than usual, and the angler need not expect to find them ravenous.

The number of anglers who will cast a fly on the fish this season will be greater this year than ever before. The crowd of them that we see replenishing their stock of tackle at the best shops indicate the pleasant fact that the lovers of this fine sport have participated in the profits of the present boom. The sales of the larger fishing tackle establishments show that not only more people are buying than ever before, but that the demand for the best goods is altogether unprecedented. No doubt the same thing is true of smaller stores.

IS THERE A SAFE BOILER?

THE increasing frequency of boiler explosions, and the loss of life and property which is invariably coupled with them, is a subject which deserves more attention from our busy inventors and the owners of mill property, and certainly those who expose life and limb to these dreadful sources of power. The latest horror is that which occurred in Frankford, Ind., by which the entire staff of employes of a flax mill were killed while in the act of warming themselves. The details of this frightful accident are almost too shocking to read. The widowed mothers and fatherless children thrown helplessly on to the charities of the public is a part of the sad story, which accords well with the rest of the wholesale devastation, and the utter demolition of the mill finished well the record of death, suffering and loss.

Now it is about time this sort of thing were stopped, and some means taken to prevent such frightful occurrences. We have had enough of such dreadful details of suffering and loss. Where are our boasted brain-workers, whose labors have given a world-wide reputation to our country? Where is the humanity of our moneyed men, whose factories of various sorts cover the land, and whose operatives form the bone and muscle of our manufacturing and commercial industries? Why do these men found an extensive plant, and place therein a boiler which at any moment may blow the whole structure to atoms, scattering wide death and destruction? Although there is a mystery affecting the causes of boiler explosions, still enough is known concerning them which ought at once to condemn that class of boilers (comprising three fourths of those in use) which contain a large amount of water heated to such a degree that when the shell ruptures, which it is always liable to do from a number of causes, the water in it changes its condition into steam instantaneously, and with immense force. When a boiler is new it may be tested to far above the steam pressure it is expected to carry; but sufficient allowance for the weakening of the shell by age, rust, action of the fire, undue strains arising from imperfect settings, bad construction, or careless attendance, is not provided for. Let this subject be well ventilated. Let the inventors and manufacturers of so-called safety boilers prove that their produc-

tions are really safe, and that they will work as economically as those in more general use, and their universal adoption is assured with like benefit to the builders and the public safety. With such a boiler a new field would also open to yachtsmen devoted to the mechanics of an engine. There are eight characteristics a boiler for popular marine use must conform to for successful competition with the death-defying traps of the day. They are: Absolute safety against anything but local failure at the worst; light weight; small space; economy in first cost; repairs and attendance; the highest efficiency in evaporation; capability of using salt or fresh water, and burning effectually various kinds of fuel; long life. Where is there a boiler any man could "run," and no man could blow up if he tried?

THE AMERICAN FISH CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

THE ninth annual meeting of the American Fish

Cultural Association convened in the Directors' rooms of the Fulton Fishmongers' Association, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 30th and 31st—Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, President, in the chair. There were present Mr. George Sheppard Page, Vice-President; Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, Treasurer; Mr. James Annin, Jr., Recording Secretary; Mr. Barnet Phillips, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Seth Green; Mr. Livingston Stone, United States Assistant Commissioner of Fisheries; Dr. W. M. Hudson, Fish Commissioner of Connecticut; Mr. Asa French, Fish Commissioner of Massachusetts; Mr. Hugh D. McGovern, Mr. S. A. Kilburn, artist; Mr. Theodore Morford, Dr. J. P. Trimble, the entomologist; Mr. Samuel Wilmont, the oldest shad fisherman on the Hudson; Mr. James Benkard, Mr. J. S. W. Thompson, and many others, whom, owing to the neglect of the meeting to call the roll, cannot be named.

The first business of the meeting was the reading by Mr. Barnet Phillips of a memorial paper on Professor James W. Milner, which we publish to-day. Mr. Roosevelt followed with a paper detailing the experiments at the New York State Hatchery in crossing various species of fish, the successful experiments having been: Salmon trout with whitefish; salmon trout with the brook trout; brook trout with fresh water herring, with California salmon, and with the California mountain trout; shad with striped bass and with herring.

Mr. Seth Green's report on the introduction of the California salmon into New York State was also read by Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Livingston Stone's discussion of the practicability of the transportation of fish was one of the most important papers of the day, the author contending that the mortality of fish while in transit was always due to some cause which it is possible to remove by added experience and increased facilities.

One of the most interesting episodes of the meeting was the practical demonstration, by Mr. James Annin, Jr., of the process of stripping the fish in artificial propagation. A number of gravid trout had been provided, together with the necessary tubs and pans. Mr. Annin, taking the female trout, pressed out the eggs into the pan, and then deposited upon them the impregnating milk, pressed out from the male. The interesting fact was here brought out that the eggs of the trout are always of the color of its flesh. Upon being questioned as to how he determined the females from the males, Mr. Annin replied, "By general appearances;" and it was conceded by the rest of the practical trout culturists present that while a man who was accustomed to the fish could readily distinguish the sexes during the spawning season by the increased size of the gravid fish, and the quicker movements of the males, there was still no absolute mark which might guide the novice. The old theory of the lighter color on the belly was long ago exploded.

Mr. Charles Hallock presented a very entertaining picture of the cod fisheries along the coast of Labrador. Then followed a discussion of the spawning habits of the land-locked salmon; the resulting opinion being that these fish go to running water for the purpose of spawning, because in running water they find a clear, gravelly bottom upon which to deposit their eggs, and that if such a spawning ground is to be found in a lake or confined body of water the fish will spawn there.

Mr. Phillips read a paper prepared, by Mr. George Lemphear, detailing the number of pounds of fish annually sold in the wholesale department of Fulton Market, the exhibit showing, from the tables, that from March, 1878, to March, 1879, of fish belonging to American waters and sold in Fulton Market, 33,529,600 pounds were sold, and from March, 1879, to March, 1880, 31,276,666 were sold, showing an increase for the latter year of 649,700 pounds.

Other papers read were: "Do Grilse Spawn?" by Mr. Sottman, of the Fisheries Commission of Holland; and on the "Pound-Net Fisheries," by Mr. Theodore Reincke, of Sandusky, O.

Wednesday morning the Association listened to a most valuable paper by Professor W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan University, on the nutritive properties of fish. This essay is the result of a very exhaustive series of chemical

analyses of the ingredients of the flesh of different fishes, and an exhibit of the relative values of each species as an article of diet. A revised copy of the paper will be prepared by Prof. Atwater for publication in the next number of the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

Among the other papers read yesterday was one by Prof. Brook, of the John Hopkins University, on the propagation of the lobster.

All the papers read before the Association will be published in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. The convention has been an interesting one, from which the members have gained new knowledge by the interchange of their experiences, and the stimulating effects of those discussions are seen in the increased interest manifested by the public in fish culture and in all that pertains to the industry.

The members met at the Metropolitan Hotel last evening to partake of the annual dinner. These banquets are always delightful, and that of last night was no exception to the rule.

THE TROUT OPENING.

NEXT to the pleasure of a trip to the trout streams to-day (and far ahead of it, too, the can't-get-aways claim), is that of a visit to the exhibition of trout by Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, at his stand in Fulton Market. These annual displays have become one of the pleasantest features of the season in New York and vicinity. Started in a small way some six or seven years ago, to show some of the practical results of artificial trout culture, these exhibitions have long since outgrown this original design. Now, instead of a limited number of specimens of trout, Mr. Blackford collects on his marble slabs the kings of the brook from all over the world; and in place of the few interested fish culturists, dealers and anglers, great throngs of ladies and gentlemen in an unnumbered multitude, fill the market and press around the stands, where lie in cold and silent state the royal monarchs of the trout streams.

To-day and to-morrow, as the very tasteful and elaborate invitation cards promise their recipients, the display is superior to that of any former year. Mr. Blackford has been for months securing, through his agents at home and abroad, choice specimens from various parts of the world. On one stand are trout from the streams of England, Scotland and Ireland, and by a happy coincidence the reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is enabled to-day to see some of the fish of which "Ringwood" writes so entertainingly on our first page. These were secured by Mr. Blackford's agents in the London market. Elsewhere are specimens of trout from France, secured through the courtesy of Capt. Truedelle, of the French line of steamers. Canada is represented by fine specimens of sea trout from the Restigouche, and by some beautiful fish—the finest wild trout in the Dominion—from Three Rivers and the Quebec district. New York State supplies choice specimens of *Salvelinus fontinalis* from the preserves of the South Side Club, Long Island, who have the finest facilities for raising trout of any establishment in the State. Mr. Hugh McGovern, from his ponds back of Brooklyn, sends live trout in aquaria; and live specimens are also exhibited from the establishment of Mr. A. Rackow, Foster's Meadow, L. I.; dead fish from W. E. Robinson, Patchogue, L. I., and from Mr. Ira Hoyt, Halsey Valley, Tioga County. The New York State Hatching-house at Caledonia sends a complete series of the different varieties of brook trout, California salmon and salmon trout, California brook trout and the McCloud River, California, trout; also a display of young fry from one month to one year old. Mr. James Amn, Jr., who has gained much credit among fish culturists for the invention of a method of shipping eggs to Europe in a way which requires no attendant, and who is becoming known as a close observer and a successful fish culturist, will contribute a handsome display of brook trout eggs in the hatching-jars, showing the process, and also a fine collection of wild Caledonia Creek and cultivated brook trout.

From New Jersey, Mrs. Slack sends specimens from her ponds at Bloomsburg. Pennsylvania's quota is furnished by Mr. Jeremiah Comfort, one of the veteran trout culturists of the State, a friend of Thad. Norris, and to whose pond Mr. Norris used often to repair. These fish were brought up and nurtured under the shade of a Quaker brim, and those who know say that while they have lost none of the game qualities possessed by other artificially grown trout, they also have a peculiarly fine flavor, rightly attributed, we surmise, to their placid disposition. From Wisconsin come the specimens contributed by Mr. H. F. Dousman, of Waterville, one of the largest and most successful trout culturists in the United States. Mr. Frank Clark, of Northville, Mich., sends brook trout and California brook trout; while Commissioner B. B. Redding, of California, supplies specimens from the McCloud River and from Truckee River; also from Denver, Colorado. In close proximity to these strangers from the Pacific, the New England visitor to the Fulton Market will find some of the mountain brook trout from the dashing streams of New Hampshire; these are sent by Mr. Geo. H. Dierckman, of New Hampton,

N. H. From the Cold Spring Trout Ponds, Charlestown, N. H., come trout raised by Mr. Livingston Stone; and the same gentleman also sends some whitefish fry hatched from eggs which were imported from Switzerland. There are also to be seen some young land-locked salmon, which were started in jars on Mr. Blackford's stands.

From this brief catalogue of the specimens now on exhibition, it will be seen that Fulton Market is well worth a visit to-day and to-morrow.

AMERICAN CRICKETERS AND A FOREIGN TRIP.—Although a great deal has been said in Philadelphia during the last three years about sending a team of American cricketers abroad, and a number of plans have been outlined by great admirers of the game, it is a fact that nothing at all has been done by the men who would be likely to go as players. At the annual meeting of the Young America Club, Mr. Vaux offered a resolution that Mr. George M. Newhall be authorized to take such steps as he should see fit toward taking a team of Philadelphians to England this summer, and authorizing the Secretary to correspond with the other Philadelphia clubs on the subject; but the whole thing was intended to be discretionary with Mr. Newhall, and he has done nothing at all.

From conversations we have had together during the past few years on the subject, and from what we have heard of his saying to others, we feel sure that he has not seriously considered the subject, for the following excellent reasons:—

First, all the matches for the season are arranged in England early in the winter, and though, no doubt, our team could have had plenty of matches on short notice, there is no certainty that our team could have played on the best grounds, like "Lord's" and "The Oval," without which a trip to the Old Country would be a failure.

Second, on many other accounts the time was too short to map out a satisfactory programme, and have it all arranged with some good and responsible party on the other side.

Third, so far as we know, the men who would be needed have never been asked whether they could get away or not.

Mr. Newhall's modesty has prevented him from being very enthusiastic at any time over the idea of playing in England, but we hardly agree with his reasonings on the subject, and doubt if many of our cricketers would. All he says is true enough, but does not, in our opinion, constitute an argument against playing over there. The idea of winning is not of vital importance in our mind, and we would very much like to see a representative team of Americans go over and try their luck, feeling sure that it would make a fine showing, and do the game good. But any team that decides to sally forth to the enemy's country must be no scratch team, but the very best, and unless it is led by Captain Newhall it will resemble the play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out. Let us remind Mr. Newhall, however, that over five and twenty years have sped since we used to watch together the "rise and progress" of the game from the sharp edge of a rail fence over Camden way, and that he owes it as a duty to all American cricketers to lead the first invading van to a foreign shore, before his hand loses its cunning, and there is a creaking noise in his knee-joints. Though nothing can be done this year, we shall look forward to the next with a very Micawberish eye for something to turn up.

NOTES.—The New Jersey amended law provides that no woodcock shall be shot before the 1st of September; and many of the sportsmen of that State are in doubt whether or not the law has jurisdiction over the deeds of a proprietor on his own estate. The game on a man's farm, they argue, is his individual property; the State has no right to say what he shall do with his woodcock any more than it has a right to say what he shall do with his cow. If this reasoning be correct, it would seem that the New Jersey legislators might be engaged in more profitable business than framing game laws, for the public lands alone of the State are hardly extensive enough or rich enough in game to warrant much legislation.

It happens in Jersey that when a gunner shoots a woodcock he generally shoots it on some one's land. If the bird be the property of the man upon whose land it is killed, the person who shoots it and carries it off is as much a trespasser and a thief as the person who steals a man's horse in the night time. Are the advocates of the principle of property in game willing to go so far as this in their arguments?

We should like to see the legality of some of the game enactments tested by a man who would stand the cost of the experiment. For instance, it would be an interesting, and not altogether a profitless undertaking, to get the decision of the highest tribunals as to the right of one State of this Union to debar non-residents from shooting the game, except upon payment of a considerable fee; or the legality of a statute making it a misdemeanor to shoot a pigeon. Without at all questioning

the good results likely to accrue from a non-resident prohibitory law, or the motives leading to its enactment, we are inclined to the belief that in their commendable zeal in game prohibitions some of our legislatures may have lost sight of some of the fundamental principles of our government and society.

We publish in our Natural History columns to-day the description of one of the new birds collected by Mr. Fred. A. Ober, in the Antilles. This bird, as Mr. Lawrence tells us, was before erroneously referred to a known species, but was afterward found to be quite distinct; and we are much gratified to record this addition to the rich results of Mr. Ober's expedition. The *Margarops dominicensis* is the twenty-first new species discovered by our enthusiastic correspondent. Mr. Ober is one of those naturalists who are happily born with a taste for adventure and exploration in new fields. While yet a boy, he had a complete collection of all the birds of his New England home; and later he spent some months in Florida—not the Florida of the conventional tourist—but the Florida of Seminole fastnesses and rare birds and animals, whence he wrote the letters which first made him so pleasantly known to our readers as "Fred. Beverly."

In 1876 he applied to Professor Baird for an "undiscovered country," where he might pursue his favorite study upon ground not before investigated by naturalists. Among such fields presented to his notice was the one chosen, and which has yielded him such satisfactory results. The work which he accomplished has already been published in these columns, and was of such a character as to excite attention among naturalists everywhere; more interest has been manifested abroad than here; and there Mr. Ober has won much credit for his work. The experiences of the two years among the islands were embodied in the volume "Sub-Tropical Wanderings," which was published last fall by Lee & Shepard, Boston, calling forth from the poet Whittier a very complimentary letter to the author.

Mr. Ober is again in the field, collecting farther material for a proposed history of the birds of the Lesser Antilles. While it is unlikely that the present trip will be as notable for the number of new discoveries as was the last, there is still much to find out in the matter of the natural history of the species already secured. As before, we shall publish papers from Mr. Ober's pen, the first of which has already been received, and will appear next week.

Dr. Gordon Stables, of Twyford, Berks, England, who is to act as one of the judges at the Westminster Bench Show, will be in this city from the 23d inst. to the end of the month, and letters may be addressed him in care of this office. Dr. Stables has added to his several works already published a book shortly to be published on "The British Bloodhound"—a subject which is practically new, and to the treatment of which the author has brought the aid of the best breeders of the day, as well as of many old manuscripts and sketches and unpublished documents.

Owing to an unusual pressure upon our space this week, much late news and many other matters have been necessarily and reluctantly deferred. We ask the indulgence of our friends, promising them all attention in due time.

Clarksburg, Montgomery County, Md., has a fox-hunting club, of which Col. T. H. S. Boyd, author of the "History of Montgomery County," is one of the chief promoters and the President.

The annual parade and tilt of the Charleston Light Dragoons is held to-day, April 1st. This is one of the parades of Charleston which is always anticipated with much pleasure.

GAME PROTECTION.

—Commissioner Redding has been instrumental in the introduction into the California Legislature of a bill providing an appropriation of \$2,500 for the importation of song and game birds into that State.

UTAH.—The Utah Game and Fish Protective Society of Salt Lake City has been organized with the following list of officers and directors: President, John Sharp, Jr.; Vice-President, Bolivar Roberts; Secretary and Treasurer, L. S. Hills; Board of Directors, M. H. Walker, Geo. A. Meears, LeGrand Young, H. J. Richards, Salt Lake City; W. W. Cluff, Coalville, Summit Co.; Albert Miles, Peoa, Summit Co.; Aaron Farr, Logan, Cache Co.; W. B. Richards, Menden, Cache Co.; W. P. Nebeker, Lake Town, Rich Co.; Abram Hatch, Heber Wasatch Co.; J. M. Browning, Ogden, Weber Co.; John Adams, Corinne, Box Elder Co.; Wm. Seegmiller, Richfield, Sevier Co.; Joel Grover, Nephi, Juab Co.; J. W. Turner, Provo, Utah Co.; Jos. R. Porter, Porterville, Morgan Co. The society has been established for the

furtherance of game protection and the improvement of the game laws of the Territory. All persons are earnestly invited to coöperate with it in securing these ends.

The close seasons in Utah are: Quail, partridge or grouse, March 15th to Aug. 15th; wild ducks, April 15th to Aug. 15th; beaver and otter, April 1st to Nov. 1st; imported quail or other imported birds are protected for a period of five years; elk, deer, mountain sheep and antelope, Dec. 1st to Aug. 1st. No fish can be taken save with a license (except in Bear and Utah lakes between Sept. 15th and March 15th).

The society has placards and posters, and are in various other ways making the law known.

WALLA WALLA.—The game laws of the counties of Walla Walla and Columbia, Wash. Terr., provide the following periods of protection for game: Deer and elk, Jan. 1st to Aug. 15th; quail (Bob White), is always protected, except what may be trapped for propagating purposes; blue grouse, pin-tailed grouse or prairie chicken, ruffed grouse or pheasant, from June 1st to Aug. 15th—trapping of these birds is prohibited for purposes of propagation. And special provisions provide for fishways, against netting, and against taking in any way whatsoever salmon, salmon trout, bull-trout, except in the Columbia River, between Oct. 1st and April 1st. There is a most sensible provision which declares it a misdemeanor for any one person to kill more than twenty blue grouse, pheasants, or prairie chickens in one day.

PENNSYLVANIA—Bellefonte, Pa., March 27th.—Our association has been growing rapidly since the organization, and it seems to be in great earnest concerning the protection of game and game fish.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN APRIL.

Wild Ducks, Geese, Brant, etc.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

NEW YORK—Oxford, March 24th.—Norwich, N. Y., is the county seat of Chenango County, located on the Chenango River, eight miles from Oxford. It contains many sportsmen, wing-shots and some fine rifle shots. Their club turns out strong numbers, and they hold the championship cup of Chenango County at glass-ball shooting. They are to have a rifle range this season, and will do some fine shooting, I think. W. E. L.

—Duck shooting is now in order at South Oyster Bay; one hour and twenty minutes from Hunter's Point, via Long Island Railroad.

SHINNEDOCK BAY.—New York, March 25th.—When spring directs the flight of the migrating geese and ducks from their winter haunts in the sunny South toward their breeding place in the far north, it also implants in the bosom of the sportsman a desire to meet and salute them on their way. This desire was implanted so strongly in the bosom of the writer and his friend S., that they started for Capt. Lane's famous resort on Shinnecock Bay, on the 13th inst. We found the Captain's house, as usual, full, having representatives from Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Germany. The usual luck of sportsmen attended us during our stay—contrary winds, stormy days and the "ifs" that so often stand in the way of a "big bag." The bay is unusually full of redheads, black ducks, brant and geese, but owing to a change in the feed since the new inlet has been running, there are not so many broadbill as heretofore. From this time until about the middle of April the shooting will be first-class, providing, of course, the elements do not interfere. The Captain can accommodate quite a large party as he runs three batteries, with the necessary decoys, and two rigs of live geese stools. Mrs. Lane still conducts the cuisine in a way that tempts the appetite of the most fastidious; fish and fowl from the bay, as served by her, are not to be had in this or any other city.

There are two things that will effectually ruin the shooting on Shinnecock Bay, if not stopped. The first is "dusking," especially the black ducks on their feeding ground. I am credibly informed that the crew of the Government Life-Saving Station, No. 13, practice it almost continually. By the way, it is commonly reported that the whole of that crew are offenders found on the mainland, although it is contrary to rules for more than one man to leave the beach at a time, and then only for the purpose of getting the mail. The second is the use of batteries in shooting ducks; they serve to make the birds wild; they are expensive, requiring two gunners, and are also uncomfortable; they do not compare with shore or point shooting. The Captain informs me that before batteries were used on the bay, that the average bag for a day was much larger than it is now, although with a battery there are times when heavy bags are made. Another thing against battery shooting is that the sportsman has to lie still and see his bird float off before the wind, whereas almost the whole pleasure of shooting lies in handling and examining a bird after it is shot. Some of the gentlemen who own country seats on Shinnecock Bay are agitating the subject of having a law passed similar to the one regulating the shooting at Havre-de-Grace, viz., only three days in the week. It is my opinion that it would be much better to abolish batteries and allow shooting every day except Sunday. The elements take very good care that on the average a person cannot shoot more than three days in each week.

I have just heard from Lane's the result of the shooting on Monday and Tuesday, the 22d and 23d insts.; it was as follows: Monday, *Anser canadensis*, 30; Tuesday, *Anser canadensis*, 12, besides ducks shot by parties employing the batteries. SCARF.

NEW JERSEY—Stockholm, March 23d.—We have had the greatest amount of woodcock here I ever saw. The mountains seemed alive with them. You could go anywhere on the warm side of the mountain and find birds. We have no sporting club in this county at all. The game and fish laws should be printed on cloth or on paper, placed in a cheap frame and nailed up in every hotel in the country. The landlords would be glad to get them.

THE FIRST SNIPER AT NEWARK, N. J.—Of the 1,123 "gunners" that patrol the Newark meadows, there is one disciple of the "shot gun" whose main object in life seems to be the recording of the first snipe of the season. For many years he stood without rivals in his path, but of late other "hunters" have also aspired to the same honor; and early in February the mud holes and sewer mouths are religiously trodden out. For this year, however, the old sport is safe, for he has got to the windward of the boys by putting in a claim of the early bird on Feb. 2d. As it is impossible to go back of this return, it may be expected to hear of the "fast English" on New Year's day, 1891.

PENNSYLVANIA—Wilcox, March 30th.—I am out here now trying to secure a lot of wild pigeons for trap-shooting. The weather has been so cold and stormy for the last three weeks that they are very hard to catch.

DUCK HUNT ON ELK RIVER.—Christiana, Pa.—By invitation from our friend Charles Ulery we spent part of ten days gunning for ducks on Elk River, Md., my first experience with "sink-box." Monday morning found us anxiously looking for the sloop to return from a trip to Havre de Grace with supplies for the coming week, and we were made glad by its appearance about 1 P.M. We at once started for the Bahama Flats. This is a noted place for ducks on their way North in the spring; and as we sailed up this river we saw ducks by the thousands. We soon came to anchor and launched our "sink-box," and we were soon ready with about four hundred decoys, when the sloop sailed away, leaving us in the "sink-box," not alone, as is generally the case, this being a double one for two persons—a decided improvement, as you can have an experienced person by your side, and can learn to call and not shoot at another's duck, as many green horns do. We were in the "sink-box" till 5 o'clock when we had twenty ducks down, very good luck for our first ten hours' shoot. So we returned to Mr. Ulery's. Wednesday being our next shooting day, as the wind was threatening, we did not get on the duck grounds till after 9 o'clock, and soon had lively work. At 5 o'clock we took up with a score of sixty-eighth, all red-heads, which were very fine, weighing five pounds to the pair. So ended a most enjoyable hunt.

I will just say, Mr. C. Ulery will be fully equipped to take parties out the coming season, and if they go away disappointed it will not be his fault. I found Elk River lined on either shore with pond nets, which I think the Fish Commissioners of Maryland ought to look after. I saw one lifted, and they say it is common to get eight or nine barrels at a time. The one I saw contained about nine bushels, and there was full of spawn. The amount taken is yearly growing less; and, if continued, will shortly depopulate the river. G. P.

TENNESSEE QUAIL SHOOTING.—Mr. Jerry Cockrell, at Benton, lately killed a wild albino, or snow-white quail, a remarkably beautiful animal. Recently, in one day, Colonel Charles D. McLean's plantation, near Rossville, in Fayette County, four Memphis gunners bagged 25, 30, 50 and 50 quail and snipe (one woodcock), and all agree they were treated by Charlie and Jim the very "best in the world." Our friend "Guido" was one of the four.

ILLINOIS—Lacon, March 24th.—Ducks have been more plentiful on the Illinois River this spring than for several years. Immense quantities have been killed, and the shooting is yet good and probably will be for the next three weeks. Bags of 100 in a day, to 183 in a half day, mostly mallards, by one of our local Nimrods, have not been uncommon. Twenty to fifty in a half day is common work for our sportsmen. But the killing of ducks on the Illinois River is an art, a trade of itself. The tyrant is more apt to freeze his fingers and get a ducking himself than to bag many ducks. But there is now and then a day that the ducks appear to delight in being killed. They come right in and light right down among the decoys and wait patiently for killing. These are the days I kick out. Capt. Henry Fisher, of our gun club, killed with one gun, in about seven hours' shooting last week, 183 ducks, mostly mallards; 125 another day. BYRNE.

INDIANA—Washington, March 23d.—Duck shooting has been pretty fair around this place this month. Last Monday Jim Mulligan and W. D. Bynum bagged twenty-five, and the day after a party of four got a good many. There are very few snipe at present, and I have not heard of very many being killed. W. P. R.

Mr. D. B. Wier, of Bacon, Ill., has been contributing some seasonable notes to the *Peoria Transcript* about the merits of the several species of ducks finding their way to the market there. His papers have been so much appreciated that the dealers report a sale of twenty birds now to one bird before the articles were written. Mr. Wier's hints on cooking the fowl are reproduced in another column.

GAUGES.—Cincinnati, March 23d.—I have owned ten guns; two 12-gauges, four 16-gauges and four 14-gauges. The hardest shooting gun that I ever saw was made in Berlin, 14-gauge, 30-inch, laminated steel barrels; about 7 pounds in weight. With this gun I have killed woodcock at 70 yards, also squirrels at 80 yards. With the same gun I once broke a mineral water bottle at 75 yards, but like your correspondent I would make some unaccountable misses with it. This gun is still in use. C. S. S.

HUGE GUNS.—Williamport, Pa., March 25th.—As the conundrum "Who invented choke-boring?" has so often been propounded in vain, I think the following, taken from Bechtel's "Technologische Encyclopædie," published in Stuttgart, Württemberg, A. D. 1885, may interest some of your readers:—

"A good many sportsmen claim that a slight contraction of the bore toward the muzzle keeps the shot closer

together, consequently many shot guns are made that differ in this respect from a cylinder-bore." Further on the author says that "some makers rub out the inside of barrels with powdered glass," and that "it has lately been proposed to cut them with a slight spiral thread," as the friction used in this manner would prevent the shot from scattering so much and increase the penetration. However, I do not advise my sporting friends to try this experiment with their fine breech-loaders." To quote further: "The diameter of the bore (called caliber) of a shot gun is chosen of such a size that twenty-two exactly fitting balls will weigh a pound; the caliber of double-barrel shot guns and pistols are usually of such a size that twenty-eight to thirty-two balls go to the pound." In his latter quotation we do not find clear that the author probably meant that single guns were made 22-caliber, and double guns 28 to 32-caliber. The length of barrel would be from three to three and one-half feet. The author goes on to minutely describe the various methods of making gun-barrels and guns, and they do not vary as much from the processes of the present day as most people would think. It strikes me that the average Jäger of that day, who killed a 22-caliber, via the Pennsylvania, at 100 yards, by boat to Norfolk, arriving there on Sunday the 11th inst. No doubt for Currituck until Monday at 6:30 A.M. Spent a dreary day in Norfolk, thinking and dreaming of keese, swan and red-heads, etc., time passing heavily on our hands waiting for our trip on the great side-wheel steamboat *Signet*. Talk about boats! Why, the *Bristol* and *St. John* dwindle into the dark ages of the past in comparison to this great boat, and it is simply impossible to speak of the latter. We left Norfolk on Monday, 8th, at 6:30 A.M. via the Chesapeake and Albemarle Canal, the trip through the inland being dull and monotonous, but a peach tree in full bloom, relieved the dreary and rainy day of some of its unpleasantness; in passing out of the canal we came into the river that leads to the Sound. On each side of which were the finest snipe marshes I ever saw. And I was told that there were abundance of the birds there but we were not after snipe. At 1 P.M. we came into the Sound, my friend Jenkins looking ahead, and seeing a long, black bank rising up out of the water and the boat heading directly for it, spoke to the Captain, asking him if he was going to run into it. "Why," said he, "my friend, that croak you see, why, bless your soul, them's red-heads."

"Whow," says Jenkins.

"I say," says the Captain, "I guess, stranger, you haven't seen many birds, have ye? Why, pshaw, man that's nothing; that accounts for our running so slow, (think of it, six hours going about thirty miles) we might run into them and damage the boat." "Ah, indeed," replies Jenkins. "Be careful, Captain! No accident happen to me the pleasure of this glorious trip." "What's wrong?" said the Captain. "The Capt. Speed now, five knots." "Wonderful," says Jenkins. We now began to see birds in great flocks, keese, swan, black ducks, etc. As we extend into the sound we see little bays or coves here and there, the perfect paradise of feeding grounds for birds, but why don't the birds go there? Simply because they can't get there, for in one small cove we counted some twenty-five out-blinds, which are bushes stuck up in the water so that a man can put a boat inside and two hundred decoys around it, and you can well see how these birds have to come and feed. Now while I believe in all of our means as a sportsman, an absolutely opposed to all such methods as out-blinds and batteries for the shooting of game, as will be shown before I am done. They are, and have been, the greatest curse to all water that have allowed them that can be mentioned. But to continue our trip. Soon we came to the first club on the Sound, the Monkey Island Club. Now we are at Church's Island, but we did not see any churches, but we did see numerous out-blinds that were there, and some plainly flying off of these monumental structures to run into it. "Why," said he, "my friend, at 4:30 P.M. we were at our destination, Van Slack's Landing, after being twelve hours on the boat, and traveling in that time about seventy-five miles. We were completely worn out. On stepping onto the dock we were met by our friend (who by the way is a New York State gentleman) who has moved to this country and gone to farming, melons being his chief crop, having last year forty thousand plants in the ground. He introduced us to the proprietor of Van Slack's Landing, Mr. Nye. Mrs. Van Slack, having worried of living alone, has taken to herself another partner. We found by the display of birds hanging at the house on the dock that the battery had done its work, 164 red-heads having been killed within a quarter of a mile of the steamboat landing.

Monday and Tuesday being steamboat days, and the mail arriving only on those days, it brings together quite a number of the inhabitants of this most intelligent country. Our baggage being taken ashore we are asked to step into a two-wheel cart, before which was a quadruped called a horse, which was caparisoned in a European style, very good, we were asked to hold on, and a woman saddle, over which an eagle to hold up the cart, the whole putting one in mind of the third century in some heathen country instead of this enlightened country of ours. Arriving at the house of Mrs. Nye, all the guests having left some time ago, Mr. Nye ushered in our two guides, in the person of D. W. Lindsey and Joseph S. Parker; and here let me say, that in them we found two as good men as one wishes to have, being sober and attentive and working for the most game. For the morrow, the marsh shooting being very good, we were asked to shoot out of a battery. Being opposed to battery shooting, after some talk we were told that the law allowed shooting in this manner, and so we consented. Tuesday, the 9th, arose and prepared to go shooting, but it commented to rain very bad, and blowing a gale from the east could do nothing but stay in doors all day. In the afternoon we were kindly informed if we attempted to shoot out of a battery we would be arrested, simply because we did not reside in the State. Now I would like some of our wise law-makers to answer this question: Can one State make a law granting to its citizens privileges which a citizen of a sister State cannot come in and enjoy? If so, one State could pass a law prohibiting a citizen from doing business in another State, simply because he was not a resident. I do not believe that the Constitution of the United States holds any such doctrine.

Of course we had to shoot from the marsh. Being a guest of Mrs. Nye, our men selected a point where where the birds were

CONGRESS AND THE YACHTING LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I would like to call the attention of yachtsmen through your columns, to a bill relating to yachts now before the Committee on Commerce of the House of Representatives, as it may not be known generally that any such legislation is in progress. The draft of the bill is as follows:—

"In the House of Representatives, March 1st, 1880. Read twice, referred to the Committee on Commerce, and ordered to be printed.

"Mr. Amos Townsend (Rep., Ohio), on leave, introduced the following bill:—

"A bill to amend Section 4,214, of the Revised Statutes, relating to yachts:—

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:—

"That Section 4,214, of the Revised Statutes of the United States, be amended so as to read as follows:—

"Sec. 4,214.—The Secretary of the Treasury may cause yachts, used and employed exclusively as pleasure vessels, and designed as models of naval architecture, if built and owned in compliance with the provisions of Sections 4,133 to 4,135, to be licensed on terms which will authorize them to proceed from port to port of the United States and by sea to foreign ports, without entering at the Custom-house. Such license shall be in such form as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe. The owner of any such vessel, before taking out such license, shall give a bond in such form and for such amount as the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe, conditioned that the vessel shall not engage in any unlawful trade, nor in any way violate the revenue laws of the United States, and shall comply with the laws in all other respects. Such vessels, so enrolled and licensed, shall not be allowed to transport merchandise or carry passengers for pay. Such vessels shall have their names and ports legibly painted on some conspicuous portion of their hulls. Such vessels shall, in all respects, except as above, be subject to the laws of the United States, and shall be liable to seizure and forfeiture for any violation of the provisions of this title.

"Sec. 2.—That the said original Section 4,214, be, and the same is hereby, repealed.

"Sec. 3.—That this Act shall take effect from, and after its passage.

The vital differences between this and the old Section 4,214 relating to yachts, are that the new law will apply to all classes of yachts, small ones, as well as those "entitled to be enrolled as American vessels" (*i. e.*, of twenty tons and upward). And in this that the new law requires not only the name, but that of the port also, to be displayed on the hull of the yacht. No yachtsman will object to the name, but everyone will be disposed to use bad language when compelled to carry the port also. Much trouble has been initiated upon yachtsmen already by the attempted enforcement of a statute intended for vessels engaged in commerce, which required hull-boards on bow or stern. This provision of the new law is not only useless, but vexatious.

By a recent decision of the Treasury Department, all yachts under twenty tons were considered in the same light as rowboats, and were not liable for any non-compliance to the laws relating to ports, dues, hospital tax, taking out papers, name and port, etc. In fact, "taking one consideration with another, a yachtsman's, loss of a name, and of his craft was under twenty tons.

This new law will now put an end to his term of blissful independence, and compel him to decorate some conspicuous portion of his boat, dwelling with her name and port in three-inch letters. I imagine the small yacht owner would be better pleased with no law, and give up the so-called "benefits of enrolment." However, provided the part relating to the name of port were stricken out the new law will doubtless prove a benefit and an improvement on the old one. It is a great pity that Mr. Townsend did not also embody in his bill a clause exempting yachts from compulsory pilotage, and if not too late it might be done now. Coast-wise vessels are exempt; but suppose we cruise coastwise to Savannah, Ga., thence to Bermuda, thence to Ferdinand or Key West. On entering say Key West, which is as easy to do without a pilot as "rolling off a log," a pilot hails you; you refuse his offer of pilotage; yet you are obliged by law to pay for a service you do not want, and that has not been performed. I know of an instance where a New York yacht entering Key West from Havana was taken to a small boat, and the pilot was paid for nothing but deck. The injustice of being obliged to pay dearly for what you don't want and don't get is too palpable to need any further illustration.

Mr. Townsend's bill is the effort of a true sportsman to assist a noble and many-sport, and if not too late he will without doubt do all he can to improve what he has so well begun. Any suggestions to this end from yachtsmen would probably receive the attention they deserve from him, for if a bill is to be passed for the benefit of yachts, all yachts must be interested in having it cover the ground thoroughly and satisfactorily.

In regard to the present form of yacht licenses we are obliged to procure from the Custom House a yearly renewal. The Seawanhaka Yacht Club is about forwarding to the Secretary of the Treasury a petition signed by many yacht clubs in all parts of the country, asking that a yacht license extend during ownership, and when a yacht is sold the new owner to give bond and take out his license to extend during his term of ownership. The requirements of the law will be quite as well fulfilled by this method as by the old way, and yachtsmen he saved an immense amount of trouble and bother every year. O. E. CROWLEY.

The probabilities are that the common nuisance of "compulsory pilotage" will be abolished. There is no reason why a set of old, dried-up barnacles should fasten themselves as beneficiaries upon the community because they happen to be pilots any more than a set of cobblers because they happen to peg leather. There are more than many pilots for the business, and their charges are outrageously heavy. It is one of the many impositions upon American commerce, and is purely class legislation. Foreigners are naturally surprised that we submit to the exaction of such ornaments.

HEMP OR WIRE?

Editor Forest and Stream:—

This being a slack time of year with yachtsmen, and consequently a season for the interchange of views, I avail myself of your kindness to us brethren of the wire to moot once more the oft discussed question of hemp versus wire for the shrouds of yachts. I may premise that I have tried both, but cannot be truly said undecided as to the absolute merits and demerits of either. There has been a great deal written on the subject, and where learned authorities so widely differ, I do not presume to offer an opinion. I will merely say that many practical yachtsmen who read your paper to contribute their share of information, I am much interested in their comments, and receive them in fitting and yet in the most perfect manner, and what I

want to get at just now is the experience of men who have made comparative tests of the value of hemp and of wire shrouds.

Of course, we all know that wire shrouds are stronger in proportion to their weight, and can, therefore, be made much less weight, and hence equal to 25-inch hemp—only half the weight per fathom. There is, then, a decided saving in weight aloft, and, owing to the reduced size, a diminution of wind-drag—two important considerations. The rigging can also be made neater—a point worth noting. But—there is a "but"—wire requires to be set up taut, or it looks slovenly; and slovenliness is inadmissible on a yacht. Hemp shrouds, on the other hand, while heavier and catching more wind, require to be set up very much softer, and indeed must be looked after constantly, as they stretch and take up a great deal, according to the weather. This is a decided disadvantage to the Corinthian, who, perhaps, keeps but one paid hand, and in this respect wire is more likely to give satisfaction, not stretching nearly as much. Now, the elasticity of hempen shrouds, it is claimed, is of great value as a help to speed, as it prevents the blinding up of the boat, while the wire ties her up, unless the lanyards are made very long to compensate for the loss of elasticity, or spring or india rubber relieves are used for the same purpose. In conversing with seamen the general consensus of opinion was, I found, in favor of slack rigging for speed, and in favor of wire shrouds, which is diametrically opposed to the other axiom that the flatter the sail the faster will the yacht travel. Personally I incline to wire rigging set up taut. I know this is almost heresy, but, authors to the contrary notwithstanding, it seems to me that unless the masts be made so stout as to bear up under the strain of the sail without buckling—as is the case of some of the Newfoundland fishing boats—well set up rigging is absolutely necessary to obtain flatness of mainsail. I think it will be found that the advocates of slack rigging have much to say for themselves, and consequently heavy.

Brett, in his "Notes on Yachts," devotes a whole chapter to a comparison of hemp with wire, and decides in favor of the former on all counts, having evidently a strong prejudice against the latter; but since Brett's day a deal has been learned about wire rigging, and its use has become much more general than was anticipated. "Vanderleecken," in his "Yachts and Yachting," long a standard work, and even now a most useful book of reference acknowledges the splendid performance of vessels fitted with wire shrouds, while not entirely free from the "weak-belly" vessel, whose hull works and springs even moderately. "Marrett" doesn't touch on rigging in his book, and Frazar's "Boat-Sailing," the only American hand-book on yachting that I know of, also passes over it in silence. Not so Dixon Kemp, who enters very fully on the subject in his valuable "Yacht and Boat-Sailing." He quotes Mr. John's report to Lloyds, on the dismantling of ships, in proof of wire-rigging set up taut, and of the considerable stretch of wire rope. At the risk of being lengthy I quote his words, as his book may not, though it should be, in the hands of all your readers: "So far as the requirements of match sailing go, there can be no doubt that the more rigid the rigging can be kept the better are the results. The old-fashioned theory is that the rigging should be very elastic, and that the masts should have plenty of play. This curious fallacy has been maintained by still more curious arguments and theories; and we have known some sailing-masters to slack up the rigging to give it the required elasticity. It is obvious that the mast would have to supply the elasticity under such circumstances, as the strain would not come upon the rigging until the vessel was under way, and then the mast would be most to the breaking point. We need not dwell upon the bad effects of slack rigging and a yielding mast further than to say that anything which tends to render the application of the propelling force intermittent, or to absorb any portion of it and reduce its effect, must in some measure detrimentally influence the speed of a vessel; and if rigid rigging is necessary for the good performance of sailing ships, it is equally necessary for the attainment of the highest results in competitive yacht sailing."

I might fill a column—fully you would not think me—with instances of the reported good effects of slackening up the rigging in a race. It is only the other day that, discussing the point with a friend, whose yachts are noted for their speed, he told me he always slackened up his shroud lanyards before starting in a race, and this with Russian hemp shrouds. At this rate I do not see what the shrouds are there for, especially as I know his masts are very stout in proportion to the size of his crafts. But I am open to conviction, and during the coming season I shall endeavor to test carefully the advantages of slack vs. taut rigging, and my opinion should be glad to hear what others have to say on the subject.

ROBERT CROSS.

We incline to the opinion that there is nothing in slack shrouds, but prefer setting them up taut as a bar. The idea of slack shrouds should be classed with belying sails. There is no danger in wire being set up "taut as a harpstring," and there is nothing like turn-buckles of large thread to do it with, in place of the everlasting trouble of casting aholt lanyards to get a pull on them, and then lose all you gained while seizing them off, leaving shrouds in a tight worse than before—an operation we have witnessed more than once. There is danger, however, in setting up hemp like a bar, especially with light rigging, for when wet it will shrink and either buckle the mast, draw down the deck about the partners, lift the sheer or telescope the headland. The trouble with hemp is, there is more stretch than elasticity to it. Practice seems to indicate strong preference for wire, as in these waters it has about superseded hemp altogether for yachts of all tonnages.

MEASUREMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Let me briefly state my reasons for (so far as I have investigated) believing that the cubic contents of the circumscribed parallelopiped of a yacht's hull is an adequate and fair measure of her capacity to compare with the same cubic contents from any other yacht. No vessel ever exceeds in cubic contents 70 per cent. of the cubic contents of her circumscribed parallelopiped, and no vessel ever has less than say 40 per cent. of it. For yachting purposes no vessel can vary more than about 10 per cent. of it, and I doubt whether, practically, our modern yachts vary more than 5 per cent., taking into account the necessities of structure which are found to be essential to speed. I speak, of course, of keel-yachts. And the same is true of center-board yachts compared with wing-and-keel. Practically, therefore, the cubic contents of the parallelopiped is in a certain ratio to the actual contents of its yacht in all cases, because he who departs from that ratio is put out of hope of competition. Hence, as all "cubic contents" measurement is but an approximation to the actual

cubic contents of the yacht, length, breadth and depth will practically give about as near an approximation with those of modern build, since it makes no difference in comparing two yachts whether we adopt the actual cubic contents, or the cubic contents of larger solids which bear the same ratio to the actual contents.

Again, looking at it in another way, length is a factor of power and speed, breadth is also a factor, depth is also a factor. Common sense, estimate all the factors in comparing one with another, and allow the builder to make use of all other dimensions within those factors as he pleases. These three factors are necessary and fixed. All others are arbitrary and optional. The natural laws which govern naval architecture will compel a certain approximation to uniformity between them to subserve the purposes. Let the builder open his eyes to find these proportions without being obliged to violate the natural proportions of length, breadth and depth to meet some foolery rules, and we shall see our builders turn their attention to those proportions of form, aside from those, which will lead to true progress and improvement in naval architecture. So much for my present progress in the study of the subject. Finally, the measurement which includes the three dimensions, if not absolutely perfect, is so far ahead of all others as to leave them out of the question.

DAVID HALL RICE.

MOTORS FOR LAUNCHES.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

A short time since, a street car made a trip over the Third Avenue line of some sixteen miles with the usual load of passengers and making the customary stops, propelled by a pneumatic engine with but one charge of compressed air. Why could not the same means be used in operating small steam-yachts and launches, thus doing away with all smoke, steam, coal-dust and danger of explosions?

The air compressor could be located at a convenient place on the docks, and the boat call for a charge when wanted.

CONSTANT RABBER.

THE CANOE CONGRESS.

THE call for the Canoe Congress to be held at Caldwell, head of Lake George, August 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th next, states that it is proposed to organize a National Canoe Convention, that is a club, the membership of which shall be composed entirely of residents of the United States. It is also stated that English and Canadian canoeists will be invited to attend, with their canoes, as guests. It has been suggested, and with good reason, that the proposed organization should not be exclusively a United States canoe club, but that it should be, in the broadest sense, The American Canoe Association, to membership of which any canoeist, be he, or she, residents of Canada, United States, or Mexico, shall be eligible. There is certainly no reason for excluding our Canadian cousins; they are canoeists to the paddle born and they can be counted by thousands. They are cruising canoeists and can make valuable contributions in the way of cruising notes to the canoe paper that it is proposed to publish. I am assured that many gentlemen in Canada, who have been warmly and warmly second the move for the American Canoe Association, and that many Canadians will attend the congress. Such an association, it is confidently believed, may be formed with a membership of at least 200. In the United States the double-bladed paddle is generally used; in Canada, the single-bladed. Canoes for one person are as rarely seen in Canada as canoes for more than one in the States. These differences and the great variety of modes in this country have rendered it difficult to get questions as to what constitutes a canoe and as to what the classification should be. The division into sailing and paddling classes is established. The definition of the word canoe has been referred by Mr. N. H. Bishop, acting as secretary to the signers of the call, to the Commodores of the three canoe clubs, and they have agreed that: "A canoe is a boat that is sharp at both ends and not more than 20-in. beam. She must be a craft that may be effectively propelled by a double-bladed paddle, and she may be propelled either by the single or double-bladed paddle, or by one or more sails. No other means of propulsion can be used."

The question, "what is a canoe?" is frequently asked, and so that reason this definition has been given. There is no reason why canoes may not be sailed or paddled by one, two, four, or eight men, nor why there should not be single and double paddle races. So long as the craft is a canoe, and the conditions are the same for each contestant, it matters little what the conditions may be.

CHAS. E. CHASE.

281 Broadway, New York.

YACHTING NEWS.

NEW JERSEY YACHT CLUB.—The annual meeting for the election of officers of the New Jersey Yacht Club was held last evening at their club house, foot of Eleventh street, Hoboken, which resulted as follows: Commodore, W. H. Dilworth; Vice-Commodore, A. Jemmett; Racing Secretary, Geo. Gartland; Treasurer, Chas. Rogers; Financial Secretary, Ed. Ketchum, Jr.; Corresponding Secretary, Palmer Campbell; Treasurer, Harry Tatham. Regatta Committee: Geo. Gartland, Frank Dilworth, John Peters, Trustees: Kelcham, Dilworth, Rogers, Jemmett, Tatham. Delegates to National Yachting Association: Theo. Rogers, E. Ketchum, W. H. Dilworth. The annual reports of the officers for the past year exhibit a very flourishing condition. The treasury shows a handsome balance in its favor. The members are harmonious and social; the club house is large, commodious, and beautifully located on the bank of the Hudson in the Ellysian Fields. The membership comprises about forty gentlemen, most of whom are engaged in business in New York and Hoboken. They are, with scarcely an exception, ardent lovers of the sport, and lay just claims to seamanship of no ordinary character. They own no very large yachts; but among the squadron of open boats, varying from sixteen to thirty-six feet in length, may be found some of the fastest and best that ever floated in New York Bay. The Consolidated and By-Laws were carefully revised some time since, and have just been issued in neat form, a copy of which would be cheerfully furnished by the Secretary to any gentleman who might desire to join the club.

D.

THE N. Y. C. is in reality the oldest Corinthian yacht club in the country, having adopted limited crews and fixed ballast since 1871. It should receive the support of all amateurs in its neighborhood.

SALEM BAY YACHT CLUB.—Commodore, Wm. G. Salmonfall; Vice-Commodore, Salmon; Treasurer, Wm. F. Parker; Racing Secretary, Salmon; Financial Secretary, Ed. Ketchum, Jr.; Corresponding Secretary, Palmer Campbell; Treasurer, Harry Tatham. Regatta Committee: Geo. Gartland, Frank Dilworth, John Peters, Trustees: Kelcham, Dilworth, Rogers, Jemmett, Tatham. Delegates to National Yachting Association: Theo. Rogers, E. Ketchum, W. H. Dilworth. The annual reports of the officers for the past year exhibit a very flourishing condition. The treasury shows a handsome balance in its favor. The members are harmonious and social; the club house is large, commodious, and beautifully located on the bank of the Hudson in the Ellysian Fields. The membership comprises about forty gentlemen, most of whom are engaged in business in New York and Hoboken. They are, with scarcely an exception, ardent lovers of the sport, and lay just claims to seamanship of no ordinary character. They own no very large yachts; but among the squadron of open boats, varying from sixteen to thirty-six feet in length, may be found some of the fastest and best that ever floated in New York Bay. The Consolidated and By-Laws were carefully revised some time since, and have just been issued in neat form, a copy of which would be cheerfully furnished by the Secretary to any gentleman who might desire to join the club.

Lowell; Treasurer, Geo. W. Mansfield, sloop *Dolphin*, Salem; Secretary, Chas. V. Richardson, Salem; Messieurs, Joshua Brown and W. T. Servy, Regatta Committee; C. A. Benjamin, E. C. Browne, E. B. Dudley.

NICE REGATTA.—Owing to the unfortunate prevalence of the counsels of landsmen in the arrangement of the races, the entries were rather meager for the liberal prizes offered, and only a heterogeneous lot of big and little were found willing to start Thursday, March 11th, in what ought to have attracted the flower of the world's racing fleet. Englishmen were naturally disgusted with the idea of subsidizing sport to the gratification of *une grande foule* ashore, and so the races lost in cost and degenerated somewhat into *une grande spectacle* for the hotels and floating population of the pretty little French seaport. It is always objectionable to mix rowing and sailing races. We have learned something of late in America, and the menagerie features are no longer disproportionately prominent at most races. Our French cousins will have to learn as we did, by experience, that a circus and a yacht match are two different things and won't mix.

VOX POPULI.—From the letter of a well-known yachtsman we extract the following as a sign of the popularity of this journal and the high estimate assigned it by its constituency drawn from the highest social ranks:—"The time has quite gone by when *Poussin* and *Strawman* required testimonials of its value. I am glad to say it is becoming more popular every day, and nothing is more remarkable than the success of its yachting columns. It has become the American *Feld*, and a higher compliment I could not pay it."

THE CABIN LOCKER.—Blacking for tarpaulins: Eight pounds black paint, well ground, one gallon linseed oil, one pound beeswax, one half pound litharge and one pint spirits of turpentine. *Spars:* Scrape thoroughly, sandpaper and apply Crockett's spar composition, lay on thin, filling shakes and seams with "wood filler," to be had of leading paint houses. *Ground coats:* There is nothing like lead color for the purpose. Put on thin, so that subsequent coats can dry.

Yacht clubs can join the National Association on the same terms as those now participating any time before the meeting of April 14th. After the constitution has been ratified, their admission will be subject to a vote the assent of a majority of the clubs being necessary to admission.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF THE DOG.—By Vero Shaw, B. A., Cantab. Assisted by the Leading Breeders of the Day. Illustrated with colored plates drawn from the life. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., 599 Broadway. Complete in thirty parts; price, 40 cents per part.

The Cassells have added to their large stock of books valuable to the sportsman, this most excellent work by Mr. Vero Shaw, whose extended experience as a breeder and exhibitor of dogs, amply qualifies him to write about them in an eminently authoritative manner. From an examination of the eight parts already issued, we are warranted in speaking very highly both of the author's method and of the admirable way in which the plan of the book is carried out. The earlier portions of the book rightly deal with the fundamental and elementary details of kenneling and general management, and then take up the various topics of rearing, breaking, working, feeding, exercise, dealing, judging, buying and selling, grooming, hygiene and diseases. In each one of these branches the reader will find full and explicit instructions, written in a plain, straightforward way, and in a style devoid of cockneyism and familiarity.

The various breeds of dogs are described, with instructions for the care of each, points in judging, etc.

The illustrations are numerous, being portraits of typical dogs, taken from the life. Of the colored plates we cannot say much, the book would be much more pleasing without them. The woodcuts, on the contrary, are generally excellent and all that could be asked. The book is handsomely printed, and, when completed, form a volume which all breeders and dog owners may profitably add to their libraries. We are always glad to see a firm with such unlimited resources as those possessed by the Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., devoting themselves to extending the public information in respect to our animal friends.

Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine for April has its customary excellent selection of material. Leading off with a theoretical investigation on the "Strength of Retaining Walls," written for the magazine by Wm. Cain, C. E.; then quotations from the leading engineering journals on "Compound Navies," "Sanitary Construction of Dwelling-houses," "Bridging Naval,

able Waters of the United States," "The Panama Canal from an English Point of View," "Engineering Progress During the Last Fifty Years," the timely subject of "Dynamo-Electric Machines," and much general news, this magazine affords an excellent index and review of the principal transactions in the engineering world.

THE TAXIDERMIST'S MANUAL.—By Capt. Thomas Brown, F. L. S. Twenty-eighth edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 182 Fifth Avenue. 1879.

In issuing an enlarged and improved edition of this standard work the Putnam's have added a useful and valuable contribution to the extensive literature of the subject. Taxidermy is an art which is constantly gaining new popularity among amateur students of the several various branches of natural history, more especially among students of ornithology; for the birds are the favorite subjects of out-of-door study. The first edition of Capt. Brown's book was published many years ago, but the directions contained in the volume before us are by no means useless because of this. In 1819 the author was sent by the Edinburgh University to inspect the splendid museum of Mons. DuRoi, chief of the preserving department of the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. The intimacy then and there formed with M. DuRoi afforded ample opportunity for Capt. Brown to learn all the practical details of the different processes employed in the preservation of animal specimens. To the knowledge thus acquired were added the fruits of personal practical experience, and the result is the manual before us, which now having reached its twenty-eighth edition may be said to have fairly earned a place in the taxidermist's library.

The eight chapters treat generally of skinning and preserving quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, and spiders, worms and insects; preparing skeletons; the manner of collecting different animals; recipes and directions for the various articles used in taxidermy; and lastly of instructions to travelers.

"Krick's Guide to the Turf" is a manual which is absolutely indispensable to horse owners, and those who are interested in the turf. Its author and publisher, Mr. H. G. Crickmore, of the *Turf*, has a wide reputation for the accuracy of his information on all turf matters. The book is published at No. 25 Park Row.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Brown's Gun Cleaner has been recently tested by the officers of the United States Regulars at Fort Steele, Wyoming Territory, and recommended to the Government for adoption by the army.

(From Hon. Andrew Cornwall, ex-member Legislature, New York State.)

ALEXANDRIA BAY, Jan. 3d, 1880.
H. H. Warner & Co., GENTS—I have been troubled with kidney difficulty for the last three years, and in October last had a very severe attack. I then commenced taking your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and obtained relief at once. I have used two bottles, and feel as well as ever, and I shall always keep a supply of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure in the house.
Yours truly,
A. CORNWALL.

—Among the notable manufacturing establishments of New York is that of Keep's, the manufacturer of Shirts and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. Some years ago Mr. Keep devised a method of supplying people with partly-made shirts, that garments which are all cut and ready to be sewed together. Thus, by reducing the cost of what are substantially wholly-made shirts, proved a most successful business undertaking. Keep's partly-made shirts are now sent to every State in the Union, and from a single salesroom on Broadway the manufacturers have moved into a large building, which is now entirely occupied by the various departments. There is nothing so satisfactory in the shape of dress as a well-fitting shirt. Keep's shirts fit well and wear well. We can heartily endorse the man, the shirt and the way in which he does business.

HUNTING THE ALLIGATOR.—Kingston, N. Y., March 2d.—From what I had read of alligators I was led to believe that they were exceedingly dangerous, but closer acquaintance has dispelled that illusion. I now regard them as thorough cowards, except when they are defending their young or are met with when on their land journeys; then they are dangerous, and must be approached with caution, keeping the line of retreat open

in case of emergencies. The best alligator hunting is found in lakes and creeks where they have not been much disturbed. Such places can be found almost everywhere along the St. John's River, Florida, within a short distance of hotels and landings. Good sport may yet be had on the St. John's River itself by hunting from land instead of water. Almost any deep cove remote from the steamer channel is good ground, and the morning of a warm sunny day is the time. The proper weapon is a .40 or .44 sporting rifle. I have been most successful with a .44 mm.-line, using the long cartridge. I have killed a fifteen-footer stone dead at 150 yards with the short .44 cartridge. I have used a .50 caliber rifle, but the lighter rifle will kill just as many and is much the most pleasant in use. When the alligator is floating on the water the eye is the most prominent feature and is the only vital part. When on land or lying on logs a shot behind the fore leg will be effective. If a "gator" is shot in deep water he sinks and is lost. The skinning of a "gator" is a difficult task, especially if the capture be a large one; but the neophyte generally wishes the skin of his first "gator" as a trophy, and can obtain it by making longitudinal cuts from the head to the tail on each side, just under the large bony plates of the back, then cutting a slit down each leg to connect with the cuts on sides. Commence stripping at the tail. The skin may be preserved by salting and drying. Small alligators may be skinned without much trouble. If the head is buried a few inches in the earth for a week the teeth may be extracted without trouble. The teeth are worth from eight to twenty dollars per pound, the largest being the most valuable; a fine large tooth, polished, sells for four or five dollars at Jacksonville. The teeth are shed every year, and have new teeth growing in the sockets. In the large rivers or lakes until they are three or more feet long. Thousands of young "gators" are sold to northern visitors as pets. A tub of water with a stone in the center for them to crawl on makes a good home. For food a few minnows or a little raw meat, cut in small pieces, should be given them once a week. The water should be changed often, and no salt food ever given them. The alligator catches sometimes some hair-breadth escapes from maternal fury, and occasionally can leave their prey and take to the trees, as a "gator" can run faster than a man when its "dander" is up.

NAUTICS.

A BEAR DOG IN A CAGE.—Messrs. Chas. Reich & Bro. of this city, recently received from Berlin, Prussia, the wild beast belonging to an exhibitor, who recently died in that city from injuries inflicted by a royal Bengaltiger. Among the animals thus received were some unaccustomed Polar bears:

It is known that the more presence of an animal in a cage of others of different species, no matter how savage or wild they may be, will sometimes prevent them from fighting. Why this is so animal tapers can offer only theories in explanation. It is said that tigers and lions in the jungle will run from the presence of a dog as they do from that of a man, unless pressed by hunger to stand in defiance of offspring. Mr. Reich, before his death, as an experiment, and without much hope of success, introduced a large dog, a cross between a mastiff and the bull-terrier, into a cage containing two entirely untamed Polar bears, and a Russian black bear. The effect surprised him. The dog instantly asserted a mastery over his companions, although any one of them could have killed him in two or three minutes. He thus stood in defiance of the upper hand, and of not letting any one of them imbue his teeth in warm blood. As soon as trouble threatens, the peacemaker has but to show his teeth and growl in order to restore harmony. Mr. Reich says he does not know of any other case where the native fierceness of a Polar bear has been quelled. Mr. Reich, before his death, used to enter the cage with this happy family and perform the usual high leaping and somersaulting. The dog was introduced. The four brutes traveled in the same cage across the Atlantic and are yet kept together.

Advertisements.

BAYLINS' NICKEL PLATED RED-CAPPER AND EXTRACTOR.



THIS IMPLEMENT is used for 10 or 12-gauge brass or paper shells, thus saving the cost of one implement. Pronounced by Capt. Bogardus, Tucker and others, the best implement they ever used. Price \$32. Liberal discount to the trade. H. BAYLIS, Sole General Manufacturer, 45 Western St., Providence, R. I.

SUGAR MAPLES.

A CHOICE COLLECTION of these ornamental trees, from 4 to 14 inches in circumference, root pruned and ready for immediate planting. Also overgreens and fruit trees for sale by Prospect Avenue, near 163th St., N. Y.

KEEP'S SHIRTS ARE THE VERY BEST.

KEEP'S PATENT FAIRLY MADE SHIRTS, only plain seams to finish. 6 for \$7.
KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS, very best, MADE TO MEASURE, 6 for \$10. Fit guaranteed.
An elegant set of extra heavy gold-plated buttons presented to purchasers of six shirts.

KEEP'S KID GLOVES.

(FOR GENTS.)
the very best, plain or embroidered. 80c. to \$1.25 per pair.

KEEP'S UMBRELLAS.

BEST GINGHAM, Patent Protected Ribs, \$1 each. Warranted. Fifty per cent. stronger than any other umbrella.
RHINEA AND TWILLED SILK UMBRELLAS.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR.

for spring and summer wear, 50c., 60c., 75c., \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50. Very best. Peppercorn & Dancers, 60c.

KEEP'S COLLARS AND CUFFS in all the latest styles; also
GENTS' SILK AND LINEN CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, SCARFS, ETC.

Shirts only delivered free. Merchants will be furnished with trade circulars on application, as we furnish the trade on the most favorable terms. Samples and Circulars mailed free.
KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
621, 623, 625 & 627 Broadway, New York.



Horsman's Archery

Is Indorsed and Highly Recommended by

Hon. Maurice Thompson, Father of Archery in this country;

Will H. Thompson, Esq., Champion Archer of the United States;

Henry C. Carver, Esq., President of the National Archery Association;

A. S. Brownell, Esq., President of the Eastern Archery Association;

and other leading Archers.

Special attention is called to my SPANISH YEW-BACKED BOWS and tooled peacock feathered Arrows.

Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue of Archery and Lawn Tennis.

E. I. HORSMAN,

80 & 82 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—A high-sided, very able and fast slop yacht, built by Lennox, two years old, 35 by 12, drawing 3 feet. Owner cruised along coast all last summer with safety. Cabin roomy; no stove, but stove in all respects, so that owner, if desired, will give legal warranty to be represented. Cabin plainly furnished. Price \$1500. Inquire at 52 BROADWAY, Room 1. If desired, a good man to take charge. Mar 25/4.

A BARGAIN.

FOR SALE.—Price \$300—An American-made 12 bore; 25-inch shot gun; weighs about 8 lbs.; choke-bore; rebounding locks; extension rib, and snap fore-stock; made to order last fall and sold for want of use only. It is a good shooter and a plain, but durable gun. Address X, Forest and Stream office. Mar 25/4.

FOR SALE.—A fine second-hand double Weasly Hatched, head-and-neck, 12-bore, 25-inch shot gun, weighs about 8 lbs.; choke-bore; rebounding locks; extension rib, and snap fore-stock; made to order last fall and sold for want of use only. It is a good shooter and a plain, but durable gun. Address X, Forest and Stream office. Mar 25/4.

FOR SALE.—160 acres selected land, Nobles county, Minn., \$5 per acre, 120 half prairie, 40 acres choice, choice game. It is an undeniable bargain. Also a Colt revolving shot gun, with case, at \$100 cost \$80. W. H. 11, North Thirteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa. April 1/80.

DUCK SHOOTING.—35,000 acres of beautiful marsh on the Detroit River, four hours from Detroit by steamer. A share in every fall. Apply to C. MACDONALD, 62 Wall street, New York. Mar 18/80.

Wanted.

AUDUBON'S BIRDS.

ANY GENTLEMAN having a set of Audubon's birds, half size, in good order, which he would like to sell for \$50.00, will please address at this office.

Jan. 23-11.

OWLS WANTED.

50 cts. each paid for the dead birds delivered in good condition at my address.

J. KNOWLTON, 165 Tremont st., Boston, Mass. Feb. 12-2m.

The Kennel.

Neversink Lodge Kennels.

The following celebrated Dogs are in the stud.

DOGS:

St. Bernard dog "Marco"; rough coated, two years old; a magnificent animal—Rev. J. Cunningham Macdon's stock—second prizes Hanover Show and Rochester.

Newfoundland dog "Keeper"; four years old; first prize Westminster Kennel Show, 1872.

Pointer dog, "Croxteth"; liver and white; one and a half years old; out of Lord Sefton's renowned stock—one of the handiest pointers in the United States. Second prize in the Hanover International Show.

Blue belton setter, "Decimus Dash"; eighteen months old; sired by Llewellyn's celebrated "Dash"—a magnificent stud dog—never exhibited.

Irish setter, "Rover II"; pure red; son of Macdon's champion "Rover." Never exhibited.

English setter, "Ranger II"; a pure bred Laverack, son of Macdon's celebrated "Ranger." His get won first at Hanover and Paris shows, and second at Puppy Stakes in Eastern Field Trials 1878.

Stud fee, \$25.00.

For Sale.

The get of the following thoroughbred Bitches.

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"Queen" and "Sancho"; liver and white, out of "Queen" and "Sancho."

Blue belton setter "Sile";

Irish Setter "Moya"; out of Col. Hilliard's "Palmerston," in whelp to "Rover II."

English Setter "Doona"; white and lemon.

Pups can be secured by an early application. Besides I offer for sale pointers and setters of minor quality, but of good thoroughbred stock; full pedigrees. Also several puppies of champion "Queen," by champion "Sensation."

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A. WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia. Oct. 2-11

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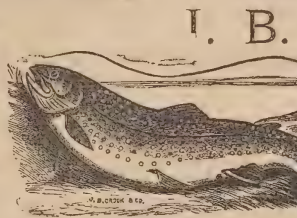
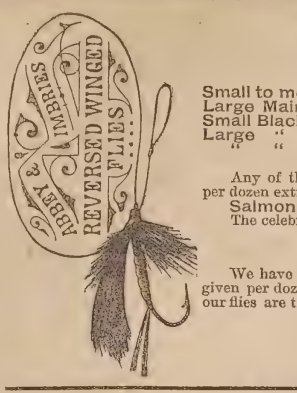
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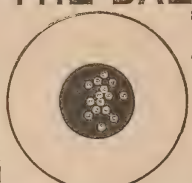
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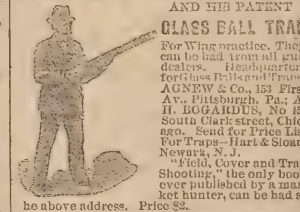
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earlier for)

Babylon, 8:35 A.M., 3:35, 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays,
9 A.M.

Col. Pt & Whitestone, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:35 A.M.,
2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5, 5:35, 6, 6:35, 7, 7:35, 8:15, 10:45 P.M.
12:15 night.

Sundays, 9:45, 10:45 A.M., 1:35, 5:35, 7, 10 P.M.

Flushing, 6:45, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:35 A.M., 2:35, 3:35,
4:35, 5, 5:35, 6, 6:35, 7, 7:35, 8:15, 10:45 P.M., 12:15 night.

Sundays, 9:45, 10:45 A.M., 1:35, 5:35, 7, 10 P.M.

Far Rockaway, 8:35, 11 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 7 P.M.

Rockaway Beach, 11 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.
and 6:35 P.M.

Great Neck, 6:30, 7:35, 11:35 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M.

Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, 9:35 A.M., 5:35 P.M.

Garden City, Queens and Hempstead, 8, 10 A.M.,
1:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M. From Flatbush av.
daily, except Sunday, and from Hunter's Point,
Monday, Wed., Fri. and Saturday, 12:15 night,
Wednesdays and Sundays only from Flatbush av.
10 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M., 1:35, 6:35 P.M.

Green Cove, Locust Valley, Glen Head and Ros-
lyn, 8, 10 A.M., 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M. Sundays, 9
A.M., 6:35 P.M.

Greenport and Sag Harbor, 8 A.M., 2:35 P.M.

Huntington and Northport, 8, 10 A.M., 4:35, 6:35
P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6:35 P.M.

Lake and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 3:35, 5:35 P.M.

Port Jefferson, 10 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.
Brookhedge, 8:35 A.M., 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9
A.M.

Richmond Hill, Glendale, 8:35, 11 A.M., 3:35, 4:35,
5:35, 6, 7 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and
Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6:35 P.M.

Greenvoer, 8, 10 A.M., 1:35 P.M., Tuesdays, Wed-
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Pier 17, E. R. (foot line) for Hunter's Pt, 8:30,
10:30, 9 A.M., 1:35, 4:35, 6, 6:35 P.M. For fur-
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within a mile of our hotel; will have ice and facil-
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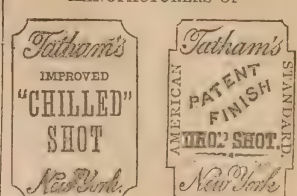
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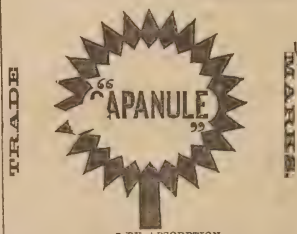
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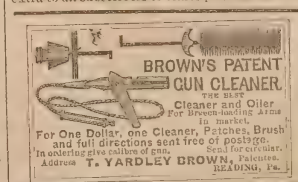
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A Day in the Woods.

SECOND PAPER.

IT was unreasonably early the next morning when Henry awoke me out of a short but peaceful slumber. Indeed, so soundly had I slept that scarcely did it seem half an hour since we parted, and left the few smouldering embers dying on the hearth below.

"It's four o'clock," said he. "You rouse the boys. I'll leave the candle here lighted, and there's water in the crock. I'm going down to prepare the coffee. Collect your wits, Harry, and make haste. Oscar will not lose three minutes waiting for us."

I thought he still lingered within the small attic room when I had become conscious enough to answer him, but he had slipped out with the stealth of an Indian. Though Jack Lane, Nevill and the mill; were yet fresh in my dreamy mind, quail shooting, which was to be the sport of the day, was the one thought prominent. Ay, there stood reclining the London double twist, and dangling from the muzzle could be seen the quaint powder-horn and shot-belt, and there, too, hung the short, cozy velvet shooting jacket and the cap staring me in the very eyes from all portions of the room.

Slowly raising the little dormer window until it caught the button, I peeped out into the darkness: it was still as death. The faint crescent of the moon had waned far to the westward, and was slowly sinking behind the woods; a few stars yet glimmered in the heavens, and below my window, (which was even so miniature as to afford scarcely a scant observation) lay Thompson's Pond, as placid as a mirror. Nor can I expel from this phantom-like recollection, for I get it even now—the dank, odorous breath of that autumnal dawn, as it lingered yet awhile ere it gave birth to another sun to shine upon a beautiful world.

"Come, boys, look lively if you mean to have a good day's sport. You'll feel more like sleeping to-morrow morning. There's up this half hour, and the coffee has ceased its around all through the house. There, I've lit your candle for you. Come, Bob—come, Charlie, jump up, will you?"

A few hasty moves placed the trio in quite a respectable appearance, for hunters, and with coats and other accoutrements under our arms we repaired to the room below, partook of a light breakfast of coffee and biscuit, and then not leaving on our record, but actually closed by this same Henry out through the back door out into one of the bluest mornings I ever saw in all my life. We left like the Tenth Hussars under Lord Cardigan, i. e., one arm in a sleeve.

"Uncouple them crazy hounds, Fen," said Henry;

"they haven't ceased howling since they saw the light in the window."

"I'd like to know if the poor beasts are as crazy as you are, to bring a chap out this time of the morning to shoot. Where have you the unfortunate devils, anyway?"

"They're beyond there in the corn cribs. Just whip out the pin from the staple, and you'll see them." Scarcely were the directions from his lips when I let out the dogs, who, hungry as hyenas, ran wild everywhere, and finally finding the gate on their hook, got out into the road, and were everything but manageable.

Knowing the affair to have been a concocted job, I let Henry laugh to his heart's wishes, and walked silently across the lot to Oscar's shanty, where the low, dismal flicker in the eight-squared window gave evidence that that worthy was up and astir, and upon entering we found him endeavoring to forge for himself and dog. Surprised indeed was he at our inopportune visit.

"You see I have to feed the whole barn-yard before I can go quailing. I reckon you chaps slept precious little last night. The Wilsons' ain't got around yet, either, 'cause it's too early. 'Twon't be light enough for a whole hour to come, less it happens that you fellows want to murder the dear little creatures in their beds. And even at that, I'll bet all I shoot this season ye's couldn't find one of them. Yes, dark for an hour yet," and he raised the window to substantiate the truth of his assertion.

"Here, Rink! lap it up, good dog," he continued, placing a tin pan containing that animal's provender beside the hearth. But that "good dog" did not "lap it up" at all. There were two heads into that pan in less time than one could wink nearly, and amid the "gor-r-r's" and howls of the three disputants of the meal, the baby's crying in an adjoining room at the noise, and the excessive laughter of the crowd, you may imagine the scene. As our host was hard in the act of raising the latch to go about the completion of his various *agenda*, an Indian whoop from outside roused the winkle; and sure enough it was George Wilson and his brother Will. Presently Oscar put the quietus upon our rabble by announcing, "I'm ready," and we strode out into as fine a hunting morn as ever gladdened the heart of a Theron.

Our hunting ground was comparatively but a step, in that it was directly opposite the mill. A three-barred fence was the only difficulty in the way, and that obstruction was soon cleared, landing us upon the most picturesque piece of woodland it has ever been my pleasure to ramble into. Dotted it all over were tall, thrifty cedars, whose white, frost-like, conical berries stood in beautiful contrast with the never-dying green. Beneath our feet ran curious vines which, interwoven as they were with the lichens, their leaves dyed to scarlet by the sharp frosts, prepared the most beautiful tapestry for bountiful Ceres and her train ere she bade farewell to the dying year. Here and there grew strips of laurel, copse, or narrow skirting of hickory and oak; at the whole encircled by narrow winding tangles and ceaseless patches of flowering meadow, which, although now decaying, their glory had not departed.

"Well, boys, we can't all go together; we must divide into squads," said Oscar, after taking note of the wind, etc.; "and with your permission, gentlemen, I'll form the files. Bob, you, Charlie and George take Nep and Tip and beat all the way down until you reach Wiggins. Start into that cedar clump there and go right ahead. George will show you the place; look sharp, point your guns straight, and you'll get them. Good luck."

"Henry, you and Will had better make a clean sweep right down to the swamp. You'll find a dried-up ford there. Will knows where it is. Cross that and you'll fetch up with Bob, and tell him to meet me at Wiggins. Poplars at 12 o'clock. I forgot to tell him, Fen and I will take the bay side; and don't forget the hour now. There's your dog, Lyn, snooping up something already. Come, Fen; here, Rink, your restless beast, come here."

"Like parting friends who linger while they sever, Entorced to go, though seeming still unready,"

Highly pleased at having such a companion, I well knew that the only part now left for me to play was to shoot. Whether I should do so indiscreetly in the excitement of the moment, or cool and collectively aim and kill to a certainty, was a question solved only when the time came.

"He's got one; easy; I'll flush the bird," whispered my companion, and they rose to my utter mortification. He smiled at my waywardness of shooting too quick, in doing which I did not rattle a feather. He scored his bird handsomely—a fine, well-matured cock-quail.

"No great or uncommon coincidence, that one naturally timid should miss the first shot of the season, Oscar, considering the game, too—a bird who, rising with such a startling wing, is apt to throw the shooter in a quandary. They are, in my opinion, the most difficult bird to kill at that."

"Oh, no, no, Harry. A grouse is fifty times more dif-

*They are there now—three extremely tall, dead poplars, which have stood unmovable since the days of the Noyack Indians, and which have refused to succumb to the wild, sturdy northwester of many winters.

ficult to stop, and when you get in the timber lands to-morrow you'll remember every word of what I say; and as for myself, I consider quail shooting child's play to that of stopping a grouse instantly, for that is the way to do it. Now 'keep cool,' as Bob continually says, and you'll get the next one sure, the place is alive with them. Did you count that berry?"

"Count them? They might have been a flock of one thousand for ought I know; but I'm loaded, and let's move on, though I expect to go reeling at my next shot. I poured the pellets into this barrel regardlessly."

But the dog was gone, and despite the numerous cries for "Rink, Rink," and whistles without number, it took us some minutes to find him; and actually there he was, like a cast statue, dead on a point—a skirmish on his own hook.

"I'll warn him for that," whispered Oscar, in the same breath ordering my position, which I took beyond a tall cedar. They rose, and again I missed, and again he scored one.

"You get that bird, Fen. See it over there? And come here, Rink." The dog curled his beautiful tail between his legs and gave a backward look. "Here, I say. Will you, will you, will you ever do that again?" and as he laid heavily the chastisement upon the wayward and skulking brute, a series of howls rent the woodlands far and wide.

"You should have called him from the point, Oscar, and chastised him there and then; he does not know now, exactly why you 'fogged' him." "Yes, that would have been the better way; but I don't think at all times—charge! your reckless villain; lie down there! I've taught him better than that. I used to let him flush the birds himself, but had to break him from the habit on account of his chasing them so. He'd run a mile at times, as if the very devil was in his wake. Charlie's dog Tip inherits the same traits from its mother. The first day I had him up here to break, I thought actually, when I fired the first gun, that the fool had run clear back into Kings County."

"Gun shyness, Oscar. The next dog you have to break, and you discover any symptoms of a similar timidity, just lash the animal to a cedar—out here upon the grounds where you intend to teach him—and waste a dozen shots or so over him, and I'll guarantee a speedy cure."

"I shall really try the scheme, Harry, but George's dog, Major, did that art most beautifully—the very fluest I ever did see it done. Did you ever see Major flush a bird, when George would say 'whist'?"

"Yes, I witnessed the event many a time last autumn, and was struck with the beauty and thoroughness of that animal's education. I like that acquirement in a dog; but the great trouble is that few dogs can be taught the trick, and then the accomplishment, to be permanent, necessitates the whaling of half the life out of the poor brute. By-the-bye, where did George get that dog?"

"Some one gave it him. It was but a common mongrel setter; but Oscar, such a dog. George had him educated up to the teeth—the effects of his overflowing kindness, I'll wager any thing."

"Do you really believe so? I have an idea; and, as for me, normally, I should not desire a dog whose ancestors could be traced back to the flood, or beyond that, as some dogs are, so long as he was a good dog, and could out-tramp me. And do you believe Major's death was an accident, or an outburst of George's temper?"

"Ah! yes, Harry, purely an accident, if ever there was one. George never got angry in his life, to such an extent as to be driven to any such desperation as that. Not George; he would not have parted with Maj for his weight in gold; indeed, he feels quite sorry about the affair. You should have seen his interment up in the cock's lot, right where the wigwag was burned, Harry, that's where he lies."

"Well, there are some dogs qualified for the acquirement of no possible art. In fact, the only thing that can be driven into them is a kind of desperation as that, and then the accomplishment, to be permanent, necessitates the whaling of half the life out of the poor brute. By-the-bye, where did George get that dog?"

"Well might you say so, Harry, and he's often—"

"Hold! I think has a care, are you ready?"

I nodded in the affirmative and fired simultaneously. From a bush or perhaps a dead one, one dropped to my left, and two succumbed to the deliberate, steady and unerring aim of my companion. I had my bird in my hand long before the dog could have hoped to mouth him; and as he lay there lifeless, a beautiful cock-quail, with a patch torn from his side, from whence the blood trickled and clogged upon his, alas! forever helpless wing, a feeling of regret stole over me.

"Did you get him?" inquired my friend, after the dog had retrieved his two birds.

"Yes, I got him, but I'm sorry I shot him. I have a spark of humanity lingering somewhere in me, and, if I know myself aright, I believe I never shot one of these little 'Bob White's' but that I did not entertain some feeling of remorse after the deed was done. Not that

for in at the back door walked the old sexton with the hares. He had gone straight to the barn, and there were the birds in a barrel. I accompanied the party to the church tower and saw the birds safely replaced in the mass of filth that had served as a nest—probably for years. There were birds and mice, frogs and snakes, young hares and rabbits, and even fish lying all round in various stages of decomposition. The old owls hissed and snarled, and, but for the fact that they had been away three days, came and sat near and caressed the young, to the Squire's intense delight. The sexton, who was also assistant gamekeeper, shook his head and said: "Don't you think they be a leetle too hard on the hares, Squire?" but the kind old gentleman, with a spirit worthy of Uncle Toby, answered: "Nevill, there are plenty for them and for us too." It is needless to add, the owls were no more disturbed.

Among the strange styles of head gear affected by ladies, one of the most fashionable lately, has been hats trimmed with owl heads and wings. Faust refused to dance with the young witch, because "there sprang a red mouse from her mouth." Somehow, the association of ideas brings this passage to my mind when I see these mouse-eaters on a hat. It is curious to observe what various material for head ornaments feathers are, both in the civilized nations. I have seen hats with feathers from various islands in the South Pacific head dresses made of feathers, as elaborate as those of Paris or New York. A gaudy feather, or bright wing, is easily attached to a head, whether the owner is the possessor of a hat or not. I shall not discuss the propriety of destroying by wholesale, beautiful and harmless creatures, sacrificed because fashion with doubtful motives demands it. I met, however, one feeling akin to horror—a feeling that every true naturalist must experience, at any enormous waste of animal life, whether it be thousands of buffaloes, slain for their hides, or bright-hued birds, for their feathers. Owls, not being generally gregarious, are hardly likely to be exterminated by the million, yet they must be destroyed in considerable numbers to supply the demand.

The owl of wearing owl's heads is by no means new. I saw an Imperial hunting fete at Versailles, when the Empress Eugénie was in her glory—bright, beautiful and, I suppose, happy. The ladies and gentlemen both wore owl's heads on their hunting caps. The fashion spread, and owls of all kinds, from "Le Grand Duc" (as the great horned owl is called) down to the little sparrow-owl, were in great demand. A kind-hearted naturalist protested against such a thing, saying that the owls are the best friends of the agriculturist, and should be protected. However, fashions changed in the spring. The owls had their day, and poor Eugénie had hers; the owls still hoot and blink round Versailles, but the Bonapartes have departed, perhaps never to return.

Many may say they are lords by day,
But the king of the night is the bold brown owl.

When the boys in Europe wish to rob an owl's nest of the young, and cannot reach down the hollow tree, they tie a worsted stocking to a stick, and poke it down. The birds turn on their backs and grasp the stocking with their claws, and are easily drawn up, as they possess the quality of holding on in a high degree, as my torn clothes and lacerated hands testify. I have seen the owl's nest raided, and sometimes, make interesting pets, although there are more differences in individual tempers than most people would imagine. I have living at this time three snowy owls, captured this winter. One was wounded with a rifle ball; one was trapped; the other attacked a hen in mid-day, but was in turn knocked over by a gallant game-cock; the former saw the circumstance, and, as he could not get over the owl's head, he called my attention to it. All my birds are very tame, and will submit to be coaxed on the head, and will take food from the hand at any time of the day or night. I think I may say the snowy owl is an exception among rapacious birds in the quality of its flesh, as it is really tender and well tasted. I have known it eaten on several occasions, and pronounced excellent. One was served up *incoq*, at a public dinner, and was gobbled up by some of the small owls very peculiar.

During the Franco-Prussian war I was at Chantilly, and on several evenings, as I walked along the race-course, I heard a strange cry from the chestnut trees near the moat. *Kew! kew! kew!* rang out loud and clear at regular intervals. I asked one of the chasseurs what it was. He shrugged his shoulders. "How could he tell? It was an owl—dark sign—dark sign!" I appealed to the head-keeper; that worthy not only concurred with Pierre, but sagely added "it betokened war, and his wife's father had heard it before every revolution." However, I watched attentively for a couple of evenings with my gun; my patience was rewarded with a pair of the pretty little scops owl, and the noise was heard no more. The augury was fulfilled, however, for in three months the German hordes were encamped on the course.

The singular cry of the saw-whet, or acadian owl, was a puzzle to ornithologists for a long time. It was attributed to several species before the right author was discovered. This small owl is moderately common near Lake Ontario. I have met with it there at all times of the year. I captured two hardly fledged young on a stump in June, 1877, one of which I lost through the curiosity of a lady, who opened the satchel in which they were packed. The birds looked at her so quaintly that she dropped it in alarm, and one scrambled out and got lost. I kept the other until it was well feathered, and then killed it for a specimen, as it was in the white-fronted immature plumage. The present winter it has been common. I have myself obtained four fine specimens and seen several others. It is by no means as shy bird, although it can see very well by night, and in which they were packed; its castings invariably contain the elytra of beetles.

During the fall of 1878 I was staying at a farmhouse where a very tame and sagacious crow was kept, a gift from myself by the way. The chickens had been sadly thinned by the hawks and owls, and I always kept my gun in readiness. One night when the guinea fowls were unusually clamorous I got out of bed, took my gun, and walked barefooted to the garden, just in time to see a large owl make an unsuccessful dash at one of the watchful fowl. I waited some time in vain for a shot, then went to bed again—only to be aroused by a terrible cawing just outside my bedroom window. I opened the sash, and there was poor Jack—the crow—and a large owl on the ground engaged in a regular rough-and-tumble fight.

I could not shoot for fear of killing the crow, which was a great favorite, so I ran out round the house. The owl escaped in the shadow of the orchard, but I saved poor Jack, though he was the worst frightened bird I ever saw. The next morning I found evidence enough to prove the identity of the robber. Jack had defended himself bravely, for a number of the owl's feathers were scattered around—it was the barred owl, *S. nebulosum*. The enmity between the owl and the crow is popular in Hindoo tradition. Kalkaras, or enemy of the crow, is one of the Sanskrit names of the owl. Aristotle also says "the crow fights with the owl, whose eggs it destroys at midday, while the owl on the other hand eats the crow's eggs at night." The Italians use the expression, "the owl amongst the crows," to indicate a serious danger.

The common screech owl is one of the most audacious of the family. One in my neighborhood last winter made three attempts at a canary that hung near a window; it dashed at the glass with such force as to knock itself down every time. When the canary was removed the owl went and bestowed its attention on the tame doves, six of which were found dead and their heads partly eaten next day. The owl had not only killed the rightful owners of the dove-cot, but had taken possession. There he sat and snarled defiantly at the hired man who would have wrung his head off the owl, but the lady wished it to be sent alive to me; it however escaped in transit. I have one, however, that was caught in a dove-cot, where he had killed and partly eaten four doves. Another in my possession didn't escape so easily, for it killed a female dove and attacked the male, a large, strong bird, and during the struggle the dove broke one of the owl's wings by the vigorous flapping of its own.

If any person wishes to know what opinion small birds have of the owl they have only to fasten one on a pole in a garden in the breeding season, and they will hear more ornithological abuse than ever was expressed on the sparrow question. A robin had built its nest on the window-sill of an out-house in my garden, and when the young were nearly fledged, during the absence of the parents, I placed a stuffed screech owl by the side of their nest. When the young were hatched the effect was ludicrous; the female came first, suspicious as usual, with a mouthful of food. She didn't notice the owl until close to it, but then dashed back screaming and in such confusion that she struck herself against the house. The male bird was soon on the spot, and such a chink-chinking was kept up that one would have thought half the robins in the country were there assembled. I removed the owl after a time, but it was too late to pierce the robins didn't recover their equanimity that day.

The great Virginian owl is the worst enemy of the quail, much more so than any species of hawk, as I have had good proof. My owls are almost frantic to get at my game quails, and the sight of a stuffed one is sufficient to keep the latter wakeful an hour. The disgorged pellets give unmistakable evidence that they prey on these birds in plenty to others, and whenever the quails are found in pairs I have always discovered the owl. I have had for several years a fine female red-tailed hawk, reared from the nest and very tame. I had a male Virginian owl that I kept in the cellar, until he knocked down too many things to please the housekeeper. I then put him in the hawk's house; there was plenty of room, and they didn't fight, but they kept a constant watch upon each other. At every movement of the hawk the owl would be on his legs, always disagreeing, and at night when the owl moved the hawk would screech with terror. After a week I was obliged to separate them, for although they were both enormous eaters, neither had touched a morsel of food since they had been together.

The hawk owl I have met with but once. I was hunting in November, 1877, and while crossing a rough, stony hill, saw a very small owl perched on a bushy tree. I went to the owl, and he came over to me, and I shot him. He was a very fine male hawk owl. I received one the same winter shot by a friend on the Canada shore of Lake Ontario.

Many superstitions respecting owls have prevailed from the earliest times to the present day. Birds of ill omen generally in all countries, they have yet the reputation for superior wisdom among the feathered tribes, and certainly if blank, inexplicable gravity is characteristic of this quality, the owl who "nightly asks who's who, and pauses for a reply," is entitled to all the honors. One belief of the ancients regarding these birds has not descended to our time. At least I have heard of no practical illustration. I think it must have escaped the researches of the apostles of Teetotalism. It is, that the eggs of an owl drank for three days in wine make drunkards abstemious. Philostratus says that no one can ever like wine after eating an owl's egg.

I will conclude this rambling paper with an account of my first experience with the Virginian owl. When I arrived in the State a few years ago one of my first inquiries was respecting this bird. Several friends promised to procure one for me. On returning home one day I found a splendid newly-killed specimen lying on the floor of my room. I was examining my prize, when I came my office boy, cook and general factotum. "A man brought it," said he. "He heard you wanted one, but I am afraid I paid too much for it." "Oh, no, you didn't," I replied; "how much did you give?" "Five dollars," said Ted. "Oh, well! that is rather—well! 'tis a beauty. Here is the money, and there is a quarter for yourself. Many thanks for buying it." I skinned and preserved my specimen that evening. Some weeks after that we were out hunting together, and I shot an owl of the same kind. I incidentally mentioned our first specimen. "Well," said Ted, "behaved real mean about this bird," I have only wanted to tell you, and now I must. I only gave a quarter for it."

PEREGRINE.

A SHOWER OF WORMS.—Washington, D. C., March 5th.—The Baltimore Sun of this date contains a short notice of a "shower of worms" in that city yesterday morning. The fact that the worms could not have come up through the solid Schillington pavement was cited as evidence that they must have fallen from regions above. The same phenomenon was noticed here this morning.

The worms were to be seen in great numbers on the concrete pavement of Pennsylvania Avenue, through which, of course, they could not have made their way. The street railway on the avenue is bouldered, and the sidewalks are of brick and stone. But in these places there were no indications of borings through the interstices to the surface from the soil below. The question is, did they fall from the clouds, and if so, how did they get there. The fifteen puzzle is not a circumstance compared to this.

J. C. R.

Our correspondent can rest assured that the worms came up out of the ground, and not down from the clouds. The first warm rains of early spring always bring out these animals in great numbers. Probably their appearance at this time is connected with the breeding instinct.

BURIED HORNS.—Our correspondent "Sycamore," who started the question "Do deer bury their horns?" revives the topic, and hurls a Parthian dart at his opponents in the following note. He says:—

I was in Druid Hill Park this afternoon taking a look at the deer. In conversation with Capt. Cassell, the Superintendent, we fell upon the burying question. He informed me that they had just ploughed up a piece of ground, and had unearthed more deer-horns than had ever been found before during the whole fourteen years the deer had been confined in the park. As I am the one who first started the discussion, I feel at liberty to add this last word.

Fish Culture.

PROF. ATWATER'S PAPER.—We have been obliged to defer the publication of Prof. W. O. Atwater's paper read before the Fish Cultural Association last week. It will, however, lose none of its interest nor value by the delay. We shall publish it in our next issue.

AMERICAN FISH CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—The meeting last week was harmonious throughout, and the members uniformly expressed great satisfaction at the results attained. The dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel, in the evening, afforded an opportunity for discussions and speeches less serious than those of the business sessions, and stimulated by the ever-ready humor of the President, each member contributed his share to the general fund of good things.

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:—President, Robert B. Roosevelt; Vice-President, George Sheppard Page; Treasurer, Eugene G. Blackford; Corresponding Secretary, Barnet Phillips; Recording Secretary, James Annin, Jr.; Executive Committee, F. Mather, G. B. Goode, Samuel Wilmot, Benjamin West, Thomas Ferguson and H. T. McGovern.

A SPAWNING EEL.—"J. K. O." sends this note taken from "Sub-Tropical Ramblings," by N. Pike, Harper's, 1878, page 271, with the remark that it may be of interest to Mr. Roosevelt:—

One day, when out at some distance from the reefs, I had the rare good fortune of watching an eel exude its spawn. I noticed the creature swimming uneasily about, and it excited my curiosity. Although my presence evidently annoyed her, it would appear this was the species she had chosen to deposit her eggs. After gracefully and slowly circling round, she remained for a few moments perfectly motionless, and then the operation commenced, resulting in a beautiful spiral scarlet string of spawn, nearly ten inches in length and over an inch in width. After all was completed, and the eel had carefully examined, with a sudden start it disappeared, and I was unable to capture it. It would appear this was the species reserved them in glycerine, but I am sorry to say they soon faded to a faint yellow. The string resembles, to the naked eye, a delicate scarlet fabric of lace.

YELLOW PIKE-PERCH IN CONNECTICUT.—A new fish for our waters was taken in Scantic River, in a net last week, by Mr. George B. Blodgett. It was brought to me alive, and is now in my trough, quite lively. As it was new to our oldest fishermen, I referred to Dr. Storrs' report on the fisheries of Massachusetts, and found no mention of it. Neither is it included in the Rev. J. H. Linley's list of the fishes of Connecticut. Thinking it might have been introduced by our fish commissioners into our waters, I wrote to Dr. W. M. Hudson for information, and received the following reply: "It has not intentionally been introduced by the fish commissioners, and we have no information of any private efforts to introduce it."

It is remarkable that this section affords such a field for specimens in ichthyology and ornithology. In 1868 I had brought to me in a tub of water, from Scantic river, a compressed turbot (*Sula compressa*). At that time this was the fourth ever taken so far as known—the other three had been captured in the Connecticut River and its tributaries. It was so rare that Prof. Baird requested me to donate it to the Smithsonian Institute (which I did), as they had no representative of that species. The yellow pike-perch is even rarer in our waters than the turbot, so far as I am able to learn. It is an exceedingly voracious fish, and is native to our western waters. According to DeKay, it is found in most of the great lakes and most of the streams and inland lakes in the western part of New York State. "It is found from the Ohio through all the great lakes, and through the rivers of the fur countries up to 1880, parallel with the 49th parallel," says Kiriland; "it is one of the most valuable fishes for the table found in the western waters. It is so abundant in the Maumee river that fishermen take it as an article of commerce."

The body in form resembles a pickerel or pike, but the color and markings are that of a perch, hence its name. The head and mouth are not like either fish—mouth

wide, lower jaw received into the upper, two very long and conspicuous teeth in front of each—those of the lower jaw received into cavities above. The length of my specimen is twelve inches, but they are taken in the lakes more than twice that length. It is reported that one thirty inches long was found dead on the shore of Chautauqua Lake, which had attempted to swallow a duck. The duck's head was thrust through the gills of the fish, and both had perished, attached together.

I have not given a minute and scientific description of this fish, but pointed out some of its most striking peculiarities, so that it can easily be identified.—WILLIAM WOOD, in *Herald Times*.
East Windsor Hill, March 24th, 1880

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

Speckled Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*; Land-locked Salmon, *Salmo gairdneri*; Smelt.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

—See the notice above of the FOREST AND STREAM Directory, and act upon the suggestions contained in it.

✓—The trout of Green's River, Long Island, are famous for their game qualities and a flavor which is unsurpassed, we believe, by the fish of any other stream in the world. A happy combination of favoring conditions unite to give them these qualities. Green's River is one of those Long Island streams which bubble up in abundant springs of clear, pure water, and flow down through watercourses and fringes of thicket directly to the sea. Unlike many of the other streams, its course to the salt water is free from obstruction, and untrammelled by dam or screen. The watercourses, the muddy bottoms and the brush on the banks afford a marvelous supply of choice food for the trout, and to this are added the shrimp and other dainties which the fish find when they go down to salt water. Living thus, partly in fresh water and partly in brackish and salt water, the Green's River fish acquire a flavor which, as we have said, is not to be excelled by the daintiest trout in the world. Add to this, that they are game—every inch of them; that in many places one must cast from a boat, and throw long casts at that—and we have a fish which it is well worth while snatching [away from the round of business to capture.

Green's River, we should add, is private property, and is protected from the attacks of poachers by a dense growth of thicket along the banks, and a series of mud-holes and treacherous mire, into which a man who does not know the stream, or who is not guided by some one familiar with it, must inevitably fall; and if, he falls he is lost.—The river has been for years reserved by Messrs. L. H. Abbey and Chas. F. Imbrie, and thither each opening day, with invited guests, they repair with the happy assurance of finding an ample supply of fish for themselves and their guests. Last week these gentlemen went down to Sayville, accompanied by Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who is really an expert with the fly. The success of the party is told in the following note:—

The number of anglers who left this city last Wednesday was entirely unprecedented. Our party consisted of Joseph Jefferson, L. H. Abbey and myself. "Please be before business," we found good not only in theory, but also in practice. On our return we felt as if we had new mainprings in us.

We went to Sayville, Long Island, and made our quarters at the Foster House, where we always find a good table, comfortable bed, and a hospitable host.

On the first we fished Foster's Brook and Green's River above the bridge. In the last named stream we took fifteen trout. These were taken in a few minutes' fishing, during a short period of south wind. During all the rest of the day we had every sort of wind but south, and consequently could get no fish, for it is a well-known peculiarity of this locality that the wind must be either exactly south, or sou-south-west, or one cannot take trout with a fly.

On the second day we fished Green's River below the bridge, and as the wind was right during an hour in the morning and about an hour in the afternoon, we took thirty-six fine trout. Thus our take for the two days was fifty-one in all.

I never passed two more delightful days and evenings than these; not only was the fishing of the right sort, the fish being killed fast enough to satisfy any sportsman, and yet not fast enough to become mere butchery, but the ready wit and kindly wags of Jefferson imparted a zest to the occasion which will give it a most pleasant place in my memory.

CHAS. F. IMBRIE.

—Messrs. Conroy, Bissett & Malleson have on exhibition at their store a very faithful picture of Long Island brook trout, painted by W. Holberton for a member of the South-Side Club. It represents a couple of trout of about a pound weight on a bed of bright green moss and violets. In the background is a very carefully painted split bamboo rod, and in the foreground a glimpse of the

stream is shown. Anglers, as well as lovers of pictures, can see for themselves how carefully true to nature this seasonable painting is treated.

THE NEPISQUIT AND MATAPEDIA.—*New York, March 30th.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—A communication in your paper of the 11th inst. on salmon fishing in Canada is likely to mislead some of your readers as may never have been to the Nepisquit River, in New Brunswick, but who may desire to cast their fly on its waters. That stream is leased to private parties, like all other salmon rivers in Canada that are worth anything; but the lower division, which is called the Tough Waters, can be fished by any one on payment of \$1 per day to the Warden. The consequence of this practically open-to-all privilege is a great crowd of anglers, good and bad, and no sport nor pleasure to any one.

And much the same result obtains on the Matapedia or the lower part of it, which is open at the same price. I can't see why recompenses for a considerable outlay in traveling and other expenses, in thrashing waters surrounded by a mob of like foolish and deluded sportsmen, should be made.

I think that your correspondent also estimates the expense of a salmon trip too light. My experience is to allow for all probable outlay, and then double the amount; and this will be the cost on counting up the expense after returning home. MANIATTAN.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*New Bedford, March 24th.*—The fishing season has commenced here at least two weeks earlier than usual. Many of the fishermen have been putting in their "traps" the past week, and considerable quantities of fish have been taken, most of them, although some tautog, and a few mummichog, the earliest yet known, have been caught; also a very few shad. Over 7,000 herring were yesterday brought over in the Vineyard steamer, caught the day before. CONCIA.

CONNECTICUT.—*Bridgeport, April 1st.*—Mr. D. Stirling, of this city, this day brought to basket twelve trout, from half a pound down. Total weight, 31 pounds; time, 4.11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Of all the articles that have ever appeared in your interesting paper, none have interested me more than "A Day's Trout Fishing in Ireland," by "Ringwood." He is one of the few who know how to use their pens, J. M. S.

✓ ADIRONDACK FISHING.—*Indian Lake, March 29th.*—A few stray ducks visit our lakes and streams in the spring, but they are very few. Hunting is very good here in the fall, game consisting of deer, bear, ruffed grouse and some woodcock; no quail. Trout fishing is very good here in the right season in some localities that I know of. One great trouble with the majority of sportsmen who come to the Adirondacks is that they come too late in the season, and sometimes have to return disappointed. I always had the best fishing here say from May 15th until June 25th, and I have fished in this country for the last ten years. If a man comes here at that time he will have the satisfaction of getting some very nice trout, but he must not be afraid to rough it to merit success.

Some of your readers wish to come to this place I would be very glad to inform them of some first-class fishing grounds and also hunting grounds in the fall of the year. There is very good prospect for deer next fall, as they have not been cruised this winter, thanks to the small amount of snow that we have had. Three years ago about two hundred of our noble deer were killed in the deep snow within twenty-five miles around by some of our most unprincipled guides and hunters, who should have been prosecuted if the authorities had done their duty. But I have not heard of a case this winter. O. ST. MAIRE.

THE BEAVERKILL CLUB.—No. 99 Nassau street, New York, April 3d.—The Beaverkill Club has been in successful operation for more than two years, and has absolute control, under its leases and agreements, of the headwaters of that stream in the Adirondacks, which have never been polluted by the refuse of either sawmill or tannery. Permit me to say in your columns, that a few more gentlemen will be admitted to membership upon introduction or satisfactory reference. Gentlemen so disposed are invited to write to, or call upon the undersigned. GEO. W. VAN SICLEN.

THE WICAPPEE SPORTING ASSOCIATION.—The name taken unto themselves by this society of anglers, of the pleasant little village of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, is "Wicapee" and not "Wicassette," as some have erroneously given it. We shall hope to hear of some of the red letter days of the club.

THE TROUT STREAMS OF ULSTER.—*Stamford, N. Y., March 26th.*—As every summer finds me, rod in hand, enjoying gentle sport in bright waters, it may not be amiss to tell your readers where I delight to go. I used to haunt the lakes and streams of the "North Woods," so well described in Hallock's *Gazetteer* and Wallace's *Guide to the Adirondacks*. But as age has never struck on more accessible waters, The Beaverkill in Ulster County is my favorite of all near-by streams. It affords very fair sport to a skillful hand, has many fine boarding and club houses in its vicinity, and is protected sufficiently to keep netters, poachers and market fishermen away. To reach it, go by New York and Oswego Midland to Morriston station, or to Arkville by the Delaware and Ulster Railroad.

From either station teams at reasonable rates can be had to take you to good quarters on the stream. Driving my own team, I always put up at Tripp's Brookvale Cottage, sure of good stabling for my team, nice beds and good cookery in the cottage, at very reasonable rates.

Murdoch, Flint, Lead, Sliter, Charley Waters, the Joneses and a dozen more keep sportsmen comfortably; but I have made Tripp's my headquarters for ten years back, and shall fly my flag as long as I live.

The Beaverkill from New York is only a day's away, taking an early Hudson River train, and reaching Arkville by Delaware and Ulster Railroad in plenty of time to catch your supper at Tripp's. A line to O. M. Tripp, Turnwood, Ulster County, will insure you a team to carry you right through from the depot at either station named above. NED BUNTLINE.

Rochester, April 3d.—The opening day of trout fishing was favorable to anglers in local waters, and rare sport was enjoyed by several from this city. One man interested in a preserve on the famous Caledonia Creek is said to have taken seventeen pounds of trout from its waters the first day, and then he returned small fish to the stream. Some unpreserved small streams were bait-fished with success, but the anglers were nearly as numerous as the fish; on one stream, about half a mile long, eleven fishermen were simultaneously dropping their bait in its few inches of water. DIVING DECOY.

TENNESSEE.—*Savannah, March 30th.*—I caught my first bass for this season last week. Myself and friend took ten, the largest weighed (several hours after being caught) two pounds; average of ten, one pound. We used live minnows for bait. The fish bit rapidly for about thirty minutes in the middle of the day and then seemed to stop feeding, as we caught only two more during the afternoon. For their size, they were among the gamiest specimens I have ever seen, and afforded us fine sport. Another party, two in number, were out on Friday last and caught nine. Did not learn the weights. WILL.

THE CHARM OF COLEBROOK.

COLEBROOK, N. H., March, 1880.

✓ AS the days begin to lengthen and the balmy air of spring greets us, the true sportsman begins to long for the woods and stream, the open camp, the blazing fire, the migrant thrush of the bed of birch boughs and the sweet and refreshing slumber in the pure air of the forest. He begins in his leisure hours to overhaul his fly-rod and fishing tackle, takes the trusty rifle down from the antlers where it has taken its winter's rest, and anxiously looks it over to find out if perchance a speck of rust has intruded itself upon it. Often in his mind rises the question: "Where shall I go to reinvigorate myself after the toils and seclusion of many months?" May I intrude upon your columns so far as to invite attention to my spring and summer fishing and shooting for the last ten years?

In the "Cocks," above the "Tupper Cocks," thirteen miles above the North Stratford station on the Grand Trunk Railroad, nestles among the hills the village of Colebrook, than which none more charming is found in the old "Granite State." In the beautiful Connecticut River valley, with bold Monadnock Mountains standing sentinel over it, the village itself is a resort most welcome to the stranger and most dear to him who returns to it year after year with fresh pleasure. But the center of a fine fishing country and a point from which, with easy trips, the sportsman can readily reach places where he can take all the trout he ought to take, it is unsurpassed in northern Maine, or New Hampshire. Tumbling and rippling down from grand old Dixville Notch, the Mohawk River affords to him, who desires to take his ease at all night, splendid brook fishing for trout from one and one-half pounds downwards. Ten miles easterly from the village are the Diamond Ponds, and they are rightly named. Clear, silvery sheets of water set in their dark forest surroundings; to lovers of nature they furnish quiet and intense satisfaction apart from the sport of the splendid rush and gallant fight of the inhabitants of the waters. There are two of these ponds, the smaller about two-thirds of a mile long and half a mile wide, and the larger about six times as great. Although the smaller empties into the larger, the trout seem to be almost distinct in their species. Little Diamond furnishes trout from three pounds down to half a pound, few being taken smaller, and they are short, plump and very gummy, while in "Big Diamond" they rarely exceed a pound in weight, though much more numerous, and the fisherman seldom fails to take all he needs.

Twenty-five miles to the north, up the valley, are the Connecticut lakes, abounding in brook and lake trout. Last year the Fish Commission stocked the lakes with land-locked salmon, and they are said to be rapidly increasing in size. Many parties visit these waters and seldom fail to return again. At First Lake there is a good hotel with reasonable prices, and at Second Lake gentleman Chester has a comfortable camp and perfectly equipped all that call upon him. From First Lake there is a path across to Parmaneeche, which those who desire to take long tramps frequently pass. It is eleven miles and a respectable carry. But to go to Parmaneeche—beautiful Parmaneeche—the better way is to go through Dixville Notch to Errol Dam, a distance of twenty miles over a first-rate road, and from thence up the river in the steamer Diamond to Brown's Farm and Fred Flint's camp and thence by boat to "Spotts."

How well I remember the first trip to Parmaneeche with that rugged, good-natured giant, "Spoff Flint," for a guide. The descriptions in the FOREST AND STREAM of the fishing in those waters have been read with great interest by those who have been in that country, but I believe the great mistake made by most of the sportsmen going up the Magalloway is their great haste to reach the lake itself, and consequently they pass many points of great interest and leave their prizes untold. From the head of Aziscoos Falls at Fred Flint's camp to the Little Magalloway is about thirty miles, and in spring the first lake is found where there is quiet water, and the trout are fat and the beauty of the river for him who carries the gun is the abundance of deer, moose and caribou to be found all along its borders. Paddling softly up or down the stream, it is by no means uncommon to find one of these animals feeding upon the lily-pads growing in the water.

From Spoff Flint's camp at Sunday Pond there is a path to Lincoln Pond, which is undoubtedly the finest trout fishing in the Magalloway country. It has been fished the first time it is found where there is quiet water, but I have never seen so uniformly large fish as have been taken from this pond. The fishing and country about Sunday Pond have been so fully described by your former correspondent that further comment is unnecessary, but if your sportsman is not in too great haste to reach the utmost limits of his journey at once, let him tarry along the river; let him stop at Sunday Pond camp and go to Lincoln, Little Magalloway and the falls above "Big Eddy"; let him watch for the four-footed game along the river where fewer sportsmen abound, and my word for it, he will be amply repaid for his time.

Good guides to all points, and among them Wm. T. Keyes, of Colebrook, N. H., can be procured at reasonable prices to any of the points named. Tickets from Boston via Colebrook to Errol Dam, and return over the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad, can be obtained for \$12, and the trip will repay any lover of nature, whether he drop a line to the fish, or leave them to "gang their ain gait."

I shall be pleased to give any person who desires any information in my power as to the sporting facilities in this region; J. D. RICHMOND.

The Kennel.

SOMETHING ABOUT BREAKERS AND DOG BREAKING.

SECOND PAPER.

HAVING decided to break the dog to drop to shot, set about it in this way, still remembering to have the check-cord attached to the plain leather collar. Produce a gun, and allow the youngster, who will now be from eight to ten months old, to examine it after his own fashion. You may begin by firing off a cap, and then a little powder, but great care should be taken not to alarm him. During the firing process the dog should be kept lying down, in order to teach him to "charge." You will at once see whether your puppy is disposed to become gun-shy, and if so you must at once bend all your faculties to get him over it. To accomplish this your judgment must be brought into play, and he must be handled according to his disposition. While the accustoming of the dog to the sound of firearms, at either a pigeon match or a rifle gallery, may do for some, others can only be conquered by starving, and then feeding at the report of a light load, the charges to be increased as the dog shows less timidity. Should your pupil prove a tough customer, couple him to another dog which has no such foolish fears, and will steadily "charge." The confidence of the one will impart confidence to the other. Fear is the one factor which nature confers on animals that man has. We have known young dogs to become both gun and whip-shy at sight; in such cases the puppy can be familiarized by being obliged to kennel in close proximity to the article which he holds in dread. One or the other of the above methods will surely cure any young dog of the fear he may have for either the sound of the gun or crack of the whip; later on, however, when the dog has become older and more set in his "tricks and his ways," he will be very difficult to break. It will then require both patience and tact to eradicate his terror. We would, however, suggest that to eradicate give up his task in despair without trying a very simple method, that is, of introducing a bitch, which is in heat, to the presence of the covering subject. Let her be a participant during several lessons, and it will seem astonishing how much powder will have to be burned to produce a result.

Until your dog is quite reconciled to the report of the gun, do not take him up to any one who may be firing. He must thoroughly understand that he is to crouch the instant he hears the sound. After a little perseverance you will succeed so well that you will not be obliged to even raise your hand. If habituated to wait patiently at "charge," however hungry he may be, before permitted to take food, it is reasonable to think he will crouch at the "charge" yet more patiently before he is allowed to seek "dead." Whenever, in the lessons, your young dog has behaved steadily and well, give him a reward. Do not throw it to him; let him take it from your hands. It will assist in making him tender-mouthed, and in attaching him to you. Dispense with the check-cord, and practice the dog in fields in which he is a stranger. Many dogmen have a rap when worked on a new plot in a strange meadow. All dogs, and particularly young ones, should be accustomed to different scenes; thus, in giving your dog exercise, be careful to select different walks in your neighborhood, and at all times when he shall stray away from you make him hunt you up when he has found that he has gone astray and misses you. If you should adopt the plan of whistling and calling to him the moment he leaves your sight, he will always depend upon your looking him up, when it is really the dog that should always have your position correctly located.

When the dog has been thoroughly tested as a good "follower," and has gained sufficient courage to run well ahead of you, and shows interest in all he sees, it will be time to teach him to come to "heel." The object of this order is to make him instantly give up working and come to your heels. If at your heels he should follow you at the street crossings, and to the beat you have mapped out for your day's sport. This will prevent young dogs from expending their force before entering fairly for the day's work. Attach at first a short check-cord, say five feet in length, to the dog's collar, and in a low voice say "heel," and bring the dog close behind you. Keep him there awhile and pat him, but do not otherwise reward him. When you move forward again, say "heel," and as the dog passes you jerk him back, repeating the word "heel" continue your walk, and on every occasion that the dog's nose is thrust forward in front of your legs keep him in place with a back-handed jerk. It will be better to practice the dog to walk to heel on the left side; you will then always know where to look for him. A dog, when once ordered to heel, should never be allowed to disobey by the word "heel." When you command your dog to heel, make him obey at once; all dogs of spirit dislike the restraint, and are apt to loiter in coming in. We have seen dogs that made more excuses than all the imps of schoolboys and Irish servants put together. We have seen cunning scamps, when ordered to heel, suddenly become very much interested in a neighboring tree, cat grass or a series of false points; in fact, resort to all sorts of schemes to protract the season of their liberty and divert the attention of their unwary masters. Should the dog not readily fall into his place at heel you may cut him with the whip every time he presses forward. Soon he will consent to follow as he should, and the cord and whip can be dispensed with. Dogs are keen observers of all gestures and facial expressions, and it will be well to be before they pick up some of the tricks of your head, hand or gun which will distinctly connect with the two commands, "heel"

and "on." It is unnecessary that we should state what these signals should be, believing that they had better be left to follow naturally the orders as you may give them. It is really wonderful how quickly a dog will learn that the exclamation "Ha" is intended to elick and correct him. Few dogs are thoroughly broken to "heel," many handlers being obliged to repeat the order over a score of times in a walk of a single half mile. A common practice resorted to, to keep the dog behind, is to deal stealthily and Quip-like back kicks at the poor brute, or swipe at him at unsuspecting moments with the barrels of the gun. A dog thus hauled generally has his own way, or, when he does come to heel, follows many yards behind. A dog should never be kicked or shaken by the ears. When the sportsman is unprovided with a whip he should make use of the dog's collar at his feet several times, which the dog, eager for sport, will consider a severe punishment, and it is a sort of punishment not soon forgotten. Correction of this kind is much better for the dog than the thumping of clubs and firing of stones.

When flogging must be resorted to, place his head between your knees and whip the after part of his body. The dog should be struck across, not along the ribs; or, in other words, the whip should not be run to lap around his body, but the blow should fall on the whole length of his back. In the above described position the dog cannot bite, and must receive all awarded him. Flogging a strong dog is no easy task; it requires much personal exertion in holding him for the administration; it will put your nerves in a tremble, and be very likely to spoil your shooting. After you have been flogging him, always part friends, and never let him escape while you are chasing him; at least, if he does, do not pursue him, as if he sees (which he soon will) that he is the quicker runner of the two, all discipline will be at an end. Therefore, be thorough as you proceed in your task, if you would insure pleasant sport and avoid barbarity.

THE NEW YORK SHOW.

AS April 12th draws near, the date announced for the closing of the entries, there is a corresponding increase in the labor of Mr. Lincoln and his assistants. Lincoln brings such a large number of applications that the time is nearly exhausted, and the very pleasant truth that in all probability the number of entries for this year's show will far exceed any exhibition of the kind ever held in this country. This is not all, for the high standing of the animals to be shown will surpass anything heretofore seen. In the early days, when bench shows were in their infancy, a competent critic could without much trouble pick out the winners in each respective class. This is not the case of to-day, and we predict that many of the leading classes will contain so many really splendid dogs that the judges will have no easy task to center on the premier favorites. The competition in the sporting classes will be particularly close; hence it will be the more interesting, as the dogs will be a rare lot to select from. It is surprising what great numbers of wonderfully fine dogs have been imported during the past twelve months, many of which were the pick of the English kennels, and over whose high price there has been no dicker.

Since last issue we have gathered the following items of news. Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., was asked if he would act at the show this year as judge, but preferred being an exhibitor, and he has entered four of his crack dogs, and will be present during the whole of the exhibition. Dr. Jarvis, of Clarence, N. H., will exhibit his great Irish setter dog Elcho. This beautiful animal was bred by Mr. R. S. Greenhill, of the Irish rifle team. Elcho is six years old, and is the sire of Joe, Jr., who ran against Gladstone in the field match in December last. Dr. Jarvis has decided not to place his dog in competition, being satisfied, as well he might, to let Elcho rest on the laurels he has won in the past.

Mr. Godfrey, the enthusiastic proprietor of the Neversink Lodge Kennels, of Gwynard, N. Y., has subscribed for fifty entry blanks, and purposes sending down a large delegation from his excellent varieties of stock. His pointer, Croxteth, of which we spoke in a recent issue, is said to be in fine trim for the coming contest. From the West the finest selection of large pointers in the country was sent by the St. Louis Kennel Club. Bow is an old favorite, and a great writer of 1878. Faust is well known, and the bitches are said to be grand.

The Baltimore Kennel Club have promised to enter their well-known English and Irish setters and pointers. Mr. F. R. Bevan, of the English Kennel Club, who has judged with Mr. Lort, and also in the English field trials, is on his way here with a number of English setters and retrievers, described as being very handsome animals.

The setter Grouse-Dale, which won first in the puppy stakes and second in the brace stakes, at the recent Eastern field trial, was among last week's entries.

The class of collies will be a very fine one, thirty animals having been promised, the majority of which were imported during the past year. It is to be very much regretted that the Central Park Commissioners have refused to allow the collies, or sheep dogs, to take place in the park trials, which undoubtedly have been an additional attraction to this year's show.

Mr. Gibson, of London, Ont., the great short horn cattle-breeder, will send a number of his recently imported fox-terriers.

No special prize list will be sent out, as all dogs entered in the regular classes are eligible for the specials. Where that class prizes are given, and the specialties, they can be made during the first day of the show.

Messrs. W. T. and J. Messerance, of Newark, N. J., present a double link, triple silver-plated collar, lined with russet leather and dotted with gold-plated cones, and a nicker-plated chain, or lead, which is to be awarded to the best pointer dog or bitch, and is to be competed for by winners in the open and champion classes.

Messrs. Bates and Rice, of the city, offer an elegant silver cup, valued at \$300, to be awarded for the best collection of dogs owned and exhibited by the open or kennel club, both quality and quantity to be considered.

Dogs from England and Scotland, from Canada to Texas, and Missouri to Massachusetts, have been entered, and the show, thanks to able management, promises to be a grand success.

Eastern Field Trials Club was held March 9th. The constitution and by-laws of the club, as revised by a committee of three appointed for that purpose at a previous meeting, were read, and, after slight alterations, adopted. The action of the club, raising the initiation fee from five to ten dollars, was reconsidered, after long discussion. It was decided that until September, 1890, all persons desiring to become members, by being duly proposed and seconded, would have to pay to the Secretary, within thirty days of the date of their election, the sum of five dollars initiation fee, and on Sept. 1st five dollars additional for annual dues. After Sept. 1st, 1890, the initiation fee will be raised to ten dollars. Mr. C. H. Raymond read his report as last year's Treasurer of the club, and it was moved by Mr. Billings, and carried, that the statement be accepted, with the thanks of the club for his services. It was moved that the Secretary should receive a yearly salary of \$100, payable quarterly; resolution carried. Mr. Fentz proposed that a stated amount should be paid for the use of Robin's Island; motion referred to Finance Committee. The Committee on Field Trial Rules had not finished their revision, and it was decided to receive their report at the next meeting. The following gentlemen were present at the meeting: Dr. Aten, Messrs. Colburn, Greene, C. H., and G. B. Raymond, Herzberg, Ryer, Holmes, Billings, De Rongé, Coster, Monroe, Morris, Pentz, Von Lengkerke and Hall. The following gentlemen were proposed for membership, and will be balloted for at the next meeting of the club: Messrs. A. H. Moore, Garrett Roach, George Van Wagener, Charles Richards, H. E. Hamilton, W. H. Holabird and E. Lamb.

ENTRIES FOR THE FIELD TRIAL LEBRY.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

From March 22d to March 30th, 1890.

(Entries closed April 1st, 1890.)

Frederick Stancille's May Morn, black, white and tan setter bitch, by Gladstone-Clip; born April 27th, 1879.
 Jos. J. Snellenburg's Dick Laverack, blue Belton setter dog, by Thunder Peerce; born June 10th, 1879.
 Jos. J. Snellenburg's Daisy Laverack, lemon Belton setter bitch, by Thunder-Peerce; born June 10th, 1879.
 Jos. J. Snellenburg's May Laverack, black and white setter bitch, by Thunder-Spot; born May 11th, 1879.
 Chas. H. Peck, Jr.'s, Barney, red setter bitch, by Edwin II.-Dora; born April 10th, 1879.
 J. Hopkins Smith's Jack, red setter dog, by Elcho-Meg; born July, 1879.
 J. Hopkins Smith's Jill, red setter bitch, by Elcho-Meg; born July, 1879.
 L. D. Humpsey's Nimrod, black, white and tan setter dog, by Leicester-Nellie; born May 8th, 1879.
 Guido's Morgan, white setter dog, by Joe, Jr.-Campbell's Fanny; born July 3d, 1879.
 Guido's Joe III., red setter dog, by Joe, Jr.-Campbell's Kate; born April 27th, 1879.
 Guido's Kemp, red setter dog, by Joe, Jr.-Hugh's Ida; born Oct. 18th, 1879.
 D. C. Sanborn's McDuff, white and black setter dog, by Leicester-Nellie; born May 8th, 1879.
 D. C. Sanborn's Rosalind, blue Belton bitch setter, by Leicester-Nellie; born May 8th, 1879.
 D. C. Sanborn's Little Boy, black and white dog setter, by Dan III.-Roxey; born July 12th, 1879.
 D. C. Sanborn's Little Lady, black and white bitch setter, by Dash III.-Roxey.
 Capt. Patrick Henry's Dick, black, white and tan dog setter, by Pride of the South-Lorna Doon; born Aug., 1879.
 Capt. Patrick Henry's Lorna, black, white and tan bitch setter, by Pride of the South-Lorna Doon; born August, 1879.
 Chas. H. Raymond's Dado, white and lemon bitch setter, by Roderick Dhu-Mina; born May 10th, 1879.
 E. C. Lamontagne's Hunter, orange and white dog setter, by Macdon's Ranger-Macdon's Moll; born May 20th, 1879.
 E. C. Lamontagne's Ripple, orange and white bitch setter, by Macdon's Ranger-Macdon's Moll; born May 20th, 1879.
 Wm. A. Mcintosh's City of London, black and white dog setter, by champion Elcho-Gipsy Queen; born Sept. 10th, 1878.
 C. E. McDuff's Rahoon, black and blue bitch setter, by Gladstone-Frost; born Aug. 25th, 1879.
 Wm. A. Strother's Frost's Leah, lemon and white bitch setter, by Gladstone-Frost; born Aug. 25th, 1879.
 E. F. Stoddard's Patsy Bolivar, red dog, by Elcho-Rose (Dr. Jarvis's setter); born April 20th, 1879.
 E. F. Stoddard's Lady Jaunty, liver and white bitch pointer, by Toss of the South-Lorna Doon; born April 15th, 1879.
 Dr. B. F. Peck's Peep of Day, white, black and tan bitch setter, by Gladstone-Clip; born April 28th, 1879.
 W. L. McDonald's Bruce, lemon and white dog setter, by Gladstone-Lee; born July 4th, 1879.
 P. H. Bryson's Count Gladstone, white, black and tan dog setter, by Gladstone-Clip; born April 28th, 1879.
 M. Von Culin's Carmot, blue Belton dog setter, by Carlowitz-Peace-Yellie; born July 15th, 1879.
 Dr. B. Peck Spier's Fascination, black, white and tan bitch setter, by St. Elmo-Maida; born April 15th, 1879.
 H. Hall, Jr.'s, Glen, lemon and white dog pointer, by Snapshot-Gipsy; born May 29th, 1879.
 L. D. Runsey's Nimrod, black, white and tan dog setter, by Leicester-Sanborn's Nellie; born May 8th, 1879.
 A. K. Delaney's Prince Edward, black, white and tan dog setter, by Leicester-Sanborn's Nellie; born May 8th, 1879.
 Isaac H. Tyler's Linda, white and lemon bitch setter, by Lincoln-Dale; born Oct. 1st, 1879.
 Mr. M. Aldrich's Zulu, black, white and tan bitch setter, by Rowe's Peg's Boy-Blanche; born April 21st, 1879.
 John S. Mcintosh's Abbie Whimery, red bitch setter, by Elcho-Gipsy Queen; born Sept. 10th, 1879.
 Clarence K. Deane's Lucille, lemon Belton bitch setter, by owner's Lotry Falls-Fanny Meade; born Dec. 11th, 1879.
 Clarence K. Deane's Dashing Countess, blue Belton bitch setter, by Dash III.-Rowe's Giff; born Sept. 1, 1879.
 Dr. B. Peck's Deane's Peg's Boy's Girl, blue Belton bitch setter, by owner's Peg's Boy-towe's Blanche; born April 21st, 1879.
 H. F. Green's Rowell, red dog setter, pedigree not given; born April 8th, 1890 (sic).
 John Davidson's Abbess, white, black and tan bitch setter, by Atton-Fannie; born April 6th, 1879.
 Arnold Burges Queen Dido, lemon Belton bitch setter, by Druid-Nilsson; born April 30th, 1879.
 James M. Nelson's Chiquet, red dog setter, by champion Elcho-Rose; born April 10th, 1879.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIAL CLUB.—New York, March 30th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—A meeting of the

S. B. Dilley's Superlative, liver, white and ticked bitch pointer, by champion Ranger-Pleat; born June 27th, 1879.

S. B. Dilley's Karones, liver, white and ticked dog pointer, by champion Ranger-champion Royal Fan; born July 13th, 1879.

George Lowe's (London, England) Lady Catherine, white and black flecked bitch setter, by Tam o' Shanter-Young Kate; born April, 1879.

George Lowe's (London, England) Robbie Duns, black and white ticked dog setter, by Tam o' Shanter-La Reine; born August, 1879.

S. B. Dilley's Ranger Boy, liver, white and ticked dog pointer, by champion Ranger-champion Royal Fan; born July 13th, 1879.

Albert G. Sloo's Hoi, black and tan dog setter, by Grouse-Grace; born June 20th, 1879.

Albert G. Sloo's Brant, black and white ticked dog setter, by Leicester-Nellie; born May 8th, 1879.

R. B. Organ's Makasaw, red dog setter, by Silsby's Dan-Organ's Clot; born June 24th, 1879.

George B. Clason's Frix, black and white bitch setter, by Dash III.-Jow's Gift; born September, 1879.

R. B. Morgan's Dashing Pooker blue Belton dog setter, by Dash III.-Jow's Gift; born Sept. 1st, 1879.

J. W. Downey's Lady Vandy, dark red bitch setter, Irish, by Hillier's champion Count-Nuttall's champion Maybe; born June, 1879.

Isaac Yansley's Vixen, black and white dog setter, by Leicester-Sanborn's Nellie; born May 8th, 1879.

J. P. Heenan's Dolly Edmund, liver Belton bitch setter, by King Edmund-Curtis; born Oct. 25th, 1879.

A. W. Gore's Ella, blue Belton bitch setter, by Fred-Gypsy; born July 24th, 1879.

John C. Higgins' Lincoln II., white and lemon dog setter, by Lincoln-Petrel II.; born Aug. 23d, 1879.

John C. Higgins' List, blue ticked bitch setter, by Lincoln-Petrel II.; born Aug. 23d, 1879.

J. B. Bowers' (London, England) Bessie, black, white and flecked bitch setter, by owner's Bandit-Madge; born March 28th, 1879.

J. B. Bowers' (London, England) Fred VIII, black, white and flecked dog setter, by Sim's Dash-Maid of Honor; born May 23d, 1879.

M. A. Lowe's Lady Fan, liver and white bitch pointer, by Sleford-Wadell's Nellie; born June 18th, 1879.

C. Wadell's Tane, black, white and tan bitch setter, by Belton-John Roller's Brezo; birth not given.

Edmund Orgill's Rio, lemon and white dog pointer, by Rush-Romp; birth not given.

Edmund Orgill's Romp II, lemon and white bitch pointer, by Rush-Romp; birth not given.

Edmund Orgill's Rhona, lemon and white bitch pointer, by Snapshot-Rose; birth not given.

Boni, P. Clark's Dog, red bitch setter, by champion Elcho-Rose; born April 20th, 1879.

KENNEL NOTES.

WHITLES-Biddy-Mr. H. P. Dorch's (Goldboro', N. C.) imported red Irish setter bitch Biddy (laid Gauntlet-Peggy) whelped on March 15th ten puppies—six dogs and four bitches—by owner's imported red Irish setter dog Rou. Three of the bitches destroyed.

Pansy-Mr. H. P. Dorch's Pansy (Joe-Gussie) whelped, on March 15th, five puppies—one dog and four bitches—by Rou Bitches destroyed.

Daisy Jones-Mr. H. P. Dorch's Daisy Jones (St. Elmo, out of Pelree's Tip) whelped, on March 20th, five puppies—two dogs and three bitches—by Rou Bitches destroyed.

Belmaid-Mr. W. L. Bradbury's imported beagle Belmaid whelped March 21st six puppies, by owner's imported beagle Major.

Maggie-Mr. Adolph Nelson's (Portsmouth, N. H.) red setter bitch Maggie (Rufus-Cigarette) whelped, on March 23th, twelve puppies—nine dogs and three bitches—by Elcho III., Elcho-Rose. Five of the dog puppies without a white hair. This is a somewhat remarkable litter, as it is the first time the bitch has whelped, and she saw the dog but once.

Magenta-Mr. W. N. Callender's Magenta (Gypsy-Dash) whelped, on March 11th (St. Patrick's Day), five puppies—three dogs and two bitches—by Roy O'More.

Pallas-Westminster Kennel Club's pointer bitch Pallas whelped, on March 26th, nine puppies—five dogs and four bitches—by Sensation.

NAMES CLAIMED—Jack and Jill—Mr. J. Hopkins Smith, of Kittrell, N. C., claims the names of Jack and Jill for his brace of red Irish puppies, dog and bitch, by Dr. Jarvis' Elcho, out of owner's Meg (imported Mill, imported Biddy).

Katrina—Mr. William Bradbury, of Nason, Orange County, Va., claims the name of Katrina for his red Irish setter bitch, out of Dr. J. W. Downey's imported Kathleen, by the Baltimore Kennel Club's imported Dorg, whelped March 12th, 1880.

Kilkenny—Mr. W. N. Callender claims the name of Kilkenny for his red Irish setter bitch puppy, by Rory O'More, out of Hill's Lottie, Elcho-Fix.

Fausta—Dr. Allen B. Clayton, of Chatham, Ont., claims the name of Fausta for his black, white and tan English setter bitch puppy, whelped Dec. 27th, 1879, by Leicester, out of Mr. J. N. Dodge's imported Rose.

SALES—Cartwiz—Mr. M. Von Culin, of Delaware City, has re-purchased Cartwiz.

Bessie O'More and Nellie Plunket—Capt. M. L. Norton, of Greenbush, N. Y., has purchased from Mr. W. H. Finck, Kingston, N. Y., two pure red Irish setter bitch puppies, Bessie O'More and Nellie Plunket, whelped Sept. 27th, 1879, out of his Queen Bess, Plunket-Goldsmith's Nell, by Mr. Callender's champion Rory O'More.

Queen Bess—Mr. W. N. Callender, of Greenbush, N. Y., has purchased from Mr. William H. Finck, of Kingston, N. Y., his pure red Irish setter bitch Queen Bess, Plunket-Nell.

Bred—Regent-Dow—Mr. E. F. Stoddard's imported bitch Regent to champion Dow.

Erin-Erin II.—Mr. Whitford's Erin to Mr. Lucas' Erin II.

Mr. J. W. Wilkinson's Irish bitch to Mr. Lucas' Erin II.

Lady Sensation-Rush—Mr. J. H. Fitch's Lady Sensation to Orgill's champion Rush.

Queen Bess—Mr. H. W. Livingston's Rose to Rush.

Queen Bess—Mr. W. N. Callender's Queen Bess to his champion Rory O'More.

—The *Live Stock Journal* of March 19th contains our article "Judges and their Critics," with this excellent indorsement: "The following remarks appear in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and as they exactly represent our views of the case, we reproduce them for the benefit of our readers."

Dachling and Canoeing.

Meeting of the National Yachting Association, Wednesday, April 14th, at the St. Denis Hotel, New York; 8 P.M.

TIME ALLOWANCE.

ASSUMING that some definite conclusion has been reached concerning a rule of measurement, the next step is to construct a table of the amount of time to be allowed by one yacht to another under the provisions of the rule. In this we can only be guided by the teachings of practice. There is no theoretical way out of the difficulty, no mathematical expressions by which we can be ruled. In short, the times allowed consist of a number of a compilation of observations in practice, a general mean of

Tons Y. R. A.	Minutes	Seconds	Tons Y. R. A.	Minutes	Seconds
Product of Three Dimensions	Product of Three Dimensions	Product of Three Dimensions	Product of Three Dimensions	Product of Three Dimensions	Product of Three Dimensions
5	956.29	00	18000	62.15	45.60
6	1008.00	00	18125	62.45	47.2
7	1060.34	1	18250	62.75	48.8
8	1113.33	2	18375	63.05	50.4
9	1166.89	3	18500	63.35	52.0
10	1220.99	3	18625	63.65	53.6
11	1275.63	4	18750	63.95	55.2
12	1330.81	4	18875	64.25	56.8
13	1386.53	5	19000	64.55	58.4
14	1442.79	5	19125	64.85	60.0
15	1499.59	6	19250	65.15	61.6
16	1556.93	6	19375	65.45	63.2
17	1614.81	7	19500	65.75	64.8
18	1673.23	7	19625	66.05	66.4
19	1732.19	8	19750	66.35	68.0
20	1791.69	8	19875	66.65	69.6
21	1851.73	9	20000	66.95	71.2
22	1912.31	9	20125	67.25	72.8
23	1973.43	10	20250	67.55	74.4
24	2035.09	10	20375	67.85	76.0
25	2097.29	11	20500	68.15	77.6
26	2160.03	11	20625	68.45	79.2
27	2223.31	12	20750	68.75	80.8
28	2287.13	12	20875	69.05	82.4
29	2351.49	13	21000	69.35	84.0
30	2416.39	13	21125	69.65	85.6
31	2481.83	14	21250	69.95	87.2
32	2547.81	14	21375	70.25	88.8
33	2614.33	15	21500	70.55	90.4
34	2681.39	15	21625	70.85	92.0
35	2748.99	16	21750	71.15	93.6
36	2817.13	16	21875	71.45	95.2
37	2885.81	17	22000	71.75	96.8
38	2955.03	17	22125	72.05	98.4
39	3024.79	18	22250	72.35	100.0
40	3095.09	18	22375	72.65	101.6
41	3165.93	19	22500	72.95	103.2
42	3237.31	19	22625	73.25	104.8
43	3309.23	20	22750	73.55	106.4
44	3381.69	20	22875	73.85	108.0
45	3454.69	21	23000	74.15	109.6
46	3528.23	21	23125	74.45	111.2
47	3602.31	22	23250	74.75	112.8
48	3676.93	22	23375	75.05	114.4
49	3752.09	23	23500	75.35	116.0
50	3827.79	23	23625	75.65	117.6
51	3904.03	24	23750	75.95	119.2
52	3980.81	24	23875	76.25	120.8
53	4058.13	25	24000	76.55	122.4
54	4136.09	25	24125	76.85	124.0
55	4214.69	26	24250	77.15	125.6
56	4293.93	26	24375	77.45	127.2
57	4373.81	27	24500	77.75	128.8
58	4454.33	27	24625	78.05	130.4
59	4535.49	28	24750	78.35	132.0
60	4617.29	28	24875	78.65	133.6
61	4699.73	29	25000	78.95	135.2
62	4782.81	29	25125	79.25	136.8
63	4866.53	30	25250	79.55	138.4
64	4950.89	30	25375	79.85	140.0
65	5035.89	31	25500	80.15	141.6
66	5121.53	31	25625	80.45	143.2
67	5207.81	32	25750	80.75	144.8
68	5294.73	32	25875	81.05	146.4
69	5382.29	33	26000	81.35	148.0
70	5470.49	33	26125	81.65	149.6
71	5559.33	34	26250	81.95	151.2
72	5648.81	34	26375	82.25	152.8
73	5738.93	35	26500	82.55	154.4
74	5829.69	35	26625	82.85	156.0
75	5921.09	36	26750	83.15	157.6
76	6013.13	36	26875	83.45	159.2
77	6105.81	37	27000	83.75	160.8
78	6200.13	37	27125	84.05	162.4
79	6295.09	38	27250	84.35	164.0
80	6390.69	38	27375	84.65	165.6
81	6486.93	39	27500	84.95	167.2
82	6583.81	39	27625	85.25	168.8
83	6681.33	40	27750	85.55	170.4
84	6779.49	40	27875	85.85	172.0
85	6878.29	41	28000	86.15	173.6
86	6977.73	41	28125	86.45	175.2
87	7077.81	42	28250	86.75	176.8
88	7178.53	42	28375	87.05	178.4
89	7279.89	43	28500	87.35	180.0
90	7381.89	43	28625	87.65	181.6
91	7484.53	44	28750	87.95	183.2
92	7587.81	44	28875	88.25	184.8
93	7691.73	45	29000	88.55	186.4
94	7796.29	45	29125	88.85	188.0
95	7901.49	46	29250	89.15	189.6
96	8007.33	46	29375	89.45	191.2
97	8113.81	47	29500	89.75	192.8
98	8220.93	47	29625	90.05	194.4
99	8328.69	48	29750	90.35	196.0
100	8437.13	48	29875	90.65	197.6
101	8546.29	49	30000	90.95	199.2
102	8656.09	49	30125	91.25	200.8
103	8766.53	50	30250	91.55	202.4
104	8877.69	50	30375	91.85	204.0
105	8989.49	51	30500	92.15	205.6
106	9101.93	51	30625	92.45	207.2
107	9215.09	52	30750	92.75	208.8
108	9328.89	52	30875	93.05	210.4
109	9443.33	53	31000	93.35	212.0
110	9558.49	53	31125	93.65	213.6
111	9674.29	54	31250	93.95	215.2
112	9790.73	54	31375	94.25	216.8
113	9907.81	55	31500	94.55	218.4
114	10025.53	55	31625	94.85	220.0
115	10143.89	56	31750	95.15	221.6
116	10262.89	56	31875	95.45	223.2
117	10382.53	57	32000	95.75	224.8
118	10502.81	57	32125	96.05	226.4
119	10623.73	58	32250	96.35	228.0
120	10745.29	58	32375	96.65	229.6
121	10867.49	59	32500	96.95	231.2
122	10990.33	59	32625	97.25	232.8
123	11113.81	60	32750	97.55	234.4
124	11237.93	60	32875	97.85	236.0
125	11362.69	61	33000	98.15	237.6
126	11488.09	61	33125	98.45	239.2
127	11614.13	62	33250	98.75	240.8
128	11740.81	62	33375	99.05	242.4
129	11868.13	63	33500	99.35	244.0
130	11996.09	63	33625	99.65	245.6
131	12124.69	64	33750	99.95	247.2
132	12253.93	64	33875	100.25	248.8
133	12383.81	65	34000	100.55	250.4
134	12514.33	65	34125	100.85	252.0
135	12645.49	66	34250	101.15	253.6
136	12777.29	66	34375	101.45	255.2
137	12909.73	67	34500	101.75	256.8
138	13042.81	67	34625	102.05	258.4
139	13176.53	68	34750	102.35	260.0

parative beam and little depth may be best suited to much of our inland and smooth water navigation, and in such cases more or less shifting ballast may be desirable on the score of safety, yet the same characteristics would be as absurd for a sea-going or deep water yacht as a considerable draught of water would be for sailing in a river filled with sand-bars. The National Association can be of value to our river clubs as well as to our sea or lake clubs, and no small part of its value will be in the establishing of rules which will mark the distinction between these classes of yachts, and give to each that measurement and those regulations which shall be adapted to yachts used in different kinds of waters, just as these yachts have been adapted to navigate. In addition, suppose the open river yachts are to have a measurement based on length, and are permitted shifting ballast, a regulation should be made that they have no booming out of ballast or men to windward of, or outside the limits of, the hull in a race. This would prevent the development of a type of river yacht which is good for nothing. It would render such river yachts sufficiently seaworthy for the waters in which they are to sail, in the same sense that a yacht which is to navigate open and deep water would be rendered seaworthy by being debarred from using shifting ballast, having reference to the waters which she is to navigate.

One thing must be always remembered in looking to English rules and experience in yachting. They have no such extent of shoal water navigation as exists upon our seaboard, and therefore they can afford us but little assistance in devising regulations for yachting in such waters.

When yachting originated in such waters, and developed a class of boats and system of measurement adapted to them. It is only when the extreme of this type of yacht and its system of measurement are attempted to be used in going to sea, that their incapacity for such service manifests itself, and it is only in the latter case that a new type of yacht, or rather a modification of the former type, together with a system of measurement which induces the construction of such modified yacht, becomes desirable and necessary.

DAVID HALL RICE.

Boston, March 29th.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having read with much interest the discussion in your columns on the subject of yacht measurement, I feel constrained to add my mite to the general fund. In the first place, it seems to me that the present rules for the measurement of vessels and center-boards would be unjust; and further, the present rules would not be fairly applied to large schooners or to small sloops, the former say of five tons and up to thirty, and the latter from eighty tons and upward. The keel boat depends on ballast for her stability to a much greater degree than does the center-board craft, hence we have entirely dissimilar qualities to deal with. Therefore depth should unquestionably form one of the dimensions of keel vessels, and the formula for measurement should include length, breadth and depth, a tolerably fair and easily worked rule for what is already in existence—that is, for measuring small craft. So with regard to small center-boarders, the existing rule for at all events the old rule of the English Yacht Racing Association, namely, length and beam, has been found to be very satisfactory in these waters. In this class of craft it would not do to measure depth, as thereby a dangerous style of "skimming dish" would be called into existence, and by the consequent tendency of such machines to upset easily, the sport would be rendered unpopular and cease to be what it now is, namely, a most valuable school in all in yachting architecture. As to large vessels, it does not seem reasonable that, as under the present New York Yacht Club rule, a premium should be put on seaworthiness by penalizing free-board. The rule, length, breadth and depth, with the proviso that depth shall be taken from the load-water line only, would, it seems to me, put all on a fair footing and prevent the building of any more *Mohawks*, or the unjust penalizing of such fine craft as *Intrepid*. Cubic contents is perhaps the fairest plan of all in theory, but it is too tedious to use, being not only too complex, but it was abundantly demonstrated in your column, unfair and calculated to invite disasters. The methods which I propose have at all events the advantage of being so simple that any measurer can cast up a vessel's tonnage in a few minutes, and they would have the further advantage of allowing builders to model as they chose—whether odd's bend and mackerel tail, or eel's head and catfish stern—without penalty. In fact, it would free modelers from a thralldom which now cripples their efforts and results in an improvement in modeling-skill which certainly has not been developed much in the United States for the last thirty years.

As to the idea of length measurement, I say it is simply ridiculous and unworthy of consideration by any intelligent person who knows anything of the subject.

PORT TACK.

Belleville, Ont., March 26th.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 18th inst. you state a very plain, mathematical problem that seems plausible on the whole, but I take exception to the objection to it. If all yachts were measured by cubical contents there are many that would be certainly handicapped by such a rule.

The sloop *Gad*, by her queer shape and light displacement, would be allowed time by smaller boats who now by our classification do not sail in her class at all, or if they do it is by invitation or by accepting the limit of size that the class calls for.

There certainly would be an injustice in this case and many others of similar kind. No matter where you go, you will always find people trying to evade the rules that are laid at the present time for allowance of difference of size. Builders recognize the importance of a few extra inches of length and are not slow to take advantage, when their reputations are at stake, even at a loss to their pockets. I have been conversing with pretty well-learned yachtsmen, and I find none but what admit that length gives speed. If we adopt your method you certainly will revive the skin-dish model for racing. There are no laurels to be won in cruising unless they are created hereafter. Lots of people who own fast boats do not care to drive them on a cruise. The light hulls are usually discarded as incumbrances. These very same people will allow you to pass them in ordinary sailing and set you down as a nonentity if it is reported as such.

In England, if I understand their rulings, there are classes made by tonnage. This may seem fair, but still it is not if a man desires to race. One person might desire to have plenty of free-board, a little more beam, and less speed; he finds after his boat is built that she is uncomfortable and speedy; thus perhaps 50-100. Another one, desirous of the laurels that he has fallen to the skill and pluck of his predecessor, figures and maneuvers to get a longer boat of the same capacity; watch the result. He comes out in the spring longer, a little wider, out away considerably to make light displacement, and to look at is considered a poor sample of a yacht. He finds on trial that his boat is cranky and un-

safe in fresh winds, but is a skimmer in light zephyrs. He hauls her up and puts a ton of lead on the keel and he finds that he can now carry more sail on his phantom ship. She wins prize after prize during the season. Why? Because our races are sailed in pleasant and calm water usually.

If I were so fortunate as to own a 10-ton cutter and I considered her so perfectly safe at sea as we read of, I would turn her head for the open sea, and I would sink the land from sight and prove her qualities if it took a week to do so; but I am digressing from my subject. From what I have illustrated above, do you not think that "length, breadth and depth" measurement would force us into the same trouble—say building cranky boats?

By present "hereabout" table a man can build comfortable, weatherly boats and not be handicapped by a skimming dish. The only obstacle to light is shifting ballast; when that is done away with there will be more serviceable yachts and better cruisers.

Yacht builders in this country are no fools. If they are left to their own conclusions they will not use excessive beam nor get disproportionate depth. They will invariably do their level best and produce some very fine workmanship.

As I have said in my previous letter, give a man for classification extra length, and restrict him to nothing but shifting by dead-weight. That is the fairest method, and a man's fault will lie in himself if he does not get a proper construction, and not in his neighbor.

Boston, March 29th.

We are afraid our correspondent is going to work the wrong way. Practice has shown that length measurement encourages abnormal beam and handicaps easy models to such an extent as to drive them out of existence. In what manner has already been shown in these columns.

NEW BEDFORD YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thank you very much for your interest in, and kind notices of, the New Bedford Yacht Club, perhaps a few words concerning our proposed future movements may be of interest to the yachting fraternity. I take the liberty of forwarding the same.

Contracts have been signed for the erection of a pile wharf and two-story club-house from the south side of the bridge leading to Fairhaven near Pope's Island. The building will be 40ft. by 25ft.; will have double piazzas eight feet wide on the east, south and west sides, from which a clear and unobstructed view down the river and across the bay to the Elizabeth Islands will be had. A lower 12x12, on the southwest corner, with ample look-out windows, 40ft. from low water mark, will probably enable us to see over Clark's Point all vessels entering the bay from the westward. The lower story will be conveniently arranged for reception-rooms, lockers, row-boats, etc.; so that the upper hall will be wholly available for club uses. A plank walk-way across the bridge will have cars passing our doors on the north side, with an unobstructed sea view on the south, and on all sides free chance for cooling breezes. We think our location cannot be surpassed on the coast.

We propose showing from our signal staff two (horizontally) placed red lights as a guide for all who, arriving at night, may wish to anchor off the club-house, where nine feet of water may be found at low tide.

Our club have added thus far this spring 150 new members, making a total of 230, and we confidently look to a membership of 350 by the middle of the yachting season.

We propose to keep open house for all visiting yachtsmen and their friends, and hope they will all consider this a special invitation "to make themselves at home" in our new quarters, where all information conducive to making their stay in our waters agreeable will be cheerfully given.

By the opening of a new channel through Wood's Hole, yachts from the eastward of 14ft. draft can safely pass through into Buzzards Bay, thereby making a good and expeditious run into our harbor without the necessity of going west to Quick's Hole.

When our house is built and we obtain the necessary ranges I will take the liberty of forwarding them to you, so that our yachting friends may be fully posted as to anchorage off club-house if befogged.

ACQUINET.

In point of membership the New Bedford Y. C. now leads every other club in America. For enterprise displayed in the right direction its management is an example for others, and conclusively shows that the material can be found for the formation of strong clubs, with income enough to make themselves felt as an element of the community at large. New Bedford, through the exertions of its yacht club, has now become the yachtsmen's paradise "down East."

IMPORTED YACHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow me to add another bit of information to that given by you in your sensible remarks on "Imported Yachts" in last issue. You say: "We have received, through the kindness of the Secretary of the Treasury, the following authoritative announcement, an observance of which virtually denies imported yachts over 20 tons the right to fly the American flag, and compels them to take out papers, etc., from the Old Dominion, hail from abroad, and sail under the protecting bill of H. M. Colonies of the North." Now the imported yachts could not even manage to do that unless their owners belonged to the only yacht club (British) on the lakes holding an Admiralty warrant, viz, the Royal Canadian; and even then the Admiralty would not grant the special warrant that each yacht must carry unless the owner were a British subject and in a British port. I find that the application for a warrant to fly the blue ensign on an imported yacht was refused on these grounds by the Admiralty. As every yacht owner cannot be expected to go to the trouble and expense of getting a special act of Congress, as Mr. J. G. Bennett did for the *Jeannette* (ex-*Pandora*), the only remedy is what you suggest, a change in the law. Not a very great concession to yachting surely.

ROUGE CROIX.

STEAM MANTRAPS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The cutter being dead, and I trust (as probably do most of your yachting readers) forever buried, my interest in the nondescript has ended. In fact, this cutter-dish discussion ceased possessing charms for me when I realized the fact that it had degenerated from seemingly debate into a meaningless wrangle and abuse of the two types of boat. *Regules* (cutter) in pace!

By this, I think, the "fish" has caught its (in an editorial way). Well, they have probably rendered their quills and by this time, and any rite I suspect they will be as able to scratch for themselves in the future as they have done in the past.

And now I would like to say a few words on a subject which I think has been but lightly touched upon in your widely-circulated paper. Our "steam launches" are dangerous mantraps; there's no denying it; and something should be done to remedy the evil, as they are a class of boat for which there is a constantly growing demand on our waters. I have reason to believe that the evil has arisen something in the following way: A gentleman desires a launch, goes to the builder, asks his price, and at the same time says "my boat must be very fast."

The builder knows that he will lose his customer if he names a price that will honestly build a roamy boat, which shall be seaworthy and fitted with power sufficient to get speed out of a safe craft. So he takes the work at a figure that retains his customer, and in order not to lose money, yet at the same time desiring to produce speed, he designs a model too deep to be anything but cranky and too narrow to be either comfortable or seaworthy.

Yet there is not the least trouble embraced in producing a steam launch or yacht that shall be fast, reasonable in price, seaworthy as any sailing yacht of her size, and with all the extra comfort that breadth of beam gives. Who, then, is to blame for the fact that our yachtsmen are imposed upon by the unseaworthy shells called launches? Think it over.

THOMAS CLAPHAM.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. H. B., Versailles, Conn.—Judging at the New York Bench Show will commence on the first day, April 27th.

H. D. H., Hollidaysburg.—May a well-bred hound have dew-claws? Ans. Dew-claws are objectionable, and are supposed to point to a faulty pedigree.

GUN, Philadelphia.—For choko-boring apply to Wm. R. Schaffer, of Boston, or to Clark & Snider, Baltimore, Md. See our advertising columns for their more particular addresses.

C. H. E., Hudson, N. Y.—Mr. Macdonald is not in the country at present, and it is not known for certain whether he will be at the New York Dog Show. His address is, Cheadle Rectory, Cheshire, Eng.

We are not authority on cards; and cannot undertake to settle disputes over games. The hand-books on the subject are sufficient sources of information; and to them we respectfully refer those who do not understand the intricacies of the subject.

J. S. A., Cuba.—You may address F. R. Grote & Co., 114 East Fourteenth street, New York, or P. J. Kalenberg, 125 Fulton street, New York, both of which firms deal in ivory. A perfect skeleton of the Manatee would find ready sale among our museums.

CANNONIER, Boston, Mass.—Please give me the names of Irish setter dog imported by Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, and Irish setter bitch imported by J. B. Moor, of Hartford, Conn.? Ans. Cannot find the information. Perhaps some of our friends can do so.

F. L. M., New York.—Is eighteen pounds too light for an Irish setter bitch puppy four months old? Ans. The weight of puppies varies very much, depending upon the condition of the bitch, general health, care and feed. Eighteen pounds is light, twenty-five being about the standard.

C. R. C., Philadelphia.—I have a setter dog three years old, he is very mopish and sleepy, he has vomited once or twice, and has had the diarrhoea. At times when reclining he breathes heavily, and he is quite thin; his nose is dry. Aus. Give one or two doses of castor oil and laudanum, table spoonful of former, half teaspoonful of the latter. Watch for further symptoms, and if the dog is not better write more fully. This is the most we can advise from our descriptions of the case.

A. K. S., Merion, Mass.—My dog, six years old, has worms; been feeding him on corn must. What shall I do for him? Ans. You neglect to state breed of your dog, which prevents us from specifying exact treatment. Common table salt injected is recommended for pin-worms. Calomel in small doses, after the dog has been fasting twenty-four hours, is excellent for round worms. Male fern or Kausso, for tape worms. Arsenic has been very successfully used. See notice of same in advertising columns.

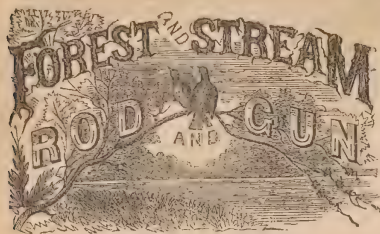
REFERENCE.—A and B make a match and decide upon C as referee. C declares A the winner. B objects on the ground of partiality and irregularity. 1. Has A won the match? 2. Should the stakeholder pay him the money? Has B any appeal, and if so, to whom? Ans. 1. As we know nothing of the merits of the case, it manifestly would be folly for us to answer. 2. If B thinks that the referee's decision was unfair and prompted by irregular motives, he may appeal to his own back-bone to stand out against the decision.

A. W., Georgia.—I have two dogs, one a Gordon setter three years old and one an Irish setter bitch one year old, that have acquired the habit of eating dirt; symptoms, loss of appetite, languor and emaciation. I feed on meat highly, well cooked, and seasoned with Indian meal and salt. I have purged thoroughly, which seems to have relieved them temporarily; but as soon as they are out of sight they return to the dirt. Ans. Your treatment has been all right enough as far as purgatives are concerned. Remove meat diet for a few weeks entirely and give exercise, allowing dogs access to grass fields which contain the couch, or dog grass.

NORA, Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Your bitch is evidently suffering from worms. After twenty-four hours of fasting give her dose of freshly powdered arsenic, not two grains of nut to each pound of dog. Follow several hours later with dose of castor oil. Following evening repeat dose of nut, after twelve hours fasting, and the next morning give second dose of castor oil. We would then suggest giving the bitch a tablespoonful of cod liver oil once or twice a day after feeding. This will build her up and put on flesh. 2. Have requested Mr. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, No. 141 Fulton street, this city, to send you proper puppy blanks for the New York Show. 3. Yes, register your dog.

SWEETMAN, Washington, Ind.—I want a dog for water-fowl shooting and for retrieving on land as well as water. I have read several articles in your valuable paper on the cocker spaniel. To be sure, the cocker is more beautiful and makes a nice pet for the ladies, but I have an idea that they are not fit for cold or hard wet work. Ans. Procure an Irish water spaniel by all means; he is peculiarly fitted by temperament and by a water-resisting coat for the arduous duties required by a sportsman whose predilections lie in the direction of wild-fowl shooting. Of course, the Irish water spaniel will retrieve on land. The cockers are charmingly clever and bustling merry fellows, but not fitted for long, cold and wild days of shooting.

CONGRATULATIONS.—They begin to come already. The *Germantown Telegraph* is the first to speak: "FOREST AND STREAM is about having a fine new office fitted up in the New York Times building, whither it will take up its quarters on the 1st of May. Prosperity go with it."



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTLAND, THE INFLUENCE OF MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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-AT-

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Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

*Any publisher inserting our prospectus above one time, with an additional notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guarantee of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

• We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money refused to us is lost.

• Trade supplied by American News Company.

REMOVAL.—On or before May 1st the FOREST AND STREAM will remove into its new offices in the Times building, Nos. 39 and 41 Park Row.

WILD RICE.—We have received from Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Ont., a sample of the wild rice secured by him, and furnished for sowing in ponds, as was noticed in these columns some weeks since. The seeds are plump, well developed, and evidently in excellent condition. As the success of the undertakings to introduce this cereal into ponds is becoming more generally known, the demand for the seed is largely increasing. We are in receipt of several inquiries for the supply of the same; and as the harvests gathered by our friends have long since been exhausted by the orders received through their advertisement in this paper, we can only counsel patience until a new supply can be secured next season. We hope that those who have the facilities will make special efforts to gather a quantity which may prove sufficient.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL STUD BOOK, VOL. II.—In another column we notice that the entries for this much needed record book will close May 1st. All persons owning well-bred setters, pointers, mastiffs, Newfoundlanders, terriers, collies, greyhounds, spaniels, St. Bernards, pugs, beagles, foxhounds and all prize-winners or well-bred household pets, good field dogs and handsome canines of every description, will find advantage and satisfaction in entering them in the National American Kennel Club Stud Book. For future reference these entries will be invaluable to dog owners and breeders, as they constitute an official record, which may always be referred to as authoritative, and will be especially advantageous in tracing the pedigrees of the posterity of the dogs entered as of the present year. All entries should be addressed to Mr. Charles De Ronge, Secretary, No. 51 Broad street, New York.

—Mr. Fred. Mather has permanently left the paper with which he has for some months been connected as editor of the fish and fishing department.

—At the meeting of the Directors of the N. R. A., on Tuesday last, the Palma conditions were altered to permit shooting by a British team only. It was also agreed to send a team of six men to Ireland to resume the Irish-American matches. No spring meeting will be held this year. A full report of the action taken, with amended conditions of the "Palma," will appear in next week's FOREST AND STREAM.

TROUT AND TROUT.

WHEN good Father Prout, of blessed memory, wearied of his Lenten diet, he cast a ham bone into the sea and drew it forth again; and by that token, forsooth, the flesh had become fish, for whatever comes out of the sea is neither flesh nor fowl, but fish. Now, no one for a moment supposes that by this ingenious bit of strategy the worthy old priest tried to deceive, or did deceive, his palate as well as his conscience. Such a feat of gastronomy and imagination has been left to our own day of wooden nutmegs and artificial trout ponds. We cast liver into the water and haul it out as trout; but, not stopping here, we rush to the market slabs, where lie in ignominious rows the alleged *Salvelinus fontinalis*, scooped and netted from the ponds, pay a royal price for the scaly prize, and then, perpetuating the delusion, roll the insipid morsels about in our mouths with the ecstatic and pitiable faith that they taste good. Prout was ingenious, so far as ham goes; we are far ahead of him.

We are aware that we are preaching old fogy and unfashionable doctrines—sentiments which will find little sympathy among the deluded fish-eaters, who fancy themselves epicures, judges of what is what, and think that they know a trout when they taste it. They never did eat a real trout, or, if they did, it was so long ago that they have really forgotten how the fish ought to taste. But the books say that trout is a delicacy; the dealers affirm that these speckled monsters are trout; hence, logic is logic, and they smack their lips with satisfaction, and discourse over their glasses of the glory of America's game fish.

This liver-fed sluggard, intrenched in his pond, is gaining ground; he reckons his blind adherents by constantly growing legions. And the true trout—the fish that you and I know, reader—is being pushed to the wall by this fat-bellied parody. The wild streams are becoming "fished out;" even the rainbow-hued fellows in the streams, which only we two know of, by and by, when another shall have stolen our secret and our fish with it, even they will be supplanted by the great, coarse black bass—"the fish of the future," they call him.

Yes, we are undoubtedly on the losing side; but here let us make a stand, utter a word of protest, and linger, even though but a brief moment, over the trout as nature made him. Some of us have met him in his native pool, years ago, before men knew anything about these adulterated abominations, these animated masses of hashed liver and deception. This fish has been for years battling in the fierce struggle for existence; he has gathered strength and muscle and bravado from a thousand tussles with the dash of the waters; what he has eaten he has worked for, and the constant exercise of looking for his dinner has hardened his body and made it compact and firm of texture; the natural food provided thus for him has been transformed into juicy, sweet-flavored flesh; and now, in the pride of his strength and years, he is a fit subject for your costliest tackle and the best skill you know how to put forth. If you have been for years learning how to take a trout, so has he been for years unwittingly preparing for that battle, and you may count on a test of your patience and of your line and rod and wrist, before he will lie panting in your basket, conquered and captured.

It is mortifying the flesh if, when you come back at night, you pretend that such a fish as this was not born into his mountain home just for your own platter and palate. "Catch your hare before you cook him" is good advice for Simple Simons, but it means more than the bare advice to an idiot that the first essential to a dish of rabbit is the rabbit. It means that to enjoy the flavor of a trout you must catch the fish yourself; this adds a delicate taste that the most ingenious chef, with all his skill, cannot command; a satisfaction that money cannot buy,

THE NEW YORK RIFLE CLUB.—Gilt-edge gallery practice has been the aim of the New York Rifle Club, and those who wish to see the simple feat of popping the bull's-eye reduced to a fine art may visit the rooms recently fitted up at No. 211 Fourth avenue, in this city, and inspect a pair of target tunnels of the very best description. It is a club in earnest, with a club room, and all made subservient to the main object of the club, which is the culture of its members in the art of off-hand shooting. On entering, the visitor is in a parlor, or reception room, with its piano and soft, yielding carpet, its heavy window curtains, elaborate chandelier, bronzes and works of art displayed on the walls. Adjoining this is another room, scarcely less sumptuously furnished. Done up in the obtrusively naturalistic Eastlake style, the room suggests us without fear of consequences in breakage and scratching. This is the shooting room, and from a platform in the corner the marksmen may look into the gaping mouths of a pair of tubes of sheet iron, about a yard in diameter, and suggesting a gigantic binocular. These are elevated above the floor, so that the entire floor space may be utilized. After about a dozen feet of iron tubing the shooting tunnels change to a square focus, with three feet a side, interior measurement, and so stretch away out from the back of the building until ninety-six feet is reached from firing point

to target station. The target rests in an iron frame, just large enough to seize the pasteboard sheet on all its edges, so that the bullet passes directly through to a slab of lead fixed behind. This target frame is fixed upon a small car, and by winding a small winch below the tunnel frame the car is brought up abreast of a small door on the side. This door is made to swing toward the firing point and to the interior of the target. Sheathed with iron, it will stop any bullet fired from the gallery end while the door is open. Diaphragms prevent low firing and hitting the tramway car, while the smoke of the firing is drawn off by a smokestack, made to communicate with the chimney near by.

With only thirty members on the roll now, the club will no doubt soon reach its maximum of 100 members. Even now the rooms have become the center of rifle news in the city, and a very popular, pleasant place the club-room has grown to be.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB DERBY.—We publish in our Kennel columns the full list of entries to the N. A. K. C. Derby stakes for puppies born after April 1st, 1879. Over one hundred entries have been made, with their forfeit money of \$5 each. We congratulate the managers on such a rousing send off for their first puppy Derby.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO SWIMMERS.—Prof. Marquis Bibbero, of the Royal Polytechnic, London, Eng., gave an exhibition of swimming on Friday last at the Central Park Bathing Establishment, this city, which probably has never before been equaled in this country. His programme contained nine parts, the majority of which were full of instruction, and contained many new and useful suggestions to both tyros and experts, treating of "How to act in case of shipwreck," illustrated; "How to undress on the surface of the water," "Useful swimming," showing the different variety of strokes; "How to breathe while swimming, and how non-swimmers may save their lives," "Easy ways of turning in the water on back and chest," was the Professor's amusing way of showing a "learner's difficulties without a teacher;" "Ornamental swimming," "Swimming with hands and feet bound," Parts 7 and 8—"Submarine feats," "How to save a person from drowning," "How to break away from the grip of a drowning person," and "How to restore the apparently drowned"—were the most useful parts of the exhibition. The Professor, using his attendant for a drowning person, showed that a single lock of hair was sufficient to draw the floating body ashore with, if the person retained sufficient presence of mind to keep quiet. If the person struggles, as is usually the case, he should be approached from behind, his head held on the rescuer's breast, and both go ashore on their backs. The drowning person frequently grasps his rescuer, and endangers both their lives. In this case, if his head can be got under the surface again for a few moments it will confuse him, and breaking away is comparatively easy. Should he grasp his rescuer by the wrists, a quick wrench of the arms will break his hold. Should he grasp him from behind, his hold must be loosened by wrenching back his fingers, as in ordinary cases. When the drowning person gets his arms firmly clasped around his rescuer's neck or around his waist, or gets any other dangerous hold, the rescuer may instantly free himself by putting two of his fingers to the drowning person's nostrils, and thus forcing his head back. This will make a man loosen any hold, in the water or out of it. Even a drowning man cannot keep his grip when this plan is resorted to.

WOODMONT ROD AND GUN CLUB.—The Woodmont Rod and Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., have purchased the well-known tract of land bearing that name on the Potomac, near Dam No. 6. The estate secured there consists of 2,000 acres, and affords magnificent cover, which abounds in turkeys and pheasants, and every variety of smaller game. There are also some deer on the property, and these will be protected for a few years. The grounds front on the Potomac, and on the Virginia side of the river the mountains rise abruptly, and these are full of deer and turkeys, which cross over to the club's grounds to feed. Here, too, is the finest black bass fishing on the Potomac River.

The Woodmont Club, which has been recently organized, has a membership limited to twenty-five, and on its rolls are the following names of prominent gentlemen in Washington: President, A. H. Evans; Vice-President, Gen. T. C. Drum; Treasurer, Major J. O. P. Burnside; Secretary, J. B. Church; Admiral Ammen, U. S. N.; Commodore Earl English, U. S. N.; Parker H. Page, R. K. Evans, Commander R. D. Evans, U. S. N.; Commander Henry Taylor, U. S. N.; Major Marcellus Bailey, J. M. Tinker, W. H. Doolittle, Assistant Commissioner Patents; Gen. A. E. Paine, Commissioner Patents; Major Frank Taylor, U. S. A.; H. A. Seymour, B. E. Ellis, H. S. Nyman, B. F. Guy, A. W. Crossley, M. C. McIntire, Judge L. Hill, Major Justus J. McCarty, Thomas Russell, E. T. Hutchinson.

NOTES.—We made mention some time ago of the interment of a favorite dog in the owner's private lot in Greenwood Cemetery, a proceeding which attracted some attention at the time and much unfavorable criticism. So many written and verbal remonstrances were made to the trustees, and so much intensity of feeling was manifested on the subject, that hereafter the interment of any brute animal in the cemetery will be prohibited. This is altogether sensible; the holiest and most solemn of all human experiences should not be parodied by sentimentalists.

A most seasonable publication is the "Traveler's Official Guide" map, which is furnished as a supplement to the standard hand-book, now put forth by the National Railway Publication Company, 46 Bond street, New York. This map shows the railway connections of the whole country so clearly that one may plan out his route with a moment's glance. We have had the "Official Guide" in our office for years, use it constantly, and have never yet found its information erroneous. We turn to it as often as to the City Directory, and always find what we are looking for.

Prof. Tarleton H. Bean, of the United States Fish Commission, will go to Alaska next month, charged with an investigation into the character and value of the cod fisheries of that coast. This mission is undertaken at the instance of Prof. Baird, who thus proposes to determine the relative values of the Alaska fisheries, as compared with those of Newfoundland and Labrador.

Thomas Bell, the English naturalist, who was the author of numerous works, among them the "History of British Quadrupeds" and "British Reptiles," has just died at the ripe age of eighty-seven. Mr. Bell's home for some years had been at Selborne, and in the very cottage occupied by Gilbert White. Mr. Bell took great delight in making himself familiar with the haunts of the kindly old historian of Selborne, and was never happier than when pointing out to appreciative friends the grounds—preserved so far as practicable—just as White had left them.

"Jacobstaff's" admirable description of decoy goose shooting, published last week, is one of the most graphic and intelligible papers on the subject in print. Even should a gunner return luckless and duckless from a trip to Good Ground, he would be more than repaid by the study of the tame geese, which display a cunning and duplicity worthy of those human creatures known among men as "stool pigeons."

BARBUDA.

AN IMMENSE GAME PRESERVE.

ST. THOMAS, W. I., March, 1880.

I HAVE taken the little island of Barbuda, in latitude 17 deg. 30 min., for description, and my readers must imagine themselves transported backward some two years to the time of a former trip in the month of August, 1877.

This island is one of the northern Caribbees. Isolated as it is, and having no communication with the world save by small sailing vessels it is one of the most attractive spots to a sportsman in the West Indies. Its fame is world-wide, and hardly a British man-of-war has visited the Lesser Antilles without making up a party from its officers for a week's sport at Barbuda. Like those other English islands so closely resembling it in name—Bermuda and Barbadoes—Barbuda is of coral formation, and possesses the barrier of reefs of the second, but not the open bays of the first.

At the river landing where you disembark is a martello tower of solid masonry—a relic, it is supposed, of Spanish occupation centuries ago. A flag is hoisted upon this tower when a vessel arrives, and you await the arrival of horses from the village, three miles from the landing. They come galloping down the lane in charge of a dare-devil darkey, and you mount and ride up to the house through a wilderness of sea-grape and beach-plum, and between great fields, in which graze herds of horses and cattle. Wild pigeons flutter up from the scrub, and wild guinea fowl fly across the fields, causing one to indulge in pleasant anticipations of sport on the morrow. At the house you are ushered into a hall so profusely adorned with guns, rifles and hunters' equipments that you are prepared to receive the warm welcome extended by the burly Yorkshireman, Mr. Hopkins, and later that of his copartner, Mr. Cowly, the clergyman. The house overlooks a vast lagoon, called "Flamingo Flash," on the shores of which are the battlemented ruins of the dwellings of the first proprietors, having such a Spanish, or Moorish aspect, as to suggest the idea that there were dwellers here before the English occupation. Circular towers flank the fortress-like structure, pierced, like the latter, with loop-holes. Notwithstanding, it may have been built by the good Col. Codrington, upon whom the island was bestowed in 1680, and who was later the founder of a college in Barbadoes. For many generations this island remained in the Codrington family (it has lately been returned to the Crown); and that they did

the best they could to develop its resources, and spent vast sums of money in their endeavors to make it a fit place of retreat for an English nobleman, is abundantly evident. There are fields a mile square, surrounded by solid walls so high that even a deer cannot jump them, with gate-posts of masonry, square and massive. Several of these fields, once well cultivated and yielding good crops of corn and cotton, are now abandoned to the goats and guinea fowl. Only in the days of slavery, when labor was cheap and abundant and crops remunerative, could even a wealthy family like the Codringtons build in this sequestered island such durable inclosures. There are living evidences of the thrift and foresight of the early Codringtons in the multitudes of cattle, horses and deer that roam in the vast fields and browse in the scrubby tracts. Barbuda is noted for the excellence of its horses, many of which are sold in the neighboring islands. It is related that the original stock was from a noble strain of blood, that the great-grand sire of the hundreds that now roam these fields was a pure Arab stallion. This may be well believed after an examination of some of the horses and colts here to-day, for though smaller than the ideal horse of the North—owing to the mixture of native blood—they are perfect in shape and full of fire and energy. The deer that may now be numbered by thousands doubtless originated from fallow deer imported from England rather than from the Mexican variety. This I judge to be their origin from those that I examined, shot while I was there, and from a collection of antlers and skulls sent by me to Washington. From the original stock they have multiplied until they cover the island.

Not the least attractive, to a sportsman, are the wild guinea fowl, which, escaping from captivity at an early period, have increased so that they now roam the island in large flocks, and undoubtedly are much more numerous than the deer. With their freedom they have regained that wildness peculiar to them in their native African jungles, and more wary birds, keener of sight and ear, have never been hunted.

The island, though small, is so well covered with thick scrub that it is difficult to hunt through it, and hence every animal that has been introduced for domestic purposes has run wild, and there are, besides deer and guinea fowl, wild goats, sheep and hogs. These, with the large flocks of plover, curlew and duck that visit the island in the winter season, and the great number of doves and pigeons resident throughout the year, added to the great variety of fish to be caught in the lagoon, make life here almost to realize the sportsman's dream of delight—the elysium of his happy hunting ground. The two good Britons holding the lease of this island are worthy representatives of their country. Mr. Hopkins had passed several years stock-farming in Australia, and was well calculated to conduct successfully an enterprise like this, and make remunerative his little kingdom, with its area of seventy-five square miles and nearly a thousand subjects. There are but three white men resident on the island, though there are about eight hundred colored and black inhabitants, who gain a livelihood by cultivating the fields of the proprietors, fishing and wrecking.

The morning after our arrival, at daybreak, we each found a little darkey waiting at the gate to conduct us to the fields. They led the way past the negro village and over a wide common to the first inclosed field, where we separated, my friend taking the lane and myself the wall running toward a thick wood. We had covered several miles before we saw the first flock, a dozen or more feeding in the thin grass. Noting the direction they seemed to be taking, I crept carefully from bush to bush, crawling close to the ground after the most approved style of bushwhacking; but when I ventured to raise my head they were two hundred yards away in another direction from the one I was pursuing. They saw me, too, as I arose, and were on the wing in an instant, sailing over the field like meteors. Then we made a long journey through abandoned fields to the woods, where were little inclosed gardens—the "grounds" of the negroes—where they raised what some Americans would call "garden sass." Here the style of hunting was different, and I thought I should certainly avenge myself with great slaughter, for I had only to keep perfectly still, crawl up to a chink in the wall, and, if there were any birds there, arise and fire as they got up. But I had first to find the fowl (no easy matter, as they run and hide like quail), and then to drop them as they arose (no easy matter either, as they get up in such a hurry that it is a wonder they don't leave their feathers behind). Three times did I approach three different walls, and six times did I discharge my gun at the up-darting forms of as many guinea fowls, but without saving even a feather. In despair I looked at my gun, the same gun with which I had shot turkeys and quail, ducks and plover and snipe in past years, and everything in these islands from a humming-bird to a wild hog, and which had never failed me before. I sat down and looked at it. There it was, the same symmetrical stock of walnut, the broad-breeched barrels, twelve-bore and twenty-eight inches in length; the perfect mechanism that opened and closed the breech so tightly did not admit the escape of a particle of gas. It was as good a gun as Fox, of Boston, could make me

for my work, and I knew the fault must lie in me or in the birds. I tramped back to the house with a heavy heart; nor was I at all mollified when, meeting my friend with a brace of fowl, I missed another shot at a single bird which went sailing by. Not this alone, but my companion, a quick-eyed shot, dropped the same bird at forty yards distance. I saw then that I had been shooting behind the birds, their large size and velocity of flight deceiving me.

Barbuda is so nearly level, in all except the eastern portion, that a heavy rain floods the surface at once. But the water is soon absorbed into the porous lime stone; and during the dry season, there being no springs nor streams, there are few ponds or even moist places. In these ponds the water is brackish; but to them flock all the birds for miles about, at certain times of the day, to drink. One of these shallow ponds, known as the "Bull-Hole," was the favorite resort of doves and other birds, and I rode out one afternoon with the proprietor to collect doves for specimens and for pies. At 8 o'clock they commenced to come in, and we dropped them one after another, until there were forty to three guns; and many more could have been shot.

Toward sunset, one evening, Mr. Hopkins ordered horses, and rode out with me into the scrub to watch the guinea fowl as they went to roost. For an hour before dark they commenced to come in from all directions, concentrating in the copes of high trees, and even roosting in single trees in the open fields. They keep up an incessant calling to one another, and one might think it the easiest thing in the world to pot any number of them at that time. But let it be remembered that they keep their ears open as well as their mouths; and the wider they stretch the latter, the more they open the former. With a well-trained dog, they are as easy to capture as the ruffed grouse, for they are at once driven to tree; and if the dog pursues and barks continuously at the foot of the tree, they give him their whole attention. The hunter has only to creep within shot and single out the lowest one of the flock and fire. It is said that he can sometimes secure half a flock in this manner, as it is related ruffed and spruce grouse have been obtained before the balance take the alarm. He must, however, be securely hidden, as, though their ears are sharp, they depend mostly upon their eyes. The guinea fowl had begun to assemble, but so wary were they that they would invariably discover us and dash out on the opposite sides of the trees before we could obtain a shot. At last, long after the sun was gone, I heard one calling. Carefully working my way through the dense thicket I approached him. There he sat, with his small head and neck outstretched, some fifty yards away. I could get no nearer; the remembrance of the morning's defeat and the afternoon's indignities could not urge me through that thick, thorny scrub with sufficient caution to escape his sharp eyes and ears. So I watched a chance, when his head showed against the sky (though his dark body could not be distinguished from the leaves), and fired. I did, brother sportsman; I potted that bird in the most contemptible manner. And you would have done the same, had you spent two thirds of a hot day in August (a West India August day, at that) in chasing his brethren over scorching fields, and wasting your powder and adjectives in firing two feet behind every one you put up. There was nothing but exultation in my heart as I picked up that bird at the foot of the tree, and worked my way back to my horse.

Soon it was late in the evening, and the brilliant moon cast black shadows beneath the trees in the field. All was silent and hushed. Suddenly there burst out of a tree near by a roaring, rushing body, which made off across the pasture with confused cries. It was a flock of guinea fowl. My companion, more used to their tactics than myself, dropped one of their number before they had got out of range. We approached the next clump of trees cautiously. I even dismounted and carefully examined every limb, the bright light from the moon rendering everything visible, so that we could see, we thought, every knot on the branches. Like a whirlwind from the ocean, there came out of that tree a flock of screaming, cackling fowl, a score or more, which appeared as though evoked by a conjurer's wand from space. That they were in reality veritable birds of flesh and blood, and not shadowy forms, was quickly proved by two hurried shots, which fully established a beloved gun in favor again. Shooting at ghosts is about as satisfactory as guinea-fowl shooting by moonlight, until you have learned that, to get the last one of a gang of a dozen, you must throw up at the foremost, or, to drop a single one, you must sight about three feet ahead of him. On the table, they proved toothsome and tender; and after one initiation the board was kept well supplied. They are rapid runners, restless and uneasy in feeding, and some fields would be deserted in the afternoon that in the morning contained several flocks. "Dey is so roam," said my sable friend—"Dey is so roam; dey is hard to fine."

At 4 o'clock, in the darkness of a morning in August, I was awakened by a rap at my door, and knew perfectly well that said rap proceeded from the black deslayer, William Jack. Hastily dressing and going into outer air, I saw, by the light of the stars, that

William Jack awaited at the gate, and that he held in leash man's most faithful friend, a hound, of the genus cur and species mongrel. Seeing which animal, crouching in a posture that betokened fear of his noble master, so object that his indrawn tail tickled his nose with its tip; so emaciated that his ribs seemed asking for air—so many that he was scaly withal. I inquired for what purpose he intended this beast. William Jack replied that it was to track the deer of the forest that he had secured this dog to aid in the search for the fallow deer of the fields.

William Jack then strode along, after hitching the leash to his girdle, and as W. J. was a tall man, a long-legged man, and the cur was a small cur, a short-legged cur, there was a difference in their gait, for which the dog's povers of locomotion could not compensate. But W. J. did not so much as give the canine attention, but strode on with mighty strides, which, the dog perceiving, did his utmost to prevent. He was not accustomed to trotting along behind a man, held by a restraining rope; he liked to jog along leisurely, to make side darts at lizards and grasshoppers, to scratch his mangy ribs once in a while, and search out the lair of an annoying flea. Consequently he sat down and howled—or rather he tried to sit down and essayed to howl—but he could not seem to find a suitable place, and the complaint he felt would have been promptly choked by the cruel roar. But every dog has his day, and this one somehow drew his head from out the noose and galloped off with a derisive yelp.

Scouring the field he first attacked a herd of goats and then an old bull, and made noise enough in half an hour to frighten away all the deer in a two-mile circuit, which sufficiently explains why deer were not captured that morning. After the chase, the complaint he felt would have been promptly choked by the cruel roar. But every dog has his day, and this one somehow drew his head from out the noose and galloped off with a derisive yelp.

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It was about 9 o'clock, and I was riding a horse that had been sent to me, sitting carelessly in the saddle with my empty gun thrown over one arm and the reins hanging loose. The field I was crossing was a new one, and there were fifty or sixty negro women at work hoeing in it a long line near a wood. The sun had set, and I could not let loose myself as best he might, and he had worried several hogs and sheep and had now dismounted in the copse. His continual yelping suddenly changed to quick, excited cries, which I knew meant deer, and I had just time to throw myself from the horse, slip a cartridge into my gun and the bridge over my arm, when out dashed a goodly doe, heading directly for me. She was so close in range with the wood that I could not fire without repeating some of them, and had to wait until she was a long range off. As I threw up my gun the horse drew suddenly back and spoiled my sight. The deer was so frightened at the report that she ran plump into a heap of brush and fell over on her side, but before I could pop in another cartridge she was up and away.

In the evening William Jack came to me, saying he wished to show me a deer 'fo' sure,' as he knew where they fed every night. Mounting the horses we cantered down the lane half way to the river landing, where we turned into a wood and hitched the beast. William had stereotyped notions about deer-hunting and was a good hunter when he had with him the trained dogs belonging to the proprietors; but in still-hunting I was of the opinion that American deer were in advance of his. These dogs hunted in a peculiar manner; they had been trained to point the deer. Instead of plunging into the bush and skurrying through the thicket like mad, these dogs quietly walk along ahead of the hunter, occasionally looking over their shoulder to see if he is following. When on a fresh deer trail the dog comes to a halt and winks at the hunter to be silent and cautious; then he steps ahead carefully and finally stops before a thicket which is pretty sure to contain a deer.

Barbuda has been the cause of the loss of many vessels, and it is upon the rock bordering this end of the island that most of them go ashore. In years past, these wrecks were the chief reliance of the people, and it is presumed they may be acquitted of any other than laudable desires for gain, if they taught their children to pray, like the wreckers of Bermuda, for a good fat wreck: "God bless the ship and mamma, and send us a good wreck in the morning."

Near "Two-foot Bay," which I visited with the Parson, is a large cave inhabited by bats, from which, as from another "bat cave" in Antigua, good stores of bat guano have been taken. More valuable than this, however, are the phosphatic cliffs near, which might possibly pay as well as the little rock, Redonda, which even Nevis and Montserrat, and the American company, have taken ship-loads of a fertilizer; or the island of Sombbrero, near the Virgin Islands, which has been to the company owning it a mine of wealth. Near the cave was a barren tract covered with cacti; Turke-head cactus sprang up everywhere, and tall candleabra, prickly-pear, and half a dozen other species contributed towards making the trail through this tract a thorny path. But there was no fight with gay warriors, and among them were deer trails in abundance, and near them several heaps of shells.

Shell-heaps, especially such as have been nearly covered by shifting sands, may not offer to the casual observer even a hint of attractiveness; but to one archaeologically inclined, they reveal great secrets. I have never seen a shell-heap that I did not want to explore to its very base; for there were shells and broken shells, thrown together in apparent confusion, speak to us as voices from the dead; they are sometimes the only remains of an unknown race. We dug into these shell-heaps and soon came to charred wood and smoke-blackened shards of pottery, and a little below, to solid earth, the base of the pile. A few shards of pottery and a knife wrought of conch shell were all that revealed to us. Until this, we hunted carefully for deer, but, though the Parson was an excellent hunter, we searched in vain and returned to the house bootless, save our birds and Carib relics; but I enjoyed it just as much. The naturalist in me predominates over the hunter, and I delight in new birds and scenes more than in sport obtained by the shedding of blood; so we jogged along happy and content, the Parson in the consciousness of having given me pleasure, and I in the serenity of the hour.

To this day there comes back to me the calm atmosphere of that perfect evening, with the perfume of acaia blossoms, that time has not robbed of its strength. And

next day, the Sabbath, I listened with enjoyment to the earnest utterance of the Parson as he exhorted his attentive flock to stricter observance of their duties. The little church (Anglican) is neatly furnished, and chancel and altar, brought over from England, of oak elegantly carved. A congregation of three hundred attentive listeners reward the good man's labors, well-drilled in responses and in song.

"Flamingo Flash" is the name bestowed upon a part of the broad lagoon, on the banks of which is built the "Castle," whose ruins are the resort of numerous bats. Large as doves were some of the bats that had their haunts here. By day they would remain crouched in the nooks and crannies of the ruined walls; towards sunset they would sail forth by one or two at a time, followed by a vast throng as night drew near, and from their tenements would issue such squeakings as from a host of bats, unsurpassed, I think, by those of the multitude evoked by the "Pied Piper" of Hamelin. One of the tales told by the natives about the ruins, which I shot as he swept above the ruins, was that measured twenty-four inches in extent of wing and was four and one-half inches in length; his wing was four inches in breadth. As I walked down to the shore in the cool of Monday morning, the Parson was actively engaged in superintending the distillation of some bay oil, fragrant heaps of the bay filling the air with sweet odor. The trees grow abundantly in the scrub, and is a profitable article when the large price of the oil is considered.

Inclosed by a rim of mangroves is a little island in which the frigate pelicans breed; as we approached it in our boat they arose in a cloud and sailed up into a higher atmosphere; a few lingered a little lower and a little longer than was good for them, and soon were fluttering their wide-extended wings in dying struggles upon the water. They measure seven feet in stretch of wing, and were the same species that breed in the northern coast of the United States, the *Frigata aquila*. Upon the island we found some young, nearly fledged, and a few eggs. Brown pelicans (*Pelecanus fuscus*) breed here also; but they flew away at our approach.

Upon the eastern side of the lagoon we landed upon a beach of shells and sand and plunged into the sea-grapes for searapes. There are now the season for sea-grapes to ripen their fruit, and the red grapes, like berries, hung in tempting clusters; and to feed upon these grapes came birds of various species, but especially the white-headed pigeon (*Columba leucocephala*). This pigeon is abundant in the lone islands and extends northward to the Florida Keys, but is only an occasional visitant of the mountainous islands south of Antigua. It breeds here in Barbuda, and also in Antigua, and resides here throughout the year, with perhaps local migrations among the islands. It is about the size of the American passenger pigeon, though with shorter tail, and is fully as excellent when on the table. The season had hardly commenced, but the pigeons were there in such numbers that we secured sixteen in the short space of one hour.

Other birds feed on the sea-grapes, and they are as delicate and tempting in a pie, as graceful and innocent in the field. There are two species of doves, the larger, *Zenaida martinicensis*, the smaller, *Chamaea passerina*. I found them in every island of the group, but in none so abundant as here; the smaller species fairly swarming about the pools and mud-holes. At a shot, they would arise and settle in such numbers along a branch that a dozen could have been swept from it with one charge.

At the end of a fortnight, every week-day of which was passed in some such manner as I have just described, I bade adieu to my hospitable hosts and crossed the channel to Antigua, though I would gladly have accepted their invitation, oft repeated, to prolong my stay.

FRED BEVERLY.

GAME PROTECTION.

MASSACHUSETTS FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION.—*Boston, April 3d.*—The annual meeting of this association was held last evening at the headquarters 608 Washington street. The annual report of the Treasurer showed a balance of \$390.47 on hand. The present membership is over 500. Sir Randall Roberts of England briefly addressed the meeting on the subject of fish hatching in Great Britain; the association voted to invite him to address them on the 28th inst. The following officers were elected: President, Walter M. Brackett; Vice-President, Hon. Thos. Talbot, Hon. Daniel Needham, Hon. Chas. Levi Woodbury, Col. Henry Smith, Augustus T. Perkins, Esq., J. Lewis Stackpole, Esq. The present officers are: Treasurer, L. M. Chase; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Edward S. Tobey, Jr.; Librarian, E. M. Messenger; Executive Committee, W. S. Hills, John Fottler, Jr., C. W. Hersey, F. R. Shattuck, C. T. Jenkins.

WOODCOCK IN NEW JERSEY.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—If "many of the sportsmen of that State are in doubt whether or not the law has jurisdiction over the deeds of a proprietor on his own estate," as stated in your issue of last evening, it must be because they have very slight acquaintance with the law. The new law referring to woodcock is only an amendment of the general game law passed in 1874. That general game law had a section which exempted from its provisions and penalties proprietors killing or catching game upon their own property, but that section (30) was repealed in 1876, and the game laws of the State are of general application, like other statutes which define crimes and prescribe penalties. In specified seasons, to kill game is a misdemeanor, and during these seasons no "proprietor" has any more right to take the life of a game bird, fish or animal, on the plea that it is "on his own estate," than he would have to take the life of a horse or a man that had strayed upon his premises.

NEW JERSEY.

MONROE COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—*Rochester, N. Y., April 3d.*—The Monroe County Sportsmen's Club held a meeting Thursday night, and elected the following delegates to the State Convention: W. J. Babcock, Edmund Redmond, Seth Green, A. B. Lamberton, H. H. Morse. The Club resolved to approve of the proposition to change the By-Laws of the State Association on fly-throwing by establishing a standard for fly-rod line length, to be 9 ft. 6 in. and 11 ft. 6 in. Powder was discussed, and the views of various members obtained. I think the Monroe County delegates will vote to hold the State Convention of 1881 in New York.

DRIVING DECOY.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN APRIL.

Wild Ducks, Geese, Brant, etc.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

FISH AND GAME RESORTS.—We again invite attention to the Game and Fish Directory, of which mention is made above; and we urge our friends to send us such information as they may possess for the general fund.

—A fox was captured in Trinity Cemetery, New York City, a few weeks ago. They caught one in Greenwood in 1878.

—An engineer on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad ran down a buck in the Mississippi pine woods a fortnight ago, breaking both of the animal's hind legs. Venison was served in the caboose that night.

GODBOUT WINTER SPORT.—A late letter from our correspondent on the Godbout, Canada, tells of the winter there:—

There is little to be done here this winter. Trapping is very poor all along the Labrador Coast. The fall hunt is one-third less than usual. Winter seal shooting, which used to be pretty remunerative, is a complete failure. Small game is very scarce except in Juneau, Seattle. Up to date I have not seen a single prairie (suffrage) grouse. The ptarmigan, which used to be abundant on the north shore, has disappeared. We have not seen any for the last three years. To make up for this, ducks have been and are still unusually numerous. The kinds we have at present are the common eider, long-tailed duck, or old squaws, the Iceland golden-eye and the white-winged golden-eye. I have killed any amount of them since November; in fact, I have killed more than a hundred of Indians here in as far as they could get, which is a good deal; of course they taste a little fishy, but that makes no difference.

There is, however, one great drawback to winter duck shooting, and that is the intense cold. One must be a born gunner to enjoy it. I was out very often for five or six hours in a little canoe among the drifting ice, the thermometer stood at 30 deg. below zero, and even under that sometimes. My best bag was thirty-four eiders and two golden-eye ducks in one morning's shooting (Dec. 30th).

MANITOBA'S ATTRACTIONS.—*Emerson, Manitoba, March 25th.*—It may be interesting to some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to hear a little of the shooting to be obtained in this Province, or more especially that to be met with near this point. Ducks and prairie chickens are our principal game, but numbers of swans and geese may be killed within easy distance of Winnipeg. Almost every variety of duck is to be met with, but the mallards exceed others in point of number. There is good decoy shooting in spring, say about middle of April, and in the fall no better flight and canoeing sport can be obtained than that to be had either at Lake Manitoba, distant eighty miles from Winnipeg, or at the Marshes at the mouth of Red River, that is to say, where the river runs into Lake Winnipeg. Last fall the ducks and prairie chickens were very numerous, and a friend of mine had capital sport at Rat River, distant twenty-five or thirty miles from boundary line, and right on the route of the Pembina branch of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Any party coming through from the States in shooting-car can be landed right on the ground, so to speak; and I feel justified in saying, that they will in every way be delighted with the duck shooting. October will be the best time for them to start. At still later dates, the Indians or Manitobans, Indians can be hired by the day, together with their canoes, at a cost of \$1 per day or thereabouts. Good camping grounds can be found, and, if desired, a steam tug can be chartered at Winnipeg which will carry the shooters to their happy hunting grounds. For prairie chickens I most strongly recommend the country around Hallock, Minnesota, some twenty miles south; but, as a general rule, they are met with in most localities. Last fall on several occasions I killed from eight to seventeen, within half an hour's walk of our railroad station.

We are all strong believers in small shot, using nothing larger than Tatham's No. 7 chilled all the year round. For my own part, I load with 44 or 53 drs. of Dupont's No. 1, ducking powder and 1 oz. of No. 7 shot, and I find that this charge, when properly directed from one of Greener's 10 lbs. choke-boreds, does far better execution than I have ever done when using larger shot.

In conclusion I may say, that if any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM think it worth their while to pay this Province a visit, I am one of the Custom officers at the boundary line (and as they come through they can't help but meet me). I shall only be too happy to furnish them with any information as regards shooting grounds, etc., that I can give, free gratis—for nothing.

E. G. S.

NEW YORK.—*Rochester, April 3d.*—Woodcock have been here for weeks past, but no snipe have yet put in an appearance. Some of our sportsmen have had good sport with the ducks on Cayuga Lake and the Seneca River; none worth speaking of have been bagged much nearer home.

DRIVING DECOY.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*Raleigh, April 1st.*—I give you result of some shooting by myself during the last winter with a 20-gauge, muzzle-loading, double-barrel shot gun, about thirty hours from New York, in a country where birds are plentiful and the shooting good. The people do not put their lands nor object to you shooting. I shot ten days in December and bagged 59 hares, 315 quail and 1 snipe. During months of January and February I shot nineteen days, bagging 64 hares, 789 quail, and 2 snipe. Had I

been using a breech-loader, as I generally do, my bags would have been, I think, at least a third more. The dogs used were very imperfectly broken, and only one dog used during the nineteen days in mid-winter. Should any one of your city sportsmen want any information in regard to the country I have been shooting over they may address R. S. Kirkland, Raleigh, N. C.

QUAIL.

QUANT OLD WINCHESTER.—*Winchester, Va., March 10th.*—Your good paper finds its way here and is read by many that never take the field with dog and gun. Quant old Winchester has its past and present history. It has Fort Lowden and the well, 150 feet deep, dug by Washington to supply the fort with water; its Braddock street, through which General Braddock and his army marched on their way to the famous Braddock's defeat, and of the last war too many relics remain to enumerate. On the crest of yonder hill lie 10,000 soldiers that gave their lives for the cause—in two inclosures of 5,000 each. One is cared for and made beautiful by the Government; the other is watched over by kindred hearts that drop their tears and flowers believing they are honored dead. "Quant old Winchester" has a quiet and virtuous and most accomplished matrons to me the other day "was, before the war, the very center of good society and culture."

Sportsmen are not as numerous as before the war, from the fact that they have not the means nor the time to indulge. Shooting is good all over the State and in the Shenandoah Valley wild turkeys, quail, partridges and ducks are found in quantities enough to make a good sport. Sportsmen are born, not made; and the mere killing of game, to the true sportsman, is but a small part of the enjoyment of the field. The beautiful scenery of this valley will largely compensate for a moderately sized bag at night, and perhaps, after all, the sportsman will feel as much at peace with himself and all the rest of the world for having had a day out in such a delightful country, as he would have been in a jungle all day slaying them.

The wild turkeys are plenty here, and I think most of those who have given their attention to this bird will agree with me, that they are the wildest and the tamest, the most cunning and wary, and the most stupid and foolish of all birds. The first two or three times starting him, he will put himself into the air the moment he hears you, if half a mile away. Sit out at 100 yards, and time you see or hear him, and he will soon become demoralized and then find some tree-top, or place to hide, and if his head is out of sight, all right, he will permit the dog to point him, and be kicked out within fifteen or twenty steps of the hunter.

The past season has been very favorable for sportsmen, and that most respectable citizen, "the oldest inhabitant," says he never saw such a mild winter. To-day the air is soft and balmy; like a bridal veil upon the brow of a young maiden, the bluish purple haze hangs upon the mountain, inviting spring to come and woo and wed. Catching the inspiration, the woods are resonant with the songs of birds trooping their way northward, and redolent with the perfume of swelling buds and flowers.

D. C.

TEXAS.—*Indianola, March 21st.*—We are having a very wet spring, and game of all kinds is very scarce, although I have not seen as many fowl as there were this fall for many years. They all left after Christmas.

G. A.

OMAHA SPORTSMEN'S CLUB—SPRING HUNT.—*Omaha, Neb., March 21th.*—The members of the Omaha Sportsmen's Club had their annual spring hunt on Thursday. Owing to the scarcity of game it was not quite as successful as previous spring hunts. Those who went out were divided into two parties, or sides—one being chosen by Capt. Hathaway and the other by Capt. Henry Homan, and they hunted man against man. The President of the club, W. H. S. Hughes, made the smallest score, killing a poor little lone bald-headed snipe, giving him a count of one. The Vice-President, George Mills, didn't do much better, as he only killed a bald-pated quail. During the hunt the killing of game was not out of the end of a bird from which was secured by Hughes was a stroke of luck which made his count one better than that of Hughes. It is said by some of their friends that owing to their official position they didn't want to carry off the honors of the hunt, and therefore generously intended to make the smallest possible score; others, however, thought they didn't do their level best. J. W. Petty brought home a handsome string of game, having made the largest count, 203; Gen. Crook, J. W. Petty and Henry Homan hunted on the Platte River, near the Santee lakes, and made a total count of 436—more than the entire score of Hathaway's side; R. N. Withnell and John Withnell hunted on the Platte River, near Forest City; Zack Taylor, who hunted around Missouri Valley Junction, Iowa, didn't find much to shoot and gave up in despair at about 10 o'clock; the morning; Dr. Peabody was out in the vicinity of Horsehoe Lake, but hunted only half a day; J. Windheim took in the Elkhorn; William Krug scouted along the Platte, near Fremont; Messrs. Hathaway, B. E. B. Kennedy, Preston and Sackett hunted around Missouri Valley; W. H. S. Hughes, M. W. Kennedy, George Mills, Z. T. Sprigg, M. Blaine and George Crook hunted along the Elkhorn, near Waterloo. The following members did not go out on the hunt: Judge Lake, H. W. Yates, J. Budd, John M. Thurston, T. L. Kimball, G. H. Collins, Byron Reed, John Harding, A. J. McCartney, on Homan's side; and D. C. Sutcliffe, A. S. Patrick, Dr. Coffman, D. S. Parnelle, John McCaffrey and James Campbell, on Hathaway's side. The hunters brought in their game yesterday afternoon and deposited it in the gun store, where it was counted with the following result:

Capt. Homan's Side.—J. Petty: 3 Canada geese, 24 1 Hudsonian, 8; 6 white fronts, 48; 1 snow, 8; 3 canvas backs, 15; 3 mallards, 9; 18 redheads, 36; 6 bald-pates, 12; 16 green-winged teal, 19; 4 pintails, 8; 2 gadwalls, 4; 2 mergansers, 10; 1 scaup, 1; 1 yellow snipe, 1; total, 103. G. Crook: 1 Canada goose, 13; 5 white fronts, 40; 18 redhead ducks, 26; 4 gadwalls, 8; 4 mallards, 3; 3 green-winged teal, 3; 2 scaups, 2; 1 pintail, 2; total, 101. Z. Taylor: 1 redhead, 2; 1 canvas-back, 5; 1 bald-pate, 2; 1 blue-wing teal, 1; total, 10. R. Homan: 15 redheads, 30; 3 pintails, 6; 8 bald-pates, 16; 3 gadwalls, 4; 3 mallards, 6; 7 green-winged teal, 1; 1 scaup, 1; 18 snow geese, 24; 3 white fronts, 24; 2 Canada geese, 2; total, 132. William Krug: 3 mallard ducks, 9; 3 green-

wing teal, 3; 1 pintail, 2; 1 bald-pate, 2; 1 gadwall, 2; 1 buff-head, 1; 6 redheads, 12; 6 white-front geese, 43; 3 snows, 16; total, 95. Dr. Peabody: 28 redhead ducks, 56; 1 canvas-back, 5; 1 scaup, 1; 1 bald-pate, 2; 1 gadwall, 2; total, 67. Withnell Brothers: 1 Hudsonian goose, 8; 1 merganser, 4; 4 gadwalls, 8; 3 bald-pates, 6; 5 redheads, 10; 3 green-winged teal, 3; 1 scaup, 1; total, 41. Total count, 647.

Capt. Hathaway's Side.—S. R. Hathaway: 2 canvas-backs, 10; 2 bald-pates, 4; 2 gadwalls, 4; 4 shaners, 1; 3 green-winged teal, 2; 1 buff-head, 2; 4 scaups, 4; 11 redheads, 22; 1 yellow-shank, 1; total, 50. Z. T. Sprigg: 10 redheads, 20; 4 gadwalls, 8; 5 bald-pates, 10; 3 canvas-backs, 15; 2 scaups, 2; 1 merganser, 5; 2 pintails, 2; 1 mallard, 3; 1 buff-head, 1; total, 66. G. Booker: 1 scaup, 1; 1 gadwall, 2; 1 hawk, 5; total, 5. Wm. Preston: 3 redheads, 6; 3 gadwall, 6; 1 pintail, 2; 1 golden eye, 3; 5 scaups, 5; 4 buff-heads, 4; 2 green-wing teal, 1; 1 killdeer plover, 1; total, 27. M. W. Kennedy: 4 gadwalls, 8; 1 bald-pate, 2; 2 scaups, 2; 1 jack-snipe, 3; 1 killdeer, 1; total, 15. Dick Berlin: 1 duck, 2. George Mills: 1 bald-pate, 3. Fred Blako: 1 hawk, 5; 4 shaners, 8; 4 bald-pates, 8; 1 gadwall, 2; 3 redheads, 6; 1 wood-duck, 3; 1 scaup, 1; 1 green-wing teal, 1; 1 buff-head, 1; total, 34. P. Windheim: 1 canvas-back, 10; 5 gadwalls, 20; 4 redheads, 8; 4 mallards, 8; 1 snipe, 1; 1 wood-duck, 2; 1 shaner, 1; total, 35. H. B. Sackett: 4 redheads, 8; 1 merganser, 5; 1 pintail, 2; 1 spoonbill, 1; 1 gadwall, 3; 1 bald-pate, 2; 1 scaup, 1; 1 sandpiper, 1; total, 22. B. E. B. Kennedy: 5 redheads, 10; 1 canvas-back, 5; 3 gadwalls, 4; 5 green-wing teal, 5; 1 bald-pate, 2; 1 scaup, 1; 1 buff-head, 1; 3 jack-snipes, 4; total, 32. William Hughes: 1 killdeer snipe, 1. Total count, 292.

CAMP BEDS.

BY AN OLD CAMPER.

"H. Z." "an old camper," in your issue of March 4th, wants to know how to secure a comfortable camp bed? That depends. I have known fine-haired campers with expensive and elaborate outfits, trains of wagons, horses and servants, who sat in arm-chairs to eat from tables that groaned under their loads of good things, and slept on spring mattresses with snowy sheets and lambs-wool blankets, and yet they imagined they were not entirely comfortable. I have seen poor devils, ragged, dirty and foot-sore who were glad to improvise a bed that was luxury to them from an armful of cornstalks or two or three fence rails laid side by side in the mud. Comfort depends upon spirit and circumstance. Luxury is entirely a relative quality. Beds of down and the nectar of the gods may not suffice for one, whilst another may revel in bliss with a cup of water and a crust of bread if a dry blanket is added for his bed. I have passed a very comfortable night on a bleak mountain side between two fires that had to be replenished every half hour to keep from freezing, without coat or blanket and with the butt of my gun for a pillow, because the labors and the hardships of the day had prepared me for it. Discomfort diminishes the exertions for comfort.

I once knew a little frail preacher, whom fortune cast into the wilderness, where he said, "His entire baggage was the framework of an India-rubber pillow, about the size of his ear, which he thought was necessary to his comfort wherever he was. After he had run himself down, and when the dusk of evening was closing in, he thought of his pillow, fished it out of his pocket, blew it up, and placing it at the foot of a spruce tree, went to bed. After his wild rant, "go to your place"—the new position was positive and absolute comfort. That was a camp-bed for you! But before he had closed his eyes a mountain lion appeared on the scene, and discomfort succeeded. The preacher broke down the mountain at such speed that the lion made no attempt to keep up. By and by he met a solitary traveler leading a mule, of whom he excitedly asked, "Where am I? Which way am I going?"

But this is getting a long way from "H. Z.'s" bed. The best bedding for camping use is blankets. If not enough, take more blankets.

It is a fact that if a man can be sufficiently comfortable during the night to sleep well he can stand almost any degree of hardship and hard labor during the day, and the day may be pretty long. But if his rest is spoiled by cold, it is likely that he will not be able to do his day's work. The facilities admit, a good, light, narrow hair mattress, with rubber or oil-cloth on the under side, is the best artificial formation for a bed. But if carrying capacity is limited, confine yourself to blankets. They will, for given space and weight, give more comfort than anything else. The foundation for a bed can almost always be improvised. Fir or spruce boughs, properly cut and placed, make the best bed for one night in the world. Straw, hay, grass, leaves, willows, or any other slender brush, palmetto leaves, moss, pine needles, all make good beds; only if the material is coarse it should be placed evenly and parallel with the position of the sleeper. The only question then is sufficiency of blankets to equalize the inequalities. If there is liability of rain or snow, and your bed is in the open air, the top covering must be of some kind of waterproof material, or on the ground, unless in a very warm climate, because the temperature is more equal. Coats, bedsteads, scaffolds, hammocks, etc., never give the solid comfort of mother earth. Night air changes are almost sure to bring chilliness from beneath. A bed on frozen ground or on snow can be made much more comfortable with the same bedding than it possibly can be in a wagon, cot, or anything else that is off the ground so that air circulates beneath it.

BEAR HUNTING IN THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.—*Yellowstone River, Montana, Feb. 5th.*—Since bear hunting has become popular, I will relate an adventure Mr. Hiram Stewart and I had in 1877 on a small stream that empties into the Yellowstone, known as the Crook. We struck camp at the mouth of the stream to try our skill in killing geese, but after one day's hunt only killed four, and we concluded to go after buffalo. So early next morning we packed our camp on four jacks, mounted our ponies, and started up Fly Creek, which runs south-west of the Yellowstone and heads near the Big Horn Mountains. After two days' travel we came to a large band of buffalo, which we found quietly grazing in a small valley. We

had wandered off north of our watering place, and after looking at the large herd of cows and calves, we concluded to go and look up a good camp, secure our pack animals, and come back and attack them in good style. After we had traveled several miles we saw in the distance a small clump of box-elder, which always denotes water. We soon landed and found to our entire satisfaction a splendid stream at the head of the ravine. As our long-eared packers showed signs of uneasiness, I took a circle and the ravine look for fresh signs of Indians, as they are easily alarmed at the redden of the forest. Once around, I could see no cause for the fright. So I dismounted and went down close to the water to see if there had been any game there during the day. When I was within about three hundred yards of Balsam, I came to a bear track not over three hours made; but the size of that track would scare any jack, to say nothing of the bear that made it. I let my pony go to camp and started on the trail, following it into a dense red-willow thicket, somewhat anxious to try my faithful Winchester on bruin. I crawled on, and, after about twenty yards, I was greeted with a noise between the roar of a lion and the growl of a tiger. As the chances were against my retreat with any speed, I soon got out on clear ground. I looked after him for some time, but could not find him. I called to my friend Stewart, who has had twenty-five years' experience in the chase, and with all kinds of game. He came at once, but on the other side of the ravine, with his Sharps .44 cal., 75-grs. powder, one leg two inches shorter than the other, large white hat, and a buckskin suit. "Well, what have you here?" "I don't know just what, and I don't care about going too far in those willows to find out; but from the looks of this track I would call it an elephant's, if they inhabited this country." There was a trail coming down the bank just opposite me, and I felt sure that it passed near his lair. S. came down this trail until I could see his large hat. I told him he had gone far enough I thought, as he must be very near the spot where I heard the music; but we were both anxious to get first blood. He kept moving down until he was full half way down the bank, when all at once I heard the charge, followed by the deafening crash of his rifle, then a howl. I could see S. scrambling toward a projecting rock, but the bear I could not see for the bushes, but I had not long to wait, for the bear was within twenty feet of him. Quick as thought I fired—struck him in the lungs. The report had scarcely died away, when I gave him one in the neck. With the third shot I broke the spinal marrow, just where it connected with the brain. S. gave one bound, caught the rock, but was so scared he fell back, and the bear nearly tumbled on top of him. He gave one yell that sounded like an earthquake, before he found out it was dead. I crossed the hollow by crawling under the bush, and found him seated by the bear with death stamped on his countenance; his face was like that of a corpse; under his eyes were a dark-yellow shade. After some conversation, I learned he tried for a second shot, but the shell failed to explode; and on dragging the shell the ball struck in the groove of the jaw, which we were to give leg-bail, which in that case would not have lasted long. On butchering the bear we found his ball had struck the brute in the breast, and went down about ten inches between the skin and flesh and lodged there, doing no harm at all, although the ball was mashed flat as a large copper. This bear weighed twelve hundred pounds. We took all the fat to camp and had one hundred and seventy-five pounds of tallow, and one oil, which we sold for cents per pound for cooking purposes. My companion would not have the robe at all; he said I had saved his life, and I should keep it as a token of his respect toward me. When skinned on the ground it would square nine feet. This was a grizzly; and in his charge at S. he tore up two willows, three inches in diameter. Stewart died a few months after. I think this score had some permanent effect on him. W. A. ALLEN.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

MARLBOROVS VS. MIDDLESEX.—*Marlboro, Mass., April 1st.*—Match between teams of the Marlboro Sportsman's Club, and the Middlesex Sportsman's Club, of Cambridge:—

Rotary.	Trove		Trove	
	Target	Score	Target	Score
Ira Taylor	0 10 1 3	10 10 2	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	7-12
A. W. Goro	0 1 0 3	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-13
G. W. Goro	0 1 0 3	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-13
C. S. Newcomb	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-14
C. B. Morse	0 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-14
J. C. Gove	0 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-14
J. S. Sawyer	0 1 0 0 2	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
W. H. Miller	1 1 0 0 3	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
W. H. Melcher	1 1 1 0 3	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
W. H. Harrison	1 1 1 1 3	0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-16

Total. Middlesex Sportsman's Club. 140

MARLBOROVS VS. MIDDLESEX.		Trove	
		Target	Score
H. W. Eager	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
R. B. Gleason	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
G. W. Goro	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
T. J. Beaudry	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
D. P. Lowe	0 1 1 0 2	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
G. A. Marshall	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
A. D. Johnson	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
J. S. Gove	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
W. H. Miller	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15
J. S. Chamberlain	1 1 1 1 1 1	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	8-15

Total. Marlboro Sportsman's Club. 161

DEXTER PARK—Jamaica Road, L. I., April 5th.—Third monthly contest of the Long Island Shooting Club for a gun presented for competition by the club, shot for at 7 birds each, from 5 ground traps, handicapped rise, 90 yards boundary. L. S. C. rules:—

Yards rise.		Killed, Missed.	
		Target	Score
W. Mills	24	1 1 1 1 1 1	7 0
W. L. Lomax	25	1 1 1 1 1 1	7 0
Dr. H. Talbot	25	1 1 1 1 1 1	6 1
J. A. Ashurst	25	1 1 1 1 1 1	6 1
G. A. Marshall	25	1 1 1 1 1 1	6 1
A. Applegate	25	1 1 1 1 1 1	6 1
H. Midway	25	1 0 1 1 1 1	5 2
Dr. H. Talbot	25	1 0 1 1 1 1	5 2
H. Peterson	25	1 0 1 1 1 1	5 2
D. Kitteridge	25	1 0 1 1 1 1	5 2
Dr. H. Talbot	25	1 0 1 1 1 1	5 2
Dr. H. Talbot	25	1 0 1 1 1 1	5 2
J. Henry	25	1 0 1 0 0 1	4 3
W. W. Wynn	25	1 0 1 0 0 1	4 3
A. Atkins	25	1 0 1 0 0 1	4 3
D. Thompson	25	0 0 0 0 0 0	3 4

RECREATION GUN CLUB.—*New York, March 20th.*—At a regular meeting of the Bergen Point Amateur Gun Club, on the 23d inst., it was unanimously resolved that the club name be changed to

ing a lot of hunting arrows made for his use in the woods the

coming season. We shall hope that your readers will be favored before the year is over with many interesting sketches of life in the woods, not only for those who live, but also from many other archers who will learn to love this rare sport.

Who can tell us what "T. A. L." signifies?—Ed.

NORTH BEND ARCHERY CLUB.—Following is the score of the team which shot a match with the New York Club, March 27th:—

	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Totals.
Mrs. J. O. Blako.....	329	133	135	85
Miss Slatery.....	37	174	153	78
J. W. Wilkinson.....	203	212	223	80
J. O. Blako.....	216	202	248	90
C. Conklin.....	224	202	202	90
H. B. Wilkinson.....	193	198	202	90
Totals.....	1,043	1,034	1,101	3,178

CORTLAND ARCHERY CLUB.—Cortland, N. Y., April 24.—The usual regular Wednesday afternoon and evening practice of the Cortland Archery Club was varied this week by a match among the ladies of the club. Three prizes were contested for. Distance, 30 yards; 90 arrows. First prize, a raw-hide backed bow; second prize, three best footed arrows; third prize, line arm guard. Miss Sarah Keator won the bow by a score of 501; Mrs. A. Mahan, second, 343; Miss Sue Ingalls, third, 292. The other members of the club who were present made the following scores: 30 yards; 90 arrows:—

	1st 30.	2d 30.	3d 30.	Total.
Dr. P. O. Hyatt.....	208	212	216	636
Willis Cloyce.....	206	216	212	634
A. Mahan.....	204	212	214	630
E. E. Miller.....	172	178	182	532
Frank Turner.....	166	168	172	506
Dr. G. H. Smith.....	160	164	174	498

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—New York, April 24.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—According to promise, I give you herewith, a copy of the resolutions relating to membership in our club, and the making up of teams for matches, which were unanimously passed at our meeting March 31st. They read as follows:—

Whereas, We believe that it is essential to the future welfare and prosperity of this club that it shall be composed of persons living in the city, and having no affiliation with other archery clubs, therefore

Resolved, That no proposals for admission to membership in this club from members of other archery clubs whose names are now upon the roll (if any), shall hereafter, and so long as they shall remain members of other clubs, be ineligible for places upon teams selected to represent this club.

Again, we have amended our constitution so as to read:—
"Applications for membership * * * and identification with no other archery club, except the Private Practice Club, being necessary qualifications for admission."

Thus your readers may see exactly what the New York Archery Club has done; and while I do not propose to enter into any discussion here at this time, it seems to us that what we have taken course that other clubs will be compelled to follow, and which we support of those that have experienced the trouble we forewarn we would have. Besides, with your extensive experience, we are pleased to remember that you have always advocated such measures. Should a club be young and weak, they might omit such decided measures; but when a club is as extensive and strong as the New York, needing no support, only that of its own members, it becomes a necessary step in order to preserve the interest of its members. No good can ever come from those who have heart in their club, and only attach themselves to another for the benefits it offers over and above the other for the time being. At our last meeting the club elected James B. Morrison, Esq., an honorary member.

The Park Commissioners have given their permission to the club to use the Sixth-fifth street Lawn in the Central Park, and we shall probably commence to shoot outdoors about May 1st.

JAS. W. AUTEN, JR., Secretary.

Cricket.

THE ONTARIO CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

The most important event that has occurred for many years in the Canadian cricket world was the holding of a convention on March 27th at Toronto to regularly organize what, in the future, will be known as the Ontario Cricket Association. In compliance with a call, representatives were present from Toronto, Hamilton, Whitby, Port Hope, Ottawa, Peterboro', Uxbridge, Owen Sound, Kingston, Brantford, Paris, Asylum Club (Toronto), Carlton Club (Toronto), St. Catharines, Cobourg and Barrie. The meeting, which was very largely attended, was held in one of the parlors of the Rossin Hotel, and besides the club delegates there were present cricketers from different parts of Ontario.

Mr. H. Totten, of the Toronto Club, was called to the chair, and Mr. W. Lowrey, of the Carlton Club, to act as Secretary. On motion of Dr. E. W. Sprague of the Toronto Club, seconded by Mr. Chas. Ray of Whitby, it was resolved that the meeting organize itself into an association, to be called the "Ontario Cricket Association." Mr. Merritt, of St. Catharines, spoke briefly, explaining to those present that the object of the proposed association would be to bring the different clubs into closer and more intimate and friendly relations with each other, and the advancement of the interests of the game throughout the Province. Communications were read from Clinton and St. Catharines and from the well-known cricketer the Rev. T. D. Phillips, of Ottawa, heartily endorsing the objects of the meeting.

It was decided that the officers of the association should consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, an Honorary Secretary-Treasurer and an Executive Committee of fifteen, the officers of the association to be ex-officio members of this committee, and the five members of the committee, with the Secretary, constitute a quorum. On motion of Dr. Sprague, of Toronto, seconded by Mr. Simonds, of Hamilton, it was resolved to invite His Excellency the Governor-General to become President of the association.

The following officers were then elected:—
Vice-Presidents—Mr. Thomas W. Swinard and Mr. P. W. Cumberland.
Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. W. H. Merritt, of St. Catharines.

It was decided that the Executive Committee for the current year be made of delegates from the cities and towns of Ontario, as follows:—Two from Toronto, two from Hamilton, two from Ottawa, one from Port Hope, one from Cobourg, one from Whitby, one from St. Catharines, one from Paris and Galt, one from Peterboro' and Lindsay, one from Chatham and two from Owen Sound, Meaford, Collingwood, Barrie, Orillia, Newmarket and Uxbridge. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws, to be submitted to the various clubs throughout the Province for approval: Mr. Kennedy, of Hamilton; Mr. Kirchhoffen, of Port Hope; Messrs. Tot-

ten and Sprague, of Toronto, and Dr. Lett, of the Asylum Club, of Toronto.

The following remarks appear in the New York *Herald* of April 3d, and as they represent our views, we republish them at this time:—

"At last the much-needed and long-wished-for Canadian Cricketers' Association is a certainty, and in the future the annual international match between the United States and Canada eleven will, in all probability, fully represent the strength of each country, which up to this time has not been the case. While this excellent result has been brought through the agency of such old and well known Canadian cricketers as Alderman R. Kennedy, of Hamilton; Dr. E. W. Sprague and Mr. H. Totten, of Toronto, and the Rev. T. D. Phillips, of Ottawa, yet the credit of suggesting and showing the necessity for such an organization and persistently keeping the matter before the cricketing public of Canada is due to the **FOREST AND STREAM**, of this city. Heretofore the United States-Canada match has been played at uncertain periods, although the system of playing the matches alternately in each country has been adhered to. The selection of the teams on either side has never been representative, until the formation two years ago at Philadelphia of the Cricketers' Association of the United States, since which time the American eleven has been chosen from the clubs of the association, and has proven to be as representative as a team as possible. After the so-called international match played at Ottawa last August, the advantages to be derived from having a regularly systematized organization like the American association were apparent to all those who had the love of the Canadian game at heart, as without one it was simply impracticable to place an eleven in the field that could ever expect to hold its own. Canada of late years has not done herself justice in the cricket field, but now, by careful management and wise selection, she will be able to bring to the Cricketers' Union who has so long held in reserve. Her players should be chosen without fear of favor, and, under good captaincy, this year's match will probably be a very close one.

"Although the new association cannot be said to strictly represent all Canada, yet it justly covers all the important and principal cricketing centers of the Dominion, only leaving out Montreal and Halifax, N. S. The former city was not represented in last year's match and the latter place is too distant to be counted upon. Cricket for several years has not been played at Quebec, and many of the best cricketers live in the same Province. This year's United States-Canada match will be played in this city or Philadelphia."

NOTES.—CRICKET IN CALIFORNIA.—The Western Addition and Laureate Cricket Clubs have joined under the name of the Merion Cricket Club. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. L. Mathieu; Vice-President, A. M. Cox; Captain, A. Theobald; Secretary and Treasurer, C. B. Hill; Librarian, J. Ruggles, and Sergeant-at-Arms, L. Burnett.

THE COLUMBUS (OHIO) CRICKET CLUB held an informal meeting on March 27th, and it is thought that there will be considerable interest taken throughout the Buckeye State this season.

THE PENINSULAR CRICKET CLUB, of Detroit, held its annual meeting on the 6th inst. Full particulars in our next issue.

THE GERMANTOWN CRICKET CLUB, of Philadelphia, on March 26th held a special meeting at Wilson Hall, Germantown, which was largely attended. The Constitution of the club was revised, and twenty-one new members elected, and a Committee Report read, covering that through Richard Daff a first-class Nottingham professional has been engaged for the season. The following is the list of officers for the season: President, Mr. Thos. McKean; Vice-President, Mr. Sam'l Welsh, Jr.; Secretary, Mr. F. M. Dissell, 243 South Fourth street; Treasurer, Mr. Alex. W. Wister; Directors, Messrs. Elliott Fisher, Alfred Cope, R. Nelson Caldwell, Francis E. Brewster, and T. W. Kimber.

WHITBY CRICKET CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the above club at Kay's Hotel, Whitby, Ont., recently, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Judge Darthell; Vice-President, Mr. J. R. Barwell; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. E. W. Trousseau; Executive Committee, Messrs. S. Ray, J. B. Laing, C. Nourse, C. Sarney, and H. J. Campbell.

JUNIOR ST. CATHARINES.—The Junior Cricket Club of St. Catharines met last week and elected the following officers: Captain, G. Speight; Secretary, E. Miller; Committee, R. McDonald, A. Masquie, E. Miller.

THE MERTON CRICKET CLUB, of Ardmore, Pa., at a meeting held March 31st, unanimously agreed to purchase from two to four acres more of ground to add to the present ground of five acres. Thirteen new members were elected. It is proposed also to add large additions to the present club house, and the new grounds are intended not only to increase the size of the cricket ground, but to give ample room for lawn tennis. The Merion Club is technically "booming."

GEORGE WRIGHT writes us, that cricket promises to be lively here in Boston and vicinity this season, and the chances are that he will give up base-ball, attend to his new store, and take up cricket again.

THE TRENTON CRICKET CLUB, of New Jersey, will organize for the season this week. It intends playing a series of games with the Orange, Newark, Paterson, Camden and other clubs in the State during the summer.

THE HAMILTON CRICKET CLUB held its annual meeting on the 5th inst. The prospects for a good season were never better, and already a considerable amount of speculation is going on regarding the results of the next game with the Young America and Staten Island Clubs.

"The report that the Hargreave brothers have joined the Grand Club is unfounded, as no business arrangements will, for the present, prevent them spending enough time to play."

THE GAMER AUSTRALIA.—At the cricket match on the Sydney Cricket Association's ground, on Feb. 21st, Alberts vs. Newtons, Alberts scored all first innings, with a loss of eight wickets. A. Gregory made 131, A. Docker 72, and Massie 55.

THE MANHATTAN CRICKET CLUB has been trying to arrange its fixtures with all its antagonists of last year. Out of a long list, the Merion and Belmont are the only two that have replied.

THE OTTAWA CRICKET CLUB will hold its annual election for officers on the 12th inst.

STAFFORD CRICKET CLUB.—A meeting was held on March 15th for the purpose of re-organizing the Crescent Cricket Club of Stafford, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Patrons, Mr. M. P. Hayes and Mr. A. H. Ireland; President, Dr. Coleman; Vice-Presidents, Mr. R. J. Gerdistone and Mr. F. Holmstedt; Captain, Mr. J. S. Roberts; Secretary, Mr. J. L. Harcourt; Treasurer, Mr. A. Wilson; Committee: Messrs. H. Cameron, G. Baird, R. J. Gerdistone, J. L. Harcourt, T. E. Joslin, J. Watson, and W. W. Hensell.

—Hornum was 1 the wickets about ten hours for his 23d not out.

—Committees would do well to consult Richard Daff's notice in another column.

—The Portsmouth Cricket Club, of New Hampshire, will be pleased to hear from all clubs in this vicinity that intend visiting New England during the coming season. The P. O. C. is a young organization and should have the encouragement of the older clubs. The Secretary is Mr. Samuel Emery, P. O. Box 1,271, Portsmouth, N. H.

REVOLVING.—ANSWER TO "CRICKET."—New York, March 23d.—If the letter signed "Cricket," in your issue of the 4th inst., is supposed to be an answer to my letter of Feb. 9th, I should think your intelligent readers will consider it a miserable failure as well as a misconception. "Cricket" seems to have gone off "half-cocked" like a rusty gun, the shot hitting none of the "game" in my letter, whatever. If "Cricket" can read plain English, he will see it was the **FOREST AND STREAM** that remarked: "This reform was much needed to protect one or two kindred organizations in this city," and not my humble self. Presuming a "Revolver" (Cott's barred, of course), is one who belongs to different clubs, I should judge at least three-fourths of all the cricketers in existence are "Revolvers." The Staten Island Cricket Club has its share, in fact, I think it was started by two or three "Revolvers," Messrs. Moore, Stevens, etc., although I think the latter is only an ex-revolver; then there are Messrs. G. Moore, Hanes, Pliner, Jones, J. and McEyre Sprague, Marsh, Haughton, Woolston and I dare say many others, all revolving "lights" of more or less brilliancy, but according to "Cricket," they are each and every one calculated to dim the luster of the Staten Island Club, and therefore it is opposed to revolving. What! Judging from the above I should imagine the Staten Island Club was very much in favor of revolving—so many lovers of the game. I have no doubt every cricketer in the Maryland Club (the finest cricket organization in the world), is what we Americans call revolvers, and it is my private opinion the more revolvers the better, and more matches the result. Look at Philadelphia with all her cricketers; how many first elevens have ventured as far as New York in the last three years? And what is a more serious question, how many have gone from New York during the same period? Echo answers: "How?"

I think a "Revolving" club would be a very valuable addition to the cricketing fraternity of the United States; they could then revolve all summer and shake up the world-revolvers and what would be the result, think you, beautiful or otherwise to "Cricket?"

A MEMBER OF MANY CLUBS.

Woman's Column.

PAPERS ON BOTANY.—We are pleased to announce that we shall shortly begin the publication, in the *Woman's Column*, of a series of papers on field botany, which we are assured will be found entertaining and practically useful by our lady readers.

LADIES AT THE SCORE.— *Jamestown, N. Y., March 27th.*—Yesterday afternoon a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at Burns' Gallery for rifle practice. One of the gentlemen, Mr. S. N. Ayres, presented as a prize to be shot for by the ladies, a pair of gold bracelets. The terms were fifteen shots each, at Creed-moor target reduced to gallery distance, position off-hand; possible score 75. The lady who took part in the contest, whose scores were as follows:—

Miss Mary Parkhurst.....	51	Miss F. Loda Brown.....	47
Mrs. Dr. A. F. Ward.....	61	Miss E. F. Warner.....	52
Mrs. A. J. Fenner.....	59		

At the close of the shooting Mr. Ayres presented the bracelets to the winner, Miss Parkhurst, with appropriate remarks, and in giving out the congratulations that followed, all were pleased with the result. Miss Brown and Mrs. Warner are just being "brought out," in rifle practice, which accounts for their scores being so much lower than the others.

R. H. B.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

—The smoke-target ball, we understand, has gone into new hands, and a company has been formed at Titusville, Pa., for their manufacture and sale. The advantages claimed for this ball are cheapness, the absence of debris and the impossibility of disputes about the score.

—The conical-base shell, an advertisement of which will be found elsewhere, has been tested by a great many sportsmen during the past year, and has, so far as we learn, met with their approval. The steel-headed shells are safe, and much cheaper than the ordinary make.

—The Collender billiard tables are generally acknowledged to be the most perfect manufactured. The number of tables made specially for private use is largely increasing.

—Advance sheets of H. P. Hubbard's "Newspaper Directory of the World," published by him at New Haven, Conn., show that there are 10,131 American (United States and Canada) newspapers. The total circulation of a single issue of each of these papers, reaches the enormous aggregate of 20,677,533 copies. This is an average of 3.41 to each paper for a single issue, and taking all issues of the whole for one year a grand total of 1,839,473,592 copies. Taking ordinary forty-pound newspaper at its average measure of 4,000 sheets (solid) to the foot, one issue of all these piled up would measure 5,170 feet (nearly a mile) in height, or for a whole year 459,118 feet (over 87 miles) high. Placed end to end, one issue would extend 13,580 miles; for one year 1,158,474 miles, or over forty-seven times around the earth, and five times the distance from the earth to the moon. In a thousand copies of type there are nearly 2,000 different pieces, and in an average four-page eight-column paper, set in solid brevier type, there are 18,000 ems (about 450 pounds), or 236,000 types in one newspaper. To print one issue of the total 10,131 papers of this average size, there must be handled nearly five million pounds of type, or 2,993,776,000 types. The total number of editions of all these dailies, weeklies and monthlies for one year would make 724,704, and to print them occasions the handling of 2,173,409,949,000 types.

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FOR SALE—Price \$30—an American-made 12 bore; 28-inch shot gun; weighs about 5 lbs.; choke-bore; rebounding lock; extension rib; and snap fore-stock; made to order last fall and sold for want of use only. It is a good shooter and a plain, but durable gun. Address: T. Forest and Stream office. Mar 23-4t.

FOR SALE—A fine second-hand double Westley Richards breech-loader, 12-bore, s/b, price \$100, by HOKAGE SMITH, No. 31 Park row, New York. April 1-3t.

FOR SALE—A 25ft. keel yacht, with comfortable cabin; excellent and safe boat for cruising; fully fitted; ready for commission. April 8-2t. F. B. Forest and Stream office.

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FOR SALE—House at Brookhaven, L. I., containing 15 rooms, and overlooking the eastern part of Great South Bay; about two acres of good land, and very healthy; a fine place for summer boarding-house, or for a summer home; a fine family of children; good fishing and shooting; no malaria and few insects; price \$25,000; terms easy. Address A. C. H., this office. April 8-1t.

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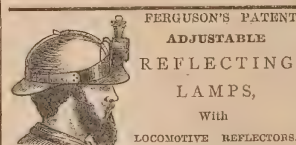
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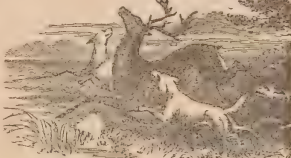
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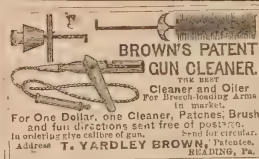
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A Day at Keefoot Lake.

A WAY back among the "50's," on a bright November afternoon, I was sitting on the porch of the palatial residence that stood back some two hundred yards from the east bank of the Mississippi River, opposite the then large and fertile Island No. 10, cleaning my new double-barrel gun, after a previous day's duck shooting on the lake, when my attention was called to a sharp "Hallo!" at the front gate. I went through the hall, opened the front door, and found the rotund figure and smiling face of old Major Lewis sitting on his horse, who saluted me with "Hallo! Alex., where is Wyatt?" I answered, "Down at Nolan's." He remarked, "All right, I am on my way there and will see him. I am notifying the boys of our deer hunt to-morrow. Ed, Nevel's is the place, and seven, sharp, the hour. See that you are not behind time." With that he cantered away. I immediately went about my preparations; cleaned the old man's gun, filled our flasks with powder, put fresh caps and a dozen buck cartridges into each of our shooting coats, and then settled down to steady my nerves for my first experience on the morrow at a first-class deer stand.

The following morning was bright, calm and frosty. Old Aunt Choney had us up to an early breakfast, and six o'clock found us in the saddle, our horses in a lively canter down the Bend toward Nevel's plantation. We had scarcely made a mile, when the distant notes of a horn came vibrating through the woods from the direction of a neighboring plantation. "There," said the old man, "that is Ed's Horn." The last notes had scarcely died away, when the sound was taken up in a louder and longer blast away down to our right. "That is the Major's," I remarked; and our horses pricked their ears and voluntarily increased their speed. They had made but a few leaps, when a new and clear blast came quivering down on our left. "Who can that be?" queried my companion. "That is Dick Donaldson's new horn," I remarked. By this time we came in sight of Mr. Hind's plantation, and found Uncle Sandy H. at the gate equipped and ready for the chase. We had just formed three abreast and given our horses the bridle, when we were greeted by the faint echoes of a horn coming trembling on the

frosty air from away down in the lower end of the Bend. "There, by-god," said Uncle Sandy, "that is Billy Isler's horn."

We were soon at the rendezvous, and found the company riding up in pairs, until ten of us were gathered together. N. was leading his horse through the gate, having his well-worn 10-gauge thrown across his shoulder. A blast or two of his horn brought the snarling pack to attention. He mounted, turned down the long lane, followed by the cavalcade two deep, then through the woods and the canebrake toward Keefoot Lake.

After a brisk ride, and many a sharp cut with the whips at the eager dogs to keep them in check, a halt was called, and by mutual consent N. was chosen leader. That veteran huntsman surveyed his followers, mapped out his ground, and said, "I will go with the dogs myself, Major, you take the lower stand on the lake shore." Then, turning to me, "Alex., you want to kill something; I will give you the Big Sycamore stand, so come with me. You gentlemen, remain here until I come back." I followed him some distance through the canebrake until we emerged into an opening some forty feet across, a well-beaten path running across the center, and a large sycamore tree standing on the left side. "Here is your stand (pointing at the tree), keep your eyes and ears open; have your gun in hand ready; and, when the game runs along the path, aim a little ahead and fire." He turned and left me, adding, Keep cool; don't get excited.

Two long weary hours passed as I stood by that tree, gun in hand, my eyes fixed on the opening in the brake, and my nerves strung to their very highest tension; no deer appeared. Shall I ever forget that trying time? How much I have learned since then! Listening attentively my ears began to drink in the sweet music of the hounds in full cry miles up the lake shore—faint, very faint at first, but growing louder by degrees. On they came, awakening the echoes on the further side of the lake. Oh, how it thrilled my nerves, sending the warm blood coursing through my veins on a double-quick! Even now while I write I live the exciting moments over again. One boom was followed soon after by a second and a third; then two more in quick succession told plainly that more than one gallant buck had run his last race.

On the dogs came, apparently right toward my stand. You ask me how I felt; well, it is useless to deny it. I trembled like an aspen leaf, and I don't think I could have hit a barn-door, to say nothing of a deer. Bang went the Major's gun, some two hundred yards to my right, and with it the course of the hounds was turned back up the lake shore. This gave me a little time to regain my composure, and at the same time threw me off my guard. I stood my gun up against the tree, took one step from behind the cover, folded my arms across my breast, attentively listening to the roosting chase, when in an instant, without a moment's warning, out trotted a huge black bear right in front of me, and not more than ten paces distant. Discovering me it stopped, raised itself slowly on its hind quarters, and surveyed me as calmly as if I had been a brother Bruin, and there I stood like a stump, my gun heavily charged with twelve buckshot in each barrel, on full cock, within easy reach of my left hand, fastidiously, riveted to the spot, my eyes fixed on those of the bear, forgetting that I was out hunting, forgetting my dogs, forgetting my gun, in fact forgetting everything but the towsey brute before me. How long we stood thus eying each other I know not. Finally it showed its teeth several times, dropped on all fours, sprang into the brake, and disappeared. I turned my head slowly and looked at my gun, and uttered the single ejaculation, "Lifer!" I was myself in a moment, realized my loss, and expressed myself in language such as none but a baffled hunter can command. There was no more game for me that day; but I held my post until the horn sounded the recall, when I joined my companions. N. had a fine buck strapped behind his saddle. Major L. also had one, and Dick D. one, and Billy I. had killed two. I said nothing about the gun, my eyes being, and thereby saved my back from being rubbed against the rough bark of a tree, the usual punishment for all such mishaps.

We soon reached Mr. N.'s house, where our generous hostess had prepared a feast equal to that of a king's. While we were discussing the pleasures of the day at the festive board, the game was being dressed and divided into ten equal parts; and as the gun was glinting over the tree tops in the west we each, with a hearty by-by, turned our horses homeward—your humble servant a disappointed but wiser huntsman.

Capé Gardeau, Mo.

CAPÉ ROCK.

THE DOGS' HOME, OF LONDON, ENG.—The nineteenth annual meeting of this institution was held on March 27th at 105 Jermyn street, Col. Burdett in the chair. The report showed that during the past year, the Battersea Institution had found homes for 9,280 dogs, being 538 more than in the previous year. Twenty-four new compartments had recently been made, other erections had been completed at the cost of about £800.

A COSTLY PERCH.

THIS perch inhabited the waters of Lake Richmond. Lake Richmond is situated in the town of Richmond, Berkshire County, Mass., about twenty-two miles east from Chatham and three miles west from Pittsfield, on the Boston and Albany Railroad. To this point the grade is up, hence it is called by the railroaders "The Summit." The lake covers an area of about one hundred acres, and was once quite famous for pickerel fishing, and a favorite resort for fishermen.

Five winters ago a party of Chatham boys, ten in all, resolved upon an excursion to this lake. The time was to be fixed by Ken, who is esteemed, by common consent, as the "boss" fisherman in the place. No party is complete without Ken for a leader. He is a thorough believer in the "signs." Ken is as familiar with the zodiac as the schoolboy is with his alphabet. Among his fishing paraphernalia is always to be found a "Farmers' Almanac," which must be consulted. To the impatient ten the time seemed long, the sign was so slow getting round to the old man's neck. Finally Ken pronounced the sign right, and the boys must be off the next day. All was made ready by night. Wednesday morning dawned with every promise of a perfect day. The air was keen and motionless, and the sun, as it rose above the crest of the hills that skirt our village on the east, seemed to smile approvingly upon the enterprise. Before 8 o'clock we were all on board the train, and off for Richmond. We found the conductor very obliging—our number being so respectable, I suppose. So he waived the ceremony of taking us to the station, a mile beyond, and dropped us at the nearest point to the lake. A party from Pittsfield had arrived there before us. Among them was Dr. —. As we filed out of the bushes upon the ice, one after another, ten in all, the Doctor looked amazed, and as the tenth man emerged from the bushes the Doctor exclaimed, "Good Lord! are there any more of you in there?" When we assured him that there were no more, he seemed relieved, though I noticed a deep shadow seemed to rest on that man's hopes, until the winds were unbottled and swept "The Summit" like a hurricane, which dispersed the Doctor's hopes altogether, and even the Doctor himself, for soon he and his party vanished out of sight for that day.

The plucky Chatham boys determined to weather the storm, meantime hoping that its fury might abate, and bring some luck. Ken watched the signs and published weather reports. When there was a little lull he would report favorably, and our hopes would revive, only to be dashed away the next moment by a fresh gale.

During the short pauses the winds were only gathering up their strength for a fiercer blow. The air was snow, not ether, and in its tremendous rush it cut our ears and blinded our eyes and stopped our mouths. Our lines were frozen to wires, and would have taken as many fish, if they had been crows, with crumpling hooks attached. The gale picked up the lid of a tin pail, and it spun along upon the ice like a runaway top, with a man after it, which he did not recover till it reached the shore, almost a mile away. We constructed as best we could a bough-house, and behind it we all sat, with a few glowing embers at our feet, disconsolate enough, with our coat collars up about our ears.

For a long time we sat there, listening to the sighing of the winds. Not a word was spoken, when one of the party broke the silence by asking Ken when the sign would be right again. Such a shout of laughter as burst forth from those throats was never heard upon "The Summit." It resounded above the storm. If ever the gloom of nature was relieved by a good, hearty laugh it was then. The joke stuck to Ken. It got about in the village, and ever since, on the street and in the store, the interrogation is frequently heard: "Ken, when will the sign be right again?" But Ken is a good-natured fellow, and his faith in signs remains unshaken by the winds.

Another episode behind the hemlock boughs: It was almost night. Not a fin had been taken. Talt, who was of the company, and who is also a good fisherman, being seized with a sudden fit of homesickness, we should have had one fish, anyway. So he baited a small hook, cleared a hole in the ice, and settled himself down to business. A nibble, a twitch of the wrist, and the fish was safely landed. Talt leaped, danced, shouted, and all laughed at the antics he cut up. He could not have been happier if he had caught all the fish in the lake, instead of a four-ounce perch. He stood up, satisfied so did we all, and trudged away to the station to take the next train home.

It was dark when we arrived at Chatham. The day had been pleasant there, and our fellow-townsmen, who felt enough interested to go to the depot, were awaiting our arrival with their little speeches of congratulation all ready. I alighted from the train on the platform, and soon found myself the focus of many inquisitive eyes and the subject of all sorts of questions and cross-questions. I was greatly embarrassed, and turned to my comrades for relief, when lo! every one of them had left the train on the opposite side from the depot, and had gone across lots home. So now we

have a sign that never fails: If a fisherman leaves the cars on the depot side, good luck; if on the other side, bad luck. And with us the question is not "Did you catch anything?" but "On which side of the train did you get off?" The next day we balanced accounts with the following result:—

Costs.—Fare for ten persons to Lake Richmond and return. \$14 00
Time (one day each, at \$2 per day). 20 00
Total. \$34 00
Gains.—One four-ounce perch. \$13 00

HIX.

The only trouble with the astrological genius of "Hix's" story is that he is by several centuries out of his place in history. He should have lived and fished in the days of the Roman Empire, the times of augurs and auspices, when the citizens of the City of the Seven Hills feared to appear in public, to eat their dinners, or even to bathe, without having first carefully consulted the almanac to ascertain the position of the planet Mercury, or how far the moon was from the Crab.

Natural History.

LETTERS ON THE SPARROWS.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 29th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

At an early period in the sparrow controversy I ventured to play the dangerous part of prophet to the extent of predicting that the time would soon come when it would be found advisable to offer a reward for killing the obnoxious birds.

The following paragraph appeared in the Washington Evening Star of March 24th. I do not know the author, nor the circumstances of the case, and therefore cannot be suspected of having anything to do with fulfilling my own prediction:—

"War on the Sparrows."—English sparrows are becoming a great nuisance, and citizens are complaining of them greatly. They drive all the singing birds away that feed upon the fruit-destroying worms and insects, and feed themselves upon the very fruit buds that the other birds protect. While the ground was covered with snow a short time ago one gentleman living in the First Ward had five choice pear trees stripped of their buds by these birds. The boys will be delighted to know that the Alexandria (Va.) Game Protective Association, with a view to thinning out the breed, has offered a reward of \$1.50 per hundred for the heads of the birds complained of.—Gazette.

Allow me to add that every position I have taken and maintained during this controversy has been fully established. With regards, yours truly, ELLIOTT COUES.

Which can we best dispense with, our delicious fruits or the English sparrows? It must be one or the other. Owners of fruit trees in this locality are beginning to have their eyes opened by the depredations of *Passer domesticus*, and there's "blood on the face of the moon" that forbodes ill for the prolific imported nuisance. The action of the Alexandria Game Protective Association, which has offered a reward of \$1.50 per hundred for the heads of the birds, is the first step in the right direction that has come to my notice, and no doubt will be good news for a majority of your readers.

If the horticultural and agricultural societies—whose interests appear to me to be more directly affected than the sportsman's—throughout the States infested by the sparrow can be induced to put a premium on the heads of the birds, as the Alexandria Game Protective Association has done, great good will be accomplished in a short time. Of course, in localities where the bird is protected by law, hostilities cannot commence till the law is changed.

I have another, though similar, plan to suggest, which I think will work admirably. It is that in towns or counties several prizes be offered to the boys. First prize to boy bringing in the greatest number of heads in a stated period; second prize to next largest number, etc. Nearly every boy is familiar with devices for capturing small birds, and they would enter the contest spiritedly.

Now that the ball is started in earnest, let it be kept going till *Passer domesticus* shall indeed be a *rara avis*.
Washington, D. C., March 27th. W. F. R.

As an instance of the value which is placed upon the English sparrow in Germany, where it is most plentiful, I quote from a report by a prominent official of Saxony, Herr von Langsdorff. He says: "A scientific investigation of numerous sparrows' stomachs has shown that those pbeleians of the feathered tribe live exclusively on grain during a time of eight or nine months; not to enlarge upon the further fact that the sparrows by their raids on seeds and growing vegetables, cherries, grapes, ripening grain, etc., frequently cause considerable damage." The Board of Agriculture for the Kingdom of Saxony requested Government to abolish the laws protecting sparrows.

A high scientific authority, A. E. Brehm, who formerly had defended the sparrow as a bird rather useful than otherwise, has changed his opinion lately upon convincing evidence, and now declares that "this parasite, which lives at the expense of man, does not deserve protection."

Other writers state the sparrow is driving away the most useful birds, and place the damage caused by a pair at from fifty to seventy-five cents annually.

It will be seen from the opinions quoted, that "the innocent little fellow" (see FOREST AND STREAM, p. 105) is looked upon as a little pest by the Germans, and, from my personal knowledge, I cannot but share that opinion.

RICHARD W. (Texas.)

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 2d.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

A private letter, recently addressed to me by Sir Ferdinand von Mueller, K. C. M. G., the Government Botanist at Victoria, Australia, shows that the European sparrow is regarded with as little favor there as here, by those competent to judge. The publication of the communication may interest your readers, and be of use in showing that the sparrow becomes a pest wherever introduced. The history of the nuisance in this country repeats itself in every quarter of the globe. Says the Baron:—

It may be of some interest to you, dear Dr. Coues, to learn what my Australian experiences are, regarding the introduction of the *Passer domesticus*; hence these few lines of a stranger to you. Nothing can be more regretted than the introduction of these intrusive birds into this part of the globe, where it has not to cope with cold winters, where it breeds all the year round, and drives away from our domiciles the native insectivorous birds. One swallow will, I think, do a thousand times more good than a sparrow in destroying insects, though everyone is aware that this bird will carry lots of small grubs to its young in the nest. But that does not compensate for the mischief done to the buds of our trees, the fruits of our gardens, and the harvest of our fields, by the sparrow. Nearly all kinds of orchard fruits are destroyed or damaged through the sparrows preying upon them, more particularly in centers of population, where they are more safe against larger carnivorous birds. I was personally against the introduction of the sparrow into Australia, having noticed that in Denmark and Germany, during my boyhood, agriculturists endeavored to keep down the sparrow; and anticipating the disproportionate multiplication of this irrepressible bird in a climate like ours in the warm, temperate zone, I should regard it a favor if you could inform me of any advisable measures, which, in your part of the world, have been adopted to check the inordinate increase of these birds; and whether the old observation of Bradley is there borne out, according to which a single pair of sparrows will destroy 3,300 grubs in one week while feeding their young? Would you advise to introduce *Colinus borealis* into Australia, with the view of waging war with the sparrow?

With every feeling of respect, I remain, dear Dr. Coues, Yours,

FERD VON MUELLER.

I regret to add, that I shall be obliged to inform the Baron that in this country, in spite of the warnings and protests of those competent to judge, manlin sentiment and pig-headed stupidity have fostered and encouraged instead of exterminating the pests. Your truly,
ELLIOTT COUES.

While standing in the front part of the store the other day, looking across the street, my attention was called to the action of a large rat, which stole out from under the curbstone across the way. Slowly and stealthily he crept along, and I soon saw that his attention was fixed on a flock of English sparrows that were regaling themselves with much vociferation on the sweepings from a restaurant, which had lodged themselves in the gutter. Arriving within leaping distance, the rodent made a sudden spring, seized a fat hen sparrow, and disappeared under the wall. It strikes me that a consummation devoutly to be hoped for has been reached, when vermin prey on vermin.
EDW. M. SCHUCHMART.

Danville, N. Y., March 28d.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I never have known a question pertaining to the animal kingdom that has perplexed me as that relative to the English sparrows has. I believe in giving the broadest liberty and amplest protection to all the birds of the air and all the beasts of the field, consistent with human affairs. I feel that naturally the *Passer domesticus* is entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but he certainly gives us little in return for care and protection as any living thing. He never sings, never utters a note that is not annoying, is fighting half his time, and when compared with his lovely congener, the song-sparrow, is an unmitigated nuisance. However, in this note I only want to refer to things, not discuss them. With Dr. Coues here in striking distance, so to speak, one has to be very careful how he talks ornithology, and especially how he touches upon the sparrow question.
J. C. B.

The following extract from a letter to Col. Rhodes, of Quebec, takes the other side of the question:—

QUEBEC, Feb. 21st.

MY DEAR COLONEL:—I have given credit to one of the men to keep a sharp lookout, and to shoot the shrike. The poor sparrows had a rough time of it during the last cold snap. We picked up several frozen stiff and stark. However, the flock that frequents this part of the city has increased greatly in numbers during the last two years. I put up a house for them outside my window some years ago, but the swallows drove them away from it every summer, and took possession, and now they won't come near it. I always thought a sparrow could lick any bird of its own weight until I saw the masterly manner they were handled by the swallows.
A. H.

FALCO SACER NEAR MONTREAL.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I have three specimens of *Falco sacer* which were brought into our market at Montreal, and must undoubtedly have been killed within a few miles of the city. These specimens are very fine and are of both sexes. The habitat who sold me the specimens had not himself killed the birds, but had purchased them along with some wild ducks from another party.

A typical *F. sacer* (determined by Mr. Robert Ridgeway from a photograph sent to him) was also killed by Mr. E. O. Damon, of Northampton, Mass., in the early part of February last, 1890. According to this gentleman the bird sat or perched very erect, and when alarmed "drooped like a heron" and shot its wings in this slumping. It is my belief that this species is less rare than is generally supposed. The resemblance between the *F. sacer* and the race designated *F. labradorus* is very close; but in the case of the latter, *F. obsoletus*, is the name under which the first specimen procured was described and which consequently should henceforth be recognized.
Montreal, March 21st. H. G. V.

See in this connection FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. xiv., No. 3, p. 44.

NEW TESTIMONY ON THE MINK QUESTION.—Your correspondent's yarn about a mink remaining ten hours under water reminds me of a tale I heard on board ship. A Cape Cod fisherman, with his wife and boy, were out in the boat one day, when the old man and woman disagreed about something. The old fellow, enraged at her abuse, struck at her with his oar; in endeavoring to avoid the blow, she fell overboard. The fisherman, now thoroughly alarmed, called to the boy to catch hold of her when she came up; but after waiting a short time, she didn't make her appearance.

"Dern her obstinate pacter!" said the old man, "she won't come up if she thinks we are waiting for her; let's row away a spell."

"Wall," said the boy, "her'll have to come up to blow before long, any way."

PERLGRINE.

Fish Culture.

FISH AS FOOD.

BY PROF. W. O. ATWATER, OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the American Fish Cultural Association:—

The subject to which your attention is invited this morning is the study of the food values of some of our different sorts of fish, as shown by chemical analysis. The field of investigation is comparatively new, and, as respects American fishes, hitherto almost untrodden. It is, nevertheless, important.

At the instance of Prof. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and United States Fish Commissioner through whose interest in the matter an appropriation for the purpose has been secured, I have been engaged, with my assistants, for some time past in the analysis of samples of the more common food fishes. From a preliminary report of this work, soon to appear, the following figures are taken. Before giving the results, however, permit me a few words by way of introduction.

Fish constitute one of our most valuable sources of nourishment. They live upon matter dissolved or suspended in the water or found on the bottom of streams, lakes and the ocean, and thus gather for us nutritive material, which without them we could not have. And since cheap and wholesome food is fundamental to the material prosperity, culture and even the morality of a people, it follows that fish culture may be under an important factor of our national welfare.

I deem myself particularly fortunate in the opportunity of presenting this topic to an Association which has done, and is doing, so much to further the good cause of fish culture.

THE TASTE OF FISH.

I think is a thing that advances with the advance of civilization. The tastes of different civilizations vary, however. We read of Roman nobles who were in the way of paying twenty-five hundred sestercies (one hundred dollars) for a single lamprey, and twelve thousand and even twenty-five thousand sestercies for a six-pound mullet, and considered only the lives and gills of these fish fit to set before an emperor. We are told that they sent slaves to foreign lands to fish; that the fish were taken for breeding them at home; that they fed them with veal soaked in human blood, and even with the flesh of slaves sacrificed for the purpose. But this was part of an imperial shoddiness that would devote four hundred thousand sestercies to a single banquet whose guests were content with gross cooking and grosser accompaniments if they could be regaled with peacocks' brains and singing birds' tongues.

The fish of the present time are the members of this Association would be served with less splendor and more wholesome sauce. We of to-day ask for palatable and nutritious food, and, with the increasing culture of our palates and consequent call for variety, we demand more and more kinds, and larger and larger quantities of fish.

THE FLESH OF FISH.

The flesh of fish does not differ essentially from that of mammals. To the epicure it is more dainty, while the poor man can purchase nutritive materials in dried and salt fish for only a fraction of their cost in ordinary meats.

In general, fish has somewhat more water and less solids than the beef, pork, mutton and other common meats. Like the latter, the fatter it is the less water it contains. The amount of fat in the flesh of different species of fish, and in the same fish at different times, varies widely. Cod, bass and bluefish have usually but little fat, while the flesh of eels, shad, trout and salmon, in their season, is very fat. With the leaner fish we use butter or oil to supply the deficiency of fat.

For the best apprehension of our subject, it will be well to devote a few minutes to

THE CHEMISTRY OF FOODS.

We eat meat and fish, milk and bread, to build up our bodies, to repair their wastes, to supply heat to keep our reservoirs warm, and strength with which to work. This is

The common way of putting it. Speaking as chemists and physiologists, we should say that our food supplies, beside mineral substances, are water, albuminoids, carbohydrates and fats, whose functions are to be transformed into the tissues and fluids of the body, muscle and tendon, blood and bone, and by their consumption to produce heat and force. That we may fix more clearly in our minds the nature and functions of the food materials, allow me to call your attention to the table before you, in which I have tried to condense some of the more important facts respecting foods and nutrition.—

NUTRIENTS OF FOODS.

ALBUMINOIDS, CARBOHYDRATES AND FATS.

- ALBUMINOIDS OR PROTEIN COMPOUNDS.
- NITROGENOUS.
- Contain Carbon, Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Nitrogen.
- In Plants.—ALBUMIN: CASHEW; e.g., in gluten of wheat.
- In Animal Body.—ALBUMIN: e.g., in blood serum and white of eggs.
- Albumin:—e.g., in muscle (lean meat).
- In Milk.—ALBUMIN: CASHEW (curd).
- CARBOHYDRATES.
- NON-NITROGENOUS.
- Consist of Carbon, Oxygen, and Hydrogen.
- In Plants.—SUGAR AND CELLULOSE (in woody fiber).
- In Animal Body.—ISOTHERM (in woody fiber).
- In Milk.—MILK SUGAR.
- FATS.
- NON-NITROGENOUS.
- Consist of Carbon, Oxygen, and Hydrogen.
- In Plants.—VEGETABLE FATS AND OILS; e.g., linseed oil, olive oil.
- In Animal Body.—FATS; e.g., fat meat, tallow, lard, etc.
- In Milk.—MILK BUTTER.

FUNCTIONS OF FOOD INGREDIENTS IN NUTRITION.

NUTRIENTS OF FOODS are transformed into **OFFICES IN BODY.**

ALBUMINOIDS are transformed into **ALBUMINOIDS**, e.g., in muscle, gelatin, and casein of milk.

CARBOHYDRATES are transformed into **FATS**, e.g., fat meat and fat (butter) for fuel.

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ALL contribute to the production of **MUSCULAR FORCE** (7).

This schedule seems somewhat complicated at first sight, as well it may, when we consider the amount of painstaking and costly scientific investigation, some of whose main results it attempts to summarize.

If the time and place permitted, I should be glad to tell you something of the ways in which the facts, as far as we know them, have been found out; of the thousands of chemical analyses of vegetable and animal substances that constitute our foods and the tissues and fluids of our bodies; of the force produced by them; of the men that have been devoted to the experimental study of the ways in which the food is used, the body built up, and its tissues consumed again; of the wonderfully complicated and yet beautifully simple instruments and operations by whose aid the utmost ingenuity of science has sought to discover the subtle processes by which the chemical substances go on in the body and flesh and fat are stored and heat and force produced. Should it to say, that the research of the past fifteen years, especially, has taught us much of the fundamental principles of nutrition, though we are still in the dark as to many of the details, as the interrogation point after the last word in the schedule implies. So let us return to our subject—the nutrients of our foods and their functions in nutrition.

Leaving out, in account, the water and mineral substances which, though essential to nutrition, are not to our present purpose, we have three classes of nutrients in our foods—albuminoids, carbohydrates and fats.

ALBUMINOIDS, PROTOPLASMS.

A child's portion of a dozen years ago, many earnest-minded people on both sides of the Atlantic were startled by an address from Prof. Huxley, on "A Physical Basis of Life." This "formal basis of life," this soulless substance in which vital phenomena were centered while vitality, as a force, was excluded, was protoplasm, a material containing "the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, in very complex union. . . . To this complex combination the name protein has been applied, and if we use this term with such caution as may properly arise out of our comparative ignorance of the things for which it stands, it may be truly said that all protoplasm is proteinaceous, or, as the white or albumen of an egg is one of the commonest examples of a nearly pure protein matter, we may say that all living matter is more or less protoplasmic.

As the schedule indicates, we have albuminoids in plants, as in the gluten of wheat; and in the animal body, as in the fibrinogen and fibrinoplastic substances of blood, in the fibrin of muscle, in eggalbumin (white of eggs), and in the casein (curd) of milk.

The albuminoids are the most important of the nutrients of foods. Not only do they share in the formation of the fatty acids in the supply of material for the production of animal heat and muscular power, thus performing all of the functions of the other food ingredients in the body; but they also have a work of their own in the building up of the nitrogenous tissues, muscles, tendons, cartilage, etc., in which none of the other ingredients can share.

THE CARBOHYDRATES.

of which we have familiar examples in sugar, starch and cellulose, differ from the albuminoids in that they have no nitrogen. They have, according to the best experimental evidence, no share in the formation of nitrogenous tissues in the body. It is hardly probable that they are transferred into fats to any considerable extent; their chief use seems to be to supply fuel for the production of animal heat, and very probably of muscular power. They are very important constituents of foods, but much less so than the albuminoids and fats. They occur in only minute proportion in meats, fish and like animal foods. We are well acquainted with

THE FATS.

as they occur in vegetable fats and oils, like linseed and olive oils, in fat meat, tallow and lard, and in butter,

TABLE I.

ANALYSIS OF FISH. INGREDIENTS OF FLESH AND OF WHOLE OR DRESSED FISH AS TAKEN FOR ANALYSIS.

Kind of Fish and Part Taken For Analysis.	FLESH—EDIBLE PORTION.					WHOLE OR DRESSED FISH.				
	Water.	Solids.	Albuminoids (protein).	Fats.	Inedible parts (Nutrients).	Water.	Solids.	Albuminoids (protein).	Fats.	Inedible parts (Nutrients).
1 Flounders—Entrails removed.	83.85	17.15	15.24	0.62	1.29	68.51	4.47	6.33	0.30	0.53
2 Halibut—Posterior portion of body.	79.26	20.74	17.06	1.15	1.10	72.31	27.69	12.14	1.63	1.05
3 Halibut—Section of body.	79.26	20.74	17.06	1.15	1.10	72.31	27.69	12.14	1.63	1.05
4 Cod—Head and entrails removed.	83.85	17.15	15.24	0.62	1.29	33.40	66.60	9.97	1.18	0.88
5 Cod—Head and entrails removed.	83.85	17.15	15.24	0.62	1.29	33.40	66.60	9.97	1.18	0.88
6 Eels—Skin, head and entrails removed.	80.41	19.59	15.90	0.91	1.24	61.61	38.39	10.76	1.27	1.19
7 Alewives—Whole.	73.70	26.30	18.90	3.94	1.46	50.45	49.55	37.51	3.97	1.35
8 Walleye—Whole (Hudson River, that of season).	69.34	30.66	18.50	1.71	1.30	51.58	48.42	35.67	3.23	1.44
9 Shad—Whole (Connecticut River, that of season).	64.34	35.66	14.35	4.43	47.37	61.61	38.39	10.76	1.27	1.19
10 Striped bass—Whole (Connecticut River).	78.63	21.37	15.88	1.56	0.62	67.73	32.27	7.97	0.60	0.39
11 Striped bass—Entrails, head, skin, etc. removed.	79.61	20.39	16.32	1.37	1.37	57.49	42.51	9.01	1.15	0.58
12 Mackerel—Whole.	77.22	22.78	19.05	1.85	0.66	59.18	40.82	11.41	1.23	0.75
13 Mackerel—Whole.	77.22	22.78	19.05	1.85	0.66	59.18	40.82	11.41	1.23	0.75
14 Bluefish—Entrails removed (Maine).	66.41	33.59	17.42	1.25	1.27	49.69	50.31	37.51	3.97	1.35
15 Porage—Whole.	79.69	20.31	17.43	1.46	1.40	61.61	38.39	10.76	1.27	1.19
16 Halibut—Entrails removed.	80.63	19.37	15.03	0.18	1.16	72.73	27.27	8.24	0.68	0.51
17 Lake Trout—Entrails, head, skin, etc. removed.	68.69	31.31	17.23	2.35	56.04	59.97	40.03	47.53	3.99	1.35
20 Brook Trout—Entrails, head, skin, etc. removed.	75.76	24.24	19.02	0.32	1.36	50.51	49.49	33.51	1.42	0.41
21 Whitefish—Entrails, head, skin, etc. removed.	69.66	30.34	21.06	7.11	1.61	64.23	35.77	8.92	3.23	0.71
22 Red snapper—Entrails, head, skin, etc. removed.	75.45	24.55	18.40	0.67	1.45	60.46	39.54	9.87	0.39	0.59

The fats, like the carbohydrates, are destitute of nitrogen. The fats of the food we eat are stored in the body as fats, transformed into carbohydrates, and serve for fuel, but do not form nitrogenous tissue. They are more valuable than the carbohydrates, because they are richer in carbon and hydrogen, the elements which give value to fuel, and because they supply the body with fat.

The albuminoids are often spoken of as the "flesh formers," and the carbohydrates and fats as "respiratory" substances. It was formerly believed, too, that the albuminoids alone can be transformed into the nitrogenous tissues of the body. The functions of respiration and production of muscular energy are in all probability shared by all the nutrients.

To resume briefly—asking your pardon for the repetition—the albuminoids, the nitrogenous constituents of foods (albumen, fibrin, etc.), which make the lean meat, the muscle, the connective tissues, skin, and so on, are the most important of the nutrients. Next in importance come the fats, and last, the carbohydrates—sugar, starch and the like. One reason of the inferior position of the carbohydrates is the fact that they have no nitrogen. The albuminoids can do their own work and all the work of the carbohydrates and fats as well, while these latter can only do their own. With lean meat alone, we might make a shift to get on for a good while, but with carbohydrates and fats alone we should speedily starve.

Now, the flesh of fish, like other animal foods, consists mainly of albuminoids, but has more or less of fats, and contains very little of the carbohydrates. Vegetable foods, on the other hand, consist largely of carbohydrates and contain less of the albuminoids and fats. Science and experience unite in testifying that a proper combination of all makes the most wholesome, as we know it gives the most agreeable diet.

Let us, then, note some of the main facts concerning THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF FISH.

Table I, herewith gives the results of a number of analyses as samples of fish, some supplied through the courtesies of Mr. E. G. Blackford, of your Association, and some purchased at the fish markets in Middletown, Conn., where the analyses were made. Some of the samples were entire fish, others had been dressed. All were taken as they are ordinarily sold in the markets. Each sample on its receipt at the laboratory was weighed, then the flesh (the edible portion) was separated as carefully as practicable from the skin, bones, entrails, etc., weighed and prepared for analysis.

The figures in the table show, first, the composition of the flesh (the edible portion). From this sample, entrails, etc.; and second, the calculated composition of the whole fish—that is, of the whole sample as received, including, in some cases, the entire fish, and in others, the dressed fish.

Taking the flesh (the edible portion), one of the first points that strikes us in looking down the rather curious columns of figures, is the difference in the amounts of water in the different samples.

In one hundred pounds of flesh of cod we have eighty-three of water, and only seventeen of solids, while the flesh of the salmon contains only 66½ per cent. of water and 33½ per cent. of solids. That is to say, about one-sixth of the flesh of cod and one-third of that of salmon consisted of solids, actual nutritive substances, the rest being water. The figures for some of the samples are—

In Flesh of—	Water, per cent.	Solids, per cent.
Flounder	82.6	17.4
Cod	83.1	16.9
Cod, fat	77.4	22.6
Striped bass	78.7	21.3
Striped bass	79.0	21.0
Bute fish	79.0	21.0
Halibut (lean)	79.4	20.6
Halibut	69.3	30.7
Mackerel	77.2	22.8
Mackerel	74.2	25.8
Shad	69.3	30.7
Shad	64.6	35.4
Eels (salt water)	70.4	29.6
Whitefish	69.6	30.4
Brook Trout	75.8	24.2
Lake Trout	68.7	31.3
Salmon	66.4	33.6

A good quality of beef, lean meat, free from bone, contains about 75 per cent. water and 25 per cent. solids, while the fat beef may have as low as 55 per cent. of water. The fish are, on the whole, rather more watery than beef. Still the difference is not very great.

One of the samples, I confess, has disappointed me. With an enthusiastic sportsman's appreciation of both the game qualities and the flavor of the speckled trout, I had looked for a higher percentage of solids in the flesh of that most respected fish. The sample stands well, to be sure, but not at the top of the list. But I take consolation in the fact that this is only a single analysis, and perhaps future results will show that it is below the average. The sample was a cultivated trout, and until we are assured to the contrary, we can assume that in his native streams he would have as solid flesh as his only superior in the sportsman's eyes, the salmon.

If now we consider not simply the flesh, the edible portion, but whole sample, as sold in the markets, either in the entire fish, or that which is left after it is dressed, we have, of course, different figures, just as the percentage of edible solids in a roast of beef would be less than in the meat without the bone.

Looking down the last column of Table I, we find that the sample of flounder contained 7.1 per cent. of edible solids; cod, 10.7; mackerel, 11.6; halibut, 10.6; lean, 15.6; of halibut, fatter, 27.2; of shad, 14.3; of cod, 18.7; of lake trout, 13.6; of salmon, 25.6. I ought to say that these figures are based upon our separations, in the laboratory, of the fresh, uncooked fish. It is not as easy to get the flesh off clean from the bones in this way, as it is after the fish has been cooked. So in the very bony fish more of the flesh went to waste than would be the case at the table, or at an economical household. Such fish therefore appear at some disadvantage in the figures above. I should add that many of the details of the analyses, such as the percentage of so-called "extractive matters," albumen, gelatin, phosphorus, sulphur and other ingredients are omitted from the table. Some of them, however, are very important. We all know what a useful article of commerce is "Liebig's Meat Extract," which is prepared from the flesh of cattle slaughtered in South America and Texas. Fish can furnish an extract of equal value in every way. There is a fortune for somebody, I mistrust, in the extract from menhaden.

Leaving, for the present, the further examination of the table, allow me a few words concerning

THE NUTRITIVE VALUES OF FOODS.

This subject has of late begun to attract very general attention. The chemico-physiological research of the past two decades has brought us where we can judge with a considerable degree of accuracy, from the chemical composition of a food material, what its value, as compared with other foods, for nourishment. The bulk of the best late investigation of this subject has been made in Germany, where chemists and physiologists have already got so far as to feel themselves warranted in computing the nutritive values of foods and arranging them in tables which are coming into popular use.

The valuations are based upon the amounts of albuminoids, carbohydrates and fats.

TABLE II.		Ingredients.		Nutritive value (calculated upon the basis of 100 parts of food material).
COMPOSITION AND VALUATION		Water.	Albuminoids, Protein.	
of				
ANIMAL FOODS.				
(Flesh free from bone.)				
MEAT.				
Beef, lean.	75.71	18.61	1.50	1.18 91.3
Beef, medium.	73.23	21.33	5.19	1.17 104.0
Beef, fat.	71.76	16.93	27.31	1.18 142.0
Veal, fat.	71.31	18.88	7.41	0.7 123.42
Mutton, medium.	74.46	15.11	5.77	1.36 97.6
Pork, fat.	71.40	14.57	31.1	0.72 116.0
Chicken, very fat.	72.63	10.15	15.35	1.09 146.6
Smoked ham.	74.35	27.74	1.60	1.07 175.0
GAME, FOWL, ETC.				
Venison.	75.76	19.77	1.92	1.42 118.88
Hen.	70.63	19.84	9.48	0.91 91.0
Duck.	70.82	22.65	3.12	1.06 101.0
MILK, EGGS, ETC.				
Cows' milk.	87.41	3.41	3.69	0.70 22.8
Cows' milk, skinned.	86.63	3.04	0.79	0.77 18.1
Cows' milk, cream.	61.11	3.70	35.73	0.63 165.1
Butter.	82.69	1.80	80.48	0.51 142.0
Cheese, skinned milk.	48.32	26.58	8.41	0.84 151.0
Cheese, fat.	48.32	26.58	51.17	0.40 151.0
Cheese, very fat.	48.32	26.58	80.48	0.51 142.0
Hens' eggs.	73.67	12.55	11.03	1.12 72.2
FISH.				
Flounder.	82.85	15.24	0.62	1.29 65.0
Halibut.	74.31	18.29	6.38	1.12 68.0
Cod.	83.76	16.24	0.94	1.15 68.0
Eels.	70.41	29.59	1.92	1.18 68.0
Shad.	69.34	30.66	1.71	1.30 68.0
Striped bass.	78.17	21.83	0.97	1.14 73.0
Mackerel.	77.22	22.78	1.85	0.66 68.0
Bluefish.	78.16	21.84	1.92	1.18 68.0
Halibut.	74.31	18.29	6.38	1.12 68.0
Lake Trout.	68.69	31.31	7.23	2.35 68.0
Whitefish.	69.66	30.34	21.06	7.11 68.0
Red snapper.	75.45	24.55	18.40	0.67 68.0
SALT, CURED FISH.				
Salt Cured.	48.32	26.58	0.46	0.38 167.0
Dried Cod.	66.16	33.84	7.80	2.58 156.36
Smoked Herring.	60.42	39.58	1.2	8.51 124.04

From one by Dr. König, who has given more attention to this especial subject than anybody else, I cite a number of analyses and valuations of meat, milk, etc., and add corresponding computations for some of the samples of fish reported above. (See Table II.) The analyses of

cured fish, however, are from Dr. König, our work having extended, as yet, only to fresh fish. This table will help us to a very fair idea of the comparative composition of some of our more common animal foods. The percentages refer to the fresh substance, except as when especially stated as "dried," "smoked," etc. In the meats and fish the bones are excluded, the calculations referring only to the edible portions. The "extractive matters" are essentially the carbohydrates, which in the fish are of little moment, and omitted in both cases. They are not to be confused with the "extract" referred to above, which includes nitrogenous and mineral substances also.

Looking down the first column we see that while medium beef contains 72 per cent. of water, milk contains 87½ per cent. Roughly speaking, beefsteak is about three-fourths, and milk seven-eighths, water. A pound of beefsteak would thus contain four ounces of solids, and, if we assume a pint of milk to weigh a pound, a quart would contain four ounces of solids also; that is, a pound of steak and a quart of milk contain about the same weight of actual nutrients. But we know that for ordinary use the pound of beefsteak is worth more for food than the quart of milk. The reason is simple. The solids of the lean steak are nearly all albuminoid, while those of the milk consist largely of fats and milk sugar, a carbohydrate.

The figures in the table are, I think, worth looking through with some care. Remembering that those for meat and fish apply to only the edible portion, let me call your attention, first, to the varying proportions of albuminoids and fats in the second and third columns. On the whole you will notice that the fish average about the same percentages of albuminoids as the meats, but have rather less fats.

RELATIVE NUTRITIVE VALUES OF THE ANIMAL FOODS.

The figures in the last column are intended to show how the foods compare in nutritive value, "medium beef" being taken as the standard. They are computed by ascribing certain values to the albuminoids and fats and taking the sum in each case for the value of that particular food. The ratio here adopted, which assumes one pound of albuminoids to be equal to three pounds of fats, is that assumed by prominent German chemists. Taking medium beef at 100, the same weight of milk comes to 23.8; butter, 124; mutton, medium, 86.6; fat pork, 116; smoked beef, 140, and so on. The different samples of fish run from flounders, 65; cod, 68; shark, 99; whitefish, 110; salmon, 104, while dried cod leads the list at 848.

These figures differ widely from the market values. But we pay for our foods according to not their value for nourishing our bodies, but to their agreeableness to our palates.

CHEAP VERSUS DEAR FOOD.

Taking the samples of fish at their retail prices in the Middletown markets, the total edible solids in striped bass came to about \$2.30 per pound, while in the Connecticut River salmon, whose price—thanks to our Fish Commission—was very low, we bought the nutritive material at four cents per pound. The cost of the nutritive material in one sample of halibut was fifty-seven cents, and in the other \$1.45 per pound, though both were bought in the same place at the same price, fifteen cents per pound, gross weight.

It makes very little difference to the man with five thousand dollars a year whether he pays twenty-five cents or five dollars a pound for the albuminoids of his food, but it does make a difference to the housewife, whose family must live on five hundred dollars a year. And a little definite knowledge of this sort will be of material help to her in furnishing her table economically.

The cookbooks and newspapers have occasionally something to say upon these points, but their statements are apt to be as vague and wild as in the lack of authoritative information they might be expected to give.

Of course the nutritive values above given are only approximate, since they are made with very imperfect knowledge of either the digestibility of the foods or the influence of palatability and other factors upon their nutritive value, and also because they are based upon very few analyses. But it is certain that we need to know more about these things, and that such investigations, as I have been telling you about, may help us toward that knowledge.

Before closing I ought perhaps to refer briefly to the very widespread but unfounded notion, that fish is particularly valuable for brain food, because of its large contents of phosphorus. Suffice it to say, that there is no evidence as yet (though we hope to have more data before long) to prove that the flesh of fish is especially richer in phosphorus than other meats, and that, even if it were so, there is no proof that it would be of that account more valuable for brain food. The questions of the nourishment of the brain and the sources of intellectual energy, are too abstruse for speedy solution in the present condition of our knowledge.

In conclusion I have to say, that I should be very sorry to be understood as implying that the facts I have given you exhaust, or even begin to cover the subject we have been considering. They are only the very feeble and imperfect beginnings of a kind of investigation, which, if sufficiently encouraged and rightly carried on, may lead after bring knowledge of the greatest value. And, let me add, that while scientific research does so much to promote our material welfare, its highest value is in what it does for the culture of our minds.

NEW FACTS REGARDING CALIFORNIA SALMON.

Through the courtesy of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, we have received the following interesting correspondence, which details certain facts regarding the habits of the California salmon, not generally known:—

LOWER SODA SPRINGS, Shasta Co., Cal., March 31. Prof. Spencer F. Baird, United States Commissioner Fish and Fisheries.

DEAR SIR: Since my last letter to you, Mr. Geo. Campbell has been, by accident, what we consider a wonderful discovery in the way of young salmon.

Mr. Campbell has a fish-pond stocked with trout, and he was engaged hauling gravel from the Sacramento River to put into his runway for his trout to deposit their spawn in. In shoveling up the gravel in the shallow

water, he discovered a great quantity of young salmon; many of them were deposited two feet deep in the gravel. After making the discovery, Mr. Campbell devised a plan to procure a large quantity of the young salmon by using fine wire tacked to strips of wood. One man would place the wire sieve below the spawning beds, and one man, with a shovel, would scoop up the gravel, when the young salmon would wash down against the screen, and in that way he caught about thirteen thousand, which he has put into his ponds. The young salmon are more than one inch long. Occasionally he would find a half dozen or more that were dead, owing, I suppose, to the compactness of the gravel, so they could not extricate themselves. The salmon spawn in the Sacramento River in September. Hence, they have lain there ever since. Mr. Campbell informs me that he has seen young salmon in his ditch, which is led from the river, for the last six weeks. The Sacramento River is very low, and has been during the winter, when I suppose he would find the young salmon still remaining in the spawning-beds.

Mr. Campbell proposes to try an experiment with the young salmon by confining them in his ponds. He tells me that they are very lively, and take their feed with a relish.

I think, from my own observations for more than twenty years, that the most of the young salmon go to the ocean during the spring freshets. However, there are a great many that remain during the summer, but leave in the fall. I have caught a great many during the months of July and August, angling for trout. I am, very truly,

WASHINGTON BAILEY.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., April 6th.

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, United States Commissioner Fish and Fisheries.

DEAR SIR: Yours of March 30th, inclosing Mr. Bailey's letter about young salmon being found in gravel, is received.

I have long been aware of this habit, which young salmonids have of living in the gravel beds of streams. In fact, they are born there, and, I suppose, remain there for safety. They have surprising muscular power for their size, as you well know, and can work their way through any compact gravel with great facility. It is my opinion that when they are persecuted by larger fish in the river above them, they live and travel long distances, like the Christians in the catacombs, through the honeycombed ground below their enemies, which they find far more easily traversed than is generally supposed. In some instances, of course, they get imprisoned and crushed to death, but I am certain that it is a very tight place that they can't get out of. In some other instances, as they are always heading up streams in the gravel, they get into tight places, having no outlet at the upper end, where they starve because they have no room to turn around and get back again. They are very fearless, however, about venturing into a bank of gravel, and I have often known young trout to work their way through an embankment that you would suppose no living creature could get through.

Mr. Bailey is undoubtedly mistaken in thinking that the salmon fry go to the ocean with the spring freshets. True to the habits of the salmon, they go up stream with a rush of water, and not down stream, very likely availing themselves of the opportunity which the freshet gives them of passing unnoticed by their enemies from their gravelly fastnesses to their summer retreats. At all events, it is certain that they could not do this in low water, but that the chance of safety, for the trout are all the time watching over the gravel beds like cats at a mouse hole. Very truly yours,

LIVINGSTONE STONE.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

Speckled Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*; Land-locked Salmon, *Salmo oliveri*; Smelts.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Reports, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

Mr. Geo. E. Call is credited with the capture of a four and a half pound trout in the Nissequague River, Long Island, last Thursday. The fish measured twenty-one inches.

BLACK BASS FISHING IN WEST VIRGINIA.—The Greenbrier River, West Virginia, has been stocked with black bass, and will afford magnificent sport in the coming season. They can be taken at Greenbrier, Roncoveite and Talcott, reached via the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad; also at New River Falls.

CONNECTICUT.—Two monster trout, weighing respectively three pounds and two pounds and fifteen and a half ounces, were caught in a Putnam pond, near the Rhode Island line, April 6th.

CONNECTICUT—Bridgeport, Conn., April 6th.—Mr. D. Stirling and myself today brought in creel twenty trout; total weight, four and a half pounds; time of fishing, from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. The last account I sent you was of twelve trout from half a pound down; total weight, three pounds; time, from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. While dressing trout yesterday we discovered several hundred fine worms about an inch long and size of pins, colored like a fish, in a bunch, near the heart. We have caught many fish, but never saw anything like it before. J. U. S.

CONNECTICUT.—Putnam.—On the 4th inst., Mr. A. F. Sheldon caught three trout which weighed nine pounds, one ounce; they were as large as large cod; he caught them in the saw-mill pond near East Thompson, near Keach's store. They were sent to New York by Mr. Goodhue and were seen in Fulton Market. There are once in a while

some very large trout caught in this pond. They were caught in fifteen feet of water, fishing with worms from the dam. Large trout are often seen there, but few taken. A very large one, said to be four feet long, was seen, but would not bite; also a very large one was hooked, but got away. G. F. W.

NEW JERSEY—Newark, April 12th.—The Essex Fishing Club have elected the following officers: President, Abraham Johnson; Vice-President, Wm. H. Lyle; Secretary, John H. Huegel; Treasurer, David Thompson; Captain, Wm. H. Cleveland. Meetings of the club will be held semi-monthly at their rooms, 326 Bank street.

A BLIND TOMCOD.—John McKay, of Carmansville, N. Y., while fishing for bass off the old Bennett dock, at Fort Washington, last week, caught a little tomcod. On examination the fish was discovered to have no eyes. Yesterday it was dissected by a number of scientific experts, who failed to find any trace whatever of optical organs.

A PATRIOTIC SPORTSMAN.—Eagle's Nest, March 30th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—"I hope I don't intrude," but I do want to say a word to native sportsmen about native industries. There are people who believe no article, and scarcely any animal, is first class without it is imported. I am not one of that class. I have an American shot gun, two American rifles and three American fly-rods, and I defy anyone to produce better of foreign make. I have a fly-book fairly stocked with American flies (made by Abbey & Imbrie, Conroy, Bissell & Malleson), and have just ordered a dozen or so (and a full line) of them from Charles F. Orvis. So you see it is deeds as well as words with me. Why should not we, whose woods and waters cannot in all the world be excelled for game, fowl and fish, and whose annals give proof of sportsmen second to none in the wide world, be able to supply those sportsmen with all the material for use and wear in the field, forest and stream? Why can we not raise our own goods as we can import? I say we can, and a full-blooded native, counting over two centuries back, I mean to stand by native industry as long as I draw sight over a gun-barrel or handle a rod. Yours, in the faith of Walton and woodcraft, NED BUNTLINE.

FISHING IN IRELAND.—The Killarney correspondence of the London *Field* has the following account of an Irish method of fishing, which our correspondent forgot to mention in his entertaining sketch last week: "This gentleman has a novel way of landing his fish, which your readers may not find uninteresting. A gaff he dispenses with altogether, the substitute being a well-trained spaniel, which at a signal from the fisherman plunges into the water and never fails to land his salmon in much less time and a great deal more security than his master could with his gaff, having sometimes to dive to the very bottom of the pool before being able to secure his prey."

The Kennel.

All communications asking advice in regard to the treatment of sick dogs, should reach us before Tuesday of each week to insure a reply in the issue of the following Thursday.

SOMETHING ABOUT BREAKERS AND DOG BREAKING.

THIRD PAPER.

IN this country, where our shooting grounds are for the most part in wild sections, and are either intersected by unbridged streams, or the land is portioned off by sluggish ditches, which, to our cost, we find have no bottom, it is absolutely necessary that both pointer and setter should be broken to retrieve. Unless you have taught your dog to fetch and carry at home, and he has been thoroughly broken to retrieve on both land and water, you will leave many birds behind you entangled in the grass and thickets, and many more just across some unjumpable strips of water. If there is one thing more annoying than another while out shooting, particularly if birds happen to be scarce, it is to make a rattling good shot and then be unable to bag the bird. How frequently do we see our fellow-sportsmen in this sad plight. The bird has fallen in open sight, on the far side of a wide ditch, and during the first five minutes is contemplated with longing eyes. The next five minutes are spent in walking up and down the bank, in unsuccessful attempts to wade across, and scrambling back on the bank again. Five minutes are then employed in pointing the bird out to the dog; twice that time in coaxing him to venture into a step, and intelligently requesting the dog to "Go fetch him, old fellow." If then invariably occupies many minutes more in looking for a log or fence rail. This time consumed for the remaining seconds in the pantomime depends somewhat upon the temperament of the sportsman. Turn where he will, he surely comes back again and again and looks at the bird, in turn, the luckless brute is threatened and cajoled, and the curtain often falls on seeing him take a flying visit into the middle of the pool.

If one would enjoy the perfection of a day's shooting, he must allow no disturbing element to enter into his sport. Dogs that are but carelessly and imperfectly broken, or half broken, are unworthy field companions, as they cannot give the proper satisfaction. A dog that does not retrieve, no matter how perfectly he may be broken in every other respect, is, in our mind, but a half-trained animal. We are well aware that it is a mooted point whether all young dogs should be allowed to retrieve on their first acquaintance with game in the field; but we have never heard one sound reason advanced why they should not be taught to fetch and deliver into your hand anything soft you may occasionally throw for them. Therefore, the next lesson to your dog should be to perfect him in seeking a ball or glove that you may throw

or drop for him and, having him fetch it to you, and then sit up and hold it until, bidden by the command "loose," to drop the article into your hand. Almost all puppies will run a short distance after a ball when rolled along the ground, and discover that to bring it back means to have it thrown again. Commence teaching your puppy to "fetch" by shaking the ball or glove at him, and encouraging him to seize and drop it from you. Then throw it a yard or two farther, gradually increasing the distance, and the moment he delivers it to you give him something palatable. Should he have no inclination to romp or play with the glove, and if you should not be able to persuade him to pick it up between his teeth, cause him to grasp it by tightly pressing his jaws together, speaking all the while impressively to him; scold him if he is obstinate and refuses to take hold of the glove. After a little time retire a few paces, keeping one hand under his mouth to prevent his dropping the glove, while you lead or drag him with the other. When you halt be sure not to take the glove immediately from him; oblige him to continue holding it for at least a minute, lest he should learn to relinquish his grip too soon, before you make him yield to the command "loose," then bestow a reward. Should he drop it before he is ordered to do so, scold him, and repeat the exercise again, until several times before giving him to "loose." He will soon learn to follow with it at your heels.

This is all so readily learned that it is not necessary to dwell longer on it. Make it your endeavor in these lessons to have your puppy look upon the whole proceeding as a game introduced solely for his pleasure, and after he has acquired himself rightly reward him with caresses and pieces of his food. Let it be your aim to leave off at a moment when he has performed entirely to your satisfaction, that you may part friends, and that the last impression made by the lesson may be a pleasing as well as a correct one. Carefully avoid persevering too long a time, lest he become sick and tired of the lesson. Beware of using harsh treatment or compelling your dog at first to hold the ball in his mouth much longer than a minute; later on you can gradually increase the time as you wish. Do not allow him to perform with the ball, acquire bad habits, such as running off with the ball, mouthing it or dropping it near you. Should he do this, walk quietly away, until he learns to come instantly to you and drop the ball into your hand, for, let a dog retrieve ever so carelessly, still while on the move he will rarely drop a ball. Most probably your puppy will be willing to relinquish the ball to you at first; it is therefore well to teach him to fetch it from you, and then to stand he returns. By this you will have proper control over his movements, which will prevent him from turning or dodging away from your hand when extended for the ball. Teaching a dog to sit up is readily done by taking the flaps or chaps in each hand and pressing the dog back upon his haunches, at the same time commanding him to "sit up." Do not let him leave the position until you have taken the glove from him, and then the ball has been delivered into your hand. Do not attempt to pull the ball from his mouth, as he will naturally resist and try to squeeze and bite it, but teach him at the word of command, "loose," to open his mouth wide enough to let the article drop from it. This is done by grasping the nasal bone with one hand, and with the fingers and thumb pressing the flaps sharply against the teeth, as this will force him to open his mouth, which will give you the ball, pressure, saying "loose," and the ball will drop into your other hand. Always repeat the word "loose" while the dog feels the rubbing of his chaps on his teeth, and it will not be long before he will learn to drop whatever he may hold. All hard-mouthed dogs should be handled in this way.

Many dogs, particularly the large, powerful ones, are not hard-mouthed; it is therefore necessary that all dogs should be taught to fetch something soft. It stands to reason that sticks and stones must tend to produce a "hard mouth," and the fetching of these, later in life, may cause him much misery. Some breakers make a young dog fetch a round pin cushion, or a cork ball, in which sharp pointed wires are securely and judiciously buried; nor is it a bad plan, and there need be no cruelty in the law, to make a dog fetch a small ball, and then an excellent article to induce a tender mouth. In time the dog should be accustomed to bring moderately large and heavy, flexible things; this will prepare him for retrieving the large varieties of game when occasion requires. With perseverance you can soon teach your dog to be an excellent retriever, and to carry with a light mouth articles of different sizes. Col. Hutchinson says that he has known a dog fetch a large water bucket, and instructed his spaniel to take up the smallest netting. This performance we do not recommend, of course, but simply mention it to show to what perfection an intelligent animal can be brought. It has been our experience to see, in many years of shooting, but comparatively few well-trained dogs. There is too great an inclination on the part of owners to "away to the merrie green woods" and let the dog be as he will, and the result is the dog's lack of discipline at home. It is the owner's duty that the dog contracts the worst faults. The disposition to let the animal commit the most flagrant errors, provided the one dead or wing-broken bird is secured, is witnessed every day in the field. For the sake of one wretched bird many a fine and stout-hearted dog has been almost ruined, and many a dozen head of game lost in the future. Both poor and good dogs, especially those trained by practical field dogs, are susceptible of being trained to exhibit what nature has already provided them with—a wonderful intelligence. In our opinion, there is not one sporting dog in a hundred that is educated up to his proper standing. Although it is an admitted fact that some dogs, like human beings, are naturally far more gifted than their fellows, yet in our mind the most ordinary brute can be taught to exhibit the qualities that are considered the sufficient requisites of a "first-class dog," that is, to "point" and "fetch."

The educational standard of the sporting dog in America has been placed entirely too low; for he is capable of being by constant and intimate companionship brought to perform many acts in the field that are now narrated as isolated exploits, as being only long to the phenomenon. Dogs are not shown to be as intelligent as they are, and are taught to exhibit in rotation, with absolute certainty, and under the most distracting circumstances, a large number of tricks, many of which are contrary to all the rules of nature, that a well-bred sporting dog can be broken to do more than use his nose, approach his game

without flushing it, and retrieve it in good style? Take, for instance, the trick of walking and jumping on the fore feet. It is, perhaps, the most difficult and wearisome act in the programme. As the back-spring is to the tumbler, so is this to the trick dog, for but one dog out of twenty has the natural balance; and yet there is not a troupe of performing dogs that has not three or four animals that can step off this trick to perfection. We would have the breaker aspire to something higher than to produce a mechanically broken dog. Let his aim be toward intellectual perfection, which he can only accomplish by the establishing of unbounded confidence between himself and his four-legged friend. Make it a study to impress upon your dog that there is a reason for everything he is commanded to do. Thus, in your lessons in retrieving, let him become conversant with every article of your apparel, and with whatever you usually carry about you, so that, should you accidentally drop anything, the observant animal will be almost certain to recover it. Allow him to see you deposit your glove in some place, and send him back for it with the orders, "dead" and "fetch;" also hide the glove where he has been accustomed to find it, and in a variety of ways exercise his intelligence and test his power of scent. Vary your lessons in as many different ways as possible, having him to stop before retrieving the glove, as we described he should at the command "toho," then to "fetch" it, "charge" with it in his mouth without dropping it, and practice him in these orders as you will have to do when you introduce him to the field.

When you are assured that he is perfect in these lessons, and has rehearsed them at various places in your exercise walks, and in the presence of a good steady dog, you may to exercise him in finding boots and beginning working your dog in a spot which is a "sure find" for snipe. Common sense and practice will then decide the fate of your dog; whether bad or good, depends upon yourself. If you handle him carefully, as we have described, he cannot go far wrong. And if you would have a dog to depend upon, and one that will make your holidays both delightful to pass and look back upon, remember that you may have a dog, and that your puppy cannot have too much good, solid work, for it is practice that makes perfect.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE prediction of the managers, as published in last week's issue, has been verified, and the coming show on the 27th, 28th and 29th will be, beyond all question, the largest dog show ever held in either Europe or America. As announced, the entries closed on Monday last, but the mail still continues to bring in a large number of applications. Therefore, it is impossible as yet to form an exact estimate of the number of entries; but we are informed by Superintendent Lincoln that they will reach close upon 1,300. Taking these figures, and comparing them with the results of the previous New York Bench Shows, we find it an increase of about 250 on last year, the exact number of dogs exhibited in 1879 being 953; an advance over 375 in 1878, when 578 were entered, and 325 over the first show in 1877, when the catalogue contained 574 names. Never in the past has there been anywhere such a large number of sporting dogs exhibited as are now booked for the coming show, the pointers and setters alone amounting to over 400. Therefore, it is unnecessary to go further to demonstrate the wonderful interest which is taken in sporting dogs in America than to again compare this year's entries with the last, this time, however, selecting the Birmingham Show—the crack exhibition of England—of last year, when only 160 pointers and setters were shown out of the usual limited entrance of 1,000 dogs. We are not sure that the above does not point out the necessity of yet framing more stringent laws for the protection of game and for the absolute punishment of all offenders of the same.

Since last issue many of the principal kennels in the country have sent in their entries, noticeably that of Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, whose twenty entries are said to contain a number of recent improvements. Among his other well-known dogs, Mr. Moore will exhibit the old favorite "Lecky," recently owned by Mr. H. L. Smith, of Strathroy, Ont.; the Irish setters Berkley and Duck, and the little pointer bitch Rose, once the property of Mr. Edmund Orgill. Mr. W. B. Wells, Jr. (Big Point Kennel Club, Chatham, Ont.), sends his champion Irish water spaniel, Mike, which, to our knowledge, is in excellent condition; and his English setter bitch Dido, Druil-Star. Mr. S. Fleet Spier, of New York, has entered his English setter bitch, St. George, the well-known winner of last year, both on bench and in the field, and a host of other dogs from his fine stock. Col. Bradley, also of Brooklyn, will show two magnificent greyhounds, bred by DeWolf, of Manitoba, from stock obtained from the Indians, and originally imported by Gen. Custer. These dogs are lineal descendants of the famous English champion Master Magistrate, and the other two are the property of Mr. J. H. Portman, of Taylor's dog park, and the Toledo Kennel Club's dog Grouse and bitch Bee; these two have never been exhibited here. Mr. Howe, of Brooklyn, has entered his pointer Rex, winner of first last year. Mr. J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, has secured a stall for his English setter bitch Bloss. Mr. M. A. Stearns, of Rochester, sends his English setter bitch Pearl, and Mr. Merrill, of his English setter bitch Grace. The champion Arizona, which arrived here on Tuesday morning, had on board Mr. James Watson, the representative of the London Field. He had under his charge about six dogs in all, including two terrier bitches, one a black and tan and the other an Irish (which, by the way, whelped four fine puppies just as the steamer passed Staten Island), a splendid Gordon setter bitch, the property of Mr. Van Guchem, of Belfast, Ireland, and a remarkably fine bred Scotch collie dog, which was assigned to the owner, Mr. James Lindsay, of Jersey City.

The judges, Mr. Hugh Dalziel—who will represent the *Live Stock Journal* and not the *Field*, as previously stated—and Dr. Stables, sailed yesterday from Liverpool, both having a number of dogs in their care. Sir William Vernon will sail to-morrow on the *Britannia*, from same port, and among the dogs on board will be a fine bull terrier, which is the famous bull-terrier dog, "Largan." Two new special prizes have been offered during the week. Mr. Geo. C. Sterling gives an engraved glass lens-etched set of thirteen pieces, valued at \$25, for the best English setter, native or imported; animals receiving a

V. H. C. to be entitled to compete. Messrs. Thompson & Sons give a fine leather gun-case and an ammunition-compensator for the best English setter, dog or bitch; to be competed for by the winners in the champion and open classes, both native and imported.

DOGS FOR THE NEW YORK SHOW.—Exhibitors will do well to avail themselves of the following hints for marking the boxes or crates in which their dogs are shipped to New York. The address should be as follows:—

Sent by (name) Express Co.
Date
To The Managers of
The New York Dog Show,
Madison Square Garden,
New York.

Feed and water.
Deliver immediately on arrival.

Also put on a return label as follows:—
Return by (name) Express Co.,
To Name of Exhibitor, Address, Feed and water,
Deliver immediately.
To which also sign:—
(Exhibited at New York Dog Show, To be returned free).

OTTO'S PARENTAGE.—*Memphis, Tenn., April 4th.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—A recent issue of your paper contains an article headed: "A Gladstone Puppy," and is highly laudatory of said Otto, no doubt deservedly. But only one parent is mentioned—Gladstone, and this note is to say that Otto had a mother, even the mother of Joe, Jr., and of the field-winner, Campbell's Fannie; and grandam of Tom III., winner of the 1878 Nashville Nursery Stake. Buck is also half-sister of field champion Tom, and his full-brother, Night, who won a field championship also at Memphis, Tenn., his mother and sister, Tom and May, winning the brace stake the next year, all native settlers of same strain. Hence I claim Otto got a fair, full share of merit from his unmentioned dam, Buck, Jr., who beat Gladstone, in 1878, for a purse of \$200, at Nashville, as her son Joe did (for the third time) in December, 1879, at Florence, Ala., then for a purse of \$1,000. As it takes a grand dog to beat Gladstone, do not forget Otto had a ma. GUDU.

BREAKING DOGS WITH COLD LEAD.—*Evvington, April 5th.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—Appropos of several letters that have recently appeared in your valuable columns on breaking dogs with cold lead, I should like to make a few remarks. To teach a dog he is not to do anything, the punishment ought to be administered while he is in the act; or still better, just as he is about to commit the offense. Shooting a dog, therefore, while in the act of chasing must be correct in principle, but it is dangerous and sometimes cruel, and therefore objectionable. The following plan I would recommend: Put a common twenty-five yard cord round his neck and teach him to "down charge," in doing so let every cut with the whip be accompanied with the word, "down," drill him at this for a few minutes at a time, as often as convenient for a few days, till he immediately drops at the command (also, of course, hold up your hand). After this take him among game, with a steady confidence, and when he would recommence but try and get him to forget that he has on the check-cord. As soon as your steady dog has found game take hold of the cord and watch till your wild friend finds out the fact, upon which immediately call out, "Down!" Ten or so the excitement of the moment will be too much for him, and forgetting all your instructions he will rush forward. Now (never mind your hands), give him such a jerk as will send him head over heels, go up to him and give him a few sharp cuts, not forgetting to use the word, "down" as before. This plan will soon cure him. While on the subject, let me remark that it is useless to punish a dog for chasing after he has committed the offense, except in the case of a trained dog that knows he should not do it. IBEX.

PENNSYLVANIA FOX HUNTING.—The East Marlborough Fox-Hunting Club, with headquarters at Dugdale, Pa., have just completed their organization, and elected the following officers: President, E. G. Cloud; Secretary and Treasurer, Louis Eldridge; Master of Hounds, J. H. Bailey; with a charter membership of sixteen, each of whom contribute to the fund to keep up the club and the company's kennel and furnishing of meat for hounds.

KENNEL NOTES.

IMPORTED DANDIE DINMONT.—In our issue of March 25th we published a notice sent us by a correspondent that Mr. Robert Hume, of Lavistown, Northampton County, Va., had just returned from England, bringing with him a pair of Skye-terriers. Mr. H. writes us that the terriers, dog and bitch are Dandie Dinmonts, not Skyes, and that he will exhibit them at the coming New York show. The dog won in the puppy class in Edinburgh, 1878, and the bitch is said to be equally as fine.

THE TRUFFLE DOG.—Mr. Vern Shaw's serial, "The Illustrated Book of the Dog," contains the following information: The truffle dog is nothing more or less than a dog that has been trained to find truffles, or very rarely, net them with under the designation, truffle dog. Its cultivation is due to the existence of truffles, which it is employed to discover when they are lying in the ground by the help of its acute nose. Any credit, therefore, attained by the truffle dog is certainly due to his better-bred relative the poodle, as the main distinction between the two lies in the former being the leglier dog of the two, and therefore further remarks on the points of the truffle dog would be superfluous.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Nellie Hattick, Mr. Thos. Byth, of Motte, Pa., claims the name of Nellie Hattick for his red Irish setter bitch, by Dirk Hattick out of Tyke, bought of Mr. E. J. Robbins, of Wethersfield, Conn.

Red Dash.—Mr. Ches. Georges, of Hoboken, N. J., claims the name of Red or very rarely, net them with under the designation, truffle dog. Its cultivation is due to the existence of truffles, which it is employed to discover when they are lying in the ground by the help of its acute nose. Any credit, therefore, attained by the truffle dog is certainly due to his better-bred relative the poodle, as the main distinction between the two lies in the former being the leglier dog of the two, and therefore further remarks on the points of the truffle dog would be superfluous.

Victor Hugo.—Mr. J. M. Haynes, of Wilmington, Ohio, claims the name of Victor Hugo for his black, white and tan puppy whelped December 24th, 1879, by Pown (Kock-Pussy) out of Magic (Red Boy-D).

5th, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mr. George Roach; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. C. J. Hope, Alex. Harvey and R. A. Latas; Treasurer, Mr. A. H. Hope; Secretary, Alex. Harvey, Jr.; Committee, Messrs. R. Kennedy, R. K. Hope, J. H. Park, H. C. Simonds and Dr. Woolverton. Fifteen members were elected, namely: Messrs. H. A. MacKelcan, A. H. Brown, H. Roper, T. Bagwell, V. A. Robertson, V. A. Plummer, T. Simson, G. A. Palmer, J. O. Kent, L. H. Brooks, C. Widlow, M. Wilmore, Price Cramer, A. McClean and T. B. Christian. Mr. Park read a letter from Dr. Savage, of Toronto, in reference to the meeting of the Ontario Cricket Association, recently held in that city, including the rules proposed to be adopted. Mr. Hope moved, seconded by Mr. Simonds, that this club join the O. C. A., which was carried. Before the meeting adjourned the President, Mr. Roach, promised a bat to the bowler getting the greatest number of wickets during the ensuing season.

UXBRIDGE CRICKET CLUB.—A meeting of this organization was held in the Plank House on March 30th, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Geo. Wheeler, Esq.; First Vice-President, T. Bolster, Esq.; Second Vice-President, J. J. Gould, Esq.; Secretary-Treasurer, Edwin R. Rogers, Esq. Committee: Messrs. Z. Hemphill, H. Bolster, W. H. Hamilton, R. W. Gilpin and C. H. Widdell. A good ground has been secured for the season, and matches are to be arranged at an early date.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CRICKET CLUB.—We are indebted to Mr. J. R. Thayer, Jr., of Philadelphia, for the following interesting remarks regarding college cricket: "We have no matches arranged as yet, but intend making fixtures with Chestnut Hill, Belmont, Germantown, Columbia and Haverford Colleges. There is an unusually large number of men, especially Freshmen, practicing on the campus every afternoon, and we intend forming a second eleven from this material. At our next meeting I intend making a proposition to have a series of matches arranged between Chestnut Hill, Haverford Colleges and the University of Pennsylvania; these to take place on one of the Philadelphia grounds about the middle of June."

THE COLUMBUS CRICKET CLUB, which now numbers about thirty members, held its annual meeting on April 3d, when the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: Captain, P. C. Hubbard; Assistant Captain, J. M. Milne; Director, G. W. Rhodes; Secretary, Bryan Collins; Treasurer, W. P. Little. Standing Committee: E. A. Dawson, C. T. Tyler, E. S. Knox, H. R. Hutchinson and the Secretary.

YOUNG AMERICA CRICKET CLUB.—Milwaukee, Wis., April 8th.—Ten years ago, just before base-ball became popular, there was an organization which maintained a successful eleven, known as the Milwaukee Cricket Club. It disbanded when base-ball became popular, but in 1870 it was reorganized and proved victorious in matches with Chicago, Grand Rapids (Mich.) and Racine clubs. In 1877 the principal players having left the city, the interest in the game flagged, nor have we a good eleven since. In 1878 there was formed the nucleus of an adult eleven named the Willow, and adult and junior elevens known as the Young America Cricket Club, also the Bay View Cricket Club, in the suburbs. The latter club was several times defeated in 1879 by the Young America Cricket Club, as was also the Willow. This spring the Bay View has reorganized under better auspices, and the members of the former local clubs have been, by coalition, made members of the Young America Club. This year, for the first time, we have rented exclusively the only inclosed ball-park in the city; it is not a very large one, but much better than none at all. There are more young men interested in the game than of before, and though our players are mostly novices, yet with a little financial aid we shall consider our prospects very encouraging indeed. The President for the ensuing year is the Rev. B. R. Ward, and Mr. John I. D. Bristol, Vice-President. GEORGE OXENRUDE, Secretary and Treasurer.

DORIAN CRICKET CLUB.—April 8th.—The cricket prospects for the coming season at Haverford College are good. As each senior class leaves and takes with it some of the old stand-bys, it always seems as if the college would hardly be able to play against the strongest teams of the Philadelphia district, but as old players leave the college some new ones are found to take their place, so the standard of the Dorian Cricket Club is kept up. During the last season the first eleven played seven matches, of which it won four and lost three, namely, against:—

Old Haverfordians, lost by ten wickets.
Chestnut Hill, won by 147 runs.
Philadelphia, won by five wickets.
Young America, lost by seven wickets.
Merion, won by one innings and 10 runs.
Gormanstown, lost by 80 runs.

The University of Pennsylvania, won by ten wickets.
The second eleven played three matches versus the following second elevens: Old Haverfordians, Belmont and Oxford, and won them all. Of the first eleven Newrick and Mason led in the batting averages, each securing an average of 124. The former obtained 19 and 9 against the Philadelphia Cricket Club, 15 against the Young America Cricket Club and 20 against the Merion. Mason scored 71 against the Chestnut Hill, and 19 and 18 vs. Young America Cricket Club. Lowry and Corbit also did some good work for their team, the former proving himself to be a very valuable bowler. A. M. C.

PENNSYLVANIA CRICKET CLUB. Of Det. Oct.—The annual meeting of this club was held on the 31st inst., when the following named officers were duly elected:—

President—George E. Hand. Vice-President—R. B. Ridgley. Treasurer—Thos. Calvert. Secretary—C. B. Calvert.
Managing Committee—C. C. Hinchman, Fred Bamford, Joseph Taylor, F. Laible, Wm. White, Thos. Morphy. Match Committee—Ford D. C. Hinchman, Frank C. Irvine, Geo. Heighe, Mr. Calvert writes: "We think cricket will 'boom' on our new grounds of eighteen acres. The club-house, grand stand and turf are all in fine order. These improvements cost about \$6,000 last year."

The club has over one hundred members, and has made arrangements with the Recreation Park Association for the use of the beautiful grounds and club-house for a term of years. A number of Canadian teams will visit Detroit during the summer, and we trust elevens from New York and Philadelphia will give the Peninsulars friendly calls this season."

GALT CRICKET CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Galt Cricket Club, of Canada, was held on April 1st, when the following officers were elected for 1880: President, Lieut.-Col. Peck; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. B. S. Strong and W. A. Dickson; Secretary, Mr. George P. Simpson; Treasurer, Mr. J. S. Meredith; Match and Ground Committee: Messrs. T. Peck, G. P. Simpson, J. S. Meredith, P. Parkins, J. M. Fleming, W. V. Ouslow, F. G. Hughes and Thomas J. Blain.

—Fred Norley's "brother" has arrived in New York, and has been engaged by the Manhattan Cricket Club.

—The Port Hope Cricket Club expects to be able to renew its lease and continue to shine in the future as it has done in the past.

ST. CATHARINES CRICKET CLUB.—This club was organized for the season of 1880, on the 25th ult., when the following officers were elected: President, James A. Miller, Esq.; First Vice-President, John Hordorn, Esq.; Second Vice-President, W. Hamilton Merritt, Esq.; Secretary, C. H. Connor, Esq.; Treasurer, J. C. Eccles, Esq.; Field Captain, B. B. McConkey, Esq.; Executive Committee, Messrs. Hamilton, Towers, Taylor, McKay, Crombie, Ingersoll and Cumberland; Match Committee, Messrs. McConkey, Connor, Boswell and H. C. Eccles.

REVOLVING IN CRICKET.

New York, April 8th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

May I claim sufficient space in your valuable paper to reply to the communication in your issue of April 8th, signed "A Member of Many Clubs"? I desire to do so simply to enlighten the writer of the communication in question in regard to the definition of the technical term "revolver." He seems to consider every cricketer a revolver who is a member of two or more clubs. I do not so interpret it. What I have always regarded as a "revolver" is a player who one day is found playing in one club eleven in a match game, and another day is to be seen in another eleven in another club contest. The mere fact of a player belonging to half a dozen clubs, just to get practice in their club field work, is one thing; that of only playing in club matches as first eleven players, is quite another matter, in my opinion.

Quoting the Marylebone Club as a sample of a revolving club is what the writer characterizes by the term "vosh"—that is, it is no argument at all as every English cricketer knows that that club is in every respect an exceptional organization, and one that always plays what may be called a picked eleven. The English papers for the past two or three years—notably the *Fidd and Land and Water*—have been exclaiming against the custom of having revolvers in club elevens—that is, players who are never seen on the club ground except in match games, and then play in the A eleven one day, the B eleven the next, and the C eleven the next, and so on. What I have always opposed is "revolving" in that it is a system which is utterly destructive of emulation in a club, a system which destroys the club spirit, and which prevents young players from having opportunities to be raised from second elevens to first elevens. At any rate, that is how it has always worked in metropolitan clubs from the time that Sharp joined the old St. George Club while still in the old New York eleven, up to the time that visiting clubs would find, after playing the St. George's eleven in one match, that three or four of the same eleven composed the then young Staten Island eleven. The writer I refer to says: "Look at Philadelphia with all her clubs." Well, look at Philadelphia, and what do you see? Simply the strongest club in the country, the Young America, flourishing as no other club does, on the anti-revolving principle.

If the revolving principle is good for cricket it is equally good for base-ball, and where would base-ball be if it was run on the revolving principle? They tried it among the professional clubs here some years ago, and what was the result? New York has not had a professional team since. It is surprising to read such trash and nonsense as the revolving people bring to bear in favor of their peculiar views. Indeed, it is scarcely proper to apply the term "argument" to some of their talk. What I claim for one thing in this revolving business is, that the use of revolvers in club elevens—that is, in availing yourselves of the services of a first-class St. George's man to play him in a Staten Island or other club eleven to help win the match—thereby keeping out of your own eleven some young aspirant who desires an opportunity to distinguish himself—proves all the credit a victory would otherwise yield, and dampens the ardor of your young players, greatly against the interests of the club. ANTI-REVOLVER.

Answers to Correspondents.

R. L. Camden, Ark.—Should not advise you to choke-bore the cheap gun.

A Reader, Philadelphia.—We have handed your letter to the right party.

W. E. B., Indianapolis, Ind.—The shells are safe but they are apt to stick.

W. G., Baltimore.—The pattern is poor. See table of patterns published by us.

J. D., New York.—The 2 1-10 inch shell holds 70grs FG powder, or 8gr. without the lubricator.

H. S. B., Union Springs, N. Y.—Write to the Commissioner of Immigration, Tallahassee, Fla.

J. W. W., Columbus, Ga.—We have written to the secretaries of the various clubs for the desired information.

M. B., Madison, N. Y.—See advertisements of sporting rifles. Various arms are preferred by different parties.

A. G. T., King's Point, Mo.—For a book on fishing procure Hallock's "Gazetteer"; sent from this office postpaid, \$3.

V. R., Indianapolis, Ind.—I know nothing of the firm. 2. Measure the stock from the front trigger to center of the butt plate.

B., Greenville, Pa.—We call attention to last week's issue where to procure wild rice. Have mailed you the address of a dealer in "pugs."

F. O. D., South Hewick.—Can I shoot HBT shot in a choke-bore gun without chambering, safely; gun is a medium choke. Ans. Yes, if your gun is a good one.

A. S. S., New York.—The army revolver should throw a ball 200 yards. In loading a .44 cal. Winchester repeating rifle cartridge use 20grs. powder and 20grs. lead.

J. G.—To remove varnish from boat or bath-combines, use a scraper and pumice stone; or apply the following: Soda, 2lbs.; soap, 1lb.; boil together and use with hot.

G. B., Leverful Falls.—The shot concentrators in common use are Kay's, Eley's and the thread-wound cartridges. You can procure them of any dealer in sportsmen's goods.

A. M. Aten, Holyoke, Mass.—The chess department of the FOREST AND STREAM was discontinued because of two good reasons; first, we had not room for it; second, it did not pay.

S. H. F., Irackettville, Tex.—Special machines are made for removing the dents in gun barrels. You may send your gun for such repairs to Mr. Henry C. Squires, No. 1 Cortland street, New York.

S. B., Deadwood, D. T.—We would advise you to purchase a

Western broken dog; therefore, look for one in your vicinity. We mail to you the addresses of several parties to whom you may write.

H. M., Colones, N. Y.—Do you know of any stain for fishing rods except aniline that will stain a dark red, or any other color that will look well? Ans. There are several stains. Try dragon's blood.

CHAS. G. S.—Would it be safe to rebore a 15-bore gun into a larger gauge? Ans. That depends upon the thickness of the barrel. Take the gun to Wm. H. Schaefel, 61 Elm street, Boston. Cost, about \$7.

L. P., San Francisco, Cal.—We never did the "13, 14, 15" puzzle, never knew of any one doing it, and can give you no assistance. The transposition from horizontal rows into vertical columns is not a solution of it.

ENO, Worcester, Mass.—In a match at twenty balls, P. being handicapped at 10 and H. at 15 yds, each get their handicap and are ordered to shoot off ten balls each. Both get nine balls. Which wins? Ans. Neither; it is a tie.

E. G. B., Vineland, N. J.—I have a good shooting gun, 12 bore, 28lbs., 30in., which makes a good target at 50 yards with No. 7 or smaller shot. Can I load it with a larger size shot so that it will be a serviceable gun for duck shooting? Ans. Yes.

BOSTON, New York.—Have been informed that the wreck of the *Black Warrior* was a good place for fishing. Please give ranges for finding the same? Ans. The wreck is in the Lower Bay; it is a good spot; but you must apply to some of the fishermen for the ranges.

W. E. A., Morris, Minn.—1. What is the largest weight that has been put up at arm's length, one arm? 2. Also the heaviest weight lifted breast high? 3. When are pike in season? Ans. 1. 65 lbs. 2. 270 lbs. 3. In midsummer. Taken by trolling and by still fishing.

A. J. H. C.—To waterproof canvas canoes, steep the canvas in the following solution:—High water, 1lb.; fine powdered alum, and fine, finely powdered sugar of lead, steep for ten hours. Or simply paint and varnish the canvas. Put the paint on springily, or you will add to the weight.

S. R. U.—Would advise a cruising canoe for general use. For books, see "Baden Powell's Canoe Cruise in the Baltic"; "Canoeing in Kanawha"; Canoe and flying rope, or for heavy sailing canoes, see new edition of Dixon Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing"; just out. Can procure either for you.

G. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The revolving shot guns are no longer manufactured. They proved very dangerous weapons. It frequently happened that when the gun was fired more than one of the charges went off at the same time, and those which did not go through the barrel went off through the shooter's hand.

LONGSHORE.—We know of no formula for distributing the peak balliard blocks. The strain will equalize itself on all parts in inverse proportion to the number of sheaves in use. To sweat up the peak easily, the masthead should be long, and the mean lead of the peak well out on the gaff—about 60 per cent, from the jaws.

S. H., New York City.—Your deer-hound is afflicted with rheum. Rub the shoulder with a good stimulating liniment, such as is used for horses. Give internally a small teaspoonful of baking soda, dissolved in a little water, three times a day. Kennel the dog in a warm, dry place, and exercise at regular times.

W. W. W., Williamsport, Pa.—On page 123, March 18, 1880, you make mention of white deer killed in Virginia. Can you inform me where I would be likely to find a doe and one or two fawns, and the probable cost? I desire them for a park. Ans. It is not likely that you can obtain them at all; but it is possible that an advertisement might help you.

J. A. P., Atlantic City, N. J.—I have a fine setter dog about two years old, he had the distemper about five months ago, and I left him with a swelling in his throat, which you can have one hundred yards away. Please inform me what to do for him? Ans. Such cases are rarely ever cured, it is akin to "roaring" in the horse; time and good care sometimes bring about, some improvement.

FOURSHOT, Brooklyn.—1. Will 50rs. strong powder be too much for a 7lbs. muzzle-loading Parker? 2. Will a 70gr. shell hold powder sufficient to throw a .44 cal. 43gr. bullet with force and precision up to 600 yards, and would it answer for bear and buffalo? 3. How can I cast bullets free from flaws? Ans. 1. Too heavy; use 4dr. 2. Yes. 3. Difficult. Heat your bullet mold hot when pouring in the lead.

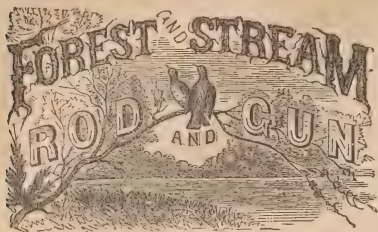
O. B. M., Raleigh, N. C.—1. Tin coated shot are soft shot with a hardened surface but plunging them into a bath of tin. Chilled shot are hardened by a second process of the manufacture. Neither are injurious to guns. 2. To determine whether or not your gun is choked, at a wad and push it through the barrel. 3. A puppy's tail should be docked when the animal is young. Two years and a half old is too late.

W. E. H.—I have just varnished a Calcutta canoe with eucaly varnish, and I find that the surface feels gritty to the touch, and looks as though sand were under the varnish. Ans. It is probable that fine particles of dust, floating about in the room where the work was done, became mixed into the varnish. Great care must be taken to provide not only against palpable dirt, but also against the invisible particles of dust in the air.

W. B. R., Wolland, Ont.—I have a setter five years old, in good health, but has a great tendency to fatness. Can you point out a cure? Ans. Close confinement and indolence and excessive feeding are among the causes of obesity. Give plenty of vigorous exercise, but once a day, and avoid fattening food. Should the tendency increase in spite of these observations, a small dose of iodine may be given, along with an occasional aperient.

G. B., Columbus, O.—Out of a litter of seven setter puppies, only two are living. They are five weeks old, and have been fed on milk about a week, of which they eat but little. They have no control of their legs and fall over very easily. Both are fat enough, but seem dull and do not play. The whole of the previous litter was affected in the same way and I lost them all. Ans. The puppies seem to be badly nourished. Why does not the mother nurse them? Good food and pure air are your best resources.

G. C., Au Sable Forks, N. Y.—The physical cause for different shades in flesh of brook trout is the variety of food eaten by them. Fish in the same stream, even where different parts of the stream are diverse in character, may offer a sufficient variety of food to cause such a variation in flesh color. The *Au Sable*, with its alternation of swamps, rocky bottom, etc., is a case in point. Other causes are difference of condition, approach of spawning time, etc.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FISH AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND SPORT.

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Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

*Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM, PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Contributors of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

Advertisements.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

REMOVAL.—On or before May 1st the FOREST AND STREAM will remove into its new offices in the Times building, Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row.

LONG ISLAND.—The claims of Long Island as a summer residence for New Yorkers have been again and again set forth in these columns; and we are pleased to note that these claims are beginning, year by year, to be more generally appreciated. One important evidence of this fact is found in the increased attention paid to the facilities of travel, particularly by the Long Island Railroad, which, under the able management of Mr. Thomas R. Sharp, seconded by Mr. W. M. Lallin, General Passenger Agent, is fast acquiring both favor and confidence. The road-bed has recently been put into the most perfect order, and the comfort of the cars themselves vastly improved. Another sign of advancement is the constant improvement in real estate carried on along the East and South shores; especially in the vicinity of Bay Shore, Oakdale, Sayville, Bellport, etc. At Oakdale and Sayville, we note the other day, large wooded parks are being laid out, and many acres of land are now newly cultivated. This is right in the center of a trout country; within a circuit of five miles are no less than six streams; and then there is the Bay fishing for bluefish, Spanish mackerel, sheephead, kingfish—and sharks. Ducks, geese and snipe are abundant, with rabbits and quail, if one knows just where to look for them.

—Records—of successive long-distance pedestrian trials show the same advance in the character of the performance that has been exhibited in every branch of newly stimulated athletic exercise. In the match which closed at Madison Square Garden, this city, last Saturday night, Frank Hart, one of the negro competitors, scored for the six days 665 1-10 miles, being twelve miles more than the score of Blower Brown, made in London last February. Hart has at least demonstrated that in a long-distance race the black man may sometimes lead. The second man, Pegram, was also a representative from the Dark Continent, his score being 643 1/2 miles. The other records were: Howard, 534 miles; Dobler, 530; Allen, 525; Krohne, 516; Williams, 509, and Hanwaker, 450.

Long-distance walks would appear to have lost none of their attraction for the New York population. The cash receipts are reported to have been \$27,030.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN MATCH.

It seems assured now that an American team will visit Ireland during the present season to renew once again that charming Irish-American match over the longrangs. The Palma match, from all appearances, must lapse for yet another year, with very good chances of its resumption in 1881, as according to the letter received by Col. Bodine within the past three days from Sir Henry Halford, the opinion is conveyed that there is but the slightest probability of a match in 1880, and in the same letter the English rifle leader says he will set about securing the team of 1881 at once. For the present, then, the National Rifle Association has the single task of getting together six men, with the necessary reserve, who are willing to go over to Ireland, undergo the temptations of Irish hospitality before the match, shoot there with the eyes of all America upon them, and come back with a good account of themselves. The men can be secured, and if the right men are chosen the result is assured. It does not appear that the Irish riflemen have either forgotten anything or learned anything, and woe betide the American team who should now permit any break to come in the series of American victories with the rifle. With our rifles, beyond argument the best now made, and a team system which should equal if not excel that shown in previous years, there should be no sort of doubt of the result as against the each-man-for-himself style of the Irish team and their muzzle-loaders, beautiful samples of workmanship though they may be. With, then, the result so well assured, if the men from the United States be properly presented on the Irish range, the work now is to select and equip the team.

There is a ring of fairness in the open-competition-style of sorting the men which is very popular and very problematical. Theoretically it should produce the best men, but this survival of the fittest does not always follow here, however it may do in other spheres of action. Flukes are constantly occurring, and one which may send a poor man to the front in a competitive selection would bind the committee to him if they took the risk of selection by a certain round of scores only. This may produce the best men and it may not. When all the men are tried and it becomes a groping among a lot of unknowns, then this plan is as good as any, but we here have passed that stage. We could name a dozen men, off-hand, who could be molded into a team which would beat a foreign team with the certainty of fifty to one. Our columns each week spread to the world the doings of our riflemen, and a man is good for his average either in or out of a match. When a marksman swings along at 200 and over, and can, in a series of contests, average well up in the teens, he is a safe man to put on a team, surely, against one who can, according to his own statement, run up a score of 224, and then, when brought into an immediate prospect of a trial of his merit in open competition, turns tail and runs off.

The steady shooter is worth more than the skyrocket shot in a match of moment, and a strong team pulling together is almost sure to vanquish a company of meteors and sticks. With this principle in view, the selection of the American team seems to take the character of a partial competition and a partial selection, and there are no better ones to make the selection than the men who have won for themselves places on the team already. It is not to be supposed that they will take team fellows who are not fit in their opinion to bear their share of the contest. In former years the mixed plan was tried with good success, and with the limited time for the gathering together of the team at this time it would seem specially desirable that some such plan should be adopted in this case.

Another part of the work of the committee having the matter in hand is the provision of a sum of money sufficient to carry the team to Ireland and return. The sum total for this work is not a large one, and the committee of the Association should find no difficulty in raising that sum. The plan proposed of having each man pay his own expenses, or even of looking to the club or section from which he comes to take charge of his financial backing, is a false one, and sure to produce discord and break up that unanimity which is essential to a perfect team system. The men should go out from these shores as the representatives of the nation, and it is the duty of the National Rifle Association to see to it that they go out properly organized, with a measure of accountability to that Association. The opportunities should be given, if need be, to every American citizen to assist in sending this team to Ireland. It is a plan which may be kept up year after year, and it will be a bad precedent to have a team of independent gentlemen going over simultaneously and whose only bond of union is a similar desire to win the match. They should be recognized abroad as direct agents of the United States, or from its people, sent there by its people and on their behalf, and this can be done most thoroughly by placing the financial conduct of the team in the hands of its captain, and in that way giving him the complete control necessary, if he is to be held fully accountable for a good record of the trip. The FOREST AND STREAM will do what it can to help on the work, but will feel

itself free when called upon at all times to criticize fully and sharply what may appear to be amiss in the aims and work of the committee.

NIAGARA AS A NATIONAL PARK.—For the benefit of the individual tourist, as well as for the credit of the two Governments concerned, it is to be hoped that the scheme of rescuing the Niagara Falls from the pitiable condition of their present surroundings, may be put through, until we shall see the river and the Falls as they were before the era of mills and board-fence obstructions and patent medicine desecrations. This plan was first broached by Lord Dufferin, when Governor-General of Canada, and was approved by Gov. Robinson, who brought the project before the attention of the New York Legislature. The Commissioners of the State Survey, to whom the task was intrusted, have just made their report, which recommends that the State of New York and the Dominion of Canada respectively acquire possession of the banks of the river above and below the Falls, clear them of their present obstructions, and so restore them that the observer shall see nothing but the water, the sky, the earth and the vegetation. That means to abolish the paper mills and disgraceful buildings on Bath Island, and the long-standing eye-sores on either side of the stream. Among the names which are appended to the memorial on this subject are those of Ruskin, Carlyle, Luffell, Emerson, Lowell, Parkman, Sir John Lubbock, Lord Houghton, Max Müller, Alexander Agassiz, Horatio Seymour, Thurlow Weed, Charles Francis Adams, and a powerful array of the chief dignitaries of America and England.

We have the Yellowstone and the Yosemite insured to ourselves and to our children's children; with the Niagara Falls likewise set apart, America would possess a trio of the most magnificent parks in the world.

"GOOD IN EVERYTHING."—So seemingly an unpoeitic thing as the sting of an insect was long ago utilized by the poets in the Greek story of Io, metamorphosed through the jealous wrath of Juno into a heifer, and driven hither and thither in frenzied flight over the earth, pursued and tormented by the unrelenting onsets of a gad-fly. And now it appears that even the maligned and universally execrated black fly may yet hold a dignified place, if not in the tales of the poets, at least in the philosophical systems of the day. Discussing the origin and development of barbaric customs, in his new book, "Ceremonial Institutions," Mr. Herbert Spencer comes to the discussion of the question why savage races paint their bodies and faces; and he accounts for the practice as follows:—

"In tropical countries the irritation produced by flies is a chief misery in life; and sundry habits, which in our eyes are repulsive, result from endeavors to mitigate this misery. In the absence of anything better, the lower races of mankind cover their bodies with films of dirt as shields against these insect enemies. Hence, apparently, one motive for painting the skin. Juarros says: 'The barbarians, or unclaimed Indians of Guatemala... always paint themselves black, rather for the purpose of defense against mosquitoes than for ornament.' And then we get an indication that where the pigment used, being decorative and costly, is indicative of wealth, the abundant use of it becomes honorable."

According to the time-honored story of the school-books, Sir Isaac Newton was led by observing the fall of an apple to investigate the law of gravitation. It may not be hazardous to suggest that Mr. Spencer wrote this passage in his discussion of sociology after an afternoon's battling with the pests of the trout stream. However that may be, the Adirondack angler, who linds tar and oil unavailing, may forget the sting of the fly in the consolation afforded by philosophical speculations upon that insect's proper place in the development of the race.

WOODCOCK OUT OF SEASON.—There is much indignation in Hartford, Conn., at the flagrant violation of the game laws of Connecticut, and the defiance of public opinion in the matter as exhibited by some of the members of the leading social club in the city, the Hartford Club. Report has it that some twenty-two woodcock were sold to and bought by Sherman & Cook, of Hartford; that a part of these were bought and served at the Hartford Club, and others were used at private tables. The proof is said to be ample. This is about as wicked and senseless a violation of law and decency as can be in such a matter. The shooting of woodcock on the spring-flight, preparatory to nesting, is a new and outrageous proceeding, anyway; and the eating of the birds at a season when they are absolutely unfit for food, heavy with eggs (as some of these birds were said to be), or devoid of fat, due to the nesting season, is an offense against the table as great in the view of an epicure as was the violation of law in the killing or purchase of the birds.

If there is now opened a warfare on these birds on their passage north, as well as the illegal killing in the summer, to be followed by the more legitimate but severe depletion in the fall, then good-bye to these birds! This whole thing is an outrage on law, decency and appe-

file. Bah? Let the Hartford papers ventilate the matter; and if there are any game clubs in Connecticut, or any prosecuting officers, whose duty it is to attend to such matters, let the punishment be meted out to all concerned, no matter what may be the social standing of the parties. Shame, that ought to follow exposure, would to any decent person be punishment enough, if not obliged to pay heavily besides. And any careful club would expel any member who used the organization in violating the laws or in tempting others to do it by purchase.

There used to be a very strong and effective game club in Hartford. If it now exists it had best make itself felt; and if disbanded, let it be brought to life again. We believe it would have the support of every club in the country, and every fair-minded man, in pushing this matter uncompromisingly.

FISH AS FOOD.—Prof. Atwater's paper, published in our Fish Culture columns to-day, will be found instructive reading for all who are concerned in providing for themselves and others a nutritive diet. It is well worth careful study, for it is the result of a painstaking scientific investigation, and the results obtained are of the highest importance.

When the writer says that fish food is not, as is generally supposed, especially productive of brains, he strikes at the heart of long cherished belief. But there is hardly any subject concerning which there is so much current misconception as the different qualities of various articles of diet. When the doctors and the scientific experts disagree on these points, it is as well for the layman to eat what is put before him, without regard to anything save the gratification of his own individual palate.

PONKAPOG.—Ponkapog, the home of Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is a little village, which, although only twelve miles from Boston, has been almost unknown to outsiders, save to a few anglers and gunners who yearly resort to its excellent fishing and shooting grounds. The queer name is of Indian origin, and signifies "Sweet Water"; besides the name there are many monuments of the Red Men in the form of arrow-heads, sinkers for fishing, and other relics. There is a plenty of fish in the streams, and of game in the woods and fields; and Mr. Aldrich often goes out for a day of genuine, hearty sport.

ASSUMED NAMES.—"Nick" has roused out of a long retirement, and with the revival of his favorite long-range work finds something to say apropos of false names on scoring blanks. The FOREST AND STREAM can utter a hearty amen to all of his conclusions. Bogus names are distasteful at all times and in every pursuit. They are entirely unnecessary on the range, and the argument of those who want practice, that they must perforce shoot in matches of public record, is simply ridiculous, and they presume very much in expecting that the press should become participants in their deceit.

DOG SHOW CATALOGUES.—We wish a catalogue of each of the American bench shows. If any one of our correspondents, who may have duplicates, can furnish us with the same, the favor will be appreciated.

EXCELLENT PUBLICATIONS.—We are constantly being asked what are the most comprehensive works on the dog, the rearing, breaking, working, feeding, exercise, judging and diseases. In answer we can now refer our readers to Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.'s publication, noticed in another column.

—A potato from "Piseco," of which more anon.

GAME PROTECTION.

ONONDAGA COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—*Syracuse, N. Y., April 17th.*—A meeting of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club was held last evening at their rooms in the Kimber Block. The following officers were elected: President, John Bedford; Vice-President, D. W. Peck; Secretary, John Stedman; Financial Secretary, Edwin Lodder; Treasurer, Thomas Kimber, Jr.; Executive Committee, Geo. Lodder, G. C. Luther and H. Ayling. Mr. Bedford and Mr. Stedman have been members of the club since its organization, some fifteen years ago, and Mr. Stedman has always filled the office of Secretary.

FOREST AND STREAM ASSOCIATION.—*Danbury, Conn., April 3d.*—We have recently organized a fish and game club under the above familiar name. It will be our aim to have the laws relating to fish and game enforced, and we shall also look to the stocking of our ponds and fields. The officers are President, A. P. Sturges; Vice-President, Andrew Hull; Secretary, T. G. Wildman; Treasurer, Geo. B. Benjamin, Jr. The members of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company have been elected honorary members of our club. A. P. S.

—The Delaware Game Association sent a number of California quail down the State last week. German quail will be distributed also.

—A number of woodcock have been killed on Second Mountain, back of Orange, N. J., within the past few weeks. The Orange sportsmen should up and at the lawbreakers.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN APRIL.

Wild Ducks, Geese, Brant, etc.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County, means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

—The following epitaph is to be found in the churchyard of Woodbridge, Suffolk, England. The spelling would indicate that the stone must now be crumbling and covered with the stains and moss of many years, but the warning is by no means antiquated:—

Here Lieth the Body of
Benjamin Bulkeley
Who Though Lustie and
Strong, was one
That his misfortune, Shot
Himself With a Gun
In the 23d year of his Age.
He Deceased this Life
To the Grief of his Parents
Spectators and Wife.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—*Colebrook, April 6th.*—Spring is here, and the winter has been a favorable one for game; very light snow-fall. A few deer have been killed near Diamond Pond, ten miles from here, but in the Connecticut Lake region I fail to learn of a single moose or deer having been taken contrary to law. Very few instances of fishing through the ice. Caribou are seen frequently of late on the lakes sunning themselves. The ruffed grouse have not been winter killed. Forty million feet of spruce will be floated toward the sound as soon as the ice is out of the river.

MANCHESTER SHOOTING CLUB.—*Manchester, N. H., April 10th.*—The annual meeting of the Manchester Shooting Club was held at the Haseltine House, 6th inst., and was very fully attended. The report of the Treasurer showed the club to be in a good condition financially, there being quite a sum in the treasury. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Genj. R. Clark; Vice-President, Geo. F. Elliott; Secretary, Julius E. Wilson; Treasurer, Chas. L. Harmon; Executive Committee, Ira A. Moore, Chas. J. Darrah and Moses Wadehill. Thirteen new members were elected, making the total membership sixty-four. The club was organized for the purpose of holding glass-bait and pigeon shoots (pigeon shooting not allowed in New Hampshire at present time), that its members might acquire proficiency in wing shooting—the matter of game protection, fish propagation, etc., being well looked after by the New Hampshire Game and Fish League, an organization devoted wholly to the above named objects. The Shooting Club raised a sufficient sum of money last winter by contributions to send an order for 300 migratory quail, which will be liberated in this vicinity, and the club will endeavor to protect them. The grounds formerly occupied by the Manchester Base-Ball Association have been secured, which will afford members of the club a place for practice within easy access.

J. E. W.

CONNECTICUT.—*Hartford, April 10th.*—A friend and myself shot three snipe yesterday (April 9th) within the city limits. I have found by long experience that the first snipe generally reach here on the 8th of April.

W. M. H.

NEW YORK.—*Hayt's Corner, April 4.*—Wild ducks have been more plentiful here on the west side of Cayuga Lake than usual for the past two or three weeks, so I am informed, though I have not been out shooting. I think a few days' good shooting could be obtained near Cayuga, six miles south of the New York Central road, by stopping off at the bridge, or Bridgesport. There have been a number of geese seen in the north, and some have been killed in this county, while they stopped to feed on wheat.

FAR ROCKAWAY GUN CLUB.—A meeting of the Far Rockaway Gun Club was held at Debnoud's on Monday evening, April 2d. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, George S. Greene, Jr.; Treasurer, Ernest C. Lamontagne; Secretary, Chas. A. Lummis; Governing Committee—Geo. S. Greene, Jr.; Ernest C. Lamontagne, Chas. A. Lummis, John D. Cheever, Newbold T. Lawrence. New grounds have been engaged at Lawrence, L. I., and a club-house and other conveniences are to be erected immediately.

THE STATE CONVENTION.—*Seneca Falls, N. Y., April 9th.*—The Seneca Gun Club of Seneca Falls, N. Y., under whose auspices the State Sportsmen's Convention is to be held, met at a regular meeting April 7th. Seven new members were elected, and names of five others presented. The club is in a prosperous condition, and the managers are actively engaged with matters pertaining to the Convention. The Bird Committee are in correspondence with different parties in regard to pigeons, but in my judgment the contract will be given to either Phillips of Detroit, or Stagg, of Chicago, both reliable dealers, who would furnish good birds. The matter will be settled probably in a few days. The Prize Committee have been both active and successful, and when the programme is published I shall be mistaken if the sportsmen of New York State do not pronounce it the best prize-list ever offered at a convention. The Parker Brothers, with their accustomed generosity and energy, have already forwarded their prize gun. Parties who have examined it pronounce it a superior gun to any before given the Association. The finish is superb, and good judges say it is a perfect gem. Other prizes will arrive about May 1st, and be placed on exhibition. The Committee on Grounds have not as yet positively decided upon location, but one will be secured which will be desirable and convenient. Every thing promises an early meeting of the Convention.

AN UNIQUE VISITOR.—*Brooklyn, N. Y., April 2d.*—This morning about 7 o'clock my daughter Nellie opened the basement door to take our daily supply of milk. As

she did so she jumped back in some excitement and called "Papa, come and look at this thing!" I passed quickly into the room from the kitchen, and there, under the sewing-machine, squatted a beautiful male woodcock. I essayed to catch him, but he darted past me into the kitchen, with his tail spread out like a fan, past the cat, who was very much surprised; and as soon as he saw the window filled with the house plants he took to wing and flew with great force against the glass. He was momentarily stunned. I picked him up and found he was slightly injured in the left wing, probably by striking against a telegraph wire or similar obstruction while on his mid-night flight to his breeding grounds on the island. He is a beautiful specimen of last year's brood, and I determined to have him stuffed. I once saw one alight on the chains that support the smokestack of a ferry-boat, and when entering the Fulton Ferry slip, New York city, and have heard of one paying a visit to a city yard up town, but never heard of one seeking shelter in a dwelling-house. HENRY THORPE.

NEW JERSEY.—*Ocean County, April 9th.*—Snipe very scarce. The best bag I have heard of to one man was seven. Weather too cold for them. Ice formed last night. Ducks plenty in the broad bay, but do not stool well. I have seen large flocks of canvas-backs this week moving north. Woodcock have come in large numbers, and are preparing to breed. Quail are plentiful, owing to the mild winter. Good shooting may be expected next fall. S. K., JR.

KENTON COUNTY CLUB.—*Cincinnati, April 3d.*—The Kenton County Shooting and Fishing Club, of Covington, Ky., met last night at Auditor Orr's office, where the organization was completed, and the following prominent gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, A. D. McPherson; Vice-President, J. A. P. Glose; Secretary, E. S. Studard; Treasurer, J. S. Sandford; Directors: J. D. Hudson, George Perkins and John Leathers. The club, which has been incorporated by the Kentucky Legislature, has nineteen charter members. The general purposes of the club are to enforce the game laws of that State, and to promote the favorite pursuits of its members. It is the intention to purchase a house and grounds near the Latonia Springs and Greenwood Lake. They will also be near grounds where their shooting tournaments will take place. W. E. L.

TENNESSEE QUAIL POTTING.—*Cincinnati, March 31st.*—The following article I clip from the *Commercial* of March 29th, and send for you to judge whether the birds were shot legitimately or not. I certainly consider the article of no credit to the shooter, and also believe most of the 1,500 were poled. Here it is, dated March 25th, 1880:—

"Mr. David Holt, of this vicinity, from September 1st, 1878, to March 31st, 1879, killed 1,800 partridges. He killed fifty-four in five shots; killed eight on the wing at one shot. Of 321 shots he fell 31. He rarely misses a shot. A gentleman who thought he was a crack shot went out to shoot against Holt one day. Two birds flew up and Holt knocked them both down before the other fellow got ready to shoot. He did all the shooting with a small 36in. muzzle-loader. How is that for a record?"

And I, myself, add the same exclamation, W. E. S. The five shots, averaging 10 4-5 birds to a shot, were very fair—as ground covey shooting goes. Other men shooting in the same way have excelled it; however, it is difficult to give statistics, because the persons who do this kind of shooting do not often tell of it in print. The "eight on the wing at one shot" part of it is a figment of the imagination of a man who never saw a bird in the field.

SPRING IN FLORIDA.—*Titusville, Fla., March 25th.*—Just returned from a trip to Banana River, the great game resort of this region. Found raft ducks, or blue-bills, very numerous, but wild. The ducks that we shot we found to be poor. Found also a good lot of black ducks, here called English ducks (*Anas obscura*), and shovellers, or spoon-bills (*Spatula clypeata*), in the marshes. The widgeons and pintails seem mostly to have left this locality on their northern migration. The Florida gallinules, here called coots, are very numerous, swimming in immense solid phalanxes, often several hundred yards long, eight or ten feet wide, as close together that they touch each other, and sailboat can generally sail within twenty or thirty yards where they start to fly. A great havoc is often made in their ranks. They are excellent eating, hardly to be distinguished from rabbit. The great white pelicans seemed to have all gone north, but in their place was an immense army of shore birds, godwits, stilts, killdeer, peeps, etc.

The numerous varieties of heron which swarm on these marshes are now beginning to nest, and are in full plumage. The crack of the plume hunter's gun is heard in all directions; the white heron plumes bring from 20 to 30 cents apiece, and several hundred can be secured in a few days at the rookeries, which, by the way, are always in the wildest and most inaccessible places.

We found no deer, although a few weeks ago they were numerous. This is owing to the fact that the does are lying concealed in the thickets, and their young fawns. The bears are now patrolling the river shore nights for horse-shoe crabs. In a few weeks they will walk the ocean beach for turtle eggs, and then their capture is comparatively easy. AL. I. GATOR.

LOUISIANA.—*New Orleans, April 11th.*—Messrs. O. P. Glessner and H. Hall Traeger, of this city, were in York County last week on a snipe-shooting expedition. They were joined by Mr. Albertus Hibner, of that county, and Sergeant Adam Elssesser, the prospective candidate for Representative. The weather was cool, with a very strong northerly wind blowing, which, together with the erratic flight of this species of game, rendered shooting abilities to the test. They succeeded in bagging thirty-five birds, which were in "fine order." They report having seen several coveys of partridges and numerous scattered birds, which promises plenty of this game next fall.

ARKANSAS.—*Memphis, Tenn., April 9th.*—There have been good bags of snipe made on the Arkansas prairies. I intend having a turn next week, but it is getting rather late. EDMUND OUGILL.

OHIO.—*Port Washington, April 9th.*—I shot a crane

yesterday that measured six feet and two inches from tip to tip of wings, and was four feet and eight inches from toe to point of bill. It is now in the hands of a taxidermist. Ducks are very scarce here. I killed five blue-winged teal last Tuesday. There are lots of quail here, left over from the winter. The river (Tuscarawas) has been too high and discolored for fishing. I am told there are lots of salmon in the river besides black bass and perch. As soon as the water is in order I intend to try for the salmon, and will let you know what success I have.

R. O. Y.

OREGON.—Portland, March 20th.—Had a splendid day's sport on the 14th with the ducks, because of its unexpectedness. Went to the Columbia bottoms, about eight miles distant, in company with three friends. Result: J. R., 7 ducks; L., 5; B., 3, and your correspondent, 18, making a total of 33, mostly pintails and widgeons. I have hung my gun up for this season, and am now looking over fly-books, lines, rods, etc., preparatory to a descent upon the finny denizens of the brook, and then you will again hear of me. MULTUMAH.

P. S.—A party of six returned from a shoot last week with six dozen canvas-backs.

WOLF HUNT.—Boston, April 2d.—Bremer County, Ia., must afford rare sport, according to the account of a recent wolf hunt in Sumner, a township in that county. John Bracken, with his pack of hounds, ran down eleven wolves, large and small.

A DUCK "BLIND."—Vail, March 29th.—Have just returned from the Missouri River bottom, where we (five of us) have been having a glorious duck hunt. We found ducks quite plentiful, although very wild, which added to the value of those we did kill. Earlier in the month some of the boys tried a new dodge on the ducks; they would place decoys on the ice while it was snowing, wrapping themselves in a white sheet, which made a perfect blind, and succeeded in killing a great many, *i. e.*, something over one hundred for one man in two hours. E. B. B.

ANOTHER MAN WHO LIKES THEM.—In this vicinity, since game has become so scarce and wily, there has been a great need felt for some device to concentrate shot for long distances. Our choke bores are good, and the dear old cylindrical must give way and make room for this modern improvement. Yet, even with this improvement, how often does the bird escape! The thing by which to bring to bag this or that particularly desirable game, which has hitherto flown, leaped, or swam so safely, yet provokingly near. But now comes that, which, in the writer's humble opinion, will totally eclipse everything of the kind yet invented—the threaded cartridge; and with two or three of these in the pocket, as one has his day's "outing" he may be reasonably sure of part of this high-flying and wild running game. Our Western and Southern friends, who reside where game is so plenty that they can easily fill their bags with loose shot, may not appreciate a device by which No. 8 shot may be made to do good execution at 120 yards, or more. But I think most sportsmen will join me, and hail with delight this very important improvement for long-range shooting. G. W. E.

North Andover, Mass.

A GUN NOT EASILY STOLEN.

THE late robbery in Buffalo of a Fox gun, which had been stolen from the rooms of a well-known sportsman of that city, offers a few interesting and instructive comments which may present themselves in clear light to the many who happen to use this excellent gun in preference to all others. It appeared by the police court investigation that a couple of young boys, of fourteen and seventeen years respectively, entered the room where the gun was kept, and tempted by the interest it afforded a profitable business time by the appropriation of it without any further ceremony for their own use.

One difficulty, however, presented itself, to wit: the successful transportation of the venture down stairs, as the room where it was kept was the topmost of a four-story building. To accomplish this without any danger of detection it was therefore deemed advisable to detach stock and barrels and convey them separately, well hidden under the shaggy folds of their overcoats, to some place of further safe-keeping. This would have been an easy task in case of any ordinary breech-loader, but the Fox gun, by its peculiar mechanism, presents some difficulties which are not well overcome by any one who is not an expert in matters of gunnery. Though by a few trials the would-be Nimrods succeeded in discovering that it had a sideways action in place of the ordinary tip-up, yet they failed to detach the barrels, which can be instantly disengaged by pressure of a little countersunk knob, ingeniously adjusted to meet this requirement. Main strength and sturdiness was therefore called into requisition to meet the pressing demands upon short time and obviate the fear of possible discovery. The barrels, now widely pushed sideways, were thus placed across the knee, and at last separated from the stock by breaking the solid steel plate upon which they rotate so smoothly as the parts of a watch. This accomplished, a safe retreat with the plunder was made. The whole circumstances of the abstraction were instantly placed in the hands of the detectives, who had a comparatively easy task before them in view of the fact that there are at present but few of the Fox guns in Buffalo, and these of course only in the hands of persons of unquestionable respectability.

It was surmised by the experts that the perpetrators would naturally, for proper solution of the puzzle of the mechanism, enter some gun store, and speedy notices were therefore at once issued to put all dealers upon the alert. Mutilated as the gun was, it nevertheless could be made to work still, and nothing transpired until a trial of it forced the conviction upon its venturesome owners, that the whole thing was in a bad fix and that an equivalent of a few dollars would probably be the best way and means to get rid of the poor baggage. With this object in view a visit to the gun store of Mr. Dan Castle was therefore planned, to exchange the article for a suitable amount of cash. No worse place, however, for immunity of consequences could possibly be chosen. Mr. Castle, a keen-eyed, shrewd old sportsman, knows how to entrap a thief as well as to fatally block up the avenues of escape of the cunning gunner who would comprehend in the least the situation. Under pretence of a scrutinizing examination to determine the

proper *quid pro quo*, some detectives, not far off, were quickly summoned, and by their help the whole programme was materially changed. The gun, though seriously damaged, was promptly restored, and the House of Correction assigned as a residence of indefinite time to the chief perpetrator of the robbery.

If an accident of that kind had happened to an imported gun the repairing of it would probably run up to a snug little bill. The benefit accruing to the owner of a home-manufactured gun, above those made abroad, becomes in this instance manifest, as, by reason of quickly adjusted mechanisms, complicates the slow process of costly hand labor is obviated. While often many dollars are needed to replace any important demolished portions of a foreign-made gun, over and above the long time required to do it, here a couple of hours are sufficient to complete the whole job at an almost nominal expense.

All things even, shooting qualities and excellence of finish, it would appear that in case of accidents, violent or otherwise, the owner of a home-made gun has thus certain advantages which distance to the seat of workmanship in the other case does not well afford.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Manchester, April 8th (Fast Day).—The first glass ball shoot of the Manchester Shooting Club for the season was held on the club grounds in "Squig," this P.M. It was a cold day, with a strong northwest wind blowing across the range; consequently scores averaged poor. Card revolving trap; 18 yards rise; 10 balls each score—

	1st	2d	3d				1st	2d	3d		
Score.				Score.				Score.			
C. J. Danah.	7	1	7	C. A. Jackson.	1	8	8				
J. E. Wilms.	5	7	7	F. Dowst.	2	7	2				
M. Wadleigh.	8	6	7	P. J. Drake.	4	6	6				
H. P. Young.	5	w	6	N. S. Drake.	5	6	5				
C. E. Clark.	7	w	6	C. H. Cross.	6	7	6				
W. H. Vickery.	7	w	6	A. Walker.	6	7	6				
A. Hall.	2	1	2	L. Huntton.	6	4	6				
C. C. Clark.	5	w	5	J. E. Dolber.	6	w	3				
S. Wiggins.	4	0	5	L. K. Mead.	5	3	5				
C. B. French.	10	6	7	Dr. H. Wheeler.	4	8	w				
G. E. Elliott.	4	2	w	E. G. Taylor.	5	3	1				
G. E. Howell.	6	8	5	C. S. Mussock.	0	5	0				
E. A. Durgin.	5	5	w	N. A. Robinson.	0	5	0				
								J. E. W.			

MASSACHUSETTS.—Worcester, April 10th.—The following officers were elected for the ensuing year at the annual meeting of the Sportsman's Club last month: President, A. P. Pond; First Vice-President, W. S. Perry; Second Vice-President, E. T. Smith; Secretary, Stedman Clark; Treasurer, G. J. Rugg; Directors, A. Houghton, Jr., C. D. Holden, A. B. Goodell, and M. B. Gillman. Fast Day, April 10, was very generally observed by the shooting fraternity in this city and environs by glass ball shooting on the grounds of both clubs. The occasion probably brought together more shooters than were ever before gathered in this city for glass ball shooting, and considering swift traps and a decidedly cold day, very creditable scores were made. The day's shooting opened with a friendly match of twenty balls (ten thrown from Holden's rotary trap, and five pairs thrown from stationary traps) 18 yards rise, between teams of five, and the scores were: Marlboro Sports Club, 10; Marlboro, Mass., and the Sportsman's Club of this city, which was won by the Marlboro team, as shown by the score—

MARLBORO CLUB.																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																					
H. W. Rager.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

Gardner, March 20th.—Following are the scores made by members of the Gardner rifle club at Hackmatack range to-day:

ANOTHER VENTURE.—The repeated failures of steam catamarans do not seem to have deterred others from falling victims to the enticement of high speed, if we are to believe the press dispatches. The latest of these is the "Hudson," an exploring great catamaran from the Iron catamaran Co. is now building at New York in the Hudson. This novel affair will be 200 ft. long, and consists of two cigar-shaped hulls, each 5 ft. diam. and speed 30 ft. apart. The displacement is of No. 8 iron, weighing 7 lbs. per square foot, and the ends of lighter sheets 5 lbs. per square foot. Each hull will have four bulkheads as stiffeners. She is to be decked over for 125 ft., and saloons are to be built on top. The wheel is 8 ft. diameter, located about twenty feet abaft midships; dip of blades, 25 ft. 8 in., and it is intended to make 325 turns per minute. That is the mechanics of the daily press inform us to exhaust. The "Hudson" is to be 28 ft. 6 in. wide, and will make a fast voyage. Heretofore are furnishing the boiler, but are in no way responsible for the undertaking, and small blame to them if they refuse to shoulder the results, which are a foregone conclusion. The boiler is of the col type, 10 ft. diam., steam helix, 730 ft.

—*Adv.* JOSEPH PRATHER,

The boiler is of the coil type, 102 in. diameter, same height, 730 ft.

of two-inch pipe in inside coil; 23ft. 4in., 70ft. 3in., 35ft. 3in. and 10ft. 2 1/2in. pipe in outside oil; pressure, 125lbs. The catamaran will draw 2ft. 5in., and displaces 35 tons without passengers. Why the Commodore selected such a complicated and expensive engine as this Balacon is not understood. When he comes to settle his repair bills and oil account he may wish he had not. As a single hull weighs less than two, and has less skin, it is quite certain that for the expenditure of power greater speed is to be obtained from such a hull than any catamaran can ever afford, the hopes of high speed from this cigar boat are sure to be ruthlessly disappointed; but possibly the Commodore cares more for the deck room, and will be satisfied with as much speed as he can get.

SAFETY BOILERS.—A successful inventor of my acquaintance is making a boiler, which he says possesses every feature described as desirable in your editorial of the 1st inst. I have had some theoretical and practical mechanical experience, and think his claims are well founded. There is but little complication to it; the heating-surface is double that of common boilers, weight for weight; no ordinary pressure would burst it, and it is cheap. When it has been tested, I will give you an account of its working.

DIVING DECOY.

THE NATIONAL YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—The National Yachting Association seems to be gaining ground slowly but surely. Formed four weeks ago by delegates from eighteen clubs, the number has been already swelled to twenty, and many more will, at their next regular meetings, elect delegates, and formally connect themselves with the new Association. Our amateur athletes and oarsmen have found it impossible to get along without their National Associations, and the yachtsmen are wise in following the example set by their neighbors of the oar and the eider-path.—*Spiriting the Times.*

FOLDING BOATS.—We have examined and tried Coughtry's folding boats and his new hunter's boat, under the most exacting circumstances. We found the latter, especially, an excellent substitute for a dinghy on small yachts. Light as a feather, buoyant and dry, stiff and safe, they are to be preferred to the usual run of punts and heavy yaws in every respect, and can be folded in little less space than an old-fashioned gingham umbrella. For sportsmen and those who wish to carry under their arm, they are just the thing. The folding boats are somewhat heavier and stronger, and suitable for yachts of a larger size.

YACHTS' HANDWARE.—As the season for fitting out is now close aboard, it will not be out of place to refer readers to the card of W. & J. Tibbott. At their establishment, 33 Chambers street, will be found a large assortment of hardware and fittings, blocks, chains, anchors, wire rope, etc. This house has been long and favorably known in the trade as the leading one of the kind.

STEAM LAUNCHES.—Mr. Clapham has enlarged his plant, and is prepared to build yachts and steam launches of all kinds. His well-known business integrity and familiarity with all classes of yachts should recommend him to the public. We believe he proposes to make a specialty of light drafts for Florida waters.

CAT-BOATS.—Desmond, of Peck Slip, has finished a couple of finely modeled cat-boats of good depth and moderate beam, which are for sale. They will make excellent boats for family use, and are far safer than most of their kind.

CANOE FITTINGS.—G. W. Renton, 70 West street, Brooklyn, B. I., makes and repairs canoes and boat castings generally. We have in our office a sample of his steering lock for canoes, by which the paddle is kept clear of the side, and can be used more efficiently. Renton supplies the trade and retail dealers as well.

YACHTS FOR SALE.—Attention is called to several yachts offered for sale in another column.

SPORTING BOATS.—The trade in sporting boats of all kinds is reported as very brisk this spring. H. M. Sprague, of Parishville, N. Y., and W. W. Parker, of Minneapolis, Minn., have their hands full, their boats being highly appreciated by those who have tried them.

CONGRESS AND THE YACHTING LAWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Attention is called to a recent number of your paper to the pending amendment of Section 4,314 of the United States Revised Statutes, relating to yachts. As the present proposed bill was introduced mainly at the request of the Cleveland Yachting Association, it is proper for a member of that body to say a word in reply to that article. A very similar bill was introduced during the last session of Congress at the request of an Eastern yacht club, supported by many of the yacht clubs of the country; but it died in a committee. The two changes made in the amendment are to make American yachts, irrespective of size, American vessels; and to allow yachts of all sizes to have their name and port painted in any legible manner on any conspicuous part of their hulls, instead of only on the stern in a manner fixed by statute. There can be no doubt of the propriety of the first change. For many years all yachts of between ten and twenty tons burden had to take out licenses as vessels engaged in the coasting trade. Yachts of less than ten tons were not recognized at all. A recent decision of the department holds that yachts of more than twenty tons burden need not be licensed. The next year, or next Secretary, may bring a different ruling. Under the present decision yachts of less than twenty tons burden are not American vessels; are beyond the pale of the law. Most of the yachts on the great lakes are in this category, yet they take long cruises. One of our Cleveland yachts, for example, of only ten tons burden, sailed last summer over 5,000 miles, sailed on the waters of all the great lakes except Ontario, and spent much of the time in foreign waters. Other yachts of the same port, less in size, sailed but little less distance. These small yachts wish to be American vessels, enjoying of right and not of sufferance all the rights and privileges of American vessels; to have the right in a foreign port to fly the American flag with the ensign of our club; to their enjoying the consideration always given to yachtsmen worthy of the name. We wish, in American waters, to occupy a position of trust instead of one of suspicion; to legally carry a yacht flag; to share the rights accorded to our larger brethren.

The reason to which Mr. Cromwell chiefly objects is that as to painting the name and port. If the smaller yachts are made American vessels there must be some change in the present law, or Mr. Cromwell's objection will apply, for the concluding part of the section now in force reads: "Such vessels," meaning yachts, "shall in all respects, except as above, be subject to the laws of the United States." The laws of the United States—Revised Statutes, Sections 4,178 and 4,334, and 18 United States Statutes at large, chap. 407, p. 232—require the name and port to be painted on the stern in white on black ground, or in yellow or gilt letters, the letters to be not less than three inches in length, thus regulating place, style and size of the lettering. Under this law small

yachts would come if made American vessels, unless the law was changed. I understand these provisions are obnoxious to the owners of large yachts. To change this law the express provision was made in the proposed bill that yachts should only be required to "have their names and ports legibly painted on some conspicuous portion of their hulls." The sections above referred to will no longer govern yachts if the proposed bill is passed. The name and port may be painted in any style or of any size, provided they are legible, and on any part of the hull, it sufficiently conspicuous. The laws regulating trading vessels as to place, style and size of lettering will no longer apply to yachts, because the latter are expressly provided for otherwise. Of course there is some force of difference of opinion as to whether the name of the port should be added to the name of the vessel. I think it should be possible without boarding or halting to distinguish the *Fleetwing*, of Cleveland, from the *Fleetwing*, of Chicago, although both may be of the same size and rig. This is a convenience for the yachtsmen as well as for the revenue officials. Again, it might have been difficult to obtain so radical a change as the omission of the name of the port, while it is hoped there will be little difficulty in procuring the passage of the proposed bill.

Compulsory pilotage for yachts is certainly ofentimes an unnecessary expense, yet it is an evil from which we do not suffer on the lakes. We would have included it in the amendment, but first feared lest asking too much we might get nothing, and second, as it was not included in the bill proposed by the Eastern Yacht Club before referred to, we thought some reason might exist, unknown to us, for not making the change.

With these explanations we trust that all yachtsmen will feel willing to urge their representatives and Senators to support the pending bill.

SMALL YACHT.

Cleveland, O., April 5th.

BALTIMORE YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

The Baltimore Yacht Club has elected the following officers for the year 1880: Admiral, William P. Towles; Commodore, William M. Busey; Vice-Commodore, James Towles; Captain of Ordnance, William B. Oliver; Secretary, J. William Middendorf; Treasurer, Edward L. Breese; Measurer, G. Wesley Taylor; Surgeon, Dr. John Getz.

Yachting has heretofore been entirely neglected in Baltimore. Now and then an enterprising citizen has purchased a sail-boat to be used for his family and friends, only to be abandoned after a few summer's use, with the conclusion that "yachting don't pay." The manifest trouble has been that the genius of yachting was wanting. The zealous and enthusiastic personal interest in all the details of sailing, which fosters the art as now understood, and seeks to add the value of intelligent individual experience and observation to the stock of knowledge already acquired, has been conspicuously absent. Our yachtsmen have been mainly passengers on their own yachts, and have felt none of the enthusiasm of a sailor.

At the portals of Baltimore spreads the majestic Chesapeake, affording magnificent yachting ground for a distance of two hundred miles and an average breadth of twenty-five miles. With Old Point Comfort as headquarters, the Atlantic is fairly before one, affording ample opportunity for "blue water yachting," and a safe harbor at a fashionable watering place whenever desired.

The Baltimore Yacht Club proposes to inaugurate this splendid recreation in the Monumental City, and hopes by perseverance and maritime ardor to instill a love of the national life in the breasts of many—possibly even touching the hearts of some of our many millionaires, whose lives are absolutely petrifying for want of active and invigorating exercise.

The new yacht building here by Messrs. Joachim & Brothers has her keel, stem and stern-post in place. She will be a keel schooner, 55ft. long, 21ft. beam; depth of hold, 6ft. 6in. Cabin has four state rooms and large saloon, etc. The club has concluded to name their new yacht the *Rena*.

W. P. T. Better cruising waters could not be found than the noble Chesapeake affords, and we are glad to note the efforts now under way to build up a yacht club with Baltimore for its halting port. Many a time has it been our good fortune to handle the stick of the famous old *America*, with a crew of "piels" from the Naval Academy to man the gear, and many a time sail have we enjoyed from Annapolis across to Kent's Island, thence to the southward to Lookout Point and home again to the sheltered harbor Maryland's capital affords.

Years ago we wondered why Baltimore could not muster a single yacht on its broad bosom of the great bay. Let us hope that the efforts to raise that growing city from its long sleep to nautical activity may meet with the success the proselyting energy of the newly-formed club seems to hold in view. The time will come when Hampton Roads will be the rendezvous for a large fleet from the North during fall and spring, and the Baltimore Y. C. can do much to attract attention to the inducements for yachting, for shooting and for fishing, the Chesapeake and its tributary rivers possess to a degree unexcelled by any other waters in America. We trust the schooner *Rena* will be but the fore-runner to a whole fleet with the colors of the club at the masthead, and that the members of the club will not form only a close corporation with themselves, but will do all in their power to enlist the sympathies of the general public, and to stimulate the spread of love for the noble art of sailing.

THE KATIE GRAY.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I should like to give you space to the record for 1878 and 1879 of the yacht *Katie Gray*, the most wonderful ten-tonner on the Lakes or on the continent, for that matter. *Katie Gray*, center-board sloop, was built at Cobourg by Alexander Cuthbert in 1875. Length on deck from fore part of stem to after part of stern-post, 26ft. 6in.; extreme breadth of beam, 11ft.; draught of water aft, 2ft. 6in. She was originally shorter, but in 1877 an addition of ten inches was made to deadwood aft, and quarters raised, 18ft. gaff, and 25ft. boom; jib, 24ft. on foot, 40ft. on stay, and 20ft. on leach. She carries 3,000 pounds iron ballast, all stowed under floor, as no shifting ballast is permitted in our races. Racing canvas includes jib topsail, large balloon jib and moderate sized gaff-top-sail. Her record for 1878 is as follows:—

June 20th—Won match at Belleville against *Surprise*, of Trenton, for \$200 a side.

June 20th—Regatta at Trenton, won first prize, beating *Surprise* and *Merlin*, of Kingston.

July 2d—Second in Kingston. Regatta—partially disabled; won by *Kathleen*, of Victoria, of Alexandria Bay, N. Y., third; *Surprise*, fourth; *Laura*, Emma, Zetta, Maud and *Merlin*, of Kingston; and *Idler*, of Brighton, also participated. This race was an anchor start, and *Katie Gray* got off last.

Aug. 2d—Won club race at Belleville, Kelo (Commodore) Cup;

Surprise, second; *Kathleen*, third; *Merlin* and *Emma* gave up.

Sept. 30th—First prize in fall regatta at Belleville; *Kathleen* second; *Gracie*, third; *Bonne*, fourth; *Sylvia*, last.

Her record for 1879 is equally successful:—

June 13th—First prize in summer regatta at Belleville; *Surprise*, second; *Gracie*, third; *Sylvia* last.

July 15th—Beat *Ella*, of Oswego (21 tons) in match at Kingston for \$250 a side; won by 12 min. 23 sec.

Sept. 6th—First prize and Commodore's Cup in R. C. Y. C. Regatta at Toronto; *Emma*, second; *Gracie*, third. *Gipsy*, of Hamilton, *Kestrel* and *Thistle*, of Toronto, also competed. Shifting ballast in this race, which was a test between East and West, and in which the three Eastern yachts beat their competitors from 25 to 40 min. at their own game.

Sept. 23d—Second in fall regatta, Belleville; *Kathleen*, first; *Emma*, third; *Surprise*, fourth. *Gracie*, *Surprise*, *Ella* (Kingston) and *Julie Judd* (Pictou) also competed.

Thus in two years this yacht has won five first and two second prizes in seven races sailed, and in 1879 she also won the Governor-General's silver medal at Toronto, beating all competitors.

PORT TACK.

Belleville, Ont., April 3d.

REMINISCENCE FROM MY LOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

In 1863 a young man, now better known as "Captain Jack," called on me to get a yacht built. He desired a sharp, keen, finelined boat, finished in the best manner, staunch and stiff, and guaranteed to fly. This being settled, the yacht was built and christened the *Marianna*. I consulted the youngster as to the size of her sail. "Give her wings!" said he enthusiastically, "and plenty of them!" The boat was 15ft. long (yacht club size), 7ft. beam and 13in. deep. Straight out from the keel, and straight through the entire bottom, sharp as a wedge on her harpoon and the good deal like a flat iron; but her stability seemed to be in her after body. When in racing trim she had only three *meches* of foreboard; her deck, however, was like a camel's back, reminding me of a Chesapeake sneak-boat. She was covered in, with only space enough for the crew (four men) to stick their feet in; this space, when filled, only held eighteen gallons of water, hardly enough to give an oel a drink. She was, indeed, a miniature sail-g life-boat. I took first premium at the Franklin Institute a few years previous, for a boat similar to her. She could be capsized and righted again in half a minute. I put one "wing" (cat) on her, placing the mast directly in the wake of her apron, elongating the heel, straddling the step to get room, for she was as sharp forward as a razor. Her mast was 31ft. long and 5in. at the deck; gaff, 13ft.; boom, 25ft. She made her debut on July 4th; wind northwest, blowing hard, and, as all northwesterers do, veering and squally. Got under way with the fleet. At Tuttle's Point a regular snorter struck her and she gently turned over, spilling two, Mayberry and Haines, into the river; making a curve to the windward, with her "turt" full of water, the outs were soon maneuvered in again, and she came in second boat at Tacony. On her way home she capsized six times, and was righted each time by placing a man on her center-board. Captain Jack declares to this day he only "dumped" five times. The distance sailed was eight miles. On one occasion an excursion steamer loaded with passengers was about to pass our champion, when a heavy puff struck his boat and she "turned up."

The steamer was promptly stopped, every thing worthy of old salts and a first class humane society, was done to save the pitching crew. Two men from the steamer jumped overboard, life preservers and everything loose and floatable was cast upon the troubled waters. While the excitement was at the highest pitch, our "Champion" placed one of his men on the center-board—the ever-ready lever—raising his boat quickly on her feet, and sailed off triumphantly with uplifted caps. At a regatta given at Smith's Island by Zimmerman & Gazelle, these gentlemen publicly presented Captain Mayberry with a handsome silver medal, appropriately designed, as the champion boat-sprinter on the river Delaware. The venerable yacht sailor, "Johnny" Wright, had for years enjoyed this title; no one could dive deeper and come up wetter, or could turn a yacht up easier or oftener than he, but alas for greatness, how transitory! The writer as first officer, and the Champion as second, with two others as crew, left Cooper's Point Sept. 23th 1863, for Cape May, in the *Marianna*. We made the run down to the Capes in 2 1/2 hrs. 50m., as the Cape May Wave of the day was at anchor. We reached home on Oct. 7th in 2 1/2 hrs. 50m. Doubling the Cape on our return just as the sun rose, a pilot boat stood across our bows, and hailed: "Where did you come from?" "New York." "Were you on the coast last night?" "Yes." The crew, "yery." When we remember that we were in a 15ft. boat, carrying a 21ft. mast, with only 3in. of free-board, with every man laying out to windward to hold her up, and on old ocean at daylight, with Christian forbearance we excuse the profanity of the pilot. At the proof of her sea-going qualities, Capt. Mayberry offered a match her against a boat of her length. The celebrated *Doger* was then in her prime, and a race between the boats was long talked about, but never culminated, the *Doger* men eventually declaring they would not sail with a boat that did her best work with her mast-head fly trailing in the water. In short, that when a boat gets "that low," she should be considered up and ruled out. I have had the good fortune since then to build my old friend Mayberry several "fyers," but he still clings to his old love, and the memories of his early yachting days grow fresher and stronger with advancing age. The *Marianna* still survives, in seventeen years, has taken some of the life out of her, but she looks good yet, and as ready as ever to be turned up by her old commander, on short notice.

R. G. W.

BOW-FACING ROWING GEAR.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Some six months since I purchased of William Lyman, of Middletown, a boat made to his order for me, by Mr. Huanton, of Canton, N. Y. fitted with two pairs of his patent, bow-facing oars. After going over two hundred miles with them in all kinds of weather, sometimes in pursuit of game, and sometimes for exercise and diversion simply, I can strongly commend both oars and boat. It is within bounds to say that these bow-facing oars double the attractiveness of rowing. If we could find people who had always walked backward, and at last discovered how one much more gracefully walks forward instead, their eyes would furnish the best illustration of the practical value of the "bow-facing" invention. The frequent turning and twisting of the head to make sure of the course, avoid rocks, trees, or headlands—all are banished perplexities to him who uses Lyman's oars. If one drops the oars quickly to seize his gun, or for any other purpose, they trail alongside with as little interference, outside or inside the boat, as any old-style oar. If the oars are to be "shipped," the operation is accomplished with as little diffi-

culty. The introduction of the universal joint gives great freedom of movement, combined with almost perfect silence in the pursuit of game.

Now, as to objections, I have found only a few that are worthy of mention. They involve cost, "feathering," use of oars for purposes of paddle and boat-hook, and the time required to attach to, or detach from, the boat. In most cases, and in this case, decidedly, the best is cheapest.

These oars cannot be "feathered," and the objection must stand for what it may be worth. It is best to carry a boat-hook with any kind of oars, and it can easily be combined with an ordinary paddle in one article, if desired. I carry a boat-hook and a light, ordinary oar. They cost little, weigh little and occasionally are of service.

The extra time to attach and detach will average from five to ten seconds, but this objection is more than counterbalanced by the absence of oar-locks that may be easily lost or "borrowed."

A word about cushioned boats. It is by all odds one of the best for rowing I have seen, and has some great advantages for hunting. It is 15 ft. long, weighs 85 lbs., and carries four persons comfortably. It combines safety, speed and comfort to a great degree.

Middleton, Conn., March 29th.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PACIFIC TOURIST. William's Illustrated Guide to the Pacific R.R., California and Pleasure Resorts across the Continent. By Henry T. Williams. New York, 1879. Price, \$1.50.

This hand-book of Trans-Continental travel is prepared upon a scale never before attempted. It is intended first to be useful, and to this end the editor has detailed at considerable length full descriptions of the railroad routes, places of pleasure resort and noted scenery in the far West, information about towns and cities, routes of summer travel, best localities for hunting and fishing, and such other topics as make this a complete guide. There are special contributions by Prof. F. V. Hayden, Clarence King, Joaquin Miller, and others, with illustrations by Moran, Warren, Snyder, Shelly, Troy and Will. We cannot praise too highly either the plan of the work or the admirable manner in which it is put into execution.

TWENTY YEARS OF INSIDE LIFE IN WALL STREET. By William Worthington Fowler. New York: Orange Judd Company, 245 Broadway, 1880.

Ten years ago Mr. Fowler published a book on Wall street, of

which he sold forty thousand copies. If detailed his own personal experience as a speculator, in a series of pictures of Wall street life, which were so prolific and truthful, that the merits of his book were at once recognized by the press and the public.

The volume now before us is the old book rewritten and brought down to date. To the narrative of the exciting scenes of ten years ago, has been added a history of the gigantic stock movements of the latter part of 1879. There is much truth in the book, as well as much sensation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MANUAL OF YACHT AND BOAT SAILING. Dixon Kemp. Philadelphia, 1880. Second and enlarged edition. Price in England, \$6.

A CONNECTICUT DOG STORY.—The New Haven Union is responsible for this:—"A Rockville sporting man, having a fine litter of setter pups—pedigreed stock—was taking special pains to give them a good start in the world, and to this end it was his custom to rise from his bed at short intervals to feed them. It became rather tedious business for him to 'crawl out' during the cold winter nights to attend to their wants, so he tried a new plan. Setting a pan of milk in a warm corner behind the stove, he went to bed, and in the small hours the young canines called for food. Thinking to make one job of it he arose in the dark and carried the pan carefully to the wood-house, when seizing each pup by the nape of its neck he thrust its nose into the pan, and when all had 'got to their work,' returned to his bed. The next morning he was roused by his wife, who wanted to know what in the world he had done with her bread pan. Investigation followed; his wife had wet up a batch of bread and set it behind the stove to rise; this pan our 'shot' had carried to the pups, and they, after gorging themselves with the dough, waddled back to their warm nest. The yeast was good and the puppies rose, looking like so many muffs, with the head of the animal used for trimming, while their legs and tail resembled warts on an early rose potato."

ONE WAY TO BREAK A DOG.—Boston, March 24th.—I read your paper with much interest, especially the one of March 18th. Real things and real facts we all like—fanciful ones rarely. But I must confess I am fearful of being considered imaginary by most of your readers, when I relate the following about my setter dog, Prince. He is six years old. No one has ever shot over him but

myself. For the last four years I have been in the field with him, four or five months each season, commencing in Sept., in Maine, and ending the 1st of Feb., in Virginia, giving him more practice than one dog in a thousand gets. When he points a bird, I take my position and then say to him, "If I kill this bird, I want you to fetch him as quickly as you can," and he will do it. Again, I take my position and say to him, "No, no, Prince; you must not go after this bird," and he stands like a post and makes no move to retrieve the bird, unless ordered to do so. He never catches a hare but will stand and mark the bird, if not killed, as carefully and correctly as I can. He is a pure Laverack. I claim that, if you have an intelligent dog to start with, and keep him entirely under your own training, by kindness and lots of good common sense teaching you can advance him beyond belief.

CLIFF.

THE FOREST AND STREAM, about May 1st, will remove to the new office, now being specially fitted up for its reception, in the New York Times building, Nos. 39 and 41 Park Row. The editors seem to have grown weary of gazing at the varnish sign across the street, and desire to exchange this "for an outlook over the Jersey hills, and to the sunset beyond." We have no doubt but that in the future the FOREST AND STREAM will be just as readable and just as full of the good things which have occupied its columns heretofore, and which make it the most attractive publication of its kind which comes under our notice.—Insurance Monitor.

FOREIGN GUNS TOO CHEAP.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I wish to say a few words through your valuable paper in regard to our American gun-nuts. I have been trying to introduce our home-made guns through this city, for I feel that there are as good guns made in America as abroad; but I find in doing so that there are three in every five who can get a discount of some of the manufacturers far below what they claim is their standard price. Now I call this poor encouragement to the retail dealer to sell American guns, for their discount is small to us. Importers also sell to hardware men, who do not pretend to deal in their goods, as low as I can buy. I, for one, will not attempt to sell more until the manufacturers keep to their retail price. And I want to see other retail dealers stand up for their rights.

A SUFFRER.

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We can recommend this book as a most valuable and interesting one to the breeder and exhibitor.—*Forest and Stream.*

THE DOG. By IRENE. With twelve full page engravings from life, by GEO. EARL. New and cheaper edition. Cloth, \$1.25.

The directions for the treatment of dogs are good, clearly given, and evidently the result of common sense.—*Sporting Gazette.*

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Jan 24-11.

WANTED.—A situation by a young man as shooting attendant with a gentleman to take care of shooting club, dog, and good wing shot; best of reference given. For particulars, call or inquire for THOS. MOONEY, 145 West 129th Street, New York. April 8-11

WANTED.—An elk skin, full-grown male, with or without the horns. A. J. COLBURN, 31 Boylston St., Boston. Apr 8-11

WANTED.—A second-hand long-range Sharps rifle, model 1874 or 1878; or a Maynard long range rifle. JAMES ARMSTRONG, Chesapeake P. O., Ontario, Canada. April 15-11

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mar 25, 5t Superintendent.

FOR SALE.—A Gordon bitch one year of age; extra tan markings, dark eyes, and mild disposition; is now in breaker's hands, and is all ready for the sale. Sired by Duke of Devon, my mess. For particulars address G. S. THOMPSON, Box 163, Foxboro, Mass. March 25, 11

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—A high-sided, very able and fast slop yacht, built by Lennox, two years old, 35 ft by 13, drawing 3 feet. Owner cruised along coast all last summer with safety. Cabin roomy; is sound and strong in all respects, so that owner, if desired, will give legal warranty to be recovered in Cabin plainly furnished. Price \$1,500. Inquire at 50 BROADWAY, Room 1. If desired, a good man to take charge. Mar 25, 11

FOR SALE.—1,500 live pigeons for trap shooting.

C. S. WERTSNER.

129 West Pratt street, Baltimore, Md.

April 15-11.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A Sharps long range rifle, .44 caliber; a good shooter; in perfect condition. Address O. at this office.

April 11-11.

FOR SALE.—Delaware County, New York State, 67 acres, well timbered; pond of 31 acres of cold spring water, filled with trout. Five miles from Middletown Depot at Westfield. Address H. C. O. P. O. Box 529, Yonkers, N. Y. April 11-11

FOR SALE.—The well known fast bred sloop yacht Veronica; she is three years old, thoroughly built, sailed in thirteen races and winner of thirteen prizes, eleven of them first prizes; she is 24 ft. over all, 20 ft. gun, water line and 8 ft. 10 in. beam; her cabin is large, has a light standing room, and has a full suite of trache sails, etc., will last both in light and heavy weather. For particulars, apply to STEPHEN CHAMBERLIN, No. 141 Beach street, Boston, Mass. April 11-11

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Newfoundland dog, "Keeper," four years old; first prize Westminster Kennel Show, 1879.

Pointer dog, "Croxthol," liver and white; one and a half years old; out of Lord Seton's renowned stock—one of the handsomest pointers in the United States. Second prize in the Hanover International Show.

Blue Belton setter, "Deednal Dash," eighteen months old; sired by Llewellyn's celebrated Dash.—a magnificent stud dog—never exhibited.

Irish setter, "Rover II," pure red; son of Macdonald's champion "Rover," New Zealand English setter, "Ranger II," a pure bred Laverack, son of Macdonald's celebrated "Ranger."

His got won first at Hanover and first show and second at Puppy Stakes in Eastern Field Trials 1879.

Stud fee, \$25.00.

For Sale.

The get of the following thoroughbred

St. Bernard "Brandy," rough coated, out of

Prince Solm's celebrated stock; a magnificent

bitch, in whelp to "Marco," 1st prize in Hanover and Rochester show.

Pointer "Queen," liver and white, 1st Westminster Kennel Show 1879, in whelp to "Croxthol."

Gordon setter, "Beauty," 1st Boston Show 1879, and New York Show 1879.

Pointer "Dora," liver and white, out of

"Queen" and "Brandy," rough coated, out of

Blue Belton setter "Sik."

Irish setter, "Moya," out of Col. Hilliard's

"Palmerston," in whelp to "Rover II," New

English setter, "Donna," white and lemon.

Dogs can be secured by an early application.

Prices are reasonable. Pointers of the highest

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full pedigrees. Also, several puppies of champion

quality by champion dogs.

Having engaged the services of Macdonald's re-

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M. P. MCKOON, FRANKLIN, DEL. CO., N. Y.

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Treble loops.....	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25
Gimp.....	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Numbers.....	8.0	7.0	6.0	5.0	4.0	3.0	2.0	1.0	1 1/2	1 3/4	4 1/2

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Twisted gut.....	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.25
Treble loops.....	1.40	1.40	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Gimp.....	1.40	1.40	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00
Numbers.....	7.0	6.0	5.0	4.0	3.0	2.0	1.0	1 1/2	1 3/4	4 1/2	6 1/2

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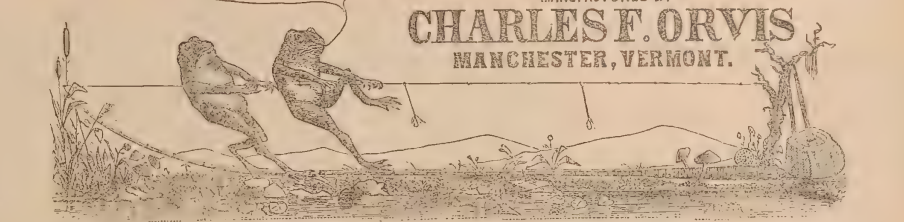
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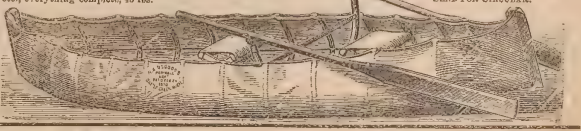
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FAMOUS SUMMER RESORTS AND LAKES

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BROOK Trout abound in the streams, and

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Baylton, 8.35 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 5.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 4.35 P.M.

Col. Pt. & Whitestone, 7.35, 8.45, 10, 11.35 A.M., 2.35, 3.35, 4.35, 5, 5.35, 6, 6.35, 7, 7.35, 9.15, 10.45 P.M., 12.15 night.

Sundays, 9.35, 10.35 A.M., 1.35, 5.35, 7, 10 P.M. Fishing, 6.35, 7.35, 8.45, 10, 11.35 A.M., 2.35, 3.35, 4.35, 5, 5.35, 6, 6.35, 7, 7.35, 9.15, 10.45 P.M., 12.15 night.

Sundays, 9.35, 10.35 A.M., 1.35, 5.35, 7, 10 P.M. For Rockaway, 8.35, 11 A.M., 4.35, 5.35, 7 P.M. Rockaway Beach, 11 A.M., 4.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M. and 6.35 P.M.

Great Neck, 6.35, 7.35, 11.35 A.M., 4.35, 5.35, 9.35 P.M. Saturday nights, 12.15. Sundays, 6.55 A.M., 6.55 P.M. Garden City, Queens and Hempstead, 8, 10 A.M., 1.35, 5.35, 4.35, 5.35 P.M. From Flatbush on

Sundays and Saturdays, commencing April 20. Monday, Wed., Fri. and Saturday, 12.15 night. Wednesdays and Sundays only from Flatbush on

10 P.M. Sunday, A.M., 1.35, 5.35 P.M. Glen Cove, Locust Valley, Glen Head and Roslyn, 8, 10 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 5.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 4.35 P.M.

Greenport and Sag Harbor, 8 A.M., 3.35 P.M. Huntington and Northport, 8, 10 A.M., 4.35, 6.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6.35 P.M.

Lakeland and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 3.35, 5.35 P.M. Port Jefferson, 10 A.M., 4.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., Patchogue, 5.35 A.M., 4.35, 5.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 4.35 P.M.

Richmond Hill, Glendale, 8.35, 11 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 6, 6 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 12.15. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6.35 P.M. Creedmore, 8, 10 A.M., 1.35 P.M., Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, commencing April 20. HUNTER'S PT & WALL ST. ANNEX—Leave

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most purely to liberate him on the middle of the shore. Using Major Fulton's position, and pulled trigger. At the crack of the gun, down went the big buck with a thud, and away scampered the does. Losing all thought about meat for next year, I sent four or five wicked shots after them, but am glad to say, "never touched." Dr. F. sent me a note that he had been in the yard and saw one, causing me to drag her hind part into a few paces, but then she righted up and went like the wind. We now gave three cheers and started for the struggling, bleeding victim. Found a terrible rent through the shoulder, completely severing the spinal column. Had my aim been two inches higher I doubt whether we would have got any meat. The drive now came up when we loaded and started for Laku, arriving late in the evening.

On the 7th day of October, 1879, Dr. P. and myself left this place for a two weeks' hunt in the heart of the Great American Desert. We expected to give our attention to buffalo principally, as we had been vaguely informed that from two to five hundred were leisurely roaming about on the plains, somewhere between the Kansas Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, on the head of White Woman. When we arrived at Lakin, Kan., we found our guide absent, and having nothing better to do we concluded to make a tour twenty-four miles south on the headwaters of the North Canadian. Having secured the services of about as vulgar a specimen of humanity as ever hailed from York State, we started in a little spring wagon over the Arkansas River and adjacent sand hills. When about fifteen miles out we saw our first antelope of the season. Reaching our camping ground two hours by sun, we con-

My quondam friend, Dr. P., who is an old timer in camp and field, but new in life, and who had been snoring away all the forepart of the night, now woke up and commenced to meditate. The little dog brought along by our driver, because he could whip his weight in wild cats or coyotes, kept up a continuous barking. Soon the coyotes set up a howl, and the Doctor thought that they were the sheep, but the distant howl came nearer and nearer, and the sound of bearing down to the shepherd camp. It evidently was a long and weary retreat. There is nothing very pleasant in contemplating the forward march of a pack of hungry wolves, especially where they are mixed up with an occasional gray wolf, one of which had been seen just before sundown. Our fighting dog ceased to bark, which was remarkable, as the Doctor said he could plainly hear the rustle of the grass as the pack seemed to be gradually closing in upon us. We all probably think that we would do so and so under certain circumstances, but the only excuse for my silence arises there is no accounting for the freaks of human nature. Instead of arousing the whole camp, and giving us some show of self-defense, the Doctor simply pulled the blankets tightly over his head, regardless of a pair of No. 10 boots firmly attached to his distal extremities. What his idea was, or what particular train of meditation his mind had taken, no one but himself knows to this day. Probably something like this—for the mind, when thoroughbred and trained, travels with incalculable speed, as we, in our dreams, could travel with the same swiftness, and review the history of ages in a moment of time, and even cover up my head. This is my only secure defense. Nature has so taught the ostrich in the perils of his desert home. Besides, our little fighting dog had become paralyzed with fear, not unlike the tiny warbler, fluttering with intoxicated brain into the very jaws of death, or the innocent kid, helpless and hopeless under the somnific breath of the king of beasts. So, too, our little dog, who had been so certain of destruction, now awaited him, had felt the palsy of death, and even trembled, and had gently turned over on his back, tucked his tail securely for the last time, folded his paws across his breast, extended his head and ears upon the grass, shut his eyes and opened his mouth. But then, should the vicarious sacrifice of our noble dog fail to satisfy the rapacity of the oncoming pack, in all probability, in obedience to the law of 'natural selection,' these fiendish creatures might pounce upon that vulgar New Yorker, and finish him off as a matter of course. I could not see a delightful morsel. At all events, I cannot think for the moment that my tried and true friend—one who had shared with me the joys and sorrows of camp and field for a series of years—should for a moment think of leaving me a prey to the gormandizing instincts of a pack of "low down coyotes." But be this as it may, the sequel was at hand; the tread of distant feet had now become a mass of discordant sounds. The breath of the adventurer had been taken, and the faint kind of tremor that had taken hold of my blanket and pillow, and my clothes gradually began to move, and in spite of the death-like grip of my friend, the covering was jerked from over, and the sack of oats from under, our heads with a frenzy that suggested desperation. This brought the Doctor to a sitting posture, and with clenched fists, hair on end and teeth set, he uttered a prayer—a prayer, O Lordy!—while the cooling breeze of the night nerved him for the conflict; and with a momentary calm subsided, the Doctor appeared as dead as day. The stealthy tread of carnivorous brutes had now fully become metamorphosed into the tread of the old gray wolf, which heaved to bring us hither, and no doubt got a sniff of the sack of oats, and hastened for them as fast as his

Not hearing anything from our guide, and it being late in the week, I concluded to take a run up to Colorado Springs, some one hundred and fifty miles further west. As these springs have so elaborately written up by the versatile pen of "Grace Greenwood," it would be useless for me to attempt to add anything thereto. In fact, I think that everything has been said in their praise that is possible to say, with any regard for truth. We found the springs in a manner deserted, that is, about Manitou. Noticing some bills tucked up on one of the awnings over the spring, I pulled one down and read where to go to hear the truth proclaimed. An angel hovering in the air had made known a new and Divine revelation to the sons of men. This fact was to be announced and amply verified by some one claiming to be a "latter day saint." I didn't go. I wanted to see the Garden of the Gods.

I left my antelope head at the Springs to be mounted and hastened back to Lakin. Dr. P. had received a letter stating that our mutual friend, Frank H., would join us on Monday morning. This was good news, for we wanted Frank to accompany us at the start. Frank is one of those polished gentlemen who exhibits good manners at home and abroad—something not always adhered to when the restraints of society are removed. Bright and early Monday morning we were up trying to get a shot at some coyotes, but failed to bring any to bag. The day arrived at 9 o'clock, and sure enough there was Frank, bag and baggage, with a brand-new gun, with double, open and peep sight behind. Now was hurry and bustle. We could hardly wait for breakfast and team. But with all our efforts it was near noon before we started. Our objective point was south of the Arkansas, on the flats, this field giving us plenty of sport at long range, and Frank was over anxious to try his new gun, saying that he "just knew he would bring some down." We did not come far after crossing the river before we discovered antelope, some feeding and some lying down. They permitted the wagon to come up to within two hundred yards, and Frank got out. As a matter of courtesy we granted him first shot. He took a shell out of the case and passed it into the breach of the gun, and finding that the breech-block did not readily close he used some force and wedged the shell in, and fired. The next instant the smoke cleared, and the shell was gone. We did not remove it. Dr. P. now became nervous and wanted to shoot, but Frank asked him to wait, showing considerable excitement and working hard at the huge shell. "Bexar" never had a worse case of expanded shell than this seemed to be. Frank worked manfully and finally succeeded in pulling out the shell and leaving the ball fast in the gun barrel, while our friend fussed and fumed until the antelope were miles away. Soon we saw a solitary one, and as it crossed us about a half-mile away I shot in advance of it, the ball raising quite a fog of dust. This frightened the animal so that it wheeled and bore down directly upon us, coming to within a few hundred yards before turning. I gave it another shot, cutting through the brisket, and one of the other guns broke a hind leg, but not having any way to follow it up failed to get it. Late in the evening I broke the shoulder of another, but failed to get it.

On Tuesday morning we learned that our guide had arrived from the buffalo range, bringing in five horses. Everything was now making ready for a regular caribou hunt, our guide assuring us that he would show us buffalo. We packed our traps into two wagons, and went some fifteen miles that evening. Just before sun down we stopped for camp, and I assisted in pitching our tent—the first field tent that I had slept under since the "late unpleasantness." Next day was rather lazy, and turned colder. At 10 o'clock we saw a solitary bull, evidently a wanderer. We all gave him a few shots and he ran to no purpose. We stopped for dinner near the head of White Woman, having traveled near fifty miles since leaving the station. The wind was blowing almost a tornado, the sky was dark and lowering, with occasional claps of thunder. We crept in the crevices of the rocks, which make a solid wall for some distance. We discovered where a temporary fort had been made out of loose rocks by piling them up over the heads of the last of the rock. Some party had certainly been besieged here, as we could see a great many empty brass shells of the old Springfield 54 and 53 caliber strewn about on the ground. We also found a steel arrow-head.

The clouds parted and the sun came out, but the wind continued to blow. We hitched up our teams and moved on down the river. Some distance from camp we discovered a solitary antelope feeding near a lake, and thinking it a good chance to stalk, Frank and I went down in the bed of the stream, leaving the teams, and by stooping and crawling along until almost worn out and getting our boots full of gravel, we finally got up within a hundred yards, and as we peeped over the hill our little antelope was leisurely grazing, and not aware of any danger. I suggested to Frank that he give the command to fire. We were both puffing and blowing, and Frank wanted to "wait a minute," but I told him that we might lose our chance. We both slipped our guns upon the bank and took deliberate aim. After waiting for some time I whispered to Frank, "Why don't you count?" Frank was evidently excited, but he began: "One-e, two-o-o, three-e-e" bang went both guns; and to our surprise away went our antelope. We now jumped up on the bank, and as I threw my gun to my face for another shot, Frank called to wait. I found him found him squatting down, trying to get another shell out of his gun that he failed to get in. As I glanced back to the antelope I noticed it turn half quivering, throw its head back and fall. We gave the usual cheers, and started to bag our game. As we were going along Frank said, "Where did you aim?" I told him I aimed at the center of the shoulder—always do; "where did you aim?" "Well, I aimed," Frank said, "at the center of the hind leg." When we got up and turned the deer over we found that there was a bullet hole near the middle of one shoulder, and another about two inches behind the other shoulder. So this was conceded Frank's game.

We proceeded down the creek for a few miles and went into camp. Had a nice fry of antelope liver for supper. The night was dark and cold, so much so that we could not sleep with any comfort. About 3 o'clock the Doctor and I got up and gathered what fuel we could find and made a fire. About 4 o'clock we ate breakfast and set out on our trip, and started. The sun came up bright and nice and the wind had calmed down during the night.

After traveling four or five miles our guide stopped and called our attention to some fresh buffalo sign. There were the beds and fresh titter. I got up on top of the wagon seat and discovered six large buffalo lying down. Our guide told us to get ready, and we all felt sure of getting a prize. When everything was ready our guide formed us abreast, locking each other's arms, and told us to march straight up without stopping. We found this hard to do, as no two stopped alike, but all evidently bent on first shot. Just as we came in view, and while yet a long way off, our friends concluded to leave, and they did not stop the run as far as we could see. There was nothing left for us to do but leisurely follow up the trail with the hope of overtaking them. Two or three o'clock in the afternoon we came in sight again. It was cloudy and a fierce northwest wind blowing. I thought we would all chafe to death. We could see that the animals were tired, as they would often stop to look at us and then turn and walk away. We concluded to try a shot at three hundred yards, but failed to do any damage. Soon after the herd separated and we gave them up finally. But while they were still in sight we discovered a sucking calf approaching, whose mother had been killed, no doubt, but a short time. Seeing us the calf started for the teams; our guide told us to go out a hundred or so yards and lay flat down and that it would come up to us. Sure enough, the dumb brute came to within fifty or sixty yards, and Dr. P. said that it was a pity to kill the innocent thing. I told him that I believed that I wouldn't shoot. Frank said, "Well, he had come out to kill buffalo and was going to shoot." The Doctor thought that if Frank shot that we had as well all shot. So we all fired and made a clear miss, when Dr. P. gave it a second shot on the wing, breaking its neck.

We spent another night on the high plain—the coldest, most disagreeable night that I ever spent in camp or field. This determined us to start for home, leaving our guide still in pursuit of buffalo. We made the station about 9 o'clock that night without any loss and packed up for home next day.

The plains are almost destitute of fuel and water. The supply of buffalo chips had disappeared. There does not seem to be much trouble in getting water by digging a few feet anywhere near these depressions that are called crocks. What a great benefactor must be he who would have a few thousand bored wells scattered about over the plains! And then if the Government would only cause a few electric lights to be placed along the railroad every few hundred miles, many lives would be saved.

Schultz, Mo.

OCCIDENT.

Natural History.

SPRING NOTES FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

MARCH, 1880.

FROM the 23d to the 27th of February was mild and pleasant, and it seemed as though we were again to have an unusually early spring. The shore larks had appeared about the middle of the month; a red-winged blackbird was seen on the 26th. The snow buntings and Lapland longspurs were in their usual early spring abundance, and the snow had entirely disappeared from the ground. But on the 25th snow fell all day, and March came in with a moderate amount of snow on the ground and the thermometer on the morning of the 1st 2deg. above zero. On the 2d and 3d it was again mild, the thermometer being 53deg. at noon on the 2d. The snow all melted and a bluebird was reported on the 3d. From the 3d until the 21st it was continuously cold, with much changeable and disagreeable weather, and occasional light snow-falls. On the morning of the 14th it was 8deg. below zero, and on the 16th 7deg. below; with frequent readings, morning, noon and night, between 0deg. and 20deg. On the 16th a male long-eared owl (*Otus longicornis*) was shot in a piece of woods where one appears regularly every spring, and the same day I heard the longspur (*P. lapponicus*) singing for the first time this year. In an old field grown up in grass and bushes I found a large flock of the *P. lapponicus*. Some of them were feeding upon the ground, while others were sitting in the low bushes uttering their spring song, which improves much as the season advances. Upon starting the whole flock into the air it circled around for a time in the usual erratic manner, and then alighted in the tops of some small oak trees. No sooner were the birds settled than they all started to sing, and although the individual effort is, at this season, neither very full nor continuous, yet the effect of the general chorus was musical and pleasing. A flock of blackbirds often act in a very similar manner. This "congregational singing" of the longspurs is their common spring habit, and is as often indulged in while they are sitting upon the ground as elsewhere.

The 21st another bluebird was seen, and on the 22d marsh hawks, a red-tailed hawk, a flock of mallard ducks and a great abundance of longspurs.

From this time the spring birds began to arrive almost daily, and it will be better to give the record in diary form. The readings of the thermometer were taken three times a day—morning, noon and evening.

March 21th, 30deg., 41deg., 81deg.—The first robin. Male ring-neck and hooded merganser ducks shot. Wood ducks.

March 23th, 30deg., 41deg., 37deg.—About five inches of snow on the ground, which fell last evening. Three wild pigeons seen.

March 23th, 36deg., 43deg., 44deg.—A kingfisher, robins, wood, ringneck and mallard ducks shot. Wild geese. Snow melted rapidly.

March 27th, 43deg., 38deg., 30deg.—Rained all day; the first time for many weeks. Another kingfisher.

March 28th, 36deg., 49deg., 37deg.—Clear and pleasant. March 29th, 30deg., 51deg., 36deg.—Clear. Saw a sand-hill crane flying over. Although at a great height, its loud notes were distinctly audible. Noticed a small flock of cross blackbirds. This bird is occasionally found here in the middle of winter (Jan. 7th, 1870), but cannot be regarded as a resident. Waxwings (*A. garrulus*), bluebirds and robins. Suckers and pickers are running in some of the streams.

March 30th, 40deg., 59deg., 48deg.—Clear and warm; windy. Two white-bellied swallows, ruby-crowned and golden-crowned, fox-colored sparrows, meadow lark, house pewee, song sparrow and brown creepers. The last species is of accidental occurrence during some winters—(Dec. 10th, 1874; Jan. 10th, 1877)—but it comes in numbers with the early spring arrivals and is then more noticeable than at any other time. Pintail and spoonbill ducks are here. The snowbirds (*Junco*) have appeared abundantly in the hedges and bush plots. A large flock of thistle birds (*C. tristis*). Downy woodpeckers mating. The ice went quietly out of the Mississippi River at this point to-day. Previous to 1878 it was not usual for the river to open here before from the 7th to the 13th of April. Winter held on firmly until the last days of March, when there was a general breaking up—melting of snow and ice, and arrival of spring birds. But during the last three years it has been very different. The break-up has been much earlier, and instead of abrupt has been gradual and interrupted by many brief returns of cold weather. In 1875 and 1876 the ice disappeared from the river April 12th, and in 1877, April 7; while in the early spring of 1878 it went out gradually between the 5th and 7th of March; in 1877 on March 29th, and this year March 28th. The river is clear at St. Paul, ten miles below, some days earlier.

March 31st, 42deg., 40deg., 34deg.—The first thunder-storm of the season this morning. It always seems spring-like to hear the roll of the thunder after the long silence of winter. Rained, and at times snowed, most of the day. Several golden-crowned kinglets, meadow larks in song and a large company of brown creepers. While standing watching the creepers as they passed from tree to tree through the woods two of them came and lit on my clothing, and after a short examination flew to a tree about two feet distant. One of them passed in succession up each of my arms and shoulders, and then, as I looked on, they concluded that they arrived at its beyond conjecture; but they must have been somewhat astonished at the character of the trees in that grove. Fortunately for the writer's feelings the trees at this season of the year show no signs of greenness.

The spring this year is slightly less advanced with the close of March than at the end of the same month in 1879, much behind what it was in 1878, and considerably in advance of the average for a number of years previous to 1875.

THOS. S. ROBERTS.

[To be continued.]

UNUSUAL NESTING PLACES.—Cleveland, O.—While out collecting last year, I noticed a pair of robins building a nest in the wall of a building, and in the case of the rook's leading from this place, the nest being situated on one of the timbers, about eight or ten inches below the rail, over which each day ten or twelve trains passed. Here the robins reared their young.

A pair of chipping sparrows built a nest in a hanging basket which was filled with plants, and had to be watered every day. When the lady came to water it the bird would leave its nest, and return as soon as she left. The sparrows finished their nest and reared their young in this situation.

SEYM. INGERSOLL.

SPRING NOTES.—Our correspondent, "Webb," who writes from Nashua, N. H., under date of March 15th, says: The spring-like weather of the month has been succeeded by cold stormy blasts which have driven the "early bird" back to winter quarters. Bluebirds were with us on the 22d of February; a wood pigeon was shot on the 23d—they are generally among the last to arrive; Phillips mounted a cedar bird which was killed on the 20th, and they are generally among our late arrivals. Robins were singing in the orchard on the 28th, and I saw crow blackbirds and chipping sparrows the same day. Four larks! I have not seen them since. The streams are all open, and a few ducks have put in an appearance. A flock of geese passed over on the first of the month; it is early for them, but a friend living in Central Vermont tells me he saw a flock of geese flying north the last of January.

Mr. Seym. Ingersoll, of Cleveland, O., contributes the following observations. He writes: I think we may say that spring is fairly open here, as the birds have begun to arrive. The following is a list of the arrivals that I have noted up to April 2d—

Feb. 10th. Saw two white-bellied nuthatch, one red-headed woodpecker and two yellow-hammers.

Feb. 16th. Saw several more red-headed woodpeckers.

Feb. 21st. Saw a robin to-day.

Feb. 22d. Saw a number of bluebirds and robins.

Feb. 24th. Saw a single flock of crows.

Feb. 26th. I noticed an albino robin, but could not get him.

Feb. 27th. Saw first meadow larks to-day.

March 18th. Saw a large flock of ducks fly over.

March 19th. Noticed a killdeer plover to-day; also several more meadow larks.

March 21st. Noticed crow-blackbirds, cowbirds, song-sparrows and Carolina doves to-day, for the first time this spring.

March 23th. Saw a flock of Carolina waxwings to-day. March 31st. Saw a wood pewee this morning, also a kingfisher, some redwing blackbirds, a chevron and a logger-head shrike; also found a nest of the logger-head shrike, which was just finished.

April 1st. Saw several snipe.

April 3d. Saw a few cliff swallows, and noticed a pair of robins nesting.

PARASITES IN THE MALLARD.—Bellefonte, Ill., March, 1880.—I have just read with a great deal of interest the description of the parasite found in a mallard duck. I had the wing and a part of the breast of a mallard duck, shown me several weeks ago, infested with the

same parasite. The duck was shot near here about four weeks ago, and had the same appearance precisely as described by "Mic Mac."

DODGE.

RAVEN NEAR KINGSTON, ONT.—Our correspondent "Al," who writes from Kingston, Ont., notifies us of the recent capture of a raven near that city. He says:—

A friend of mine, Mr. W. Craig, living a short distance from the city, not long since shot and secured, on or near his farm, a splendid specimen of the raven. He has had it mounted by Mr. Stratford, our city taxidermist, at whose shop it is on exhibition.

NOTE ON THE BREEDING OF THE BLACK BEAR.—*Boston, Feb. 17th.*—The black bear (*Ursus americanus*) brings forth her young in the Northern States and Canada in February. The period of gestation is eight months. At two years of age the female usually produces one at a birth, and in other years. The second litter consists of two, and when of mature growth sometimes three, and in one instance—well authenticated by the writer—four at a birth. When born the cubs are naked and very diminutive. About the tenth week their fur is grown and their eyes open. It is not unusual for the dam to leave her young for a brief time when the weather is very mild. On the approach of warm weather, in May, they leave the den in search of food, the dam placing her cubs on her back, where they cling and nestle in the long thick fur. After this the cubs develop more rapidly in size and soon ramble by the side of the dam. When pressed by the hunter, or in danger she keeps her young in front, herself between them and danger, and when suddenly started sends them to tree and takes herself off at a distance, especially if the hunter is on their trail.

CORLE, LOT WARFIELD.

WHITE JACK-RABBITS.—*Carson, Nev., March, 10th.*—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Your correspondent, A. Lakes, writing from Como, Wyo., who is certainly an intelligent observer, makes a grave error, and one which is apt to mislead Eastern sportsmen, when he speaks of snow-white jack-rabbits. Now a white jack-rabbit does not exist, the jacks retaining the same color winter and summer. There is a species of rabbit in the Western country, however, much larger than the jack, which does become white during the winter months. This rabbit weighs from eight to ten pounds when full grown, and in this section is known as the mountain hare, from the fact that it is to be found only on the mountain sides, or now and then in the foot-hills. There is as much distinction between this rabbit and the jack as there is between the cotton-tail and the jack; and, I repeat, there is no white jack-rabbit at any season of the year in any Western State or Territory, and such statements as Mr. L. makes, appearing in a reliable paper like the *FOREST AND STREAM*, are calculated to lead many into grievous error, especially so when they originate from one who can use all the scientific names so readily. *SIVAD.*

We regret to be forced to differ with a correspondent who make such positive assertions as the above. Nevertheless we are obliged to take issue with him on the facts. The so-called jack-rabbit of the plains and the Rocky Mountains (*Lepus campestris*) does certainly turn white in winter; "Sivad's" statement to the contrary notwithstanding. See Coues & Allen, *Monograph of North American Rodentia*.

The large hare referred to by our correspondent is very probably the pine or snow-shoe rabbit (*L. americanus*, var. *Bairdi*).

A TAME RUFFED GROUSE.—*Worcester, Mass., March 15th.*—As it is generally conceded that the ruffed grouse cannot be tamed, I will give some facts concerning a bird of this kind. Near the village of Coldbrook Springs, Mass., are the mills and box-wood of Mr. D. M. Parker, and near the mills is a tract of sprout land extending almost to the mill-yard. In the fall of 1878 Mr. Parker first noticed a partridge (or ruffed grouse) about the premises. The bird appeared remarkably tame and therefore attracted his attention. He began feeding it, and it grew more familiar, until it would eat from his hand, and finally grew so tame as to perch on his shoulder. He can call it as readily as a quail, and Mr. Parker has, in fact, culls it in the same manner. Mr. Parker has never deprived the bird of its liberty, except on one occasion, when he kept it in the basement of his house for a short time, but it did not relish confinement, and he let it go. It has, however, continued to stay about the mill. Many persons have visited his place to see this remarkable bird, and Mr. Parker is always ready to leave his business to show off his pet. Any one who is at all skeptical as to the truth of the above statement can call at the mills and see the bird take a piece of apple from between Mr. Parker's teeth.

Sportsmen generally pronounce it a female bird. It is, and always has been so far as known, a perfectly strong, sound and healthy bird. Can it not be fairly claimed that this comes very near being a tame ruffed grouse?

E. S. K.

A very interesting case.

SNAKE EATING FISH.—For a number of years past it has been my custom, because unable to find any better way to dispose of my summer leisure, to do a good deal of fishing in the Potomac River, sometimes in the immediate front of the city, sometimes at the Little and Big Falls above, and sometimes at the Four Mile Run below. I have generally used live-bait, there being minnows in any quantity along the edges of the river. Three or four summers ago I went to catch minnows at the mouth of a small run called Gravelly Creek, situated on the west bank of the river, just at the foot of the Arlington estate. A short distance north of the run is the once quite celebrated Arlington Springs, which is still a place of resort for large numbers of Sunday visitors from the city. I have generally used live-bait, it is necessary to cross Gravelly Creek near its mouth, or go quite a long distance around the creek. To enable parties to cross the creek here is some forty feet wide, but at full tide it is fully sixty feet and four or five feet deep. The loose stones form quite an impediment

to the tide, so that, when the tide is rising, the water on the river side of the dam is several inches higher than the water on the other side, and flows through and over the loose stones quite rapidly, and the reverse is the case when the tide is falling. Vast numbers of minnows are to be found at all times in the marsh along the river banks, and as the tide rises they seek the runs to be found here and there to avoid the white and yellow perch which prey upon them, and it is while they are making up the creek that I catch the quantity I want. One day, while catching minnows as usual, I noticed a number of snakes, the common water-moccasin, approaching the dam or footway of stones. The water yet lacked several inches of reaching the top of the stone-way, although it was rushing in quite rapidly and carrying with it many bull-minnows and small white perch that were unable to resist. Watching the snakes, I saw one after another reach the dam and take their station upon it, submerging themselves all but their heads, which were raised about an inch above the water and pointed in the direction of the incoming tide. In this position I counted seventeen snakes, arranged at uneven intervals, in a space of less than sixty feet. I came to the conclusion at once they were fishing, and watched them with a good deal of interest. Pretty soon I saw one head strike forward, going under the water, reappearing in a moment with a very large bull-minnow in its mouth. The snake immediately loosened its hold upon the rocks and swam for the shore, reaching which it disappeared in the bushes; and this was repeated at intervals by each of the seventeen snakes. When they returned from the bushes, having made short work of their "catch," each snake sought his own particular location on the rocks, there being no clashing of interests there.

Now, how is this for reason or instinct? How do these snakes know where to locate themselves, and the particular stage of the tide at which to start on their fishing excursion? How do they know that a number of minnows will be swept over the miniature falls made by the rocks? These are questions that go beyond my comprehension, and I leave them for others to answer. But the facts remain, and any one who will take the trouble may verify them at any time during the summer by a visit to Gravelly Creek.

HAIR-TRIGGER.

Fish Culture.

THE BERLIN EXPOSITION.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

[From our Staff Correspondent.]

AS school-boys we learn that three-fourths of this globe which we inhabit is water; the fact is stored away in memory's garret with other waste bits of intellectual lumber without a reference being made to it, or anything to recall it in a manner to bring it to the surface as an actual fact, until one sails for days and weeks without seeing anything else. An ocean trip has been written up so often and so well that any attempt to add much to it or to depict its vastness must result in failure; still, the experiences of each one show that there are many things which cause trips to be remembered as distinct from each other—the ship, the fellow-voyagers, the cuisine, and, above all, the weather.

It was the writer's fortune to cross to England recently in the North German Lloyd steamer *Neckar*, which left New York on March 20th, with part of the goods to be exhibited by the United States at the International Fishery Exhibition, to be held in Berlin, and also with the delegation which was selected to represent our country at that Ichthyic congress, and from whom much information was derived by inquiring passengers concerning the importance of our fisheries, the extent of their operations, value, the culture of the food fishes, methods of capture, and much other valuable knowledge which, to one who had only considered fishes from the angler's point of view, was a series of surprises as to the vastness of the field and the thoroughness with which it has been worked by Prof. Baird and his assistants. The catalogue of exhibits, proofs of which were to be seen, will be a large one, and covers what appears to the visitor everything which could by any possibility be made from a fish or could in any way be connected with it—from the boats and implements of the angler and the fisherman to the literature of fishes and their culture—an exhibit which cannot fail to be both a credit and an advantage to our country.

The other passengers were an exceptionally good lot, as passengers go, in both cabins, not a man being seen drunk on the voyage, a thing which old sea travelers will regard as a strange occurrence; it being the rule that a party of several men will get drunk when the ship leaves the wharf and remain so until they go on shore, making the smoking-room a place to be avoided by decent people. The differences in the cabins as to rooms is not great, the location of the second cabin being amidships, making it more desirable and more than compensating for the difference in the upholstery, while the cuisine is good, but not so varied and elaborate as in the first; the differences between them which the old traveler cares most about being in the passengers and their manners, especially at table, there always being many in the second who perform feats of knife-swallowing only equaled by the jugglers, and who not being used to be waited upon will request service of their neighbors while the waiters are standing idle. Having crossed in both cabins and studied the habits of the animal man, I have developed the following theory: The reason why the second-cabin passenger can reach so far across your plate to reach the pepper

without dipping more than a small portion of his coat-sleeve in your soup is, without doubt, an inherited peculiarity to be accounted for by the fact that the longest-armed second-class passenger in the Ark got the most pepper, and his descendants waxed long of limb and far of reach, crowding out and displacing their shorter-armed fellows, and so have developed a race which when in want of pepper are capable of entirely depending upon their own resources.

The monotony of the trip was broken on the third day out by the discovery of the cabin of a vessel, which told of a wreck, and two hours later we picked up a small boat containing eleven men and a dog, who were the entire crew of the wrecked bark *Ophir*, of Miramichi, N. B., with grain, from Philadelphia to Belfast, which went down in a gale on the 21st. Two nights in an open boat, with the spray soaking their clothing, had chilled them until they had not strength sufficient to enable them to climb the ladder without the assistance of a rope under their arms; and on gaining the deck but few could walk, while on reaching Southampton a week later the colored cook and another were left in the hospital.

The weather was very pleasant throughout the voyage, and for the five days before reaching Southampton the great ship moved as steadily as a river steamer, so evenly that the water in a tank belonging to the Fish Commission, which was designed to be a sort of self-aerating arrangement, by means of the rolling of the ship causing certain sponges to be first under and then out of water, declined to act at all, and a mere trembling of the surface of the water in it was the only sign of its being in motion. This tank contained some curious creatures, besides many fish, which although our own countrymen (?), we passengers are not at all familiar with, nor is their appearance such as to make one desirous of further acquaintance. The Professors have names for them, which may be correct for all that I can say to the contrary, but such names! There is no need to try and give them, for a slip of the pen would betray my ignorance of scientific nomenclature, always supposing that my memory had firmly grasped them. These beasts are to be shown in the class of "Enemies of Fish and Fish Culture"—a fact which serves to illustrate the assertion made before, that there was a complete collection of everything relating to piscine life, growth and development, whether it may be beneficial or hurtful; the *Neckar* having thirty tons of material on board for the exhibition, with more to follow from New York, which was only a shipping point for a small portion of the goods, the most of them having been taken by ships of this line from Baltimore. These so-called tons are computed by measurement, however, much of the exhibit being in the form of large and light articles, which are boxed, the boats being especially large in proportion to their weight.

This exhibit seems to thoroughly awaken the interest of every one who hears of its extent and character; it is the most novel of all exhibitions, that of the fishery industries of the world—certainly one that is of the greatest importance to our people, but which has been ignored or slighted for so long a time that few persons have an idea of its value beyond the fact that we paid five and a half million dollars last year for the privilege of fishing on a small portion of the North American Coast.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

Speckled Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*; Land-locked Salmon *Salmo gairdneri*; Suckers.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the *FOREST AND STREAM* Directory of Game and Fish Reports, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; Means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

"THE NIPISIGUIT AND METAPEDIA."

Editor Forest and Stream.—In the issue of April 8th of the *FOREST AND STREAM* a criticism appears upon an article of mine under date of March 11th.

Having been there, and also having seen the woods several times in the last twenty years, and having invariably kept a diary and a record of every penny of expense, I thought I knew whereof I wrote. I am, at all events, glad the reason of my faith and regarding the question of expense.

"Manhattan" says the streams are leased in part, and the residue is open to "a great crowd of anglers, good and bad, and no sport nor pleasure to anyone." My article did not refer to sections of rivers "open to all," but otherwise, as I wrote, "Permits necessary; charges usually one dollar per day per rod." Rice fishing is usually not worth the waste of time, while all good fishing is under lease; hence, as the Restigouche Division to which I referred is under lease, it is on an equality with all salmon fishing in Canada, and as good as any, and better than many, and is not more crowded, though fishing may not be had.

In the summer of 1877 I had the pleasure of conducting a small party to the Restigouche. We arrived June 1st

and spent just one week there. We, however, devoted but a portion of two days of that time to salmon, and although none of the party had ever captured a salmon before, we bore away seven nice salmon. The largest weighed thirty-five pounds, three weighed thirty pounds, two weighed twenty-five pounds each, and one fifteen pounds. During that time only two other salmon fishermen put in an appearance (and they old *habitués* of the place), and they captured more than a dozen each while we remained. Mr. Fraser, of the hotel, has a lease of six miles of the best part of the river and keeps it exclusively for his guests, and "crows" do not spoil the fishing here.

Now regarding expenses. I wish it borne in mind that I am talking of estimated necessary expenses for two weeks' trip from Boston to Restigouche, as per my previous article. In this I do not include rods, etc. Nor, from my own experience in the woods, do I suppose that one will fish all the time for salmon. There is good trout fishing, with sight-seeing to be done, which cost less than salmon fishing, which is itemized in my first, and costs \$6.50 per day.

Now, as to expenses, give just what our party paid in fact, and all statements are based upon experience.—

From Boston to Restigouche and return same way, or via Quebec	\$31.50
Sleeper, Boston to Bangor	2.00
Two meals first day	2.50
Supper, lodging and breakfast at St. John	2.50
Three meals and lodging second day	2.50
Six days' salmon fishing	2.50
Two Sundays (making ten days)	4.00
Four days more, at \$2 (board)	8.00
Sleeper, two nights returning	4.00
	\$55.00

Now, I know—whereof I affirm when I say one can make a comfortable trip to Restigouche from Boston for \$100 even money; but as I know how prone one is to spend money when the "goes a-fishing," I put the estimate at \$150, so that a little indulgence in cigars, etc., might be allowed. The train leaving Boston at 7 P.M. is the one to take; you then reach St. John next night about 6, and resume the following morning at 8 A.M., and stopping over at some convenient place for the night, reach Metapedia at 9 A.M. the next morning. There are no expenses of note except as given, but for incidentals one is to go to the coast. If you stop off at Nipisiguit or Miramichi, and go up river, you will have carriage hire to pay, but if you have a party of four an item of \$2 per day is ample to cover it. My estimate of \$150 leaves a margin broad enough for anyone to go into the woods with, who is not, or ought not to be, under a guardian.

I can now give an estimate for a trip almost in this country. I have noted it carefully for twenty years, and been surprised at its accuracy. "Drummers" will agree with me generally, i. e., \$7 per day from time of leaving home till you return will almost invariably cover necessary expenses of a two to four weeks' trip, or longer. I tested it among the White Mountains, among the Catskills, in Canada, at Niagara Falls and elsewhere. It's much better than guess work and "doubling."

GEORGE A. FAY.

West Meriden, Conn., April 13th.

Our correspondent's practice of keeping an itemized record of routes, fares and expenses is an admirable one, and at once stamps his information as reliable and practically useful. A former paper by Mr. Fay, giving the itinerary of the Rangeley Circuit has been highly commended by those who are familiar with that country. We need hardly suggest that this plan of a daily record is worth adopting by others, nor to hint to our friends that the *FOREST AND STREAM* is always glad to get hold of just such records for the benefit of its readers.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—*Milford, Fort Stevens.*—I am afraid you may think it a repetition to say anything in your "Fishing Directory" about our little salmon at Grand Lake stream, as most all your experienced fishermen know all about it. The best way to get there is by the International Steamship Co., from Boston or Portland, now running twice a week; in summer three times. Very fine boat, go near the land, so you have a good view of the coast. Fare from Boston to Calais, about \$5; from Portland, about \$1; state-rooms, extra, which should be engaged ahead. Connect at Eastport with river boat for Calais; then cars to Princeton, twenty miles, and little steamer to stream. Or can come to Calais by cars, paying twice as much money, and having twice as much discomfort; time, about the same from Portland. Write to W. O. Rose, Lake House at Princeton, Me., or Mr. David Dresser, who engage Indians and canoes if they are wanted. Good accommodations at the stream, or can live in tents. G. A. BOARDMAN.

NEW YORK.—Fine trout fishing can be had at Delhi, Delaware County, N. Y. Delhi is reached from New York City by the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad. It is a seven-hours' ride. Good ruffed grouse and squirrel shooting can be had in the autumn. There are also a few woodcock and lots of foxes. Good board can be had at very reasonable rates at the Edgerton House, C. B. Griffin, proprietor.

THE ADIRONDACKS.—*Saranac, Region, April 16th.*—The weather continues still very cold for the season. In the woods the snow is still quite deep. The lakes are still covered with ice, and the prospect is that it will not disappear until about the first or second week in May. I will inform you when it does, that those very anxious ones may appear here armed and equipped for trolling. The prospect for good trout fishing is highly favorable, as but few trout have been taken during the past winter, owing to the increasing regard for the law—and I might add fear lest justice should proclaim its power.

I understand that several of the old sportsmen who have visited here for many years have engaged their guides, viz.: Messrs. M. & T., Col. H., Dr. K., Rev. W. L. B., Mr. H., of New Jersey, and party, and others. The *FOREST AND STREAM* is always a very welcome visitor, every issue overflowing with interest. S. S. N.

WESTCHESTER TROUT FISHING.—There is good trout fishing in some of the streams about Bedford, Croton, Lake and Mount Kisco, in Westchester County. B.

writing to Mr. I. Flowellin, Croton Lake, New York, parties can secure all desired information, or, by going directly there, will be well entertained and guided to the fishing grounds.

VIRGINIA.—*Norfolk, April 16th.*—Two men who were engaged in fishing on Dumpling Island, in Nansemond River, caught a rock-fish last Thursday five feet long, sixteen inches in diameter, and weighing seventy-five pounds. In going in the fike he got half-way in the mouth of the net, and could not get in or out. They had to run a rope through his gills and mouth, and then it took two men to manage him.

MINNESOTA.—*Owatonna.*—I caught my first black bass of the season yesterday, April 14th; very high wind; fished about one hour; took four, the largest weighing four pounds, twelve ounces, the smallest, one and three-quarter pounds. No pickerel biting as yet. The bass pay no attention to minnows. Caught them with a Conroy spinner at head of mill-pond on Straight River. Have caught perch sixteen inches long in same water. Fish plenty. P. P. W.

INDIANA BLACK BASS FISHING.—*Warsaw, Ind., April 14th.*—To those desirous of finding black bass in abundance, and who wish to try their skill in Indiana waters, the beautiful little city of Warsaw offers many attractions. It is on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad (Pennsylvania line), 108 miles east of Chicago, and 350 miles west from Pittsburg. There are four very pretty lakes within fifteen minutes' walk from the hotel, and one, Center Lake, bordering on the limits of the town. Eagle Lake, one-half mile from the city, teems with pike and black bass, and of such large size as to quicken the beatings of a true piscator's heart. Mr. Geo. Greene, proprietor of the Kirtley House, will take special pains to provide all parties with necessary boats and guides, and minnows can be obtained at reasonable rates. The bass season opens May 1st. H. Z.

The Kennel.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE ENTRIES CLOSE WITH 1,108 DOGS IN THE REGULAR COMPETING CLASSES, EXCLUSIVE OF ENTRIES FOR PUPPIES IN LITTERS.

THE fourth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club, to be held at Madison Square Garden (late Gilmore's) on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, April 27th, 28th and 29th, will surpass in point of number and excellence of stock anything ever before held in this country. The entry books, which closed on the evening of the 12th inst., show that 1,108 dogs have been entered for competition, not including between one and two hundred puppies in litters, which will be shown with their mothers, and nine pointers of the Westminster Kennel Club, not for competition.

Although the total number does not reach the predictions of Mr. Lincoln, yet it is so far in advance of all previous exhibitions of the kind that the result must be highly gratifying to the managers, who have left no stone unturned to make it a success in every way.

To enable our readers to see at a glance the increase and falling off of entries in the separate classes between this show and its predecessors, we annex a classified table of the comparative entries for 1877-78-79 and 80. Before drawing our own deductions, however, it will perhaps be best to give a brief recapitulation of the number of classes with actual entries and total number of dogs included in them of each year; these have been compiled from the official bench show catalogues, checked at the shows of each year, and also from the files of the *FOREST AND STREAM*—

First show, 1877—Seventy classes, embracing 864 dogs.
Second show, 1878—Eighty classes, embracing 834 dogs.
Third show, 1879—Eighty classes, embracing 943 dogs.
Fourth show, 1880—Seventy-four classes, embracing 1,108 dogs.

In 1877 we find from the entry books that there were six classes for Gordon setters and two for native black and tans, or black, white and tan setters. As the subsequent shows only classify black-and-tan setters, we have pooled the two above-named classes under the one heading—"Gordon or Black-and-Tan Setters." The Blenheim, King Charles or Japanese classes we have as far as possible separated, and omitted in all the years mention of all classes in which there were no entries; these were as follows: In 1877 the Black-and-Tan Terrier (exceeding eleven pounds weight) Class, in 1878 the Bloodhound and Field Spaniel Bitch classes, in 1879 the pointer puppy bitch (under six months), champion red and white setter bitch, Chesapeake Bay dog and bitch, and Blenheim spaniel, dog and bitch classes, and in 1880 the Blenheim, or King Charles dog and bitch class. But the present year includes the silk-haired terrier, excepting Yorkshire class, which was added to the premium list after the printing of the distributing books, the prizes being for best dog or bitch \$10, and for second best a silver medal. This class has never been opened before. We also have not included in the table the pointers of the Westminster Kennel Club, as they have been entered "not for competition." For 1878 the catalogues show nineteen entries, for 1879 nine, and the same number for this year.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF ENTRIES, 1877-78-79-80.

CLASSES.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.
MASTIFFS.				
Dogs and bitches.	25	14	9	18
Dogs.		4	4	7
Bitches.			3	7
Puppies.				
ST. BERNARDS.				
Dogs and bitches.	17		8	15
Puppies.			6	2
Rough-coated dogs.			6	2
Rough-coated bitches.			6	3
Smooth-coated dogs.			2	4
Smooth-coated bitches.				
NEWFOUNDLANDS.				
Dogs and bitches.	12	23	15	18
Puppies.			5	8
SIBERIAN OR ULM.				
Dogs and bitches.	8	11	11	21
POINTERS.				
Champion dogs, any weight.	11			
Champion dogs, over fifty pounds.			1	
Champion dogs, under fifty pounds.			3	
Champion dogs, over fifty-five pounds.			4	3
Champion bitches, any weight.	6			
Champion bitches, over fifty pounds.			2	5
Champion bitches, under fifty pounds.			2	5
Dogs, over fifty-five pounds.			25	18
Dogs, under fifty-five pounds.			10	12
Bitches, over fifty-five pounds.	31	24		
Bitches, under fifty-five pounds.	12	8		
Bitches, over fifty pounds.	20	11	15	20
Puppies, dogs, over twelve months.	11			20
Puppies, dogs, over six months.		11		
Puppies, bitches, under six months.		1		
Puppies, bitches, under twelve months.	11			31
Puppies, bitches, over six months.		3		
Puppies, bitches, under six months.		3		
ENGLISH SETTERS.				
Champion dogs.	4	3	5	10
Bitches.	8	24	30	30
Dogs.				
Puppies, dogs, over six months.			11	27
Puppies, dogs, under six months.			5	3
Puppies, bitches, over six months.			12	11
Puppies, bitches, under six months.			8	25
Imported dogs.	18			25
Imported bitches.	13			20
Imported puppies, dogs.	2			
Imported puppies, bitches.	2			
Native dogs.	69			48
Native bitches.	9			48
Native puppies, dogs.	8			
Native puppies, bitches.				
GORDON OR BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.				
Champion dogs.	5	8	2	8
Champion bitches.	3	4	4	10
Dogs.	59	20	29	19
Bitches.	21	18	12	24
Puppies, dogs, over twelve months.	8			
Puppies, dogs, over six months.			2	11
Puppies, dogs, under six months.			5	3
Puppies, bitches, under twelve months.	7			13
Puppies, bitches, over six months.				
Puppies, bitches, under six months.			5	3
IRISH IRISH SETTERS.				
Champion dogs.	6	4	2	6
Champion bitches.	0	2	4	2
Dogs.		35	37	47
Bitches.		20	16	27
Puppies, dogs, over twelve months.			10	11
Puppies, dogs, over six months.			10	11
Puppies, dogs, under six months.			2	4
Puppies, bitches, over twelve months.			3	12
Puppies, bitches, over six months.			3	12
Puppies, bitches, under six months.			6	6
Imported dogs.	16			
Imported bitches.	9			
Imported puppies, dogs.	2			
Imported puppies, bitches.	2			
Native dogs.	49			
Native bitches.	10			
Native puppies, dogs.	17			
Native puppies, bitches.	9			
RED AND WHITE SETTERS.				
Champion dogs.			1	
Bitches.			5	
Dogs.			5	
Puppies, dogs, over six months.			5	
Puppies, dogs, under six months.			3	
Puppies, bitches, over six months.			4	
Puppies, bitches, under six months.			4	
CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.				
Dogs and bitches.	2			
Dogs.			2	
Bitches.			2	
IRISH WATER SPANIELS.				
Dogs and bitches.	4		8	7
Dogs.			2	
Bitches.			2	
RETRIEVERS SPANIELS.				
Other than pure Irish, dogs and bitches.	5			
Dogs.			6	
Bitches.			4	
CLUMBER SPANIELS.				
Dogs and bitches.			2	5
COCKER SPANIELS.				
Dogs and bitches.	19		11	16
Dogs.			7	11
Bitches.			4	9
Puppies, dogs or bitches.	0		8	9
FIELD SPANIELS.				
Dogs and bitches.	13			
Dogs.			1	
Bitches.			23	15
DEERHOUNDS.				
Dogs and bitches.	9	4	5	7
STAGHOUNDS.				
Dogs or bitches.	0			
FOXHOUNDS.				
Dogs and bitches.	14	45	0	0
Dogs.			6	15
Bitches.			5	3
BEGGLES.				
Dogs and bitches.	2			
HARRIERES.				
Dogs and bitches.	2			
DACHSHUNDS.				
Dogs and bitches.	16		8	9
Dogs.			6	
Bitches.			2	
FOX TERRIERS.				
Dogs and bitches.	13		17	17
Dogs.			10	15
Bitches.			7	11
Puppies, dogs or bitches.	12		4	16
Dogs.			3	0
Bitches.			3	0
COLLIES.				
Dogs or bitches.			11	22
Dogs.			4	9
Bitches.			5	4
Puppies, dogs and bitches.			3	4
DALMATIAN OR COACH DOGS.				
Dogs and bitches.	5		4	1
BULL DOGS.				
Dogs and bitches.	10	10	8	20
BULL TERRIERS.				
Dogs and bitches.	11	20	31	24
Puppies, dogs or bitches.			5	0
PGES.				
Dogs and bitches.	27		13	18
Dogs.			11	9
Bitches.			2	12
Puppies, dogs and bitches.			6	8
SKYE TERRIERS.				
Dogs and bitches.	23		15	16
Dogs.			12	

CLASSES.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.
Bitches.....		5		
SCOTT TERRIERS:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	10	8	11	3
DANDY DINMONT TERRIERS:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	11	3	3	6
YORKSHIRE TERRIERS:—				
Dogs and bitches, over five pounds.....	19	22	16	
Dogs and bitches, under five pounds.....	10	11	10	
SKEL-HEADED OTHER THAN YORKSHIRE:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	21	12	9	18
TOY TERRIERS:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	20			
BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	13			
Dogs and bitches, under eleven pounds.....				
Dogs and bitches, over five pounds.....				
KING CHARLES AND BLENHEIM SPANIELS:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	4	6	8	
SPANIELS:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	4	7	6	9
ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	6	14	9	10
POODLES:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	2			
TRICK DOGS:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	1			
MISCELLANEOUS:—				
Dogs and bitches.....	7	2	20	40

The first year of the show was the only one in which there were imported English setter puppy classes for both dogs and bitches, and imported and native red Irish setters, dog, bitch and puppy; staghound, poodle and trick dog classes.

In 1878 the S. L. Bernards were divided into two classes, rough and smooth coated, and the imported and native English setters were judged under one heading, as were also the red Irish setters. The spaniels were separated into classes of the different breeds, and many classes were opened for both dogs and bitches under their respective headings.

In 1879 the red Irish setters were divided into two classes, namely, red Irish setters and red and white setters, and the imported and native English setters still remained under one heading.

We now come to the present year, which we consider has the simplest classification yet arrived at. The English setters have again been divided into imported and native classes; the red dogs of the previous year are to be found bunched together.

Referring to the account of the first show, given in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 17th, 1877, we see that "the actual entries, including specials, were 1,195, and allowing for puppies and collections covered by single entries, there were probably 1,200 animals on exhibition." In the next year, as shown, there was a falling off in the entries, but the interest revived again during last year, as there was a large increase in the total list, and particularly in the sporting class, which is shown in a carefully prepared table further on. The decrease in entries for the year 1878 was mainly due to the number of diseased dogs exhibited in the initial show, and this would point to the necessity of not only a thorough but a competent examination of every animal that is sent to the Garden of this year, as the dog-owning public cannot be expected to enter its valuable stock if it is not to be in every way protected. Last year the managers having found this out, took every precaution against the entrance of animals suffering from either mange or distemper, and we have reason to believe that the same systematized precautions will be doubly in force this year.

The FOREST AND STREAM of April 3d, 1879, in its concluding remarks regarding the last exhibition, says that "it was an unprecedented success in the annals of the dog shows in this country, and as far as the sporting classes were concerned the number was believed to be greater than had ever been shown in England."

The following is a recapitulation of sporting dogs entered in this and in previous shows:—

	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.
Pointers.....	120	83	123	135
Setters.....	150	122	157	234
English.....	27	27	27	27
Black and tan.....	84	64	73	71
Irish and white.....	145	390	294	358—443
Chesapeake Bay dogs.....	2			
Irish water spaniels.....	4	4	5	7
Spaniels other than Irish.....	27	27	27	27
Greyhounds.....	18	23	15	15
Doer-hounds.....	0	4	5	7
Stag-hounds.....	0	4	5	7
Beagles.....	14	45	9	9
Harehounds.....	6	5	15	13
Harehounds.....	2			
Doehounds.....	16	11	8	9
Total.....	614	604	608	680

We believe that the above needs no comment, the only item really calling for particular attention being the entries in the English setter class; this is found to be a large increase on previous years, which is mainly due to the opening of a separate class for native dogs.

As we propose giving a full description of this interesting exhibition in subsequent issues, we have decided not to allude further at this time to the individual entries, until we can speak of them as something we have seen. It may, however, be interesting to our readers to state that the entries are from almost every State in the Union, including New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maine, California, Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Delaware, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Michigan, Wisconsin, District of Columbia, from England and Ireland, and from the following points in Canada: London, Toronto, Montreal and Chatham.

The two foremost competitors for the following points are for the largest and best collection of animals owned and exhibited by one person or club, are Mr. A. E. Godeffroy,

of Guyard, N. Y., who sends twenty-six, and Mr. A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, whose contribution aggregates twenty.

The arrangement of the Garden will be entirely different from that of former years. There will be no stalls around the outer edge of the floor. Six double rows will be run the entire length of the building, beginning at the rows of pillars at either side, except that space enough will be left at the Madison avenue side for a large oval ring, in which the sporting classes are to be judged, and a broad aisle through the center from Twenty-sixth to the Twenty-seventh street side. The aisles between the stalls will be ten feet wide, and that around the ellipse thirteen feet wide, which will give ample room for spectators, and at the same time enable the managers to provide for all the dogs on the floor. A platform for the judging of the non-sporting classes will be erected in the recess formerly occupied by the cascade. Where the soda water stand formerly stood Mr. A. E. Godeffroy will have a house twelve feet square, containing stuffed specimens of all the game birds and fur-bearing animals of America. In it will also be exhibited four other-hounds now on the way from England, and the first ever imported to this country. The wants of the dogs will be looked after by forty-three attendants, who will be uniformed in white caps and brown hunting coats. Many of the exhibitors have announced their intention of draping their stalls handsomely. The Garden will otherwise be decorated with flowers and pictures, and will present an attractive appearance. An entirely new set of stalls has been contracted for. They are now being constructed. The carpenters will begin putting them up at 11 o'clock on next Saturday night, and the work is to be completed at midnight on Sunday. By Monday night all the dogs from a distance will be housed within the building.

POINTS IN JUDGING.

FOLLOWING are the scales of points for judging each class. We republish them for the convenience of visitors at the show, who may wish to judge for themselves the comparative merits of the dogs on exhibition next week:—

MASTIFF.—Head, 20; eyes, 5; ears, 5; muzzle, 5; neck, 5; shoulders, 5; loin, 5; chest, 7; legs, 6; feet, 5; color, 5; coat, 5; symmetry, 10; stern, 5; size, 5. Total, 100.

SKYE TERRIER (Drop and Prick-Eared).—Length, 15; texture, 10; color, 20; head, 10; ears, 10; length of body, 20; carriage of tail, 10; symmetry, 15. Total, 100.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIER.—Head, 5; jaws and teeth, 6; eyes, 6; ears, 5; neck and shoulders, 10; chest, 10; loin, 10; legs and feet, 10; color, 5; coat, 5; tail, 5; symmetry, 5. Total, 100.

"DALMATIAN," OR COACH DOG.—Head, 10; neck, 6; body, 5; legs and feet, 10; tail, 5; symmetry, 10; coat, 5; color, 10; markings, 40. Total, 100.

BULL DOG.—Skull, 20; stop, 5; eyes, 5; ears, 5; face, upper jaw and nostrils, 5; chop, 5; mouth and lower jaw, 5; neck, 5; shoulders and chest, 10; back, 5; tail, 5; fore legs and feet, 5; hind legs and feet, 5; size, 5; coat and color, 5; symmetry and action, 5. Total, 100.

BASSET HOUND.—Skull, 10; jaw, 10; ears, eyes and lips, 10; length of body, including neck, 15; legs, 15; feet, 7; stern, 10; coat, 5; color, 7; size, symmetry and quality, 10. Total, 100.

BEGGIE.—Head, 15; neck, 5; shoulders, 10; chest and back ribs, 10; back and loin, 10; hind quarters, 10; elbows, 5; legs and feet, 20; color and coat, 5; stern, 5; symmetry, 5. Total, 100.

IRISH SETTER.—Skull, 10; nose, 10; ears, lips and eyes, 4; neck, 6; shoulders and chest, 15; back, quarters and stifles, 15; legs, elbows and hocks, 12; feet, 8; flag, 5; symmetry and quality, 5; texture of coat and feather, 5; color, 5. Total, 100.

IRISH WATER SPANIEL.—Head, 10; face and eyes, 10; topknot, 10; ears, 10; chest and shoulders, 7; back and quarters, 7; legs and feet, 10; tail, 10; coat, 10; color, 10; symmetry, 5. Total, 100.

GORDON SETTER.—Skull, 10; nose, 10; ears, lips and eyes, 4; shoulders and chest, 15; back quarters and stifles, 15; legs, elbows and hocks, 12; neck, 6; feet, 8; flag, 5; symmetry and quality, 5; texture of coat and feather, 5; color, 5. Total, 100.

YORKSHIRE TERRIER.—Head, 15; clearness of blue, 15; distinctness and richness of tan, 15; length of coat, 10; texture of coat, 10; straightness of coat, 10; ears, 10; tail, 5; condition in which shown, 10. Total, 100.

PUG.—Head, 10; ears, 5; eyes, 5; molas, 5; mask, vent and wrinkles, 10; trace, 5; color, 10; coat, 10; neck, 5; body, 10; legs and feet, 10; tail, 10; symmetry and size, 5. Total, 100.

BULL TERRIER.—Skull, 15; face and teeth, 10; ears, 5; neck, 5; shoulders and chest, 15; back, 10; legs, 10; feet, 5; coat, 5; color, 5; tail, 5; symmetry, 10. Total, 100.

EXETER SETTER.—Skull, 10; nose, 10; ears, lips and eyes, 4; neck, 6; shoulders and chest, 15; back, quarters and stifles, 15; legs, elbows and hocks, 12; feet, 8; flag, 5; symmetry and quality, 5; texture of coat and feather, 5; color, 5. Total, 100.

FIELD SPANIEL AND MODERN COCKER.—Head, 15; ears, 5; neck, 5; chest, back and loins, 20; length, 5; legs, 10; feet, 10; color, 5; coat, 10; tail, 10; symmetry, 5. Total, 100.

CLUMBER SPANIEL.—Head, 20; ears, 10; neck, 5; length, 15; shoulders and chest, 10; back, 10; legs and feet, 15; color, 5; coat, 5; stern, 5. Total, 100.

POINTER.—Skull, 10; nose, 10; ears, eyes and lips, 4; neck, 6; shoulders and chest, 15; back, quarters and stifles, 15; legs, elbows and hocks, 12; feet, 8; stern, 5; symmetry and quality, 7; texture of coat, 3; color, 5. Total, 100.

ST. BERNARD.—Head, 20; line of poll, 10; shape of body and neck, 10; size and symmetry, 20; legs and feet, 10; dew claws, 5; temperament, 5; color, 5; coat, 5. Total, 100.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Head, 20; ears and eyes, 6; neck, 10; chest, 5; back, 10; legs and feet, 5; size, 10; symmetry, 10; color, 5; coat, 5; tail, 5. Total, 100.

BLOODHOUND.—Head, 15; ears and eyes, 10; jaws, 5; neck, 5; shoulders and chest, 10; back and back ribs, 10; legs and feet, 20; color and coat, 10; stern, 5; symmetry, 10. Total, 100.

GREYHOUND.—Head, 10; neck, 10; chest and fore quarters, 20; loin and back ribs, 15; hind quarters, 20; feet, 15; tail, 5; color and coat, 5. Total, 100.

DEER-HOUND.—Skull, 10; nose and jaws, 5; ears and eyes, 5; neck, 10; chest, 10; shoulders, 10; hind and back ribs, 10; elbows and stifles, 10; symmetry and quality, 10; legs and quarters, 7; feet, 7; color and coat, 10; tail, 5. Total, 100.

FOX-HOUND.—Head, 15; neck, 5; shoulders, 10; chest and back ribs, 10; back and loin, 10; hind quarters, 10; elbows, 5; legs and feet, 20; color and coat, 5; stern, 5; symmetry, 5. Total, 100.

FOX TERRIER.—Head, 15; neck, 5; shoulder and chest, 15; back and loin, 10; hind quarters, 5; stern, 5; legs, 10; feet, 10; coat, 5; color, 5; size and symmetry, 15. Total, 100.

COLLEY (Rough as well as Smooth).—Head, 10; muzzle, 5; ears and eyes, 5; shoulders, 7; chest, 7; loin, 10; legs, 10; feet, 10; coat, 15; color, 10; tail, 5; symmetry, 5. Total, 100.

DANDIE DINMONT AND SCOTCH TERRIER.—Head, 10; eyes, 5; ears, 5; neck, 5; body, 20; tail, 5; legs and feet, 10; coat, 15; color 5; size and weight, 10; general appearance, 10. Total, 100.

ITALIAN GREYHOUND.—Head, 5; neck, 5; ears and eyes, 5; legs and feet, 10; fore quarters, 10; hind quarters, 10; tail, 5; coat, 5; color, 15; symmetry, 15; size, 15. Total, 100.

MARYLAND FOX HUNTING.

CLARKSBURG, Md., April 18th.

IN no State in the Union is fox hunting enjoyed to such a degree as in Maryland. A number of clubs have been formed and are steadily on the increase. Especially are the Baltimore, Howard and Anna Arundel clubs popular, their meets being looked forward to with great interest, especially by the ladies, who take great delight in following the hounds. The first regular meet of the Montgomery Club since the receipt of their club uniforms, which by the way are quite handsome, consisting of red coats, white pants and top boots and blue riding-cap, came off last Saturday in Pleasant Valley, midway between Clarksburg and Damascus.

By 10 o'clock over forty members of the club had arrived on the grounds, accompanied by ladies, who desired to participate in the chase, which has been the theme of conversation for the past week. Several hundred spectators were present by invitation of the club.

The pack of dogs amounted to about forty; the most of them had arrived the day before and were confined in a large tobacco house, presenting a lively and attractive appearance. Some splendid specimens of the Irish hound were noticeable, especially Hot and Buck, owned respectively by S. T. and J. F. Williams. These dogs are veterans in the chase, and are well known to the lovers of this sport as reliable and faithful followers.

The Burdette introduced a splendid pack of twelve, including Speed and Annie, by Carl Burdette; Scot and Bell, by Thos. A. Burdette; Charmer and House Carroll, by Basil Burdette; Bell and Forman, by Morton Burdette; separately by John Ed. Burdette, Dr. Burdette and Dick Austin, showing some fine specimens of the English fox hound, and exhibiting in the run fine points during the day.

Mr. George Pope's entry of four, were noticeable for their clean and shapely appearance and staying qualities; also James King's and Clem, Barbour's pack of five, that gave evidence of being thoroughly acquainted with the requirements of the occasion.

The fox was a splendid specimen of the red Reynard family, which was captured about ten days previous by Carl Burdette on Ten Mile Creek, near Boyd's Station, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and preserved for this occasion.

When the horn was sounded and the hunters assembled on the open plateau, facing "Parr's Ridge," and enabling all to see the start, the fox was given his freedom in the open meadow, and soon gave evidence that his late captivity had not caused him to forget his usual cunning and adroitness.

After running a short distance he crossed the stream of water that forms the head of Big Seneca and moved up the slope of the hill leading through the orchard, and finding that he was not pursued, he stopped and took a long survey of the surroundings. The outlook proving satisfactory, he indulged in a good roll and then started for cover in the direction of Clarksburg. It had been decided to give him a half hour start before turning the dogs loose, allowing him time to recover from his late confinement and get a good start.

The riders mounted and the dogs were released from their confinement, and immediately took the trail, filling the air with their musical notes as they bounded along over hedge and fence.

The members of the club and invited guests and horsemen joined in hot pursuit; owing to a break in the dogs, the company parted, and some of the chase from Shaw's place, for false dog, and were thrown entirely out of the run. But to those who had horses equal to the task and took the low scrub oak on the north side of the ridge and rode close up with the leaders, the run was a fine one.

The fox made directly for his old haunts on Ten Mile Creek, crossing the Frederick road, just below Clarksburg, and giving a fine view of the chase from Shaw's place.

Sir Guyard seemed to realize the grandeur of the occasion, and although closely followed by the dogs he succeeded in doubling on them and took the back track, when Boozie, owned by Col. Boyd, and a recent importation from the kennel of Lord Bateman, of the Royal Huntsman Club, "took the foot" and opened on the back track, where he was met by the return of the dogs on the false scent. Those who had followed the foxer sounded their horns and gave their misguided friends the genuine start.

He was so closely pursued by the dogs that he doubled by Gus well, and crossed above Clarksburg on the Frederick road, through the grounds of Tom Anderson's machine shop and through John Lewis' farm, closely followed by the dogs through Mr. Edward Waters' farm two miles below Clarksburg on the road to Boyd's, when he was compelled to take refuge in a hollow tree on the place of Mr. Edward Waters. Here the services of Tom Snowden, the champion colored fox hunter and keeper of the hounds, was brought into requisition with his axe. Tom delights to follow the hounds and be in at the death. Tom soon brought down the tree, and Sir Reynard was again transferred to the lock. So hard was he pushed by the dogs that he had no choice upon the rights of the foxer, which was confiscated and added to the spoils. After a run of thirty miles, in which were many who started in the morning fresh and eager for the sport, but who had found many a mishap on the way, they assembled at the residence of Col. Boyd, where the foils and excitements were remembered in a social banquet provided for the occasion.

COL. J. H. S. BOYD.

HALLOCK'S DOG FANCIERS' DIRECTORY AND MEDICAL GUIDE.—Mr. Chas. Hallock has prepared a timely little book of the above title, designed for the convenience of dog owners. It comprises, first, an extended list of the principal owners of dogs throughout the country, with

compact descriptive notes on the various breeds. The Medical Guide, which forms the second part of the book, is a model of conciseness and clearness. It aims to treat every ill that dog flesh is heir to, and is evidently written by one who has had practical experience in the treatment of ailing dogs. The chronological table of American bench shows is especially timely, and will be found of interest by all who visit the New York Dog Show. New York: Orange Judd & Co. Price \$1.

—The Orange Judd Company publish a new and enlarged edition of their book, "The Dogs of Great Britain and America." Every dog owner should have a copy.

DOUBLED SWIVEL DOG CHAIN FOR THE DOG SHOW.—We have just been shown by Henry C. Squires, No. 1 Cortlandt street, an excellent chain which he had manufactured expressly for the Dog Show. It has not two swivels, but a spring-hook at each end, and three rings in the chain, so that it can be shortened to any suitable length. This chain is a vast improvement over the ordinary bar-chain, which is liable to kink and become unfastenable. It tells us that the dog show is becoming a great deal of trouble on account of dogs working themselves loose, and would be pleased if all exhibitors would use something of this kind.

PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIALS.—Wilkesbarre, Pa., April 15th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—At the instance of the Advisory Committee on Pennsylvania State Field Trials, I would give notice to all Pennsylvania sportsmen, readers of your paper, that at the next meeting of the Pennsylvania State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish, to be held at New Brighton, Pa., in June, the subject of having a field trial exclusively for dogs owned in Pennsylvania will be taken up, and all sportsmen having an interest in the matter are requested to be present, and those clubs sending delegates to the meeting of the State Association are requested to instruct their delegates as to the action they desire in the matter of a State field trial. B. F. DORRANCE, Chairman.

CRUDE PETROLEUM FOR MANGE.—Missouri Valley, Iowa, March 20th.—In your issue of March 15th, I received a communication from "Hemlock" of St. Leonard, P. Q., in which he states his experience of applying crude petroleum for mange. I being the first one who advised the use of this oil, will tell how I came to find it out. Nearly four years ago, while hunting in the woods surrounding Titusville, Pa., I was accompanied by my cocker spaniel, who at that time was troubled with the mange; his whole back was one sore, minus hair. In my travels I came to an oil well—one of the many which can be seen near Titusville. My dog kept his back sore by constantly rubbing on the ground against a tree. I cannot tell what induced me to do it, but I went to the oil-tank, and with a broad chip I saturated my dog's back with the oil, and am happy to say that inside of ten days the sore back was healed, and the hair came out thicker than ever. Do not use kerosene, as it contains an acid, but use the oil just as it comes from the wells. I would be glad to hear the experience of others. G. H. W.

CURE FOR "SALMONED" DOGS.—Dayton, W. T., March 3d.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—I have lived on the North Pacific Coast over twenty-five years, and have lost several valuable dogs by their eating salmon. As to the reason why, I offer no theory; but I do know that a small piece of healthy salmon will kill a dog as sure as a dose of strychnine, if nothing is done for him. The Indians accustom their dogs to it by feeding it in small pieces when they are young. I have tried almost everything for a cure, but never found anything that would do any good until about a year ago, when my setter got "salmoned," and a friend told me to give him cod oil. I gave him an ounce to begin with, and gave him about half a dozen doses. I could see a change for the better from the first dose. In a few days he was all right. I have seen it tried several times since, and never knew it to fail. Any one having a dog "salmoned" would do well to try this. I believe it to be almost a sure cure. F. M. P.

A SACRIFICIOUS TERRIER.—Pittsburg, Pa., March 28th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—The story, in a late issue, as cited by John Quincy Adams, about Whitcomb and his dog Pincher, finding his way home from Leipzig to Berlin, brings to mind a very similar case, to wit:—Some years ago a widow lady living in our city owned a store, and among the effects was a Scotch terrier; she concluded to sell out and move to the country, some forty miles from the city. In moving her household goods, she took the dog with her, first traveling thirty miles by railroad, then in a wagon some twelve miles. After her arrival, for the first few days, the little dog was about as lively as usual, but after a week or so began to mope around, refuse to eat, and had all the appearance of disappointment and home-sickness. Finally he disappeared. Of course no one knew where he had gone, and he was given up for lost or dead; but lo, and behold, some two weeks after his disappearance, "Little Scotchie" turns up one morning, stiff and care-worn, at the store. In a few days he regained his strength and vivacity, and seemed perfectly delighted to get back to his home, where he remained until his death.

Now it has always been a mystery to me how the little fellow found his way back. It could not have been by scent, for he was carried all the way, and from his care-worn and starved appearance must have certainly walked the entire distance. A CONSTANT READER.

IMPORTING DOGS.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—By the misplacement of a period in a recent letter your types have made me say, "I do not advise anyone to import." The sentence should have stood thus: "Pointers and setters I do not advise anyone to import," and my reason for making the remark was that, in my opinion, your American sporting dogs are just as good as our English, with the exception of hounds of any and all varieties. Any information regarding the importation of dogs I will be glad to give while in New York, and I dare say I shall be heard of at your office. GORDON STABLES.

KENNEL NOTES.

SALES.—Lottie.—Mr. J. J. Jordan, Winchester, Va., has purchased from Mr. Henry W. Livingston, New York, the famous Lottie Ellwells setter bitch puppy Lottie, by Lofly, out of Maid Muller.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Rake.—Mr. P. C. Plaisted, of Lincoln, Mo., claims the name of Rake for his black, white and tan dog puppy whelped Jan. 27th, 1880, by Lelaps (No. 150, N. K. C. Stud-Book), out of Starlight (No. 519).

Lark, Jr.—Mr. Joseph Parker, of Forked River, N. J., claims the name of Lark, Jr., for his white and lemon native English setter dog, by champion Lark, out of Belle.

Busy.—Mr. D. Southard, of Peckskill, N. Y., claims the name of Busy for his cocker spaniel dog puppy whelped Feb. 6th, 1880, by Con, out of Floss.

BRED.—Gipsy Queen-Bragg.—Dr. Henshall's setter bitch Gipsy Queen (Royal Duke-Queen) to Col. W. C. Howard's Irish setter Bragg (champion Bob-champion Duck).

Queen-Faust.—Mr. J. C. Van Brunt's Queen to the St. Louis Kennel Club's Faust.

Grace-Gay.—Mr. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) pointer bitch Grace, Sensation-Juno, to Gay, Snapshot-Fanny II.

WHITES.—Grave.—Mr. E. F. Marcell's champion English setter bitch Grace whelped, on April 11th, seven puppies—four dogs and three bitches—by Mr. P. H. Morris' champion, Ark.

Bridge Plunket.—Mr. R. Robbins, of Wethersfield, Conn., Irish setter bitch Bridge Plunket whelped, on April 11th, thirteen puppies—seven dogs and six bitches—by owner's Dick Hattacker, who by champion Elcho, out of Nell. Bridge has had fifty-three puppies in four litters.

Comets.—Mr. L. Yensley, Jr.'s, of Coatesville, Pa., Countess (Leicester-Pocahontas) whelped, on April 12th, five dog puppies by Mr. A. H. Moore's Roderick, brother to Ellwells's Count Wind 'Em.

Fanny.—Mr. B. R. Buffham's (manager Houston Kennels, Texas) English setter bitch Fanny (France-Zita) whelped, on March 30th, nine puppies—four dogs and five bitches—by Bridge-Brussels-Sally. Bridge was V. H. C. at St. Louis, 1879. All the puppies are orange and white.

Mattie.—Mr. P. Mcaley's white setter bitch Mattie Lyle whelped on April 17th twelve puppies, seven dogs and five bitches, by Mr. W. D. Winsor's Bob II. All are large healthy pups.

Archery.

PACIFIC COAST ARCHERY.

OUR friends west of the Rockies are doing some very fine work at the ranges of the American Round, and so soon as they earnestly attack the York we shall expect to chronicle some feats which will open the eyes of the bowmen of the Eastern States. Already the best record ever made at the American Round has been made by a Californian, Mr. Frank C. Havens, sufficiently high to make them dangerous fellows to challenge at their favorite ranges. As a sample of their skill, we give the record of a match shot Feb. 23th, between Major E. K. Otis and J. O. Cadman, Esq., of the Pacific Archery Club, of San Francisco.

AMERICAN ROUND.

	40 Yards.	50 Yards.	60 Yards.	Total.
Mr. E. K. Otis.	39-218	25-170	25-147	89-535
J. O. Cadman.	39-208	28-148	29-124	96-480

Among other fine scoring the following "best record" of each shooter will show how perfectly they have mastered the American Round.

	Hits.	Scores.	Hits.	Scores.	
Frank C. Havens.....	59	439	Daniel O'Connell.....	79	439
E. K. Otis.....	59	439	A. W. Havens.....	80	439
J. O. Cadman.....	56	423	A. J. Wells.....	79	427
R. J. Bush.....	56	404	J. E. Connelburn.....	81	425
H. J. Strickland.....	56	406	J. E. Connelburn.....	82	416
C. C. Cadman.....	53	411	H. Darnall.....	80	406
P. M. Ward.....	48	404	D. H. Adamsworth.....	73	404
George W. Kinney.....	50	444			

A team composed of Havens, Otis, Cadman and Bush would give our crack clubs some trouble at the National Meeting. Hope they will come.

THE LITERATURE OF ARCHERY.

NO pastime is so difficult to learn as archery. To attain to any degree of proficiency with the bow requires not only much practice with the archer's weapons, but much study of archery as a science. There is a great deal of archery literature, however, which is not only useless to the earnest student, but positively injurious. Hansard's "Book of Archery" contains a vast mass of legendary trash, but not one word which will assist an archer toward the mastery of his refractory gear. So with the treatises of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Worring. In truth, about the only books which contain any really valuable hints to the beginner are Mr. Post's "Theory and Practice of Archery," Mr. James Sharpe's "Our Modern Archers," Mr. Maurice Thompson's "Witchery of Archery," and the work entitled, "How to Train in Archery," by Messrs. Maurice and Will H. Thompson. If the beginner will supply himself with these works, and carefully attend his practice to the rules therein laid down, he need not remain a season after season at a stand-still, happy at the achievement of some accidentally acquired scores of mediocre merit, but may confidently expect to advance to the front rank of archers with rapid strides. Of course, there can be no great advance without patient practice, but practice only is slow way of working out a knowledge of a craft so difficult as archery. In any art or craft it is always infinitely more difficult to achieve success by blindly groping in the dark, feeling the way by experiment, than to follow the clear pathway blazed by the veteran guides who have thoroughly explored its every mystery.

Mr. Ford's book has been out of print for many years, and he has persistently refused to reprint it, and thus it has been practically unavailable by American Toxophilites; but Mr. Dean V. B. Mauley and Mr. Ruff of Toledo, Ohio, have determined to issue a reprint of the edition of 1859, which is the last and fullest edition issued in England, containing not only the full text of Mr. Ford's book, but also exact copies of all the illustrations and an appendix of American notes. We understand the reprint will be sold for \$1.50, and every American Toxophilist should have the book. Mr. Horsman, who issued the work of the Messrs. Thompson, "How to Train in Archery," will issue in a few weeks a second edition of the work greatly enlarged by the addition of two chapters on "The Bow," and the other, a most valuable one, giving all the scores by which the National Records of Great Britain have been won since the foundation of the National

Archery Society in 1814, up to and including the year 1879, to gether with the names of the ladies and gentlemen winners, and the places where the meetings were held. Also a list of all the scores of 1,000 and over ever made at a public meeting in Great Britain, by gentlemen shooting the double York Round, and all at any public meeting. And to these are added a large number of the best practice scores ever made by archers of Great Britain and America in private shooting, at all the ranges from thirty to one hundred yards, including the best private practice score of Ford, Bramhall, Moore, Fisher, Rimington, Paisley, A. Le Clare, G. E. S. Fryer and others of the best shots among the gentlemen of Great Britain, and practice scores of Mrs. Horne blow, Mrs. Bitt, Miss Betham and other notable lady shots. Among American scores are given the best records at all ranges of the two Thompsons, Frank C. Havens, L. L. Piddington, G. W. Kyle, Ford, P. Hall, H. C. Carver, Edwin Deyol, Dr. Weston and many other leading Toxophilites. Such a chapter is very valuable to every studious Toxophilite, and it certainly should add much to the already large sales of the book. Mr. Sharpe's book, "Our Modern Archers," is a very valuable one, giving the archer a good idea of the style and accuracy of all the more illustrious bowmen of Great Britain. The more such literature is studied, the greater will be the skill of our archers.

HIGHLAND PARK ARCHERS.—Highland Park, Ill., April 10th.—The Highland Park Archers recently held their annual business meeting, adopted a new constitution, elected officers for the ensuing year, and transacted considerable important business; so the archery season has fairly opened. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. L. B. Weston; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. H. C. Carver, Mr. R. J. Street, Mr. G. D. Boulton; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. H. B. Swartwout; Treasurer, Mrs. W. S. Leander; Field Captain, Mr. H. C. Carver; Executive Committee, Dr. L. B. Weston, Mr. William M. Goodridge, Mr. O. W. Kyle.

The society will hold its first target day April 27th, when members will compete for prizes at the club rounds. These rounds are: For ladies, 24 arrows at 40 yards, and 48 arrows at 50 yards; and for gentlemen, 24 arrows at 60 yards and 48 at 80 yards. This field on Target Day promises to be a very successful one, and a full report of it will be sent to the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

EASTERN ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Eastern Archery Association will be held at the Rovers House, Boston, Wednesday, April 28th, at 12 o'clock.

Cricket.

THE CANADIAN ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM.—Just as we are going to press, we have received a letter from Mr. H. Miller, secretary of the Northwestern Cricket Team, giving us the names of the fifteen players who are going to England on the cricketing tour; they are as follows: Messrs. F. W. Armstrong, J. L. Hardman, J. L. Gillean, J. Howard, Rev. J. D. Phillips, B. W. Hibbard, E. Kearney, J. Dewherst, G. F. Hall, T. Dale, J. Smith (Ottawa). T. Jordan, W. Pinkney, C. J. Logan and A. L. Treloar, with Mr. Miller as secretary and umpire. Another match has been arranged, namely, with "Lord Harris' Team," on the 16th, 17th and 18th of August.

REVOLVING IN CRICKET.

New York, April 9th.

I FIND "A Member of Many Clubs" again appears in your issue of April 8th. It doesn't much matter whether "Cricket" is an individual or an association. But to satisfy him on that point, I will inform him that it is an individual. I never supposed he was the author of the remark "this reform was much needed to protect one or two kindred organizations in this city," and I nowhere in my last communication say that I did; I defy him to point out any such sentence.

The Staten Island Club, in passing their late amendment, considered it was adopting a course for the future which would be a benefit to cricket, for the reason that its amendment prohibited revolving.

You, Mr. Editor, spoke of it as a "reform" in your editorial of Feb. 4th, that "it much needed not only to stamp the club's individuality, but also to protect one or two kindred organizations in this vicinity."

"A Member of Many Clubs" then comes out in your next issue with the statement that he very much doubts if the amendment can be termed a reform, and fails to see what protection it affords other organizations—"or how it will benefit the game of cricket."

Now, sir, if the practice of revolving is injurious to cricket; if it be your opinion that a club loses independence and interest, and becomes demoralized by continually making up its eleven from among the strong players of other clubs, then it is very easy to see how you consider the rule prohibiting revolving will benefit the game of cricket. So, too, for the same reasons it benefits "kindred organizations" by protecting them against their own injurious acts and practices—protecting them by throwing each club upon its own resources, and not permitting them to elude out a half-dead-and-alive existence under the conviction that whenever it wishes a few laurels or a little glory it can attain them by simply calling in the services of other clubs' best men on match days.

It is true the Staten Island Club has permitted revolving in the past. It is true, too, that the club itself was organized or started by two or three revolvers. This sort of thing may still go on, so far as the amendment in question is concerned. That only prevents its members from playing against itself in matches.

The members of the Staten Island club can join as many clubs as they choose. If they wish to give a young club the benefit of their pecuniary support or experience and knowledge of the game, they can do so. Only, they must not play against their own club in matches. But while the amendment does not in terms prohibit in members from playing in matches between third parties—in matches where the Staten Island Club is not a contestant—the spirit of the amendment would prevent even this, except in favor of young clubs who needed a helping hand. The amendment should not be carried so far as to destroy club individuality. It should not be relaxed in favor of such organizations who are abundantly able to take care of themselves, but are unwilling to do so from lack of interest and club pride on the part of its members.

This rule is intended to apply to the damaging system that a number of strong clubs have gotten into—of getting somebody else to fight their battles for them.

In matches between thoroughly revolving clubs there is as little interest taken as there is in matches between the classical and modern sides of an English public school. It amounts to a pick up of sides and no more.

Now I ask if it is not a matter beyond dispute that in matches between strictly non-revolving clubs—as the Harrow and Eton match and the Oxford and Cambridge match—there is not ten times more interest taken than in any contest between revolvers? People, it is true, rise to Lord's to see the batting of a Grace or the bowling of a Shaw, and unless there is some club individually represented in the match, come away caring very little which side wins. But on Eton and Harrow days the sympathies of the crowd are with one club or the other. If you have ever had the opportunity to notice the crowd of old Eton and Harrow non-club gentlemen who attend the Eton and Harrow contests, and see the interest they take in the terms of their respective schools, you will understand what club pride is.

This is one of the benefits of the non-revolving system. What interest, think you, would have been taken in the late English-Australian contests had revolving been allowed and the English boys had the benefit of Spottisforth's or Allen's bowling? The result is a very real result. By such a course all the spice of the match would have been taken away. Put spice into your contests, and you'll get all the cricket and cricket clubs you can wish for, and there is no reasoning for your battles between clubs which compares with the seasoning the non-revolving system gives.

CRICKET.

—George Wright has been engaged by the Grounds Park Association of Boston as superintendent of the baseball and cricket professional. It is a wise appointment, and one that will be indorsed by his large number of cricketing friends. The Longwood Cricket Club has secured a "tough one" in George to pit against those clubs that insist on playing professionals; but at the same time the Longwood gentlemen will continue their preference for amateur contests as heretofore. With Wright and the new ground, cricket should "boom" in Boston.

CRICKETER'S ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES.—The following is the list of fifteen clubs belonging to the association: St. Georges, of Staten Island; Manhattan, of New York; the Summit, of New Jersey; the Philadelphia, Germantown, Young America, Merion, Belmont, Glenhurst, Hill, Oxford, Frankford and Girard, of Philadelphia; the Baltimore, of Baltimore; the Peninsula, of Detroit. At the recent meeting the old officers were re-elected with the exception that Mr. H. W. Brown, of the Germantown, was elected corresponding secretary in place of Mr. Castle, of same club, whose business will prevent him this year from attending to the duties. The following were the officers elected for the ensuing year: President, A. A. Outerbidge, Philadelphia; First Vice-President, J. T. Soutter, St. Georges, of New York; Second Vice-President, J. Harry Lee, Baltimore; Secretary and Treasurer, John P. Green, Belmont; Corresponding Secretary, J. H. Brown, 413 Walnut street, Philadelphia; Germantown Club; Executive Committee, D. S. Newlin, Young America; J. Ridgway Moore, Staten Island, L. Haines, Merion.

AN ENGLISH TEAM FOR AUSTRALIA.—Alfred Shaw, who, as usual, has been professionally engaged for the season by the Marylebone Club, writes us under date of April 7th that he has received an offer to take out a team to Australia at the end of the English season. We have already arranged with him to have the names of the players and full particulars at the earliest possible date, and besides all the most interesting and important cricket news of the other side, which his position with the M. C. C. will enable him to give.

—A new cricket club has been organized at Paterson, N. J.

—The Trenton (N. J.) Cricket Club proposes to have a very busy season, as the secretary, Mr. Richard P. Stevens, Jr., is already arranging his fixtures.

—The managers of the Philadelphia cricket clubs met on April 16th, and arranged twenty fixtures for the early part of the season.

—The Young American Cricket Club's opening day will be April 24th.

—The Manhattan Cricket Club opens at Prospect Park on April 27th.

—We are pleased to notify all cricketers that, since the visit of the English team to our shores, two of the members comprising that team, Alfred Shaw and Arthur Shrewsbury, have opened a very extensive establishment at Nottingham, England, for the sale of every class of cricket materials and all other articles necessary for athletes. Alfred Shaw will be remembered for his fine display of bowling, and Arthur Shrewsbury for his batting capabilities. We understand that every article has been selected with the greatest care, and that the new emporium is one of the foremost of its character on the other side.

The advertisement which we have the pleasure to introduce here, will give our readers an idea of the capabilities of the establishment, and Geo. Lane, the well-known professional of the Staten Island Cricket Club, will be happy to supply price lists free, or any other information on application.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. T. B., Whitehall, N. Y.—An advertisement in our columns will probably secure for you what you wish.

Florida.—We know of parties who will buy your gun, and when you send us your address, shall be pleased to direct you to the same.

E. H. W., Orange, N. J.—Your dog will have to be operated upon by a veterinary surgeon. Apply to John H. Dancer, 119 Main street, East Orange.

J. N. S., Bridgeport, Conn.—The best cleansing soap for a daily wash for dogs is Sprat's soap, which you can procure from De Luzo, 18 South William street.

W. H. T., Staunton, Va.—Bathe the sealed parts with glycerine several times a day. No doubt the hair-balls are destroyed, in which case the hair will not grow again.

Squire, Dedham, Mass.—Address Mr. Chas. De Hong, No. 31 Broad street, New York, Secretary of the National American Kennel Club. He will probably be able to give information required.

AMATEUR, Port Jervis.—We refer you to the articles on dog-breaking now being published in FOREST AND STREAM. Issue of March 18th contains the first paper; April 8th and 15th the second and third.

E. B., Boston, Mass.—My Irish setter bitch, five years old, is very stale—her dogs are not as good as they were. Ans. Give dose of castor oil; follow with five-grain doses of nitrate of potash two or three times a day in table-spoonful of water.

G. H.—The writer no doubt meant braces, or stays, to keep the hoops forming the keel, stern and post in proper position for the

rest of the work. The canvas will not sustain your weight. Put light strips or laths in the bottom fore and aft, and upon them a small board to stand on and to place stove for seat.

N. Y. O. B., Adirondack Club House, Newcomb, N. Y.—I. How old must mosses be before they have young? I have one three years old—no call this year. 2. I wish to get a good bear dog; one that will keep the bear at bay until the hunter comes up. Ans. 1. Moose usually breed at two years. 2. Get a cur dog. See back numbers.

P. S., Tamaqua, Pa.—I have a Skye terrier bitch that is one year and nine months old; she has been in heat twice, although I did not breed to her. It is not seven months since she was in heat; can anything be done for her? Ans. Do not pen her up, but let her run with the dog. Feed liberally. Bitches will often pass one turn, and sometimes run nine or ten months.

O. STRAUB, Indian Lake, Hamilton Co., N. Y.—Last fall, while out hunting, my cocker flushed a cove of beautiful birds about the size of a red grouse, black except for a few white feathers on the breast, some red over the eyes; very tame. A friend of mine shot seven of the same kind afterward. Will you be so kind as to tell me what they are? Ans. They were undoubtedly spruce or Canada grouse (*Tetra canadensis*), a species common in Adirondack and Maine woods.

G. J., Sagetown.—My setter puppy has had distemper, and although recovered, he has a jerking of his body. Ans. Your puppy has chorea, one of the common results of distemper. As you hesitated to state it, it is impossible to specify exact treatment. If the dog is six months old or over, give five drops of tincture of nuxvomica in half ounce of water twice a day; increase the dose to fifteen drops by adding two drops every other day. Give desert spoonful of codliver oil twice a day. Feed liberally.

A. R., Auzenta, Ga.—I have a bull-bitch that has raised a litter of puppies, now ten weeks old, and she seemed all right until a week or two since, when her body became greatly swollen, and she showed a disposition to bury her food. She is lively enough, but has a poor appetite. Ans. You neglect to locate the part swollen, or whether the whole dog is involved. Your dog has probably a tendency to dropsy, in which case twenty drops of spirits of nitre twice a day in water will suffice until you write more definitely.

CRUISER.—It is a question whether there is any advantage in using narrow cloths. Laphroth, who canvasses a hundred yachts a year, thinks the usual width of 23 inches as good as any other. Weatherliness implies capacity to go to windward, and has no connection with ability to face windward or a heavy sea. The latter are expressed in the terms seaworthy, or seagoing, and able. We think 40ft. w. 12ft. beam, and 6ft. hold very good dimensions for your purpose, but much depends upon your model. Adopt the keel.

C. A. B., St. Cloud, Minn.—I have an Irish setter puppy six months old that has the distemper very badly, and has been neglected too long. He is very weak, particularly in small of the back. Have given him nuxvomica and Fowler's solution of arsenic in small doses. He had one dose of five grains of calomel when first taken sick. His appetite is poor. What shall I do for him? Ans. You have given entirely too much physic. Allow dog plenty of water, clean dry kennel, and pure water. Good food and half a teaspoonful of sulphur twice a week.

J. L., New York City.—From the condition in which you describe your dogs, as having little pustules on the skin and running sores which they scratch and bite a good deal, they are evidently afflicted with mange. We presume from what you say and your desire to have them "cured within a week," that they have been entered for the coming bench show, and that you propose to exhibit them. You will be unable to do this, as the disease is contagious, and no cure can be effected within so short a time. Muzzle your dogs and adopt a treatment similar to that recommended.

C. R. C., Stamford, Conn.—You are correct in your theory; your dog is afflicted with internal cancer. Cleanse the ears thoroughly with Castile soap and lukewarm water. After carefully drying them with a piece of soft sponge, all each ear twice a day with the following lotion: Diluted lead water, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, one drachm; water, twelve ounces. Put a cap on the dog. You may occasionally sit equal parts of flower of sulphur and pulverized charcoal in the ears. Give half an ounce of Epsom salts in water, twice a week for several weeks. Low diet, no meat. Write again, if dog is no better.

E. B. R., Meadville, Pa.—My spaniel has been bitten by a large Newfoundland dog, and has lost a large part of the ribs, the three inches in length. I had it sewed up immediately. When I removed the bandage the next morning the cut was spread open three-quarters of an inch; it seemed to be very tender, and it shortly afterward began to swell badly, and since then it has shown no inclination to heal. What shall I do to effect a cure? Ans. It is seldom well to sew up such wounds. Wash with a weak lotion of carbolic acid, one part nial to fifty of water, twice a day; leave the wound open, it will heal up; a bandage may be applied.

C. A. P., Boston.—The position of your center-board will be governed by the sail plan of your canoe. Generally speaking, place its center a little forward of the center of your sails. Area of board about 150 sq. ft. immersed. Attach as follows: On the rail of the canoe screw angle-iron, say 2ft. long, 1in. high, made of stout sheet iron. To the board screw a strap of 1in. iron, 1/16 in. wide, forked to take good hold of board. The upper end of this strap is turned over, so as to clamp the vertical flange of the angle-iron on the rail. With a thumb-screw the board can be held in any place along the angle-iron. When not in use, everything can be unscrewed and stowed.

W. R. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.—I. Your dog is afflicted with pinworms; injections of salt will rid him of them. 2. The sore places, which you describe the dog has continually biting, are caused by mange; try Glover's mange cure, advertised in another column. Fowler's solution of arsenic should also be administered internally; but as you neglect to state age of animal, it is impossible for us to prescribe quantity; you may, however, give an aperient of Epsom salts once a week. Your dog is evidently in a very bad condition, resulting from lack of exercise, and want of proper food and care. Mix sulphur and magnesia in food, from which there should be an absence of all meat.

R. P. W., Jersey City, N. J.—I. What are the peculiar excellences of the fox terrier? 2. Has he any merit as a rabbit dog? Ans. 1. The fox terrier was originally bred in England as an all-round dog, every part of his body, hands, so that if the fox ran into a hole, or "went to earth or ran to ground," as it is called in the parlance of the hunting field, the terrier would be on hand to bay the fox and draw him or drive him from his retreat. He will earn his living as a destroyer of vermin, and as a "ratter" has no superior. 2. Of course he can be broken to poke about in the bushes and start out the hares, but for American hare shooting a beagle is the thing. There are no wild rabbits in this country to the manor born.

J. L. H., Milwaukee, Wis.—My Skye terrier dog, four months old, though usually lively, is somewhat weak at times. Has occasional feelings of muscles and staggers when starting to run. Nose is hot and dry and runs a little apoplectic; good sleeps in milk bucket on clean straw; has been fed on bread and crackers, gaily beef-tea and now and then a little meat bone. I think the disease is distemper in a mild form as yet. Will you kindly prescribe for him? Ans. The symptoms, as you describe them, do not point to distemper, as it does not generally appear in puppies of that age. Your puppy may be afflicted with worms; give a vermifuge after twelve hours' fasting, followed by castor-oil. Write again if no better.

L. E. W.—I. Can I procure a revolving breech rifle? 2. Do the Messrs. Smith & Wesson manufacture any rifles on the same system as their latest model revolver? 3. Why do they call them Russian models? 4. Did they originate in Russia? 5. Have the Winchester Arms Co. given up their 73 and 75 models, and only making the late Hough's? 6. Is not the "75" model a better rifle for hunting both large and small game and target practice, etc.? 7. Would you prefer a good muzzle-loader for accuracy etc.? Ans. 1. The Remington breech action is a falling block; it has not the revolver action. 2. No. 3. Because made for the Russian Government contract. 4. No. 5. No. 6. So regarded by many hunters. 7. No.

A. SUBSCRIBER, Catawissa, Pa.—We require the name and address of all correspondents, not only as a guarantee of good faith but as a matter of common courtesy. Therefore, your anonymous communication would not be regarded, were it not for its length and the excellent manner in which you review the history of your dog's case. That your letter should have been struck by a locomotive and live to wag his tail is certainly remarkable. You seem to have pretty thoroughly exhausted the medical treatises in your course of treatment, and we cannot suggest anything further in this direction. As to diagnosis, your familiarity with the case is likely to render your opinion far more reliable than under the circumstances, ours could possibly be.

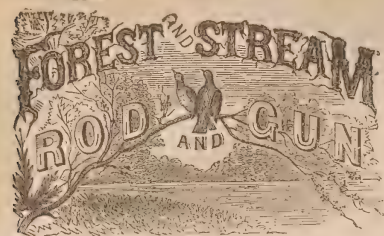
H., Cambridge, Mass.—My pointer, eleven months old, is illing. His appetite is irregular. He is feverish occasionally, but most of the time his nose is cold and damp. He has a cough, particularly in the morning, and with considerable effort coughs up some thin slimy white liquid. His eyes are generally bright, but run much of the time. With regard to his bowels there is no constipation, but a continual straining accompanied by some distress, and now and then by the passage of a little blood. Most of what he passes, however, would indicate a good condition of the bowels. Ans. You have not stated the length of time the dog has been sick. We would suggest, however, that you give full dose of castor-oil, combining with which twenty drops of the oil of male fern; this to be administered in the morning on empty stomach.

G. E., Lake Village, N. H.—I have an Irish setter nine years old, that has not been shot over for two years. He now weighs ninety pounds, an increase of twenty-three pounds since time of being worked. He has a bad humor on his body, and his ears are affected with something that gives out a bad odor, and causes him to shake his head continually. Ans. Over feeding and lack of exercise are the principal causes of the trouble of your very fat dog. He is afflicted with both mange and cancer. For the former, rub the dog all over with the following dressing: Two oz. of oil of turpentine, four oz. of sweet oil, and one ounce of olive oil; apply with a brush. Give with food twice a day six drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic, feed sparingly, and mix vegetables with ordinary diet. You do not state whether the cancer is internal or external. Write again.

PISCATOR, Princeton College, N. J.—The only book covering the whole field of fly tying and fly fishing is Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer," although the space devoted to these subjects is necessarily limited. 2. The best books on fly making are Ronald's "Fly Fishers' Entomology" and Blacker's "Art of Fly Making," both English. 3. Francis Francis is the best writer on tackle making. 4. For general fishing subjects read Frank Forester's "Fish and Fishing." 5. The best authority on fishing in this country is the Forester's "Fly Fishing and Game Fishing," which gives made up of brilliant colors more effective than artificial flies. The latter must be used like flies, or if used like bait, must be trolled or skittered in rapid water. 7. For April trout fishing go to Long Island, south side. 8. The best English journal devoted to piscatorial pursuits is *Land and Water*, but you must remember that it is English. 9. Yes; stories, anecdotes and information about fishing are always acceptable.

B. S., Chattanooga, Tenn.—My Newfoundland, fifteen months old, two feet, four inches in height, weight thirty-five to forty pounds, is very sick. Last summer he had what I presume was the distemper, he would have fits, froth at the mouth and snap at everybody. I gave him castor oil and coppers; he seemed to get over the fits, but became very weak. He has retained a peculiar twitching of the limbs, which caused him to suffer very much. He has since lost a little of the twitching, and does not seem to be troubled as much. I have tried thoroughly for worms without success. I administered quinine, four grains a day, for a week, but it apparently did him no good. What shall I do for him? Ans. The twitching shows what poor condition your dog must be in. Give mild aperient, say two compound rhubarb pills every second or third day, and administer eight grains of quinine once a day, for two weeks, after which time, give table-spoonful of cod-liver oil each day. Feed liberally, and after giving above treatment a thorough trial, write result.

RUSSIAN, New York.—The Russian method of manufacturing caviare is given as follows: "The eggs of the sturgeon are thrown upon a very fine sieve and lightly washed. The eggs are liberally sprinkled with salt and carefully turned over with a fork. The caviare is known to be ready for packing when upon being stirred the grains begin to emit a slight metallic or glassy sound, which never occurs till the whole mass has been sufficiently impregnated with salt. In preparing the pressed caviare the grains are squeezed through a net or sieve into a tub of brine of a greater or lesser strength, according to the season. The whole mass is continuing stirred with a wooden fork, always turning the same way, till the roe is thoroughly and evenly impregnated with brine, after which the stuff is taken out with the sieves, from which the brine is allowed to drip. The roe is then packed in putting it up in rough sacks made from the hidden tree bark. These bags, when filled, are placed under a press, in order that all the brine may be thoroughly squeezed out and the roe crushed into a solid mass. The caviare is now ready for packing, and is taken from the sacks and packed in large cases containing as much as 1,000 pounds. This kind of caviare is called *caviare de la mer*. Caviare de saie is composed of the finest of the pressed stuff, and comes to market in long linen bags and sometimes in tins." We may add that it takes a Russian to appreciate the delicacy.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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*Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

REMOVAL.—The next number of the FOREST AND STREAM will be issued from its new offices in the Times building, Nos. 39 and 40 Park row.

NOTES.—Protect the nesting birds. Thousands of eggs are stolen every year by nest-robbing urchins, who are responsible in a large measure for the scarcity of the birds. We have before called attention to the bird-eating habits of the domestic cat. It ought to be understood that a single cat will destroy more birds on a farm than all the other kinds of vermin together. If you care anything for the song bird, make way with the preying cat.

There is reason to believe that the supply of wild rice gathered next fall will be a large one. We have received from Mr. R. Valentine, Janesville, Wis., a fine sample of the seed gathered by him, and we are told that he has made provision for securing a large harvest. Not a week passes in which we do not receive letters of inquiry about the seed.

The potato sent by "Piseco" came to us in good condition, and has been submitted by us to the inspection of Mr. Peter Henderson, the well-known dealer in seeds, and probably the best authority on the subject in the United States. He pronounces it a fine, well-developed specimen, and gives it as his opinion that if planted it will grow.

The letter on gold mining is at hand and will be published at once. It represents a vast deal of labor, and evinces the painstaking, careful manner in which "Piseco" conducts his investigations. We may safely affirm that our correspondent's letters contain the most authentic and thoroughly reliable information about Alaska ever published. "Piseco" is admirably fitted to arrive at the true merits of the case, and he has entered upon the task with the determination to put matters in their true light.

We publish to-day the first of a series of letters from our Staff Correspondent at the Berlin Fishery Exposition. We shall give, in the FOREST AND STREAM, the most complete and intelligent account of this Exposition published in America.

A telegram announces the lower Saranac free from ice.

THE TEAM FOR IRELAND.

THE call which will be found in our Rifle Columns or such as wish to go to Europe as members of the American team, has the merit of being a prompt and ready way of getting at the best men to send. Only seven shooters are needed, but they must be of the best, and willing to be molded into a company of coordinators or factors to one grand result. The team will not do credit to itself if it should win the match on a score under 1,200, and the further above that figure it finds itself forced the more creditable will be its victory. The plan of selection is a mixture of the competitive with the method of arbitrary appointment. It will be seen that the choice in the first place rests with the clubs over the country. They may sort out their best timber and send it forward for a final sorting over at Creedmoor. If there be more than the number of men required to go, a sharp, decisive, winnowing process will leave only the proper men on the team. There should be no complaint at the method of the team selection. It cannot be unfair to a really good shot, and the right to reject a member of the team, if it be felt that by some lucky mishap the wrong man has put himself on the team, still rests with the other team men. If in any of the out-of-town clubs any man feels that he has not had fair treatment, or has been in very bad luck, there is a chance open for one of the three places which are to be competed for at Creedmoor, and then in the final sorting on the 19th and 21st of May he must show his ability to hold his own. The selection of the captain is reserved by the National Rifle Association, and while it is not certain at this writing whether or not Col. Bodine can accept the position, the tender to him shows that the committee, who have only the interest of the team at heart, are bound to have a shooting man at the head of the visiting body.

With regard to the financial support of the team, the \$5,000 required to see the team through its journey ought to be forthcoming at once. The National Rifle Association Directors raised in the dull times of 1875 over \$6,000 for the team of that year, and there should be no trouble at all in raising the smaller sum at this time of business "booms" and reviving prosperity. While the committee particularly desire to have the team members drawn from a wide radius, and have all sections of the country represented, they wish also to give opportunity for contribution of money support from riflemen and friends of riflemen in all parts of the country. This is as it should be, and while no rifleman need be deterred from competing for a place on any money considerations, it is expected that associations able so to do will do their share in the support. We will publish, from time to time, names of contributors to the fund, and all moneys may be sent to the office of the National Rifle Association, 23 Park Row, New York.

One thing is certain, that the team will find its visit to Ireland a memory long to be preserved. The team of 1875 yet keep a vivid remembrance of the overwhelming Irish hospitality which they enjoyed, and it is assured in advance that the visitors of the coming summer will receive an equally warm welcome.

—Lord Dufferin contributes a pleasant paper entitled "Days in the Woods," to the April number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Canada's late Governor-General entered into the spirit of woodland adventure, and this spirit he has always happily communicated to his descriptions of sporting expeditions. The present paper describes moose hunting in the New Brunswick wilds.

—We publish elsewhere an opinion on the trap shooting of pigeons. Without now at all discussing the merits of the case, we may remark that there is a wide difference of sentiment upon the subject, due partly to the nonsensical attitude assumed by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—a society which has accomplished a most admirable work, and which yet has not escaped the tendency manifested by all similar institutions to belittle and demean itself by officious and meddlesome interference in matters wholly outside of its legitimate field.

—Thousands of acres of wild and cultivated lands have been devastated the past week by extensive forest fires in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia. The country about Tuckerton and Tom's River and Forked River, New Jersey, has been swept over by the flames, and cranberry bogs, strawberry farms, timber, dwellings, barns, and live stock destroyed. The well-known shooting grounds in that region have been utterly destroyed. The singed bodies of thousands of quail and other game birds, and rabbits, have been found on the outskirts of the burned districts. Immense quantities of game have also been destroyed in Monroe and Pike counties, in Pennsylvania. Warm, dry and windy weather has prevailed in Virginia for several weeks past, and these forest fires there are reported unprecedented in extent and damage. The fires in the Dismal Swamp have been raging for more than a week. They envelop the whole of Lake Drummond. The cultivated sections of the adjoining country are overrun with bears, panthers, deer and smaller game.

THE RESOURCES OF ALASKA.

SITKA, Alaska, Jan. 27th, 1880.

THE periodical disturber of our serene and tranquil existence in Sitka, which twice each month gladdens our eyes, once as her smoke is discerned on the horizon—for we know at once it is the *California*, as nothing else comes here—and again as she dips her flag in a parting salute, paid us but a brief visit this time; only one day, and in that short compass the correspondence and business of the month passed, and the one yet to be passed had to be concentrated. Usually we have three days, but a detention by a dangerous bar of six days in the Columbia River deprived us of two of them.

When, after over twenty hours continuous work, I dropped my last letter into an extra bag that just caught the steamer, I felt that I had accomplished a great deal of work; but now that it is too late to remedy I find that "I have left undone many things which I ought to have done," and I fear it will be judged that "there's no good in me." My next mail will be largely composed of apologies. We have in Sitka many days which, gauged by our feelings, are very long ones, but steamer day is not one of them. Impressions formed by transient visitors as to the normal condition of Sitka on that day are very apt to prove erroneous. Everything is in a turmoil, and we find that several days of subsequent rest are necessary to enable us to settle down into our usual lethargic condition. We have learned to appreciate the feelings of Diogenes when he only asked that people would not obstruct his sunshine. It takes several days to re-acquire the lost habit of reading newspapers, and before attacking a formidable pile of dailies I usually take a few easy lessons with FOREST AND STREAM.

Following up this custom, I was enjoying myself and at peace with the world, when in your issue of Dec. 18th I came across the somewhat patronizing and slightly free and easy—for at times it runs into personalities—letter of Prof. Elliott, in which he apparently brushes away the various facts which I presented in my letter published Dec. 4th, claiming, however, to simply show my inferences wrong, while "cheerfully bearing witness to the facts."

Mr. Editor, those facts still stand. They have not been squarely met, and until they are, I shall press them. Against them he has opposed a series of theories and prophecies, hypotheses, opinions and badinage, but not a fact! And he skillfully begs the question at issue, and running off upon a new tack avoids obstacles which he himself places in his path. Mine remain to be confuted.

I am fully aware that in reopening this controversy I run great risks. I am not an expert in the handling of that mighty weapon of which the Professor in many a hard-fought battle, when much ink was shed, has proved himself a master, and so skillfully has he cut in quarter and tierce that you, a bystander, have fancied that he has punted me, for you say editorially that "he has made good" the previous opinions advanced. Apparently he did, but I think I can show that he failed to touch. Allow me to place in contrast the opinions first advanced by him, and which I undertook to show were erroneous, and those which in his last letter he endeavors to sustain.

First set: "The agricultural possibilities of Alaska are null and void," and he challenges the citation "of a single instance where an acre of ground has ever been or can be successfully planted annually with a crop of either corn, wheat, barley or potatoes." In his last he seeks to prove the truth of the above position by arguments which are based entirely upon a forced construction of the one word which will admit of an argument, "successfully," and sums up: "Therefore I say, and I think with entire truth, that you cannot raise potatoes successfully in a region where they will not sustain themselves from year to year." And this in spite of the evidence I presented by the citing of many instances where for many years annual crops of excellent potatoes had been obtained from many plots, some of which were of more than a single acre in extent; of my own assertion that I had seen such plots under cultivation, and that at the time I wrote I was enjoying their produce. I also asserted that during my stay of, at that time, nearly four months (the Professor was here but two days), we had been bountifully supplied with excellent vegetables, twelve species of which I enumerated.

I think that had the Professor prolonged his stay, and been forced, as we have been, to depend upon those "little plots" of which he speaks with such contempt, his opinion would have been more correct, hence more valuable. I will refer again to that large potato which the Professor disposes of so summarily by the facetious title of "Giant Alaskan Murphy." He indulges in prophecy in regard to it and states "that in from six weeks to four months it would have become a mass of decay" if I had not eaten it then. I will not follow his example and treat an hypothesis as a proved fact. All that I can say positively about that particular potato is, that it was not kept long enough to prove or disprove his assertion. I am able, however, to say positively that many other large potatoes raised in the same plot, but gathered a little later, are at this moment in excellent order, although his longest period, "four months," has elapsed.

I will, by the steamer that carries this, send to him and to you also, a fair specimen of said potatoes, and it strikes me that the Professor will be compelled to admit that it is his prophecy and not the "fondest hopes of 'Piscico'" which "come to naught." I must confess that when I read in his first paper the remark about "the watery walnuts, dubbed potatoes," I had no idea that he had, as he admits in his last, "witnessed, tasted and handled" himself, at Sitka, just such potatoes, weighing nearly a pound each, and good. However I will send him another, and I feel very confident that he will have some difficulty in brushing aside, as an "erroneous inference," so substantial an argument—one I run some risk in advancing at this time, as nearly two months must elapse and a long journey be taken before the potatoes can reach their destination, and they may come to grief. Before dropping this potato, which has proved a hot one, I will say that if most or many of the Professor's statements in regard to Alaska affairs are to be taken with so many grains of salt, as in this case, I cannot wonder that every well-informed person with whom I come in contact here differs with him so radically upon so many points. In his next paragraph Prof. E. makes it perfectly clear to "Piscico" "that potatoes cannot be successfully raised in Alaska," by argument based upon experiments in cotton raising in Ohio, and warning with his subject, pronounces the attempt "an utter failure," simply because he finds that he can't raise in Ohio as good cotton as can be raised in Georgia. "Piscico" utterly fails to trace the connection, and remains of the opinion that the cotton experiment has very little, if any, bearing upon the question, and having seen many and eaten some very excellent potatoes raised in Alaska, is not prepared to admit that the crop of 1879 was "an utter failure."

Very few practical gardeners would be willing to admit that their gardens were failures simply because each season they found themselves compelled to resort to professional seedsmen for fresh supplies of seeds and cuttings.

Things which are equal to each other, we are taught, are equal to the same thing. Let us apply the axiom: Ohio cotton not as good as Georgia cotton; Connecticut tobacco not as good as Virginia ditto; therefore, the first crop being an utter failure, so is the second.

By mutual consent the stock-raising question is left out of the discussion. All that either of us know about it is what other people have told us, and judging by the weather we are having this winter, I rather believe that his informant judged more correctly than mine; but one reason that the Professor gave in his first paper, to show that it could not be done, will not stand against facts. He says squarely: "Hay cannot be cured in this country." I say just as positively that it can, and has been for many seasons.

I will first prove my assertion by matching direct information from the parties who have cured it, against his opinion. Doyle, the man who planted or sowed the first seed in Katliansky Bay, assures me that he has year after year obtained good crops of cured hay. And there has been, this last season, to my certain knowledge, for I have seen it brought in, and know that it is now being fed daily to cows and mules, a crop of eighty or a hundred tons—don't know exactly how much—of excellent hay, composed of timothy and clover.

Can the Professor controvert this statement, and prove conclusively that it is an "erroneous inference," by asserting that we have only got to keep it long enough, and it will get musty?

The following, which is written by a man who is up in Alaska matters, is worth reproduction in this connection:—

NOT QUITE CORRECT.

A recent number of the San Francisco *Alta* contained a letter from a "special correspondent" on the subject of Alaska, which displays much carelessness, if not absolute ignorance, on the part of the writer. After enlarging upon the manner of killing seals under contract on the Pribiloff Islands, the correspondent enters into details concerning other parts of the Territory too palpably false to be allowed to pass without refutation.

With reference to the island of Kodiak, he states that the only seal sent to St. Paul Harbor, and that only twelve acres are under cultivation in that most favored spot of the Territory, producing "a few potatoes and some grass." The statistics in another column of this number of the *Appeal* inform our readers of the number of settlements and inhabitants of Kodiak and vicinity. The acreage under potatoes and turnips on Kodiak and Adognak alone, amounts into the hundreds, and as for the "cultivation of grass," the *Alta's* correspondent has evidently never seen the luxuriant growth of timothy and other grasses of that region, completely hiding a man of common stature. Thousands of people make a living on those islands, raising potatoes enough for home consumption and export to less favored sections of the Territory. Cord wood and rough lumber is also shipped from here to treeless Aleutian Islands, and the southern portion of the Alaska Peninsula.

Of the numerous quartz ledges of Sitka, the correspondent mentions but "one recently discovered mine," and then goes on to state that "industrial enterprises have failed, because the country refused to work"—a very unjust accusation of a whole class of people. The ample facilities for vegetable gardening at Sitka, Wrangell and on Prince of Wales Island, the writer passes over in silence, as well as the fisheries; his whole communication follows in the footsteps of many other similar productions of men who set out to write about Alaska with a firm determination to see nothing that is good or even promising for the future, in any part of the neglected Territory.—*Alaska Appeal*, Dec. 30th.

In some respects I agree with Prof. Elliott. He is undoubtedly correct in the assumption that if "three thousand misguided mortals" should come suddenly into Sitka, they would be compelled to send below for many necessities. We three hundred who are here now have to do that or become impoverished; the store-keepers are merciless, and charge such exorbitant prices for everything, that most of us who have to spend a dollar save the half of one by so sending.

But Sitka is not peculiar in that respect. I fancy that the inhabitants of Virginia City, and Leadville, and Deadwood have to send somewhere for a great many things; and even those of New York who want first-class beef send West, and for early vegetables, South. But I do believe that if such an influx were preceded by that of a few competent and industrious farmers, Sitka and vicinity could adapt itself to the situation, and I so expressed myself in this connection—a point which Prof. E. apparently overlooked.

And now about "those mines near Sitka." In his first paper, Prof. E. says: "If the gold mines are so rich, why are they not worked?" In his last, he completely overlooks my direct assertion that certain of the ledges are being worked and sending bullion away monthly, and various other well-founded statements, and gives this enigmatical reply:—

"As for those mines near Sitka, that is a long story, and dates back prior to the transfer; and when 'Piscico' gets away next year (I hope he's right, then) he will substantially agree with me in regard to them, if the owners of those mines have a valuable vein (valuable veins?), then they are in full sympathy with me, because they do not want it (them?) puffed outside of their own knowledge; but if they are simply doing what thousands of such people are daily doing, floating worthless stock, then of course I shall merit their hostility."

"Piscico" gives it up; and will here only repeat his statement, that he has good reason to believe that, whatever may have been the state of affairs at the date of the Professor's visit, there have since been discovered by miners who have flocked here, a great many ledges of quartz, many of which have been proved by assay to be auriferous, and which are owned in two cases only by incorporated companies; that most of them are owned by the miners who discovered them, and that most of said miners are poor men, who are not in sympathy with the Professor, although "they believe their ledges valuable," because they feel that it is partially due to his persistent assertions to the contrary, that capitalists refrain from investigating and developing the mineral resources of Alaska.

A 10-stamp mill, run by steam, is at work upon one of these mines, and producing such returns as justify its owners, who are among the most respectable business men of Portland, and United States officers—army and navy—in the belief that they have a good thing. I shall send to the Smithsonian, also to you, Mr. Editor, some specimens of Alaska quartz; and if Prof. Elliott will but ask of the mineralogist of the Smithsonian, and you, of any expert among your acquaintances, their character, I think that you, at least, will be satisfied that, if there is plenty of it, the ledges from which it was obtained must have value.

In stating that the knowledge of auriferous quartz ledges existing in the vicinity of Sitka dates prior to the transfer, the Professor is again mistaken. The transfer took place in 1868; the first discovery of a quartz ledge took place in 1871. The history of the successive steps through which this mining region has advanced to its present condition, is, as he says, a long story, and no one man knows it; but there are at Sitka, and at the mines, all of the men who have from time to time discovered these ledges, and each has his quota of personal knowledge. I will make it my business to interview all of these men, and getting their stories, compare and sift them, examine records and papers, and in my next furnish you with the first and only authentic and connected history of mining developments in this country. From my present knowledge, I am convinced that while there has been more or less "wildcatting" of certain of these ledges, which I am in accord with the Professor in condemning, yet there is also perfectly legitimate mining now being prosecuted in this vicinity.

February 18th.—Please see that the above date is inserted, Mr. Editor, for it bears on the great potato question. Five months and one day have elapsed since I helped eat that "giant Murphy," which in four months, at the outside, was doomed by the Professor to decay and corruption. Yet to-day I have seen quite a quantity of its mates and have had some for my dinner, and they were very good potatoes. (I have used great care in the construction of the above assertion. The last time I referred to a dinner in which an Alaska potato figured, I incautiously admitted that it was not "quite ripe," and thereby furnished proof positive that Alaska potatoes never do get ripe.)

In anticipation of the possible arrival to-morrow of the steamer, I went for the potatoes which I have promised to send, obtained them and found them in excellent preservation. A rather amusing conversation took place. The seller apologized for the small size of the "tubers"

(they weigh about six ounces on an average) and explained that he had sold all of his crop except these three barrels, which were small ones he was keeping for seed." This rather staggered me. I hated to see the man make such a dead waste of such a fine lot of potatoes, and said to him:—

"I wouldn't undertake to save them for seed, they won't grow if you do plant them."

"Won't grow, is it, and why not, I'd like to know?"

"Why, Alaska potatoes don't get ripe, and are of no use for seed."

"Won't they? Ain't they? Well then, who's been telling you that?"

"Why, Prof. Elliott says!"—

"Prof. Elliott, what does he know about it?"

I answered truly that I didn't know, and then my friend explained to me that he and Smeig, and others whom he mentioned, had for several years raised their potatoes from the small ones saved from the year before! Mr. Editor, I felt a good deal, I have no doubt

John Phoenix did, when the native assured him that the distance to the next rancho was but a mile, while the assistant with the pedometer had made it twenty. "The dicta of science is not to be disputed," but I have since questioned several who don't raise, but have bought potatoes here for many years, and they all back the native, and convince me beyond a doubt the agricultural possibilities, etc., were very limited. I should have agreed with him, but to "take away from him who hath not, even that which he hath," may be scriptural, but it is not fair worldly policy.

March 26th.—That potato ought to have been with you ere this, but a failure of the steamer to make her usual trips has kept our mails waiting. It starts from here in excellent condition—as does a mate, to the Professor—and my dinner to-day was partially composed of some from the same lot.

PISCICO.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN APRIL.

Wild Ducks, Geese, Brant, etc.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

NESTING PIGEONS.

Late advices from Shelby, Mich., announce the arrival of the wild pigeons. The trappers, or netters, are also there to the number of about eighty. It is expected that in a few days the pigeons will begin their preparations for nesting, when they will be settled for about a month, and the pigeon-catchers' harvest will begin. A few seasons ago your correspondent spent two weeks in the same locality, and saw one of the largest roosts and the business of pigeoning in full blast. The netters, buyers and pigeons generally arrive on the ground at one and the same time, the course of the birds being found out by use of the telegraph. The netters at once proceed to secure a good place to set their nets, often paying as high as \$50 for a favored spot where the flight is good, or for some drinking place or salt marsh, where the birds are in the habit of going. The buyers erect their traps for holding live birds, or get together their stock of barrels and ice for shipping dead birds, though a good proportion of the trappers ship their own birds alive or dead to New York and Chicago. I saw dead birds sold at Shelby for fifteen cents, and live for thirty cents per dozen, though the average prices are higher. The morning and evening hours are best for catching, as then the flights are on. I saw 287 taken on one spring of a single net, over a bed of muck to which the birds had been baited for some days by sprinkling salt over the mud. On these beds no decoys are used, the baiting being sufficient. The pigeons would eat greedily of the salted muck.

On the occasion I speak of we arrived at the bower just before dark. The birds were well baited, and I expected to see a fine catch, as no net had as yet been sprung over that bed. With the first streaks of light we could hear the flutter of wings as they lit in the trees about the bed. As the light increased they came faster and thicker, until soon the trees were alive with them, and the woods were filled with their calls. Soon a single pigeon dropped upon the bed, and had hardly folded its wings before others began to pour from the trees in a stream. When they seemed to be about to alight on each other's backs and you could see nothing but pointed tails sticking up, and while they were still flying thickly down on to the bed, we both jerked the line with all our might. There was a loud swish as the net sprang over, the lead line knocking feathers from those still in the air and in the way of the net. We rushed from our cover, and while I stood in amazement at the boiling mass under the meshes, the netter proceeded to fasten down the corners of the net and remove the birds to the coops.

It requires the most skill to trap pigeons as they are flying over a net. A flyer (a pigeon with its eyes sewed shut and a light weight fastened to its legs) being first thrown in the air to attract the attention of a passing flock, and a stool (a pigeon trained to act as if alighting flock, and a stool) worked to induce the flight to strike upon the bed when the net is sprung. The catch per day per man ranges from nothing to fifty or sixty dozen. No shooting is allowed within five miles of the roost proper. Good shooting (for those who wish to shoot nesting birds) can be had outside these limits, as

the birds fly several miles for food, passing some points continuously at some hours of the day.

This roost was thirty miles long, varying in width from one to five miles. There were 300 men engaged in the business at one time that season, and as a result of their work I saw one hundred and fifty plovers alone shipped in one day from the little village of Shelby.

I did not think then that there would be a pigeon left to lead the way to the woods of Shelby at some future season, but it seems there was, and their enemies are on hand to wage the war of extermination. How long can it last?

Chicago, Ill., April 9th.

MASSACHUSETTS—Lynn, April 17th.—After scientifically crawling and creeping some quarter of a mile, one of our local sports recently succeeded in obtaining a fine shot at two wooden ducks. Five live ones that were a short distance off, and making up to the wooden birds, thought they would get up and dust about that time. "Such is life." A few snipe have been brought to bag in this vicinity lately. There are rumors of certain parties shooting woodcock, but I hope this is not so.

BLUE CROW.

NEW YORK—Poughkeepsie, April 15th.—Messrs. Frank B. Johnson and Fred Utting, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., succeeded in bringing to bag on April 2d and 3d twenty-nine Canada wild geese and seventy-two wild ducks, most being black, golden eye and whistlers.

BLUNDERBUSES.

NEW JERSEY—Newark.—On Friday night the honking of wild geese was heard for three or four hours, evidently lost in the gale.

Snipe shooting at Pine Brook, N. J., was good on Saturday and Monday last. Messrs. Hinds and Tappan moved a number of birds, of which they killed twelve. We saw the birds. The meadows are in fine condition, particularly the Big and Little Piece. Mr. Scott Kodman and party also got good shooting. On Sunday, April 19th, this week's paper your Ocean County, N. J., correspondent says the best bag heard of, of Wilson snipe, is seven. John W. Bunell, of Forked River, killed on Thursday, 8th inst., nine snipe. Birds wild; weather cold; wind high.

NORTH CAROLINA GAME AND HOSPITALITY.—Davidson College, N. C., March 29th.—North Carolina is a nonpareil hunting resort for those of your Northern sportsmen who are signing for new worlds to conquer. The quail is found in abundance all over the State, and it would be hard to say where they are most plentiful. In sight of Salisbury, N. C., coveys are quite numerous; some gentlemen there often make bags of fifty or sixty a day, and I have no doubt that in some of the less-thickly inhabited and poorer parts of the State they have never been disturbed at all, except by the harmless traps of the young sons of our colored brethren; traps for which the average quail has a profound contempt. Near Davidson College the writer found two large coveys in a pine thicket of about half an acre in area. Don't you wish you had been there?

Our numerous rivers duck and geese are found, and the swamps and mill-pools often contain snipe and duck *ad infinitum*. In the western part of the State, among the mountains, there are deer, pheasant and wild turkeys in sufficient numbers to justify a visit to those regions; not to mention the grand and beautiful scenery which meets your eye at every step.

Good accommodations can be found anywhere. And the little urchin, black or white, whom you meet on the road or in the cotton field will always be willing and happy to show you where the "patridges" stay; and will often wonder why you "don't kill 'em on de ground," unless he has received some instructions in the art of hunting. He is often indispensable to aid in marking down the birds, especially in the pine woods, where the sportsman has enough to do to get his bag of the swiftly flying, dodging, vanishing bunches of feathers.

As a North Carolinian, it ill becomes me to say anything about the hospitality and courtesy of the people; but if any of our Northern friends who entertain any doubts on that score will only come and see for themselves they will never doubt again. The "patridges" are in places "post" their land, there is, for a while, no hunting; but a courteous request for permission to kill some quail is seldom refused, and never, without good and sufficient reasons, and the practice only serves to make the game more plentiful. Often the farmer himself is an ardent sportsman, and then you are sure of a welcome which every true gentleman and sportsman knows how to give.

II.

THE GUNNERS OF CURRIBERT.—Poplar Branch, N. C., April 12th.—Our attention having been called to an article in your paper, headed: "A Dismal Story of Curriebert, N. C.," we, the gunners referred to in that article, beg leave to have a hearing in your valuable columns, in order that we may vindicate ourselves.

In the first place we venture to assert that he is no true sportsman. We will omit his exaggerations in regard to the ungrammatical language of the captain of the steamer *Cypnet*, and will come to his landing at this place where congregate "quite a number of inhabitants." We beg leave to ask Mr. "Ezzykill" whether he is a pocket or those of his friend Jenkins were tampered with by any one in that large crowd? We say, candidly, no sir; such an act has never been known to be perpetrated in this half-civilized country of ours. And yet the gentleman charges us with the crime of being heathens!

After reaching the landing he says he was asked to step into a two-wheel cart, which, together with the horse that pulled it, this "Ezzykill" hurled to his horse's content. Now he is most ungrateful to the owner of the badly caparisoned horse and tied-up vehicle, because he and his friend Jenkins and their traps were hauled up from the landing to the hotel, and the poor man did not even charge a cent for the services of him—himself, quadruped and two-wheeled cart. Now, if we were, in fact, quadruped and two-wheeled cart, now, if we were, in fact, your good city we would not be kindly asked to "step into" any vehicle and take a gratis ride to the hotel; but, on the contrary, would have our ears almost deafened by cries of "Cab, sir? Cab, sir? any points of the city," etc., etc. And when the hotel was reached we would have our pocket-books relieved of about \$4 by

the polite request of "One dollar each, gentlemen, one dollar apiece is all I'll charge you." How strikingly the contrast between riding in a civilized country and one where dwell less intelligent heathen! Cannot "Ezzykill" send a nice horse-collar to the owner of that poor quadruped, in question, to say for his free ride? Now we come to the point wherein we are directly concerned. Mr. E. says that his guides selected a point for shooting, and put out the decoys. Then he says: "Soon, what do we have but four of those gentlemen of that honorable and liberal minded place come out with two batteries and plant them within three hundred yards of us." This we pronounce literally false. We had our batteries planted, decoys out, and two of us were ensconced in the bushes, when Mr. E., with his friend Jenkins and guides sailed by us on their way to the selected point. To corroborate our own statement we have to say that we questioned both of Mr. E.'s guides and they acknowledged that we were out a long time before they started from the wharf.

In regard to the mortgaging of boats, batteries and decoys by the professional gunners, to sustain them through the summer, we have to say that your informant was very much mistaken. We are quite well posted in regard to who have and who have not mortgaged their property, and we can safely say that we do not know of a single instance (much less the majority of gunners) where a gunner has had to mortgage his boat, battery or decoys for his sustenance during the summer. Sorry that one of our citizens should "get up" such a misrepresentation of the gunners, and his fishermen, something mortgage their boats, but the gunners, never, or hardly ever.

Without using any fictitious names we respectfully subscribe ourselves as the four gunners referred to by Mr. "Ezzykill," A. B. WILLIAMS, S. D. DUNTON, W. H. WALKER, J. T. O'NEAL.

ARKANSAS NOTES.—Pittsburg, Pa., March 23d.—I have read with much interest the letter of "Yell" in one of your late issues on the "Attractions of Arkansas." I had taken copious notes on the arrival and departure of our different birds of passage, but being unfortunately wrecked on the Iron Mountain Road on the edge of Black River at midnight, I lost my book and all my traps. These notes I find in other papers.

Saw the first meadow lark on Oct. 20th, 1879; the first flock of wild pigeons on the 22d. Saw ten or twelve meadow larks on the 28th; shot one for examination; found its crop full of persimmons. Saw the first robins Nov. 1st; shot one; found its crop full of dogwood berries and some small weed I could not name. Same day saw a woodcock, but failed to kill. Nov. 5th saw the first flight of wild ducks, flying south. Nov. 10th saw the first flight of wild geese, course southeast. Red and gray squirrels plenty; raccoons and opossums plenty; hares in fair proportion; turkeys fairly abundant, but hard to get at; deer in fair proportion; but the little Bob White is plentiful everywhere. He is a very poor sportsman who cannot fill his bag in half a day. I never saw them so thick in my life, but they have a bad habit of taking to the water. Then the trouble begins; if you do not kill your bird instantly, you are apt to lose him.

Now for the non-attractions: First, chills and fever plenty; malarial fever, bilious fever; pneumonia in the fall, and very fatal; sore eyes; plenty of snakes; plenty of every description of ticks; mosquitos few or none; hawks plenty. What they call the sickly season lasts from the 1st of June until the first frost.

There is one Yell County, but that matter the whole of the State; but the place I mean to particularize is Yell County. I was located three miles from Dardanelle, on the military road to Fort Smith. This is in Yell County. And especially do I mean along the Arkansas bottoms and along the Petit Jean and the Fourche La Pave rivers. I have traveled mostly the whole country over on horseback. There are no pleasures there as we call them here, but private pleasures are plentiful. I have seen their eggs sold in Dardanelle for a "bit" a dozen. There are no game laws in that part of the State. Dardanelle is about midway between Little Rock and Fort Smith.

MINNESOTA—Long Prairie, April 12th.—Ducks made their appearance here about the 1st of this month, and have been more numerous than for many years. I have bagged quite a number at odd times, but have no time to hunt, except an hour or so mornings and evenings. But few are bagged, as most of our sportsmen are not provided with decoys and boats to hunt them properly. Mallards and canvas-backs make up a large number of the ducks, but a good many sea ducks are seen also.

N. W.

IOWA—Creston, April 9th.—There are lots of ducks, geese and sand-hill cranes flying north, and into a number of them light around here. Yesterday I drove over to a small pond in the open prairie, not a quarter of a mile from my house, and got one duck, four grouse and one snipe in an hour—all flying shots and no miss. Shooting from a wagon is now much better than on foot, for birds are not frightened by it so much. The spring is very dry, and I think game will be plenty next year. Old cock grouse are "booming" loudly every morning around my house, and beat even canvas-backs for noise.

N. D. MERRILL.

INDIANA—Indianapolis, April 18th.—Snipe here in abundance, and many have been bagged. A splendid outlet to the fishing season. Bass are taken kindly to the hook; several good sized ones have been taken. Ducking has been fair, but no good bag has yet reached your correspondent's ears from around here, but many are being or have been killed in the Kankakee Marshes, about 100 miles north of here.

FRITZ.

NOVEL SHOOTING STANDS.—Indianapolis, Ind., March 30th.—The secluded habits of the woodcock, leading him to blink away the long days of summer and early autumn in damp and impenetrable thickets, have made him the most difficult of our game birds to bag. With your permission, I will tell how some people in this section overcome most of the difficulty, and brush away the safeguards which nature has thrown around him. At Thornton, Ind., lives Capt. P. A. Huffman, a clever gentleman and true sportsman, and withal one of the best field shots in the State. This last assertion needs no other proof than his record of sixty-seven Jackson snipe without a miss, which is a sample of his everyday work.

Being visited by some friends from this city, intent on a day's cock shooting, disappointment seemed in store for them, as the birds were in a willow thicket so dense as to preclude all hope of doing any execution. A happy idea struck the Captain, and he proceeded to cut down a bevy of step-ladders, which were placed at favorable points around the thicket. Taking their positions on these, the gentlemen had excellent sport when the birds, being flushed, took flight above the willows. It was a novel idea, and illustrates how the ingenuity of man will be successfully exercised against the obstacles with which nature sometimes surrounds him.

HOOSIER.

THREAD-WOUND CARTRIDGES.—Dover, Del., March 29th.—Some months ago we sent for samples of the thread-wound cartridge cases, not having a great deal of faith in their usefulness, nor believing the high price asked for them would warrant their use. The first one we tried was marked for 90 yards range. Used 3drs. Orange rifle powder under two wads, in a 12-bore; 1oz. No. 5 shot; case held in brass shell, with thin court-plaster, greasing it when dry. The day was cloudy, with a steady east wind blowing lightly, the water tolerably calm. Paddling up the mouth of Scott's Run, we sighted two black ducks 300 yards ahead. Wishing to get the result as accurately as possible, we advanced swiftly and made the shot.

As we advanced we could then judge of 90 yards, and, sighting on the nearest duck, fired. It never moved. Sticking a pole into the bottom where we shot, we rowed at once to the spot where the dead duck lay, and drove another stake—the water averaging about six feet in depth—then running a line from pole to pole, we found the distance, by actual measurement, 110 yards. We found the marks of but four shots in the bird, two near the eye and two near the wing. The other duck flew off, apparently unhurt. There being no further use for them on that day, they were put aside and forgotten until this morning, when we took them out for a conclusion of the trial. With the 70 yards' cartridge, loaded as above, we killed a "dipper" duck in the stream back of our kennels, and tying one end of a cord to the dog's collar, sent him for the duck and ascertained that the distance was 73½ yards. The duck's neck was broken and he fell dead.

Having a curiosity to know the effect of a shot at 40 yards, with a 50 yards' cartridge, we sharpened the end of a piece of shingle, 4½ inches, and drove it into the top of a stump. The wind was blowing hard from the north, and the target was standing east from us. After shooting, we found the thread thrown neatly across the stump, not a shot in the target, and the ground torn by the whole discharge in the side of a slight hill 10 yards ahead of the stump, and on a line six inches to the right of it—a natural result.

We are fully convinced that these cartridges, when properly used according to manufacturer's directions, are a perfect success, and a decided acquisition to the sportsman's outfit. True, the price is rather steep; but a few of them must find their way into every shooter's ammunition case when their value is fully known. We find no trouble with these shells used as above stated—have they ever shot them from paper shells. Would like to hear from others on the subject, having noted but two communications in recent volume of FOREST AND STREAM.

For the benefit of strangers, would say that we have no acquaintance with Messrs. Schleicher & Co., and no further interest than every sportsman should have in a really good and useful invention so clearly associated with their pleasure.

E. C. VOR CULIN.

ANOTHER COMPLAINT OF CHEAT GUNS.—Brooklyn, April 17th.—Editor Forest and Stream.—As a sufferer has started the ball rolling in your last issue in reference to gun selling, I will add my experience, and say it is about time that something was done for retail dealers by our manufacturers and wholesale houses, who now sell one gun with a discount off to any one who comes along, as cheap as to a tradesman who has devoted his lifetime to the business. This is not only so as to guns, but also with shells, wads, powder, shot, etc. Allowing the right of all men to do as they please, and to sell their wares at prices to suit themselves, I question much if there is a correct way of business. But "Sufferer" must come to the conclusion, as I have done long ago, that brains, energy and skill without plenty of cash do not always succeed.

STAVATION.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

MAINE—Auburn, April 10th.—Scores of glass-ball matches shot on the grounds of the Androsquign Sporting Club, East Day, April 10th:—

E. M. Frost.....	111111111111111111-20
N. J. Fickett.....	101100011111111111-19
J. F. Emerson.....	010100110001111111-10
J. D. Emerson.....	010111111111111111-19
G. M. Gifford.....	010111111111111111-17
James McGee.....	111010000111111111-12
Geo. Gifford.....	000011111111111111-7
Freeman Irish.....	111101010101010101-11
W. Colburn.....	111111111111111111-14
H. Rivers.....	111111111111111111-14
H. D. Hall.....	111010100011111111-9
H. D. Hall.....	110111111111111111-10
J. D. Jones.....	110110010101010101-12
J. D. Jones.....	11100011010000011000-5
E. G. Nason.....	111011111111111111-16
K. G. Cushman.....	111111111111111111-15
S. Shaw.....	001111111111111111-15

Open to all without fee.
Scores of Messrs. Emerson and Fickett decided match for club badge, Emerson taking, Fickett challenging.

Match between Mr. Chas. F. Nason, of Androsquign Sporting Club, and Mr. J. B. Jones, of Bangor, for state of Maine Glass-ball Championship and diamond badge. Mr. Nason holding Glass-ball Championship and diamond badge. Mr. Nason holding Glass-ball Championship and diamond badge. Mr. Nason holding Glass-ball Championship and diamond badge.

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CONNECTION.—New Haven, April 14th.—The New Haven Gun Club held its regular meet shoot to-day. Owing to the cold few were out. Friend Merwin played just long enough to win the badge the second time. He wishes to inform his friends that he killed five blue glass balls, they can see the gold badge they

gettle the question in your next issue, and oblige myself and friends? H. B. HARRIS.

In long range breech-loading rifles, where loading from the muzzle is employed, the patched bullets would drop down the barrel, and in the old muzzle-loaders a gentle pressure with a rod was sufficient to ram them down on the powder. There is no advantage gained in having a conical bullet so tight-fitting that it must be driven through the barrel by mallet blows, and there is the disadvantage of increasing the liability to loading.

EXPRESS BULLETS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., March 31st.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Having noticed for some time discussions in your valuable paper on the destructive effect of express bullets, I desire to add my mite. Leaving out the question of accuracy of hollow-pointed bullets, I feel confident the shock produced in a living body by impact of elongated bullets moving with the same velocities, would be decidedly in favor of the hollow-pointed projectile, provided both were moving with very high velocity. I inclose a sample of hollow-pointed bullet that has been fired into a block of wood, and you will notice the resemblance to a button-shaped mushroom. In order to ascertain the action of hollow-pointed bullets when striking bodies of low or slight resistance, I took several 45cal. cartridges (bullets weighing 40grs.; charge powder, 70grs.) and bored a hole in the points of the bullets about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, continuing in the direction, or rather prolongation of the longer axis nearly seven-eighths of an inch; these holes were then filled with melted beeswax. I then filled a packing-box, about eight feet long by three feet wide and three feet high, with loose sawdust. Standing about twenty feet from an open end of the box, fired into the sawdust. Found, upon examination, the penetration in all cases was between five and six feet, and the bullets took the shape of the inclosed sample (button mushroom). The service bullet fired into sawdust, at same distance with same charge of powder, had the same penetration, but the bullets were very little disfigured, showing plainly the mark of the rifling. I also obtained the same results by firing into this box filled with snow. Found very little difference between the penetration in this and in the sawdust. The hollow-pointed bullet penetrated and expanded in the snow—same as in sawdust. These materials offer much less resistance to the penetration than the bodies of large animals, consequently the displacement or change of form of the hollow-pointed bullet would be much greater when striking them. When exceedingly high velocities are obtained, this change of form would be complete, the expanded disc formed by bullet spreading out from the point remaining in the body of the animal, and the base of the bullet passing on beyond, possibly through the body, producing all the effects of an explosive bullet; for this bullet, from the time of impact, continues to penetrate and expand at the point, until the expanded portion, from loss of velocity due to the increased surface of resistance, comes to a state of rest, or nearly so, and is itself penetrated by the solid base. At the time of impact, the beeswax becomes melted from heat generated by the resistance of the air and the body struck, and we then have a column of fluid confined in a cylindrical space subject to great pressure. This pressure, being equal in all directions, causes the bullet to expand in direction of line of least resistance of the material from which the bullet is made, viz., out in the plane perpendicular to the longer axis. By this expansion continuing, the cylindrical hole in the bullet becomes cone-shaped, with the base of the cone at point of bullet. The enlargement at the point of the bullet increases the surface of resistance, and owing to the non-elastic quality of lead, the particles in expanded portion move velocity faster than the particles in the base. The base pressing more and more upon the expanded portion as the difference in the velocities becomes greater, changes the cone-shaped expanded point, first a plane, then a convex surface, and this change of form continues until the difference in velocities of the particles in the expanded portion and particles of solid base becomes sufficiently great, when the base will penetrate the expanded portion and pass on. By using a bank of sawdust as a butt, and successively reducing the charge of powder for same weight of hollow bullet, a point will be reached at which there will be no change of form in the bullet. If, now, the charges of powder are regularly increased, it will be found the change of form becomes greater and greater, until, at last, the expansion, until maximum is reached, which, as indicated, will be a cone-shaped of the bullets into two parts, a circular disk, and the solid base, the latter penetrating beyond the disk. Parties desiring to investigate, will find other material (sawdust or snow) suitable. They can be packed in sections of stove-pipe two or three feet in length. A sheet of this packing-paper placed between each section will assist wonderfully in finding the bullets (by indicating which section contains the bullets) after they have been fired. Those desiring to ascertain the effect or action of different forms of bullets, and to ascertain the accuracy of the different forms of bullets for this purpose. The penetration in all cases will not be great, and all of the bullets can be recovered in the perfect form they left the muzzle of the gun. GREGORY.

NON-STICKING SHELLS.—San Dimas Durango, Mexico, Feb. 26th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—I have been much interested in the discussion going on through your columns in regard to "everlasting shells." Possibly my experiences may be of benefit to these unfortunate gentlemen from Texas, who have suffered from sticking shells in the Ballard and other rifles. My brother and I each own a Ballard; one (mine) using the Berdan shell, 44-77, the other, overloading, 44-100. Wonderful to state, with proper care in loading, the shells never stick in either rifle—without said care they will stick every time. The rule to be observed in loading are simple and easily carried out. 1st. Before reloading, clean each shell carefully with a dry and out, until it is bright and free from all signs of burnt powder or verdigris. 2d. Mold the bullets with the utmost care, seeing that the bullet mold is shut tight every time a slug is run. 3d. Load the shell so that the ball does not crowd the powder, but barely rests on it, when set at the proper depth in the shell. Don't use bullets that enter the shells with difficulty. If the molds will make no other kind, fire them out and buy others of the proper size. This, by the way, is a very common fault in factory-made bullet molds, as I have seen from unfortunate experiences. 4th. Clean the chamber of the rifle carefully, if the cartridges are for hunting, dip them in some very hot lubricant, so that shell and bullet will have a very thin coating of grease, extending back say half an inch on the shell. If (for all this the shells still persist in sticking, why, for my part, give it up. They have some kink in them that has not yet come to light in our experience. Possibly too quick powder will make the shells expand, *quien sabe?* We always use Hazard's JG or FG when attainable. I have owned and used several different ones during the past year, including Sharps, Remington, Winchester, Springfield, imported Stevens, etc., and for a sportsman who can only afford one weapon I consider the Ballard shield

of them all. Since the fall of 1876 my Ballard has been my companion from the dripping pine forests of Puget Sound, to the cool and cactus-covered *concheros* of the Mexican cordilleras. In canoe or saddle—wherever there was a show to get met, in short—I've always packed her; and whether shooting at a buck's big as a barn, a blue grouse in the top of an Oregon pine, or a Mexican fox-squirrel curiously peering from some lofty perch at the "Gringo" interloper on his domains, I've hit or missed with the comfortable feeling that whatever happened the rifle was all right in every particular. And I've not yet found game so big or so little that she could not stand to her case, and give fair satisfaction of herself. I've accomplished one feat with this rifle lately, that I had considered heretofore as a hunter's yarn, viz., "larking a squirrel." A jackknife, with a screw-driver blade, is amply sufficient to do all the adjusting necessary during a three-months' hunt, and—but I'll stop, for fear the censorious gentleman, who objects to "this kind of thing, you know," will set after me. EL AMERICANO.

Yachting and Yimoeing.

FIXTURES.

- May 3—Cooper's Point Y. C. Spring Regatta.
- May 5—East Boston Y. C. Anniversary.
- May 8—Yonkers Y. C. Spring Regatta.
- May 12—Empire Y. C. Dowling Cup.
- May 15—Quincy Y. C. Spring Regatta.
- May 20—Portland Y. C. Challenge Cup.
- May 27—South Camden Y. C. Spring Regatta.
- May 29—Dorchester Y. C. Union Regatta.
- May 31—Sewanhaka Y. C. Opening Cruise.
- May 31—Quaker City Y. C. Spring Regatta.
- May 31—Southwark Y. C. Spring Regatta.
- May 31—South Boston Y. C. Spring Regatta.
- June 7—Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
- June 9—Albion Y. C. Union Regatta.
- June 10—New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.
- June 12—Sewanhaka Corinthian Matches.
- June 14—Boston Y. C. Union Regatta.
- June 17—Marblehead Regatta.
- June 20—Dorchester Y. C. Regatta.
- June 22—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
- July 3—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Nahant.
- July 3—Sewanhaka Y. C. Corinthian Cruise.
- July 17—San Francisco Y. C. Opening Cruise.
- July 31—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Swampscott.
- Aug. 14 or 21—Beverly Y. C. Open Regatta, Swampscott.
- Aug. 14—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
- Aug. 28—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Beverly.
- Sept. 4—Boston Y. C. Annual Regatta.
- Sept. 11—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
- Sept. 12—Dorchester Y. C. Open Regatta.
- Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C. Special, Nahant.
- Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C. Special, Nahant.
- Oct. 9—Washington Village Y. C. Fall Regatta.

THE NATIONAL YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

At the meeting of the convention, held April 14th at the St. Denis Hotel, this city, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The following clubs had at that time adopted the constitution: Salem Bay Y. C., Yonkers, National, Chikosa, Quaker City, Buffalo, New Jersey, Hudson River, Oshkosh, Columbia City and Pavana.

Upon motion of Mr. Rice the Newburyport Y. C. and Lynn Y. C. were also to be considered admitted, they having appointed delegates and signified their intention of joining. A committee of five was selected to consider and report upon the receipt of all four acceding clubs, and to have the time of meeting had not yet enabled them to communicate their adoption of the constitution. The committee is composed as follows: David Hall, Rice, S. B. Y. C.; Henry Woods, N. Y. C.; A. J. Brush, Empire Y. C.; C. P. Kunhardt, Buffalo Y. C.; R. B. Freeman, Hudson River Y. C., and the President, Com. Dilworth, and Secretary John Frick, of the convention.

A resolution was passed instructing the Executive Committee of twelve to take steps, when appointed, looking toward a full and creditable display of the yachting interests at the coming World's Fair in 1883. Yacht builders and others are to be requested to contribute specimens of their work in the way of actual yachts, models, etc., so that the attention of the general public may be drawn to the sport. Votes of thanks were tendered to Rear-Com. Sumner, Royal Nova Scotia Y. S., for the useful and interesting data furnished the convention; to Mr. John Frick for the effective manner in which he carried out the arduous duties of Secretary, and to the proprietors of the St. Denis Hotel for the use of the building. The association, having been established permanently and all provisions for its future continuance having been made, the convention was adjourned *sine die*. The Executive Committee of twelve, as soon as balloted for, will now take charge of the affairs of the Association in accord with the provisions of the constitution.

EASTERN BRANCH N. Y. A.

At the meeting held in Boston, April 16th, with a view to perfecting a local organization, five clubs were represented by delegates: Lynn Y. C., Newburyport Y. C., Salem Bay Y. C., Haverhill Y. C. and Washington Village Y. C. In regard to some of them joining the N. Y. A. it was determined to refer the question back to the clubs for definite action. As the meeting was only an initial one it is thought other Eastern clubs may join, as it is granted on all sides that the formation of an Eastern branch to supersede racing from Cape Cod to Eastport is a necessity of the times. The meeting was much better attended than the previous call of a similar nature, and in the end we trust all interests will pull together for united action. A committee on rules and by-laws was appointed, composed of Messrs. J. F. Allen, Newburyport Y. C.; E. F. Brown, Haverhill Y. C.; Howard Dennis, Lynn Y. C.; E. Lanning, W. V. Y. C., and David Hall, Rice, Salem Bay Y. C. Also a committee on union or local regattas, as follows: W. P. Parker, Vice-Com. Salem Bay Y. C.; W. C. Thompson, Com. Newburyport Y. C.; Howard Dennis, Fleet Captain Lynn Y. C.; F. A. Daniels, Vice-Com. W. V. Y. C., and W. M. Dresser, Haverhill Y. C. These committees will meet at Young's Hotel, April 21st, at 4 p.m. for deliberation. The meeting was then adjourned subject to the call of the President.

NEW SCHOONER.—Decker, of South Brooklyn, has finished a handsome schooner for ex-Commander Munsell, Atlantic Y. C. The model is by Decker. Her dimensions are: Length, 73ft. over all, 33ft. keel, 8ft. beam; depth of hold, 1ft.; draught, 4ft. 6in. The dimensions of her spars are: Mainmast, 33ft.; foremast, 33ft.; bowsprit, 33ft.; mainboom, 33ft.; foreboom, 22ft.; foregaff, 21ft.; maingaff, 22ft.; foremast, 23ft.; and maintopmast, 31ft. Bowsprit outboard, 33ft.; foremast, set up 4ft. out on the bowsprit. This to the jibstay is 14ft.; from jib to flying jibstay, 11ft., and 3ft. pole. The craft has a flush deck, with the exception of the cabin house, 15in. high. She will be placed in racing trim about the middle of May, and will go to Newport on her trial trip.

YACHTING NEWS.

SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, E. J. O'Brien; First Vice-Commodore, A. A. Magrines; Second Vice-Commodore, E. Harris; Treasurer, J. B. McConnell; Secretary, A. H. Harris. The club has now 477 members, and will give four regattas this season.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, C. H. Harrison; Vice-Commodore, J. D. Sprockels; Secretary, C. G. Yale; Treasurer, T. Guntie; Measurer, M. Turner; Trustees, Howes, Weiner, and Hamilton.

Racing model yachts are rapidly increasing in this club, many experiments being tried with the hope of drawing lessons therefrom, to be applied on a larger scale. Dr. Morrill proposes to cruise among the South Sea Islands, this year, in his schooner *Casco*. His cruise down the coast last season was a great success.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—The club has adopted a new pattern for their cap, similar to that of the midshipmen of the Royal Navy, with an ancient marine cavalry officer. The following new members have been elected: W. L. Scott, Erie, Pa.; E. Robert, J. W. Blatchford, D. Hall, G. P. Randolph, F. Penhoy, H. E. Packer, H. H. Hathorne, G. E. Flint, J. P. Earle, and P. Hathaway.

QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB.—The entries for the spring races consist of the following: First class cabin-yachts, from 30 to 33ft. w. l.: *Columbia*, Albert Wood; *Conquette*, John Vanderspiller; *Clara*, C. Verga; *Comet*, Joseph Kennedy; *Geo. W. Fairman*, John Pomeroy; *Kingston Goddard*, John Mintz; *Mineura*, Wm. Klotz; *Speering*, James Campbell; *White Wing* (of Chester), Paul Klotz. Second class, sloops under 30ft. w. l.: *Chris Gallagher*, Robert White; *Edith*, Henry Stark; *Lillie*, —, Godfrey Crouse; *Stella*, —, Charles Magee; *M. H. Thomas*, James Bradshaw; *Quay*, —, Wm. S. Douglass. Third class, open boats between 20 and 30ft.: *Adelphia*, George Campbell; *Blanca*, George Hillman; *Canden*, Wm. Middleton; *Eddie*, James Collins; *Post*, Henry Willard; *Sappho*, Painter. Regatta Committee: Commodore A. F. Bancroft, Chairman; Vice-Commodore, Charles B. Magee; Rear-Commodore, Robert Riddle, Jr.; Lawrence Coleman, Robert Baird, John McCormick, and Robert P. Thompson, Secretary.

BERKEA YACHT CLUB.—The E. Y. C. of San Francisco has elected the following officers: President, Harry D. Neal; Vice-President, Louis Moran; Treasurer, Frederick Wallace; Financial Secretary, James D. Smith; Recording Secretary, John M. Malcolm; Sergeant-at-Arms, Harry D. Jenner; Commander, William D. Kramer.

NAHASSET YACHT CLUB.—This club, formerly with headquarters at Nahant and Cohasset, has voted to disband.

SOUTH BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, John M. Chamrock; Vice-Commodore, Dr. R. H. Sprockel; Fleet Captain, Alexander Kidd; Secretary, William Morris; Treasurer, Thomas Christian; Measurer, John Winslitt; Trustees, A. K. Roberts, David Winless, William Thompson; Regatta Committee, James Donovan, William Morris, James Bertram, George F. Kenney, Alexander Kidd, George Martin, M. J. Driscoll. The damage done to the club-house by fire is being repaired.

QUINCY YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, John Q. Adams; Vice-Commodore, A. J. Clark; Fleet Captain, Joshua Binney; Secretary and Treasurer, George W. Morton; Measurer, Peter B. Turner; Regatta Committee, the Commodore, James T. Adams, John M. Chamrock, Vice-Commodore W. Morton and H. F. Bass. A number of new boats have been added to the fleet, a schooner by Wm. Amory, one by Mr. Cunningham, both built by Maybury. Mr. H. H. Faxon is having a cat built by Abraham Lelofs and Mr. Chas. F. Adams, Jr., has bought the *Walf* from Messrs. King and Clark. The minimum limit for a yacht's length is to be 15ft., and all yachts of 30ft. and above in length constitute a special class; and all yachts are allowed to carry gaff topsails in races.

DORCHESTER YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, F. E. Peabody; Vice-Commodore, S. G. King; Secretary, L. M. Clark; Treasurer, A. J. Clark; Fleet Captain, G. S. Rice; Measurer, H. Davenport; Trustees, C. E. Folson, W. H. L. Smith, C. H. Nute; Regatta Committee, C. Barnard, C. H. Whiting, R. F. Bolles. The club now has eighty-five members, and the following craft have been added to the fleet: *Undine*, center-board sloop, Benjamin Dean; *Daby*, center-board cat, H. K. Norman; *Bob White*, keel sloop, A. A. Nickerson; *Nattie*, center-board cat, W. H. Nicholson; *C. J. Wells*, steamer, Thomas Manning; *Adrienne*, keel schooner, C. Platt; *Siren*, center-board sloop, H. S. Keith; *Viking*, keel sloop, S. P. Freeman; *Penny*, center-board sloop, H. S. Keith; *Sappho*, steamer, George H. Brooks; *Shadow*, center-board cat, F. Tachellier; *Albatross*, keel sloop, Keith; *Amie*, center-board cat, C. Parker; *Vinnie*, center-board sloop, King and Clark; *Pima*, center-board sloop, William Gray; *Bristol*, center-board cat, J. Sever; *Elf*, center-board cat, W. P. Barker; *Dream*, center-board cat, A. W. Dowsy.

NEWPORT YACHT CLUB.—The club-house will be renovated—something much needed—and the usual programme of races is promised.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—Editor Forest and Stream.—This club has been incorporated. Certificates of stock have been issued for the construction of a club-house, and a fair sun has already been secured. Plans are now in the hands of an architect. The house is to be built on a spit just inside the stone breakwater. The membership is increasing rapidly, eight new applications having been made. Three new yachts, two sloops and one schooner, are now building for the club. C.

SOUTH CAMDEN YACHT CLUB.—Officers for the year: Commodore, Win. Harper; Vice-Commodore, Joseph Wright; Rear-Commodore, John R. Conklin; Secretary, Win. Davis; Treasurer Jacob Ghang.

"ATLANTIC COAST PILOT."—The second edition of this valuable work has been issued from the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, Carlisle P. Patterson, U. S. N., Superintendent. The coast line included in the charts and sailing directions stretches from Eastport, Me., to Houston. Fog signals, tides, currents, variations, life-saving stations, etc., make the volume a necessary part of a yacht's library, especially for those cruising East. The price is low, \$2.50, and it is a wonder how anything so complete and finished can be offered at these figures. To be had of all dealers in nautical instruments.

THE TOPPHONE.—The topophone is a new instrument, designed to be used on shipboard, by which the exact direction of sounds emitted by fog horns or fog bells may be determined. It was found, in actual experiments made for the Light-house Board, that the pointer of the instrument could be easily brought to within ten degrees, or less than one point of the true direction of the sound, which is sufficiently accurate in the practical use of the apparatus.

GOOD FOR THE LIGHT DRAYS.—The construction of a canal across the narrow neck of land separating the waters of Nantuxet Sound from Massachusetts Bay, which has just been com-

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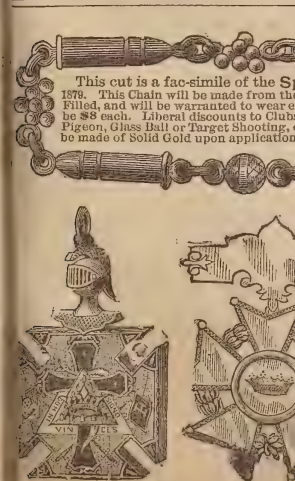
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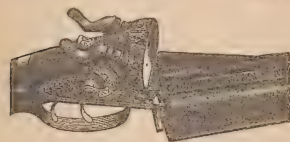
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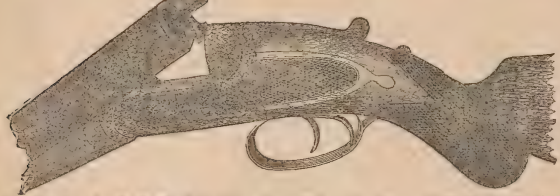
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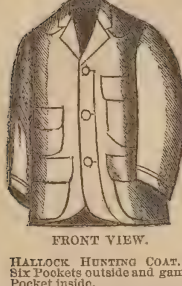
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The TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1.

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LONGS, also abound in large numbers in the

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earlier) for:
Bayton, 8:35 A.M., 3:55, 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays,
9 A.M.
Col. Pt. & Whitestone, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:35 A.M.,
2:35, 3:15, 4:35, 5:35, 6, 6:35 P.M. 8:35, 10:45 P.M.,
12:15 night.
Sundays, 9:35, 10:35 A.M., 1:35, 5:35, 7, 10 P.M.
Fishing, 6:35, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:35 A.M., 2:35, 3:35,
4:35, 5, 5:35, 6, 6:35, 7, 7:35, 9, 10:45 P.M., 12:15 night.
Sundays, 9:35, 10:35 A.M., 1:35, 5, 5:35, 7, 10 P.M.
Fae Rockaway, 8:35, 11 A.M., 4:25, 6:55, 7 P.M.
Rockaway Beach, 11 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.
and 6:35 P.M.
Great Neck, 6:30, 7:35, 11:35 A.M., 4:25, 5:35, 6:35 P.M.
Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, 9:35 A.M., 5:35 P.M.
Garden City, Queens and Hempstead, 8, 10 A.M.,
1:35, 2:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35, 7:35 P.M. From Flatbush av-
enue, except Sunday, and from Hunter's Point,
Monday, Wed., Fri. and Saturday, 12:15 night,
Wednesdays and Sundays only from Flatbush av-
enue. Sunday, 9 A.M., 1:35, 5:35 P.M.
Glen Cove, Locust Valley, Glen Head and Ros-
eton, 8, 10 A.M., 3:55, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M. Sundays, 9
A.M., 6:35 P.M.
Greenport and Sag Harbor, 8 A.M., 3:35 P.M.
Huntington and Northport, 8, 10 A.M., 4:35, 6:35
P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6:35 P.M.
Lakeland and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 2:35, 5:35 P.M.
Port Jefferson, 10 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.
Patchogue, 8:35 A.M., 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9
A.M.
Richmond Hill, Glendale, 8:35, 11 A.M., 2:35, 4:35,
5:35, 6, 7 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and
Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6:35 P.M.
Greenvale, 8, 10 A.M., 1:35 P.M. Tuesdays, Wed-
nesdays and Saturdays, commencing April 30.
HUNTER'S PT. & WALL ST. ANNEX—Leave
Pt. J. R. (Foot Flatbush) for Hunter's P., 8:30,
10:30, 11:30 A.M., 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10 P.M. For fur-
ther information, tickets, commutation, etc.,
apply at 229 1/2 Broadway, cor. Barclay.
W. M. LAEFAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.Babylon, 8:35 A.M., 3:55, 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays,
9 A.M.Col. Pt. & Whitestone, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:35 A.M.,
2:35, 3:15, 4:35, 5:35, 6, 6:35 P.M. 8:35, 10:45 P.M.,
12:15 night.

Sundays, 9:35, 10:35 A.M., 1:35, 5:35, 7, 10 P.M.

Fishing, 6:35, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:35 A.M., 2:35, 3:35,
4:35, 5, 5:35, 6, 6:35, 7, 7:35, 9, 10:45 P.M., 12:15 night.

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A.M., 6:35 P.M.

Greenport and Sag Harbor, 8 A.M., 3:35 P.M.

Huntington and Northport, 8, 10 A.M., 4:35, 6:35
P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6:35 P.M.

Lakeland and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 2:35, 5:35 P.M.

Port Jefferson, 10 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.

Patchogue, 8:35 A.M., 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9
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5:35, 6, 7 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and
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other well-known centers for

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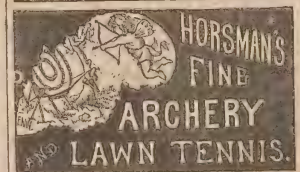
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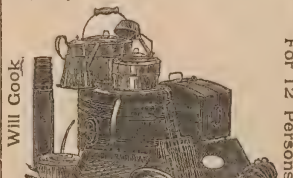
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Western Montana.

I HAVE seen nothing concerning Western Montana in FOREST AND STREAM, and only lately any notes from "the other side of the range." Perhaps a little information, derived from personal observation and the experiences of others, may not be without interest, as Missoula, being one of the smaller towns, and not on a main line of travel, is seldom visited except on business.

It is situated at the head of a valley, or gulch, some twenty-five miles long by from six to eight wide, surrounded by mountains and traversed at the upper part by the Hell Gate and Bitter Root rivers, which, soon uniting, form the Missoula, the waters of which reach the Columbia. The soil of the valley is fertile, although needing irrigation on the higher levels.

The town boasts a bank, several mercantile houses, a flouring mill, half a dozen "saloons," a cleverly edited newspaper, a church, a school-house, and is the county seat. Three and a half miles distant is the military post of Fort Missoula, garrisoned by four companies of infantry. The mode of access is from Ogden, by the Utah and Northern Railroad, thence via Deer Lodge by Gilmer and Salisbury's stages. The "palace jerries," run by the company on this end of the line, are much admired by all who have experienced their comforts.

The Indian inhabitants of this section—Flatheads and Pen d'Oreilles, both of which names have no proper significance—are peaceful. Numbers of them, not living at the agency, are engaged in farming and stock-raising. They became partly civilized, in the very early days, through the labors of the Catholic missionaries. The last disturbances were from the Nez Percé invasion in 1877, and from a small marauding party of the same tribe a year later. Practically there is little or no danger to be anticipated from this source.

This region, as a whole, presents many attractions for the sportsman. In endeavoring to convey a fair idea of the extent of our hunting and fishing, there is, perhaps, no better way than by referring to the scores which at various times have come under my cognizance. The chief game-bird is the sharp-tail grouse, which, in favorable years is found in abundance in the brush about the

small water-courses in the early season, and later in the grain fields. Occasionally, as last year, a cold and wet spring greatly reduces their number. Within a few miles, an hour's shooting will ordinarily bring to bag a dozen or more birds. Eighty-two, in a half day's shooting to two guns, has been the largest score.

In the timber, pines and cottonwoods are a reasonable number of ruffed grouse, and on the higher ridges the blue grouse are found. The latter, however, are not sufficiently abundant to pay for the labor of climbing to their resorts. No ptarmigan have, to my knowledge, been shot, but they doubtless exist about many of the higher peaks, several of which in sight are snow-clothed the year round. There are no quail in this vicinity, although, from the fact that the Territorial law forbids their destruction for six years from 1879, it is presumable that their introduction has been attempted or contemplated in other sections. Curlew are tolerably abundant in early summer, nesting on the prairie, but except at the time when rearing their young are lost from the absence of cover, almost unapproachable. Snipe and plover are not abundant. Woodcock are unknown. The wild fowl shooting is not particularly good and does not compare with that on the other side of the range, the great flights passing far to the east and west of us. A dozen or fifteen ducks to one gun, in a day's shooting in our immediate vicinity, would be beyond the average bag, although much better sport is obtainable at Flathead Lake and up the Bitter Root. A few ducks and geese breed here.

The unparalleled abundance of large game during the past season has been due to the unusual depth of snow forcing the deer to seek lower levels, so that in localities where ordinarily but two or three could be expected, a dozen would be found. Hunting without snow-shoes was exceedingly laborious, and the kind in favor here is not like the Canadian, finely netted and running over point at the heel. It is, on the contrary, very coarsely worked, with green circles, so that, except where the foot rests, the clenched fist can be passed through the meshes. The general shape is oval, and the maximum width from eighteen to twenty inches. No doubt the longer and narrower shoe would be preferable on level ground, but for hill-climbing there is nothing like the "bear paw."

To give some idea of the numbers in which deer have been found, a party of three, shooting on what is known as the "big grade," on the old muleen weed, some forty miles from here, killed over sixty deer, chiefly black-tail, and eleven mountain sheep. There was hardly a limit to the number of white-tails that might have been slaughtered, but attention after the first few days was elevated to black-tails and sheep. Deer were not killed if canons or hills made it too difficult to drag out the carcasses. The party had about ten days of hunting. Another expedition of three, on a three days' hunt, seldom going out before 9 o'clock and generally returning by 1, killed twenty white-tail. All of the four companies at the Post had as much venison as they desired. Notwithstanding all this abundance, I do not know of but one instance where deer were slaughtered for their hides alone, or where the products of the hunt were not used to good advantage. These figures are not given to illustrate the skill of the hunters, but to show the plentifulness of the game.

Elk and moose are occasionally shot, but as in winter the depth of snow makes the carrying of supplies a terrible labor, even with snowshoes, and in autumn the fallen timber and general ruggedness of the country present great obstacles, it is difficult to penetrate to their ranges. Perhaps a light toboggan that could, loaded, be easily pulled by one man, offers the best solution of the problem.

Mountain sheep are tolerably plentiful, but the amount of wind and muscle required for their successful pursuit is appalling to any but an old mountaineer.

One mountain goat was sent from here in the early winter to the Smithsonian Institution. They are less abundant than the sheep, and even harder to secure. They must be rather rare in Eastern collections, for the Smithsonian offered a very handsome price for half a dozen skins and skeletons. Bears are not common, nor are lynx or mountain lions often seen. The buffalo range is reported to have once extended to this region, but since 1893 none have been seen. The visitor of that year was an old bull, and although hailed by the Flatheads as the approaching fulfillment of a prophecy that the buffalo would return, seems to have been simply an estray from the main herds. They could never have been very abundant.

Our fishing is excellent, except in the Hell Gate, where it is spoiled by mining operations above. The best is in the So-So, a tributary of the Bitter Root, where the trout run from a half pound up to two and a half pounds. Some trout have been caught there with a fly five hours fishing, whose total weight was not far from fifty pounds. The length of river fished over did not exceed two miles. The largest trout caught in the Bitter Root weighed about nine pounds, and was landed with a light fly-rod and tackle. Fish of this size are rare, not more than three or four having been caught in this stream in the last two years. The Bitter Root trout take a fly all winter, a black or gray hackle being the most killing. In

Flathead Lake trout have been caught through the ice weighing as high as thirty-five pounds. Ten and twelve pounders are not uncommon. Fish of this size are also found at the mouth of the St. Regis Borgia. Brook trout are abundant in a small stream some ten miles from town.

The Legislature of Montana, at the last session, appropriated a thousand dollars for removing obstructions at the Great Falls of the Upper Columbia, to permit the running up of salmon into Montana waters. These falls are in Washington Territory, about ninety miles from Fort Colville, and as they are far from any road or trail, it is difficult to obtain exact information concerning them. In addition to the problem of rendering these falls passable, comes the question as to whether salmon will traverse some two hundred miles of more or less muddy water that intervenes between Lake Pen d'Oreille and the Bitter Root. Local opinion, based on experiences in the Salmon River country, favors the belief that they will. The nearest waters in which they are now found are those of the Clearwater, over one hundred and twenty-five miles at the least estimate. At Moose Creek, one of its tributaries, five Kanakas stored over a thousand pounds of dried salmon for winter consumption and caught them at odd times, while not engaged in mining.

On the North Fork of the Clearwater, a scouting party, short of food, killed a twenty-five pound salmon with rocks, and they are not infrequently, in the mining country of that region, thrown out and killed with sluice-forks.

Sportsmen's clubs have been recently formed in Missoula and Dell Lodge, for the better enforcement of the game laws, and also for the purpose of procuring such definite information as may be necessary to gain practical good from the above-mentioned appropriation.

Missoula, Montana.

NOTES FROM THE CONNECTICUT LAKES

THE region of the Connecticut Lakes presents to sportsmen certain features of attraction which will, I think, warrant a few notes additional to those already published.

There are three lakes in the chain. First Lake contains large lakers and some speckled trout, is surrounded by woods, except along the southwest shore, and there is a hotel at the outlet. Eastward the Magalloway Mountains lift their magnificent timbered slopes. Last fall the lumber company built a road four miles north to Second Lake—the terminus of the chain—doing some lumbering along the outlet, below the lake. The axe must reach its shores in a few years, but for the present season they are safe, and the land-owners say they shall remain intact as long as possible.

Third Lake, five miles beyond, is within the limits of the wilderness, but is too near the French settlements over the line to be a retreat for much large game. Still it is a beautiful piece of trout-haunted water, lying at the very height of land, with the mountains rising abruptly from its clear depths. The Frenchmen fish it, but I doubt if a fly has ever been cast on its surface, and if another summer shall yield the opportunities of the last three, I promise myself to make test for what the clumsy tackle of the Kanucks may have left. This lake is only a mile and a half long, and its principal inlet, the source of the Connecticut River, is a mere rill, tumbling from the spruce-darkened heights to the west.

But Second Lake—a name unsuggestive in itself, yet with it come back in memory the scenes of four delightful months of long summer days—days filled with an unforbidden and unmixed pleasure, which in after-thought inspires regret only that it had an end. To us who, nearly four years ago, first pitched our camps by the untamed and trout-filled streams, it is known as "The Lake." So to remain, with a memory of days spent in a spot perfect in its wildness. "The Lake" and inseparable from it in thought is Thomas Chester and his log-camp facing the lake, and the limitless forest eastward. I always rather envied friend C., of Concord, his being the first to stop at the fresh, new camp, but as our trout-seeking trip came only two days later, it was ample compensation to be able to stay a longer time than he. It was then only a year since Uncle Tom had come over from Katahdin, and begun his raid on the beaver. From that time—and at first thought it may seem remarkable—the game, instead of diminishing, has increased. This is partly owing to the fact that the natives from the near settlements keep away, in the knowledge that it is useless to trap where Chester does, for there is not another such trapper in the State. Then his camp has in summer been occupied by a few gentlemen who have hunted deer chiefly by the not very destructive method of night floating. The natives, with their nets and other implements infernal, keep aloof to the extent that true sportsmen are present, and together with two or three favorable winters, this has contributed to the increase of large game. No dogs are used about the lake—except that Chester has control outside his own camp—but

however it may be, the neighborhood has proved itself extremely unhealthy for all yelping dogs—so much so that I shouldn't advise one to try the experiment of giving long treks thereabouts for any length of time. Caribou and moose are sometimes driven away for weeks by a short chase from a hound, or even its passage through their "beat." Deer seem less easily frightened away.

As elsewhere, the chances of the weather are those chiefly involved in the question of success in hunting and fishing at the lower lakes, but the very location which gives these lakes their peculiar beauty, renders them liable to a large rainfall. Lying as they do among the mountains of the water-shed dividing the St. Lawrence waters from those flowing south, they receive a rainy rain when, thirty miles away, the country is parched.

Deer seldom feed in the lake when the woods are dripping, and I doubt not that many a buck owes his continued existence, as an exterminator of lily-pads and bunch-grass, to the shower which gave him a supper on the hillside, by providing the moisture he demands with his browse. Like another and more frequently met with species of "buck," he has a great distaste for anything like a "dry feed," that being apparent in the reason why he resorts to the lakes and swamps to feed. Only an afternoon shower is needed to content him with what the woods afford, while in dry weather, as surely as nightfall comes, he makes his way straight past the running brooks to the lake or some sluggish stream, where grows the favorite bunch-grass; even in winter a mouthful of snow goes with each one of browse. There are several beaver-dams not far away to which the deer resort more or less according to season and weather, as well as when much hunted at the lake.

About one of the more remote of these I found the tracks everywhere and numerous last August. For a time the weather had been favorable for floating, and night after night Norton had floated up to the deer. They were shot over and under, before and behind, till the month was nearly gone, and but three deer and a moose had been brought to the river late in the month. I could not dispute the testimony of several shot-scared trees as to the recent presence of the cause of buck fever, nor could I doubt that the steaks Uncle Tom set before us were genuine moose meat; but whether had disappeared the nightly visitants which unfailing left their tracks about the shores in former seasons, I was puzzled to tell. There were only two or three shy fellows watering at all. The fishing took a poorer street too, and the chief, coming from a long and rough cruise on the Upper Saguenay, in the land of the big trout and land-locked salmon, I cared for little but rest and walks about the noble woods, it was annoying to have one's favorite lake act so shabbily toward those who did wish to make a bag. It was only after the four or five gentlemen had completed their short stay and left, probably with the impression that the place was more or less of a fraud as a game region, that I happened one day upon the beaver pond referred to. The tracks were then more numerous than I have seen elsewhere, while on another branch of the stream two or three more deer were feeding regularly. One or two moose appeared to be summing about the larger dam, but most of them were upon their favorite beat in another direction.

One afternoon, just before leaving the woods, I went to this dam for a last night out, having at the time taken an ore for the very good chance of getting a deer to take home. My way of going for a night is to roll up a blanket in a little canvas or duck hammock, weighing but a few ounces, sling it like a game-bag or fishing-basket, and, when night comes, hang up anywhere to a couple of convenient trees. The strong duck, besides keeping the blanket from being torn while traveling, insures a dry, comfortable bed in a few seconds—no unimportant matter if the ground is swampy or wet from rains. A good spruce bed is a luxury demanding a fairly suitable situation as well as some time in preparation, so especially where alone the use of a hammock brings independence of location and economy of time.

On this occasion I reached the little pond before sunset, and, slinging the hammock between two spruces, took a position on the opposite bank of the pond, in easy rifle shot of some well-tracked feeding ground just across, with the last rays of the sun reddening the tops of the great trees on the birch and spruce grown hillside beyond.

It was almost September. The hum of mosquitoes was already gone at this elevation of two thousand feet. Above the murmuring flow of the stream, at the beaver dam near by, came at intervals the croak of a frog, its sharpened noise breaking the approaching frog chorus, its long plumes gilded in the western light, sailed unsuspectingly by, alighting with a harsh cry up the stream, whence soon came a sudden "chuck" as the unerring bill fixed some helpless trout or frog.

Presently, as the sun touched the hill, the trout began to rise. There was in sight two and a half acres of still water shining with the reflected sunset glow, and not till darkness settled down after the long twilight, not a ripple died away before another broke the gleaming surface. There was none of the splash and eagerness seen in fly-fishing, but as each tiny insect settled upon the water he was taken with a plash scarcely audible at the few yards distance; it was only occasionally that a fluttering moth tempted a leap, or a hump-backed beetle betrayed his presence by a ripple larger than the rest. Each fish appeared to hold his own position, confining himself within his proper limits, unless perchance a particularly attractive prize happened within reach.

A few minutes after sunset, a robin—unlooked for visitor in these parts—came near, and without noticing me, flew down and hopped about not a yard from my feet. At that moment, a stick cracked in the woods behind, and I knew that my deer was coming. For the wrong direction, though there was still a good chance for a shot and plenty of light. Just then that wretched robin died, and, flying to a branch overhead sent forth cries that made the woods ring. The deer looked about for the cause of the outcry, and found it, as he evidently supposed, in the hammock twenty yards back among the trees. Without coming in sight, he surveyed the strange monster at length, then stamped and whistled till the woods echoed again, and bounded away. Knowing that all game within a half mile must have caught the alarm, I looked with ready rifle for the robin, but he

had prudently disappeared during the excitement, and till darkness stole over the pool I sat watching the trout-ripples with no further interruption.

I was dropping asleep in the deer-alarmed canvas, when not thirty yards away the spiteful thump of a hoof on the ground, told that the buck had come back to satisfy his curiosity. He must have been standing there quite a while before he stamped. It was too dark to shoot, so I made no move till he caught the scent, delivered another series of angry whistles, and took himself off with leaps that led me to hope he would break his neck against a tree in the dark.

About midnight I woke; the beaver were splashing in the water, and up stream something sounded like a deer. A little chilled, I built a wisp of a fire, thereby silencing the beaver, and toasted a bit of pork, as well as my shins, with a sociable owl for company. Later, I had a vague idea of something heavy moving about across the stream, but sleepily decided it was out of reach and entered dreamland again. In the morning the track of a two-year-old moose established the identity of the night traveler.

I had intended to hunt a mile or two up the stream in the early morning, but a marauding and deer-scaring old heron tempted the settlement of old scores and caught a bullet at eighty yards; after which piece of bloodshed, I struck for Chester's.

So passed my last night alone at Second Lake. In view of the considerable amount of game in these back places, it is remarkable how little they have been disturbed by sportsmen, and even by hunters. Tom Chester on his snowshoes goes about gathering in his crop of beaver and otter, but at that time the other game has left the streams for the hillsides. For fishing, in the absence of his favorite red squirrel or moose-bird, he may at most catch a trout or two for mink bait. It is only near and on the lake that systematic hunting and fishing have been done at all. About the heads of the streams, however, the trout of course run small, save in the little ponds.

From Second Lake to Parmachenee is a fair path on the old supply road for the lumberer or hunter on the Magalloway. One can now drive from Colabaok to the foot of Second Lake in a day, spend the night at Chester's, and by next noon cross the ten-mile carry, and find himself at Danforth's camp on Parmachenee, whence he can go down the Magalloway to the Capusque River and Rangeley chain. Chester can find guides to "tote" baggage. Here let me add my testimony as to Danforth's pluck and energy in overcoming difficulties and opposition as detailed in a recent admirable article on the "Rangeley Circuit." I should advise any one intending to visit Second Lake for the first time to write concerning the state of the hunting and fishing, to Thomas Chester, Pittsburg, Coos County, N. H. His statements may be relied upon to the last particular.

The summer season has its uncertainties for the sportsman. To the new comer I would say, do not expect too much. He whose only means of enjoyment in the wilderness are the rifle and rod must take the chances of being disappointed or delighted. Yet, for myself, I ask no higher enjoyment of a few days or weeks vacation than to have contact with Nature at the old lake, going forth day by day from the log camp by the icy spring, and listening by night to the loons and the forest wind.

RANOFER.

Natural History.

THE FOOD OF OUR THRUSHES.

THE value of birds to the agriculturist, though often descanted on, is not yet fully appreciated. The theme is a favorite one with ornithologists, but is usually treated in such a general way that its importance is likely to be under-rated by the reader.

In a recent paper by Prof. S. A. Forbes, whose name is not unfamiliar to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, this subject is handled soundly, and with such careful attention to detail as to claim for the essay the widest circulation, both among those who are interested in birds and among horticulturists. It has been made Prof. Forbes' duty to investigate the food of birds, and the present paper, which is a partial report to the Illinois State Horticultural Society, and is published in volume XIII. of its Transactions, has to do with the thrush family (*Turdidae*). The question raised is, are our thrushes a benefit or an injury to the farmer and gardener?

But before this question is answered Prof. Forbes proceeds to reply to another, and one which is often asked about scientific work, namely: Does the investigation which he has been carrying on pay? We cannot do better than to give his reply in his own words. He says:—

The careful estimates of three ornithologists and experienced collectors give, as an average of the whole bird-life of Illinois, three birds per acre during the six summer months. That is to say, if all the birds of the year, except the swimmers, were concentrated in the six months equally distributed throughout them, and equally scattered over the State, we would have three birds on every acre of land. It is my own opinion that at least two-thirds of the food of birds consists of insects, and that this insect food will average, at the lowest reasonable estimate, twenty insects or insects' eggs per day for each individual of these two-thirds, giving a total for the year of seven thousand two hundred per acre, or two hundred and fifty billions for the State—a number which, placed one to each square inch of surface, would cover an area of forty thousand acres.

Careful estimates of the average number of insects per square yard in this State give us, at the furthest, ten thousand per acre for the whole area. On this basis, if the operations of the birds were to be suspended, the rate of increase of these insect hosts would be accelerated about seventy per cent., and their numbers, instead of remaining year by year at the present average figure, would be

increased over two-thirds each year. Anyone familiar with geometrical ratios will understand the inevitable result. In the second year we should find these pests nearly three times as numerous as now, and, with that astounding acceleration of increase characteristic of geometrical progression, they would multiply until in about twelve years we should have the entire State covered with insects—one to the square inch over our whole territory. I have so arranged this computation as to exclude the insoluble question of the relative values of birds and predaceous or parasitic insects, unless we suppose that birds eat an undue proportion of beneficial species.

Or the question may be looked at in another way. It has been computed that the average damage done by insects in Illinois amounts to twenty million dollars annually—a large sum, but representing, after all, not about fifty-six cents per acre. If, in consequence of Prof. Forbes' investigations, the efficiency of the birds as a check on insect life can be increased only one per cent., the saving to the State would amount to sixty-six thousand dollars, or an addition to the permanent wealth of the State of one million five hundred thousand dollars. The figures given in these computations, as Prof. Forbes himself says, are absurdly low, but he prefers to base his estimates on figures that will command universal assent, especially since the importance of the subject does not require an exaggeration. The proverbial young robin of Prof. Treadwell required sixty earth-worms daily, and a mocking-bird reared by Mr. Robert Forbes ate two hundred and forty red-legged grasshoppers each day. Any one who has watched the movements of a pair of old birds with a brood of young, has, we are sure, been astonished by the amount of food required by the insatiable nestlings.

An interesting feature of the present paper is the temperateness with which the questions with which it deals are discussed. It has been much the habit to take it for granted, that all insects are noxious; and, therefore, that anything that tends to the destruction of insect life is, in so far, a benefit to the agriculturist; but we know that there is a very large class of predatory and parasitic insects which, by preying on others of their class, perform great services for the cultivator. The exact relation of these beneficial to the hurtful insects are not yet clearly known; and this question becomes, as Prof. Forbes suggests, a purely entomological one.

In estimating the services of our insectivorous birds, we must credit them with the noxious insects they destroy, and charge them with the useful ones, and also with whatever fruit they may purloin from the gardener. A balance can then be struck between the two sides of the account, and from this a fair reference as to the benefit or injury done by the birds can be drawn.

The species of the *Turdidae* examined by Prof. Forbes are *Turdus migratorius*, *T. mustelinus*, *T. pallasi*, *T. swainsoni* and *var. alcticus*, *T. fuscescens*, *Mimus polyglottus* and *M. carolinensis*, and *Harpophylax rufus*. We have space only for the conclusions which he draws from his examination of the stomachs of each species. In the robin for the six months, from April to August inclusive, "seventy-eight per cent. of the food was insects, and twenty-eight per cent. fruit, spiders and myriapods making up the other two per cent." The evident misprint in these figures we cannot locate; but wherever it occurs, the preponderance of insect over vegetable food is not materially altered; and when we note that of the insect food six and one-half per cent. were injurious beetles, eight per cent. *Othoptera* (grasshoppers, etc.), and one and one-half per cent. injurious myriapods, we cannot but acknowledge the vast benefit of the robin's service.

The cat-bird, too, devours, as shown by the present report, a very large number of noxious insects, but it is also true that during June and July he plunders the berry vines most shockingly. But in taking into account his depredations on the garden, it must be remembered that every insect which he takes would, if allowed to propagate its kind, produce a horde of young which would do far more injury than a cat-bird would in a whole season. The injury that the bird does stops at the end of the fruit season; that of the insect would increase enormously with each succeeding year.

Of the brown thrasher, Prof. Forbes says its ordinary services do not entitle it to any special protection. The wood thrush is decidedly useful, destroying great quantities of wire worms and myriapods. It has, according to the writer, about twenty-five cent. to its credit. Of the other species, which occur as migrants, the investigation has perhaps scarcely gone far enough to make it safe to draw any very definite conclusions. Prof. Forbes regards the hermit thrush as a public enemy, because he devours large quantities of useful beetles. But his specimens were shot in May, and an investigation later in the season might have developed facts to offset those now alleged against this bird.

Altogether it appears that further research is necessary before deciding absolutely either in favor of or against the thrush family, in their relations with the farmer. It is evident that they do great good; but is this good overbalanced by the harm which they accomplish? We think not; and we shall await with the greatest anxiety the further results of Prof. Forbes' studies.

It may perhaps seem ungracious to call attention to defects in a paper so generally excellent and valuable as the one in question, but we cannot help remarking on the careless proof-reading and the numerous typographical errors by which it is marred.

THE DIARY OF A BIRD.—Under this title Mr. H. D. Minot has given us what purports to be a translation of the diary of one of our smaller birds, and the production is not only interesting, but has a real *raison d'être*. Its author is evidently an ardent lover of Nature and an earnest student, and his description of the creation of the little black-throated green warbler "from his winter to his summer home, and of his thoughts and comments on the way, is very entertaining. His conversations with his companions, and the birds whom he meets during his peregrinations, are graphic and amusing. But we are especially interested in the mass meeting for the discussion of "The Destruction and Extirpation of Birds, How Caused, and How to be Prevented."

For some years the marked decrease in the number of birds of every kind has been a source of deep anxiety to all true lovers of Nature, and Mr. Minot has given forcible utterance to this feeling. Surely hereafter, the hitherto ruthless hand of the "collector" will hesitate before bringing to the ground, simply as an ornament for "her hat," one of the little warblers who has so fondly clung his appeal to mankind in behalf of himself and his friends. So much unnecessary destruction of our common birds is going on all the time, that we shudder at the thought. The absolute slaughter of game birds need not be mentioned; that, unfortunately, is too well known. Mr. Minot's work is worthy of high praise, as having brought this subject before the public in a novel and interesting form. The law which he suggests may appear somewhat too stringent, but it is apparent that some great effort must soon be made, or we shall lose all our birds. We venture to predict that at no very distant day, some measure like that advocated by this writer will be put in force. The figures which Mr. Minot gives of the number of birds killed annually in a single State are absolutely startling. We can only hope that this little book may perform its mission of calling general attention to this subject.

HABITS OF THE CROW.—*Phoenixville, Penn., March 1st.*—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—The articles on "Ravens and Crows," in the issues of the FOREST AND STREAM of February 19th and 26th, have attracted my attention also. While I neither condemn nor approve the habits of the crow—having substantial reasons for knowing his true nature—my views do not altogether harmonize with "J. C. B." He is often called "the farmer's friend"—and with good reason. As the result of a cruel, severe winter, running late in spring, and making food scarce, he gives the farmer trouble by unhulling and taking the corn instead of the cut-worm; also when the corn in the ear is young he is known to strip the husk and eat the milky corn at the point of the ear. Where this is done the ear never develops and matures, as the open husk admits water which moulds the ear, and it dies. Crows undoubtedly take eggs from nests of wood and field birds, as projected by the parent bird. Naturally the crow is cowardly. That he should come so near the premises and perch himself on a near tree to await the laying of an egg of a turkey or chicken, and as soon as vacated deliberately approach the nest and "bill" the egg, and "triumphantly" fly away with it, is a circumstance as rare as black snakes laying about waters catching fish. To compare the crow with a chicken-hawk I have yet to see the crow take a young or old domestic fowl, and he has been under my eye all my life time. "J. C. B." says, "These ugly birds have a bad habit of finding unprotected lambs on the loosely managed farms in Maryland and Virginia, and pecking the eyes out of them." Astonishing! Dead lambs, I presume. Have any of the numberless readers of the FOREST AND STREAM before heard tell of such wicked crows? If the crows come within gunshot of a deer, and a thousand and one other no detectable remnants of Baltimore sewers" (or any other slaughter-houses) "cast up from the deep," he has earned a position in the front rank of beneficent scavengers. WILD OATS.

TAILING SKUNKS.—*Lebanon, N. H., March 22d.*—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—Reading in your last week's issue of "Awahsoose's" narrow escape, reminded me of an instance much the same, only more so, that happened within my present acquaintance of ten years. I was at the house of my aunt, a maiden lady strong of mind and strong of nerve. There was a skunk in the cellar which I had caught in a steel trap, but what puzzled me now was, how to get him out of the cellar. My aunt, however, stopped up, seized him by the tail and commenced ascending the cellar stairs, I following about six stairs behind and wondering how my aunt dared to do it, with a skunk so near her. There was a time when I would have sworn was a streak of lightning, only I never had seen any lightning that smelled as that did; but it struck all the same everything within reach, myself included. Eyes, face and mouth—which latter was, of course, open—all of which I did not recover from for some days; but my aunt held fast and carried him out of the house and dropped him into a barrel. Now, I think this story shows two things: first, what kind of a woman my aunt was, second, that it is not *always* safe to carry skunks by the tail. MUGGINS.

CARNIVOROUS MICE.—In order to get rid of a large progeny of mice, which had established quite a colony in my room, I employed an ingenious trap, which closes the moment any mouse enters its fatal environment. The bewildered animal then seeks for an outlet, which is afforded by a second adjoining apparently open chamber trapped upon the same plan. Thus there is a pantry into which the bait leads, and a second, the next apartment from which there is no escape. Rapid extermination of the nuisance was in the nature of things its legitimate result; and it happened occasionally that two, or even three, victims found themselves entrapped within the course of a few hours. In one instance, to which I wish to draw attention, two were caught, an old one and another two-thirds grown. They were allowed to remain for some time in the trap, and then I went to examine I discovered only one half of the young animal. The mis-

ing part had been literally devoured by the stronger partner of its misfortunes. Whether this had been under the impulse of rage, or the cravings of hunger, I am unable to say; but if due to the latter cause, it would not seem for certain limitations upon the increase of this pest, which would augment otherwise in view of the proliousness of the species to sufficient numbers to render them even more obnoxious than they really are. Thus far such carnivorous diet has been relegated to the large congener to eat, but it seems to be a typical trait of all *Alutidae* as well. CHAS. LINDEN.

That many of our rodents are more or less carnivorous in habit is well known. Coues and others have observed that many of the small rodents of the West feed at certain seasons of the year almost exclusively on grasshoppers, and we have recorded an instance of a *Tamias* partially devouring a dead *Hesperomys*.

HABITS OF THE BEAVER.—*Belford, O., March 30th.*—I am well acquainted with the habits of the northern beaver. Several years ago I bought up several hundred acres of mining lands near the south shore of Lake Superior, in Ontonagon County, Mich. On Carp River, a small stream that crossed a part of my lands, the beavers had built several dams, and formed extensive ponds, in which they built their houses, or lodges, as the Indians call them. These lodges are built in water several feet in depth, and the entrance is several feet under water, but the floor of the lodge is built at least two feet above high-water mark. The floor is built solid from the bottom of the pond, except the entrance. Although the beaver is warmly clad with long fine fur, he is very sensitive to the cold, and rarely, if ever, leaves the pond or lodge during cold weather. He lays in his winter supply of food, which mainly consists of the bark of a species of poplar. He cuts down small trees and cuts them into short pieces of one foot, or a little over in length, and takes them into the pond, and fastens one end of these pieces securely in the mud at the bottom of the pond. These pieces of wood are dragged up into the lodge, as often as food is needed, and the bark gnawed off; and after being devoured of the bark, they are by no means thrown away as useless, but are taken under the ice, and carefully placed in the dam, to strengthen it. They built one dam a little below the foot of Carp Lake, which raised the lake thirty inches. The lake is a small one—about one mile long and a fourth of a mile wide. I measured the stump of a maple tree that they had cut down, and it measured fourteen inches in diameter. There were no less than eleven dams on the stream, all in sight of our buildings, where we were mining for copper. The beaver possesses great engineering skill. The dam built one dam in the form of an arch, the crown of the arch being invariably up stream, giving it strength to resist the pressure of the water. The Indians used to tell me many singular traits of character that this animal possesses. They build their dams and lodges of mud, sticks and stones, compactly and very strong. I once saw an albino beaver skin. I thought, and still think, that it was the purest white I ever saw. T. GARLICK.

Fish Culture.

RAPID GROWTH OF BROOK TROUT.

MANCHESTER, Iowa, April 16th.
Editor Forest and Stream.—

In your issue of Sept. 25th, 1879, I called the attention of the fish culturists to the great growth of brook trout in the spring streams of Delaware County, Iowa. I desire to inform you of our further success. It seems to me to be extraordinary.

In June, 1877, the Fish Commissioner, Hon. B. F. Shaw, placed in "Spring Branch," in this county, five thousand brook trout. In March, 1879, the same trout were caught, weighing one and one-quarter pounds, and in August of that year they were caught weighing one and three-quarters pounds. They spawned in November, 1879, and now the stream, which is almost three miles in length, seems to be teeming with young trout. You can catch from twenty to one hundred with your hat in the spring. The most of the trout caught now weigh one and a half pounds, and some two pounds.

In March (27), 1879, the Commissioner placed in the hands of the "Delaware County Association for the Protection of Fish and Game," five thousand more, and they are being caught eight inches long. Is this not an extraordinary growth? There seems to be millions of trout, large and small, there now, and it seems as though it would be their home for long years. I am of the opinion this healthy condition is caused by the food. The banks and bottom of the stream is lined with English water-cress, which they eat and are very fond of; and it has the same effect on the flavor of the fish as does the weed celery on the cannae backed duck.

On the 14th inst. Commissioner Shaw, turned over to the association fifteen thousand brook trout, which were placed in the head waters of the Magnakota River, the source of which is on the northern line of the county. It is the most perfect trout country I ever saw anywhere. Springs discharging twenty barrels of water in a moment, meandering among rocks and pine timber with pools every few rods, from three to ten feet deep, water as cold as ice, this forms the source of the Magnakota River, which flows southward through the county, and is filled, five miles from the Springs to the Mississippi River, with black bass frequently weighing from five to seven pounds. The club planted the watercress in the streams and springs, and should we meet with such success in the head waters of the Magnakota as we have in Spring Branch and other streams in the State of the same character, we would have, in four years, the finest trout-fishing in the West.

The commission has placed in our county in the past three years fifty thousand trout, and thirty-five thousand salmon. The salmon last year were about seven inches long, and we had sport taking them with a fly; but this spring they have all departed. We can't cultivate them here.

The commission obtains from the shores of the Mississippi in the fall millions of young black bass, wall-eyed pike, crappies, and other native fish, and distributes three

millions a year, which greatly increases our supply. The Fish and Game Association consists of most of the generous, game-loving men of the county. The President, S. A. Vananda; Secretary, Ed. F. Seddes, and Treasurer, N. W. Clark, are enforcing the close season in all the streams and ponds, and our dams on the Magnakota alone consist of more than a hundred acres, filled with black bass, weighing from one to sixty pounds.

Our Legislature, last session, made a fishery law similar to the fish law of Virginia, only more severe. Some of the provisions are:—That all who obstruct any stream or lake shall erect a fishway, to be in accordance with the instructions of the Fish Commission; the Board of Supervisors are to see it enforced, and failing so to do, shall be liable to a fine of fifty dollars each; the property to pay all expenses of the fishway, and double damages if not built; no person allowed to catch or kill a fish within one hundred yards of a dam, under heavy penalties and imprisonment.

The fishermen and game protectionists here never had so fine a show before, and if we do not succeed here it is our own fault. S. G. VANANDA.

—Latest advices from Berlin report the American representatives very busy getting their exhibit into shape. The trout eggs sent by James Annin, Jr., of Caledonia, N. Y., in care of Mr. Fred Mather, arrived in excellent condition. Three thousand of these go as a present to the Deutsche Fischerei Verein.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN APRIL.

Speckled Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*; Land-locked Salmon, *Salmo gairdneri*; Smelts.

—Now that the fishing season has fairly opened, we invite correspondence from the great body of anglers throughout the country. Fresh, crisp items of angling news, notes of fishing excursions, and extended accounts of angling trips are all in order. We mean to make this column a live one, and to that end invite the cooperation of our friends and correspondents. Variety is the spice of a newspaper's life; the more the merrier. In addition to notes of personal experience, we are always glad to receive such information as is indicated by the following hints. We, in turn, by publishing here, benefit the whole fraternity of sportsmen:—

What kind of game-fish is found in your own or adjacent neighborhood? Average size and weight? Heartiest weights this season? Ordinary mode of capture, and kind of bait used?

Any improvements made in stocking ponds and streams, building fish-ways, or dams, or establishing hatcheries—houses? Increase or decrease of fish over previous years, in neighborhood?

Any local laws governing trespass? Mention good fishing localities, if not conflicting with private interests? How accessible from nearest railway station? Any hotel accommodations? How many anglers on lake or stream this season? Notable persons, if any?

CANADA.—*Buckingham, Quebec, April 21st.*—The ice will soon be out of the lakes back of here; then the sport can begin, for the brook trout are ever on the feed where they are seldom disturbed. Sportsmen who wish to get back away from civilization would do well to come here, as this is one of the best entrances into the great untracked northern wilderness. Mine host, Mr. Lynch, of the Montreal House here, is well posted and charges light. Hotel Fare \$1.00 per day, other charges in proportion. Fare from Montreal here via Q. M. & O. R., return ticket, \$5.10, and 25 cents stage-fare from station to village. STANSTED.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*New Bedford, April 22d.*—During the past week large quantities of herring, shad, scup, tautog and striped bass have been taken at the wharves in this vicinity; in fact, the fishing, which usually commences the 10th of May, is this year two weeks earlier. A large part of the herring are used by the fishing smacks as bait for cod and halibut. A few mackerel have also been taken. The trout fishermen have not met with much success, as the brooks are very low. The large ponds between here and Fall River are nearly three feet lower than ever known at this time of year. CONCHA.

OHIO.—*Oxford, April 22d.*—Black bass in Four Mile are not as plenty as they were last year at this time. M. S. I.

COLORS OF PERCH AND HABITS OF BASS.—*Savannah, Tenn., April 13th.*—I wish to communicate to your columns a few facts that have come under my observation, and have puzzled me somewhat to account for. The first of these are some things I have noticed about the colors of fish. I have caught several fish of the perch species, of a variety known throughout the South as black perch, or goggle-eye, which when first taken from the water were almost entirely yellow, showing only a few black spots near and upon the dorsal fin. After these fish had been strung for a few moments, the black stripes, as prominent in this variety, would appear strongly marked. At first sight, this would appear to be due to bringing the fish more directly under the influence of the sun's rays, but as if in disproof of this theory comes another fact. In fishing under a mill-dam near this place I have taken perch and bass abnormally dark colored, but when these have been on the string a short time they fade, and soon become but little darker than their neighbors. These two contradictory effects can hardly be attributed to the action of the sun's rays. I have met others who have observed the same things, but none of them could give any explanation of the phenomenon.

Another matter, of which I wish to speak, relates to the habits of bass in ponds. We have here many ponds left by the streams changing their beds. These are generally in a horse-shoe form, and in many instances are at the foot of the hills, where they are well fed by springs. Most of these ponds are very small, and the original teams during high water, and are well-stocked with bass

and perch. In the parent streams these fish are bold biters, but in the ponds they never take a hook. I have tried them with all kinds of bait, and with the fly, but to no purpose. They do not seem wild, simply indifferent. These same ponds contain a worthless variety of catfish, which at times will bite ravenously at any bait. I have known of repeated and strenuous efforts having been made by others beside myself to induce the bass and perch of these ponds to take the hook, but altogether without success.

These are the facts in the case. Cannot some follower of the angle give us a solution of the difficulties they present? WILL.

FLASHING FLY-RODS.—We notice that **FOREST AND STREAM**, of New York, has taken up this flashing subject, and thinks it deserves attention. One correspondent of that capital paper says his experience is, that if the angler keeps out of sight, no amount of flashing will scare the fish, and we incline to agree with him, for this reason: We have repeatedly caught trout, chub and grayling during a thunderstorm, and when flashes of lightning have been vivid and frequent; in fact, we remember once fishing in the Rye, above Hawby, during one of the most terrific thunderstorms we have ever seen either in this country or abroad, the flashes of lightning, frequently forked, were almost incessant, and we several times struck fish, the rise of which a flash had enabled us to detect, for the stream was so shaded by trees in many places, and the black clouds overhead made things so dark, it was a difficult matter to detect a rise. Now, if trout are not frightened by such terrific lightning, to say nothing of the thunder, which seemed to shake the hills, is it likely the flash of a fly-rod will scare them? The flashing of a light at night attracts fish, as salmon poachers well know.—*Fishing Gazette.*

FISHING AND THE SUN-SPOTS.—In the last number of *Nordiske Tidsskrift for Fiskeri*, the Swedish ichthyologist, Dr. Ljungman, gives an interesting account of the connection which exists between the wanderings of the herring and the recurrence of the sun-spots. To the Scandinavian people, the herring fishery in the fjords and along the coast is a principal source of wealth, and as this industry formerly was a royal monopoly, and often played a prominent part in the foreign policy of the Kings, the State archives contain very minute statistics of its yield, as far back as the beginning of the fourteenth century. An examination of these statistics shows that there rules a certain periodicity in the herring harvest, and Dr. Ljungman has now demonstrated that the regular decrease and increase correspond exactly to the periods of the sun-spots: not only to the great period of fifty-five and a half years, but also to the minor ones of eleven years. The herrings go and come with the sun-spots. The explanation which the Doctor offers, of the connection between these two so different phenomena is as yet a mere hypothesis, but it sounds quite probable. On the one hand, scientists have established beyond doubt that there is a connection between the sun-spots and certain terrestrial agencies, as for instance, the magnetic currents. On the other hand, fishermen know that there is a connection between certain meteorological phenomena and the success or failure of their craft. Thus, when the mackerel cloud appears above, the mackerel fish is sure to be forthcoming. Dr. Ljungman's hypothesis now is that the sun-spots cause a change in the currents of the sea, by which the food on which the herring feeds is carried now to this place, and now to that.—*New York Times.*

LOOK SHARP.

BEAVERKILL CLUB, April 27th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Now that the effort of our friend Hallowell's mischievous baseball joke about not knocking flies out their mouths with their tails, has somewhat worn off, let me ask fly-fishermen to observe during the present season that trout often (not always) strike at the fly with their tails. Close observers will occasionally see a trout come out of the water, and hit with its tail a natural fly, striking it down to the surface; the trout will then drop into the water head first, turn, come up and eat the fly. Probably bait-fishermen will laugh at this; that is where most of the laughter came from before when the subject of tails was discussed. But then bait-fishermen now is a sea trout issue. I believe there was one gentleman who claimed to be a fly-fisherman, who said that trout move so fast that he could not see quickly enough to see one of them come out of the water, turn over and go back. Probably that gentleman is a novice, or else "gun-sly" with his trout-rod, i. e., shuts his eyes and gives a jerk at the rod when his fly touches the water, just as a woman does when she pulls the trigger of a gun. After a man has used his eyes for twenty years, or even less, in the wild woods, and on mountain streams, his eyes get so that they see distinctly many things, paths without a trace, shadows, motions.

"With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a foamy taker

With many a silvery waterbreak
[?] Above the golden gravel."

to all of which he was blind when he first began to hold communion with nature. A number of fly-fishermen have agreed with me as to having seen trout strike with their tails at dries out of the water, and I hope to have many gentlemen confirm our experience, in your columns, this year.

Happy the man who is so familiar with nature that he can say, with the old Massachusetts poet, Jones Very:—

"The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my tread measures with its call;
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows
Expects me there, when spring its bloom hath given;
And many a tree and bush my wandering knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven."

Geo. W. VAN SICKLEN.

TROUT BROOKS.—*Wassfeld flats, Sullivan Co., N. Y.*—The best wild trout fishing for months of April, May and June in the State—Beaverkill, Willowenock, Stewart's, Russell and Spring brooks, within an hour's drive.

The Kennel.

SOMETHING ABOUT BREAKERS AND DOG BREAKING

FOURTH PAPER.

THERE is an old saying that "you may take a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink," and it can equally well be said that you may take your dog to a snipe meadow, but you cannot make him hunt. Should it be your misfortune to have selected such a one, and at the outset of your practical tuition find that you have been mistaken in your preliminary tests—discard the dog at once, for he is unworthy of your time and trouble. It is usually only in the field, and in front of the gun, that the dog's "true inwardness" can be ciphered out, as oftentimes all previous calculations go for naught. He must have snap and bottom, pluck and go, no fear to face the briars or wet his feet—no shirker of his duty or waster of your time; for even if you perambulate on crutches, as pictured by John Leach, avoid a pottering dog. As young dogs, however, are liable to tire out, particularly when first handled on rough or miry ground with which they are unaccustomed, common sense would teach us that the youngster should be in the best of trim when first brought face to face with the fortunes of the field and flood. It is necessary that his first acquaintance with game should leave a pleasant remembrance; therefore, beware in the excitement of the glorious sport, of overtaxing the strength of your puppy by shooting over too long a beat, or by working him all day, as if he were an old field dog. Remember, he really must not be taken home tired, so that he is unfit to take the field on the succeeding day; but rather call him in to heel after a few hours of successful work. Constant fatigue will take the snap out of any young dog, and he will in time fall into a listless and careless way of doing his work. It is overwork, when a dog comes out to see so many "one-hour dogs" in the field at the present time.

Of the many ways to condition a dog, the best, perhaps, is the daily exercise which can be given him on a smooth hill-side, in making-him retrieve a ball which is rolled swiftly towards the bottom. It was partly with this exercise in view that we argued in a previous paper that all young dogs should be taught to retrieve. In an hour or two of the plain every day will harden like iron the muscles of any dog, give spring to his legs and strength to his back, expand his chest, and give him plenty of wind—a very essential requisite—the cultivation of which does not receive the proper attention. We do not believe in exercising a sporting dog by making him jump for a ball suspended out of reach, as it is a performance that may perhaps in the field lead to attempts to catch at low-flying game.

Another method which is commonly used to keep a dog in trim is to allow him to run with a wagon. When this is done he should in all cases be trained to run on well ahead, and not behind, as the dust and dirt stirred up will choke him and frequently injure his eyes. We do not altogether believe in this practice, for in a long drive a dog has hard work to keep up with a fast horse, and should he, when tired, be lifted into the wagon in an overexcited state, he is almost sure to catch cold. No dog should ever be allowed to jump into a wagon, for fear of a strain. But as any exercise is better than none at all, be careful to let your dog run on in front; he will then be in continual sight, and you can see in time to protect him from the attacks of way-side dogs. No dog-owner can be too observant of the actions of his animal at all times, as when tired he is liable to the worst, and broken and well behaved dog depend upon the master's intelligence and constant care.

It has been our experience to find that the best dogs are broken upon English snipe, which we would not have too tame or lazy. The snipe meadow is in our opinion the very place to give them the benefit of your own experience and that of a good steady dog, with whom you should, if possible, work them in company. But remember, at the same time, that they had much better be worked alone than to be subjected to an evil example. Old dogs are up to every artful maneuver. Game cannot beat them in cunning, and they are more than a match for it. Therefore, let their labor at first be shared with a steady companion, for there is nothing better for a young dog than being worked with a first-class old one. Continued work will bring down their too ardent spirits; and, for animals of this kind, nothing else will prove really beneficial. Be sure and pick out a warm spring day—the ice should be gone, and the wind blowing gently from the south. Endeavor to begin your beat on ground that is entirely free from bunches of willows, high reeds or patches of brush and briars, as it is not only necessary that your pupil should never be out of your sight, but he must be able to see you at all times, and you must be able to see him at all times, so that he will at once become his model. This plan adopted, the attention of your young novice will be distracted from his work in constant attempts to hunt you up, for all young dogs when lost become more or less bewildered and nervous, and in racing wildly about endeavoring to find their master, are apt to flush birds, which tends to destroy the necessary discipline, and is liable to make them unsteady before they know what work really is.

The approach to many shooting-grounds, and particularly to snipe meadows, is often over strips of water, bridged only by fallen trees or slippery fence-rails. Across these logs never allow your dog to pass, but train him from the first to wade or swim. We have seen many a dog seriously injured by falling straddle of a rail, and many more rendered useless for the season from similar received in slipping off. Teach him also to be careful how he crosses his denials these dog-traps are a bane to a sportsman's holiday. A dog should be taught to pass between the rails that are widest apart, but he should not be forced to squeeze himself through, as the result is sometimes serious. If there should be no opening, have him climb up at the same time and panel that you

cross yourself, that you may be at hand to assist him should he chance to catch. In many sections of our western country the post and rail fences are built six or seven feet in height, so that a dog in attempting to jump them frequently has a rough fall backwards, or is occasionally left hanging by the legs. Let, therefore, your dog accustom himself not to rush at the fences, but to take them quietly, and you will have more go left in him at the end of a week than the one who has no regard for these precautions.

The frequent difficulty to get on the snipe meadows, as the sportsmen are fond of saying, and the constant shifting of the wind during many of our spring days, does not warrant the loss of time and trouble to go far out of one's way to get to the extreme leeward side of the tract. But despite of the theory of beating for snipe "down wind," originally advanced by Herbert, and now carried out by many of his disciples, we most earnestly advocate beating for all game, when it is possible, exactly the other way—that is, "up wind." True it is that snipe, and, in fact, all water fowl, rise to the wind, yet it is absurd to expect dogs to do other than flush the game if they bear down on it with the breeze, and alarm the birds by their splashing away to windward. If your dog has a fair nose he will soon be brought to stop at a distance that will not flush the birds, and you can either pass him and move the game yourself, or by making a slight detour soon locate the birds between yourself and the dog. This is an excellent plan when they lay badly, as it usually affords a reasonably fair shot. On the principle that paper kites are used on the Scotch moors to make the grouse lay, we have heard from good authority that a light-colored felt hat sent skimming through the air would make wild snipe lay. We do not, however, place any particular faith in the performance, and have thus far preferred to keep our hat dry and upon our head. One thing, however, is certain, that the best find on a snipe meadow is on the windward side, particularly if the wind has been blowing steadily for a day or two from one quarter. Almost every bird that has moved or been flushed has gone that way, and often the birds congregate in large numbers in little sheltered nooks along the extreme windward edge, when birds can be found in no other parts of the meadows. The very reason that snipe move to windward is because the sportsman who is upwindward to continue right on in his beat, while should he start from the windward he will constantly be obliged to retrace his steps as the birds are flushed and light behind him.

Should your beat lead you among briars, through which your puppy is at first unwilling to crawl, toss a biscuit well in, and point out to him the thinnest opening to the water. Encourage him freely, but do not on account push him in. If hungry he will find a way to reach it. This will be his reward for the few scratches, which you would have him at once forget. Neither push nor throw him into the water, should he show a dislike to enter. Rather, on a warm day throw some biscuit that will float close to the edge of the bank, where it is so shallow as merely to require his wading. Chances next place is a fair catch, and by degrees increase the distance until he gets beyond his depth, and finds that nature has given him useful swimming powers. On no occasion will the example of another dog more assist you. Shun any that may induce the youngster to dive; it can never be of service, besides it is apt to cause premature deafness.

Having thus summed up how to ward against several of the most common errors incident to the field, and also told you how to get your dog into condition for it, we consider that if you follow out the following systematic programme of instruction, which covers four important points, it will be all that is absolutely necessary:—

To beat, that is, to have the dog range properly and methodically beat out the ground, so as to avoid leaving birds behind unnoticed.

To locate, that is, the dog feels a scent, to at once proceed in the direction in which he may believe the game to lie, and in so careful a manner locate the game as to direct the sportsman to it without disturbing it.

To point, that is, for your dog to stand immovably the instant that the scent of the game is felt with certainty.

To back, that is, to have your dog stop the moment he sees a dog, or a point or back.

From what we have already written, it will be surmised that we advocate the breaking of puppies to game with the gun; although this is a desperate point, we believe that they should be rewarded for their exertions by having it killed over them. The shooter, however, should kill nothing but game birds over any pointer or setter, or the dog will never learn his business. He should avoid, above all things, shooting at rabbits, rail, larks and all small birds. The man whose pleasure it is to shoot at small birds, is a walking satire on the sportsman. True, he generally has his "hunting-cap" decked out with chippy-bird or blue-jay feathers; but aside from this, he can always be distinguished from the action of his dog, for should a crow come flying across the meadow the dog will stand excitedly watching him until he is out of sight—making an interesting picture, these three, save the crow, the gun bird, in our mind, has rather the best of it. When the gunner is in the habit of killing small birds, and at other times correcting him for pointing them, is it astonishing that the dog becomes confused and is puzzled when he comes to a snipe whether to point it or not? We have read a great deal that has been written by those who have never seen a dog in the field, and simply wondered at the ridiculous suggestions that have been submitted to an intelligent sportsman. The laughable theories of hiding quail under little baskets, rather reminds one of the East Indian juggling trick of "Now you see it, and now you don't." Also permitting the birds to fly a few yards by having strings tied to their legs, and other pantomimic tricks, is impressive no doubt, but not apt to bring a dog to the proper standard of what a pointer or setter should be. Of course, by such a system of training, the dog's mind, his natural spirit will be broken, and he will do his mechanical work with no enjoyment or zest for the sport, without which he is not worth a rap.

At first your puppy will run about in a meaningless way, and will stand at times looking at you. He has been taught to run ahead at the word "On;" it now is time that he is broken to work to hand in the field. During

the lesson in retrieving he has learned to connect the motion of your hand, when tossing the ball or glove, with the direction in which he is to search. You will therefore have but little difficulty in making him understand that a wave of the right arm and hand to the right, is for him to hunt to the right; and that a corresponding wave of the left arm and hand to the left, will explain to him that he is to hunt to the left. Should he at first be unwilling to do as you command, unless he sees something thrown, you can occasionally toss a piece of bread into the grass in the direction in which he is to search. You will find your hand at the same time useful in making him comprehend the signal. Your aim is that no part of your body shall remain unhunted, and that no part once commanded by his nose should again be worked over. As the greater part of the best American shooting is done in large tracts of prairie and in uninclosed country, it will be well at first to teach your dog at no time to range over a wide space from you. To accomplish this, begin by waving him off to the right hand, and when the proper distance is reached, call his attention with the low whistle you have adopted, and at once wave him to the left hand, regulating your position so as to have him cross about twenty yards in front of you, so that he may understand from the beginning that he is not to cross behind you, out of your sight. When he has proceeded about sixty yards away on the extreme left, again call his attention and wave him back to the right. Continue his zig-zag system of having him beat diagonally across you with great exactness, and it will not be long before your dog will turn his head at the limit of his range without waiting for the expected whistle; and later on, he will fall into the habit of ranging across you without your having to give the arm signals. Should your dog, at any time, have no inclination to beat out as far as you wish, you may follow him a short distance every time that he crosses to the right and left sides, and soon he will correctly gauge the extreme limits of his range. Avoid whistling as much as possible during his early days in the field, and he will then learn to keep one eye on your movements for the rest of his life.

MR. TILDEN'S PETS.—To the Editor of the Sun.—Sir: The passer-by in East Nineteenth street, near Irving place, can see, in the handsome rear of ex-Gov. Tilden's house, two noble dogs—a large true-blooded St. Bernard, and a state-maid English mastiff, with a head of rare beauty. The English mastiff, in purity, are very scarce. They resemble the bull-dog in courage and strength, but are more faithful and affectionate. They tolerate no undue familiarity, and are dangerous enemies. If appearances are indicative, Mr. Tilden must be very fond of his dogs, for he is often seen sitting them down in his lawn, and showing them to his friends. The affection is reciprocal. "Leo," the St. Bernard, is overwhelming in his affection, and "Bunch," the mastiff, receives advances with satisfaction, and a most becoming gravity. They are a source of interest to the neighborhood and the passing public, who have earned their names and peer at them through the slight railing that separates the Governor's beautiful country from the city street. It is no uncommon sight to see Mr. Tilden standing in his large bay window of his library (from which all occupants are visible), surrounded by lady guests, to whom he is introducing his giant pet, while his niece, the youth and light of his bachelor home—cousins in her arms her only dog, a tiny but peculiarly beautiful Japanese spaniel. If doubts are entertained as to the health of Mr. Tilden's lungs and throat, or fears that his low voice has become chronic, and his right arm has lost its strength, and his lungs would be spelled on hearing his loud call to the dogs, and seeing the rough and tumble of their frolics with their master, is characteristic of scholarly men and able statesmen in the fond of animals, and the ex-Governor is no exception to the general rule.—NEIGHBOR, in New York Sun.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—The falling of the new edition of the Madison Square Garden, on the evening of April 21st, whereby Mr. Wm. M. Tilden, late Kennel Club of FOREST AND STREAM, and chairman of the committee of arrangements, lost his life, caused the show, which was to be held under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club, on the 27th, 28th and 29th, to be unavoidably postponed, as has been already noticed by the press of the country, until the 11th, 12th and 13th of May. It is even now impossible to state, until after the owner's inquest, which is now being held, whether thehibition will be held in the Garden, or at some other convenient place. If, however, it is deemed prudent and advised by the Westminster Club to make no change in the location, the space to be occupied by stalls for dogs will be within the main building, and entirely removed from the section where the sad calamity occurred, as the responsibility of this shocking affair is shared between the owners of the building and the officers of the Hiding Department of this city, no further dependence can be placed on any subsequent report of inspection or security made by these incompetent and criminally negligent persons. It therefore behooves the managers to see for themselves that the proper precautions are taken to guard the community from further accident, as London Field, who are to act as judges at the coming show in this city, arrived on the City of Brussels Saturday morning, and called at this office in the afternoon. Although at first expressing some doubt as to whether their engagements in England would allow them to remain in this country long enough to be present at the bench show, which has been postponed, they have now decided to remain as guests of the Westminster Kennel Club.

Stables cleared out most of his dogs before starting, and was unable from the press of emigration to ship his dogs. He has still on hand, however, in England, champion colley pups, beagles, dachshunds, mastiffs,

setters, and other sporting and non-sporting dogs, and will be happy to give any information regarding importation of dogs to any one interested. He may be addressed at this office.

AN ABUSE AT DOG SHOWS.—London, Ont., April 16th.—Now that dog shows are all the rage, I wish to bring before the public a danger that is run by owners of valuable breeding stock. I dare say my experience may not be singular, but as it has not been brought out in any of the journals devoted to the kennel, I take the liberty of writing you on the subject.

I sent my Gordon setter, Blossom, to the late Montreal show, by express, and was awarded two prizes on him. Of course I was flattered, as were all exhibitors who take firsts or specials, but my joy was turned into (what the proper word is I can't just express), when a month or two afterward I am informed, from several reliable sources, that my dog's services were used, without my consent, by a Montreal gentleman, also an exhibitor and prize taker, and that he is now trying to sell pups by my dog.

It seems strange that a gentleman would do such a thing, but that he should openly advertise that he had done so is stranger still. As it stands now it is impossible to bring him to justice for the theft of the service, yet I wish to caution managers of bench shows that if such things happen, their shows will not be attended by breeders at a distance, whose stock is valuable. They ought to be most careful in the selection of their caretakers, and take none but those on whom they can rely for honesty, but to themselves and exhibitors who use property they guard. That brother sportsmen and breeders should take such advantages is to be condemned, and brings dog-breeding into disgrace.

J. S. NEVIN.

MR. A. H. MOORE'S KENNELS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 8th.—On Monday, the 5th inst., we took the 6:30 train for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and in fifteen minutes were at Elm Station, about six miles from town. A pleasant walk of a mile or so along a country road brought us to Moorefield, the kennels of Mr. A. H. Moore, of this City. We were unfortunate in selecting the day, as neither Mr. Moore, nor his genial assistant, Captain Blake, were at the kennels. However, one of the kennelmen (who, by-the-way, only arrived from the kennels of Mr. Lowell on last Friday), kindly volunteered to show us through. We were first shown through the kitchen where all the food is prepared for the dogs. It is truly a model of neatness and order, with "a place for everything, and everything in its place." We then passed into the kennels, which are built in the form of a hollow square, enclosing about an acre of level turf. On two sides of this enclosure the kennels are built, and on the other two sides are the dog runs. Each dog has a separate stall. They have about fifteen feet in length by six in breadth, and are divided into two compartments, a sleeping room and a small yard, which contains a small trough of fresh water.

The first dog shown us was Belle, with a fine litter of puppies, whelped on board the Steamship Indiana. They are all very handsome and very evenly marked. Belle is a very fine liver-and-white pointer bitch, born to Master Bow Belle, with one of the grandest heads we have ever seen. Since we saw her, we have had no other puppies. Next to Belle is Ruby (Flake-Lily) with a litter of puppies by Mr. Orgill's Rome. There were some fifteen or twenty pointers and setters loose in the exercising ground. Among them we noticed Champion Duck, Loo 11, and Mona, a thoroughbred imported Gordon bitch. She was a companion of Mr. Moore's ill-fated dog, Duke, who died on the 2nd of March. We also saw a few others, the finest Gordon dog that has ever been exhibited.

We were then shown the division of the kennels in which the stud dogs are quartered, the first we saw being the red Irish setter Raleigh (Elcho-Rose) winner of the 2d prize in free-for-all stakes, when only eighteen months old, at the Eastern Field Trials, run at Long Island last year. Raleigh reminds us very strongly of his famous sire, Elcho-Rose, and is equally as good in every particular. Then comes Berkley, who is our old celebrity, the finest Irish setter we have ever seen. He is a deep red, and, as I understand, he is thoroughly broken, (winner of Puppy Stakes in 1878). We think he is one of the finest dogs for stud purposes in this country. Count Fred (Count Wind'em-Norma) was the next shown us. He is a very beautiful black-and-white ticked dog with a fine head and excellent qualities as a show and family dog. This magnificent dog won the Puppy Stakes, and ran second to Lincoln in the Brace Stakes, at Patoka, Ill., last fall. The party that showed us through told us that Count Fred is almost the counterpart in markings of his sire, Count Wind'em, the dog that Mr. Moore is now negotiating for. We hope it will be with success, as he is unquestionably the finest Llewellyn setter now living.

The next was Royal Ben, a fine orange and white Laverack by Carlowitz; his performances on the bench speak for themselves. Next to Royal Ben are Bang and Sancho, a brace of superb liver and white pointers that just arrived from England. They are of fine size and excellent form. I believe Mr. Moore intends exhibiting them at your show, where they will no doubt attract a good deal of attention. Next to these is a very old celebrity, Leicester, with whose record every reader of your valuable paper is already familiar. Count Dan (Dan-Countess) is a beautiful black, white and tan ticked dog, whose fine form and excellent head cannot fail to attract attention wherever he is shown. Rodrick, the last dog shown is black, white and tan ticked. He is litter brother to Leicester's great son, Count Dan, and is a very fine animal, but in our judgment he is rather too heavily marked with black to be a typical Llewellyn. Most gentlemen, however, prefer him to Count Dan for breeding purposes. Perhaps his pups show less black; if they do we should prefer him ourselves. Mr. Moore, we understand, intends making his kennel one of the best in this country, and we hope his expectations may be fully realized.

H. M. H.

Although we take pleasure in publishing the above communication, which is good as far as it goes, yet its failure to mention many of the crack dogs of Mr. Moore's kennels, will lead us, later on, to give a complete description of what is now regarded as one of the most remarkably fine and interesting collections of stock in America.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Tipperary Girl and Lady—Mr. Max Wenzel, of Hoboken, N. J., claims the names of Tipperary Girl and Lady for his two red Irish setter puppies, eight months old, by Lincoln & Hellyar's Arlington, out of owner's dog.

Damur.—Dr. C. E. Wing, of Boston, Mass., claims the name of Damur for his liver and white pointer bitch by Samurail, Glen-Blossom, out of Fannie, Sport-Lady.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Victoria Victim—Peelskill, N. Y., April 26th.—Owing to priority of claims in favor of Messrs. Cummings & Son, I desire to change the name of my black and tan Burdett cocker spaniel Victoria, whelped Nov. 23d, 1878, to that of Victim, Miss JULIA WYANT.

PRESENTATION.—Phunket—I am pleased to acknowledge a present of the red Irish setter pup Plunket from Dr. Judkins, of Highland County, Ohio. The puppy is the finest dog we have here, and his name shows what stock he is from. The Doctor has the thanks of myself and of the sportsmen here. M. S. IRELAND.

SALES.—Mr. N. Elmore, of Granby, Conn., has just purchased from Mr. J. N. Dodge, of Detroit, Mich., a beagle dog puppy, Ratler-True, three months old.

DEATH OF MR. HUYLER'S PINTO.—Tenday, N. J., April 22d.—Doubtless many New York readers of FOREST AND STREAM will be sorry to hear of the death of Mr. A. J. Huyler's setter dog Pinto. He was bitten by a rabid dog on the 13th inst., and Mr. Huyler had him killed on the 17th. Pinto as a field dog had few if any superiors. He was the pet of all the children. I do not believe there was a person in this place who was not grieved to hear he had met with such a sad fate, and except Mr. Huyler and family, none more so than the writer. HIGHLAND.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

May 3—Cooper's Point Y. C. Spring Regatta.
May 5—East Boston Y. C. Annual Regatta.
May 7—Yonkers Y. C. Spring Regatta.
May 12—Empire Y. C. Downing Cup.
May 15—Quincy Y. C. Spring Regatta.
May 20—Portland Y. C. Chalmers Cup.
May 23—Southern Y. C. Professional Race.
May 27—Southern Y. C. Professional Race.
May 27—South Camden Y. C. Spring Regatta.
May 29—Dorchester Y. C. Union Regatta.
May 31—Seawanhaka Y. C. Opening Cruise.
May 31—Quaker City Y. C. Spring Regatta.
May 31—Southwark Y. C. Spring Regatta.
May 31—South Boston Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 1—Knickerbocker Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 7—Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 9—Atlantic Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 9—Southern Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 10—New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 10—Southern Y. C. Corinthian Matches.
June 12—Seawanhaka Corinthian Matches.
June 17—Boston Y. C. Union Regatta.
June 17—Marblehead Regatta.
June 20—Dorchester Y. C. Regatta.
June 20—Washington Village Y. C. Spring Regatta.
July 3—Beverly Y. C. Chalmers Races, Swampscott.
July 3—Seawanhaka Y. C. Corinthian Cruise.
July 17—San Francisco Y. C. Annual Cruise.
July 18—Beverly Y. C. Chalmers Races, Swampscott.
Aug. 14 or 21—Beverly Y. C. Open Regatta, Swampscott.
Aug. 14—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 28—Beverly Y. C. Chalmers Races, Deverly.
Sept. 4—Boston Y. C. Annual Regatta.
Sept. 11—Dorchester Y. C. Open Marches.
Sept. 11—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
Sept. 12—Dorchester Y. C. Open Regatta.
Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C. Special, Nahant.
Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C. Special, Nahant.
Oct. 9—Washington Village Y. C. Fall Regatta.

SALON BAY YACHT CLUB.—Mr. David Hall Rice will offer a fine silver cup as a prize for the winner of the race, the conditions of which will be published in due time. The schooner *Thalys* is following the fashion, and will have seven tons of iron bolted to her keel, giving the latter more rocker without increasing her draft. A larger amount of ballast will be removed from inside, so as to lighten her up without sacrificing any of her stability. The value of weight on the keel, and the great influence it exercises upon stability, is rapidly becoming recognized in the East.

YACHT-BUILDING AT BRISTOL.

THE pretty little town of Bristol, R. I., was all expectation over the launch of a fine new yacht from the yard of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co., Wednesday, April 21, and from the pretty New England "Miss" down to the dust-begrimed mechanic, the inhabitants of the town and surrounding country wended their way towards the scene of the approaching launch. The new steamer is a fine specimen of the genus "high-speed," and was built to the order of Mr. Graham, of Baltimore, being the fourth vessel of the kind the same builders have turned out for him—perfectly strong endorsement of their work from the standpoint of practical experience. Promptly at the hour assigned the wedges were knocked up, and with the aid of a jack the steamer was started. As she slid off the ways, little Miss Kitty Herreshoff dashed the proverbial bottle against the bows, and in a happy manner christened the new-born *Glean*.

It is unnecessary here to expatiate upon the steamer's model. The capacity of the Herreshoffs in this direction is too well-known. They copy no one, take nothing as a sample, but glide in their own ability to produce just what they want. The *Glean*, as its dimensions will show, is intended for use on the great stretches of sheltered waters and reaches of the sea which indent the Atlantic coast. Her lines are, of course, as fine, easy and graceful as it is possible to combine with reasonable accommodation and almost railroad speed. She has U frames throughout, very slight hollow fore and aft, midship body, with some flare to her sides and an exceedingly fine run. Those, with just the right amount of sheer, stiffering line, and an English cutter stern—each part fitting the other—a smart looking schooner rig and fasty looking hull, all go to produce a vessel which is a pleasing sight to the eye and a serviceable and well arranged design for practical use.

The launch was most successful, and was accomplished with as little fuss and noise as though it were child's play. A pleasant company afterwards took part in a collation served at the builder's home. As steam yachts seem to be very popular just now, the following items concerning the *Glean* will be of interest:—Length, 40 ft.; beam, 12 ft.; draft, 4 ft. The *Glean* will, however, be of interest. Her interior arrangements are admirably contrived and elegantly finished in oak and maple. From the main saloon, 20 feet long, opens a pantry and state-room, and from the companion-way aft of the saloon a fine double state-

room, occupying the whole width of the vessel; abaft of this again is a bath and toilet room, with every convenience for comfort. In the saloon the main pieces of furniture, consisting of dining-table and buffet, are of solid mahogany. The upholstery and tapestry will be of the richest description. Between the saloon and the part of the vessel allotted to machinery is an iron bulkhead, extending from the keel to the upper deck, through which there is no communication whatever. The importance of this barrier to dust and odor from the machinery department, as well as its use in giving strength and stability to the hull cannot be over-estimated. This is one of four complete iron bulkheads in the vessel, all of which are alike, that is to say, there are no openings in them at all. These divide the vessel into five compartments, adding greatly to strength and safety; for in the event of a collision or otherwise, one compartment only could be filled with water, the others being amply sufficient to float the vessel. The machinery occupies a space of about 19 feet. The engines are of the compound condensed type, with cylinders 10 and 18 in. diameter and 18 in. stroke. The engine is fitted with improved cut-off valves, and has feed and air pumps attached. The boiler is one of the Herreshoff Coil system, which day by day is growing in popular favor. It has a grate of 5 ft. 5 in. in diameter. She will burn 200 lbs. of coal an hour when running at the rate of 16 miles, under which condition natural draft only is used. To reach her maximum sustained speed of 20 miles, a power fan is used to force combustion.

In the issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, of March 11th, may be found a description of the Herreshoff safety-coil boiler to which we refer in this connection. Forward of the machinery, and separated from it by one of the bulkheads, is the galley, commodious and well furnished, and next, the pantry, ice-chest, water-closets and large and well-ventilated accommodations for the crew. Her pilot-house is a sample of comfort and elegance, finished in panels of cherry. An elevated seat permits an uninterrupted view of the horizon. The *Glean* is the first of several large steam yachts which are to be added to our fleet this season, and although she does not rival some of the yachts of the past for speed and general excellence in hull and machinery she will not be second to others.

The Herreshoff Manufacturing Company have also in hand a small steamer for the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore. She is to be used by Prof. Brooks, in and about the Chesapeake Bay, in his scientific researches in marine, animal and vegetable life. Her interior is to be finely finished in oak and cherry, and will be furnished with one of the new swinging "tent-awnings," which were described in one of our previous issues. The Company have just completed a coaching steamer for the Howard College rowing club. This steamer, presented by the nating graduates of '80 to the college rowing association, possesses many points of peculiar interest. Length, 40 ft.; beam, 5 ft. Her machinery will consist of a Herreshoff boiler and compound condensing engine of 25-horse power. Maximum speed, fourteen miles an hour. Her screw is to be placed amidships, similar to the famous torpedo boats built by this Company. She is thus enabled to go as fast astern as ahead, and steer equally well in either direction, and to turn in a circle whose diameter is three times her length. She can also be brought to a full stop from her highest speed in a space not exceeding half her length. Her interior will be handsomely finished in oak, mahogany and cherry. We shall look forward with great pleasure to the performances of this boat, for the many new features of such craft ought to produce, when desired, higher speed at a less outlay than ever yet accomplished. Engines have been brought to such a high pitch of perfection that it is difficult to see room for much more improvement. The system of steam is so simple and so powerful, rotary engines have not given that satisfaction in practice which their theoretical points seemed to warrant. One thing is against them, and probably always will be. They use steam at a terrific rate, and this leads us back again to the boiler. The main stumbling block to higher speeds, twenty-five to thirty miles, lies in the difficulty of supplying sufficient steam without increase in weight of boiler; in other words, more power for a given displacement. Engines can be built sufficiently light and strong by using the best of steel; they may be turned up to any speed, and a 2 ft. and boiler of any section or pipe type can be made to withstand any amount of pressure, but when it comes to furnishing a great quantity of high steam, then they all fail, and with them our visions of thirty miles an hour through the water vanish. From what we have seen of the Herreshoff coil, however, there is a possibility of the enticing dream of railroad time in a steam yacht being realized at last, and we only hope some one will give them *carte blanche* to do their level best. If they cannot succeed in getting beyond the conventional fifteen, the very best they can do is to get as near as possible to the fastest of the fast ones, then it might as well be given up at once as an impossibility there can be no use straining after any longer. We are aware that *Lightning*, *Giltair*, *Afranda*, and a few more, have churned their twenty-one, twenty-three, and even twenty-four, over the measured mile; and *Giltair*, it must be acknowledged, kept up the pace for a full hour or more; but alas, these were builders' trials, flying light, professional stokers, picked coal, smooth sea, no wind, and no expense spared! As an index of every day performance the measured mile, or builders' trial, is a pleasant piece of deception. A deduction of 35 per cent. from such figures brings us nearer the truth, or rather the capacity of the high flyers under normal circumstances. It is under such that the speed of *Glean* has been set down as eighteen miles, and the near future will show how near the builders have come to their mark. But will it long before we are to see some one the possessor of a product of American skill which will reel off twenty-four miles any day in the year, and go higher still when pressed? It may not be so impossible as it appears, for we know little of resistance at excessive speeds. It is only that its ratio of augmentation sensibly decreases after twenty miles has been reached. There is room for reasonable experiment and expectation, even far beyond. Why let England take the lead, when we have the talent at our doors?

YACHTING NEWS.

CURVES OF STABILITY.—In an exceedingly interesting and able paper on the "Stability of yachts," read by Mr. Dixon Kemp before the Institution of Naval Architects, March 8th, we are supplied with much more definite information as to the value of lead on the keel in augmenting a vessel's stability. It appears that displacement would have over 35 per cent. less stability than if supplied with 40 tons lead on the keel up to about twenty degrees of heel. Beyond that point the increase in stability is shown to be in favor of the lower position of the ballast. In the first case, the yawl, although quite beamy, will reach her maximum static stability at 38 degrees, and in the other not until beyond 70 degrees. In other words, *Florida*, with inside iron, would be an unsafe vessel, and might follow the example of the *Mohawk*, while with a goodly portion of her ballast (she carries 54 tons in all) on the keel, she can be made practically unscapable.

FLAT-IRONS AT SEA.—In describing the recent racing at Nice, France, a writer says, incidentally, of the second day: "As for the shallow, beamy boats, the first puff of wind overpowered them and they were glad enough to run back to harbor for shelter." The English yachts were the only ones that could face the sea, for even the mark boats hove up and cut and ran as fast as they knew how. This left the yachts to guess at the course, and *Gertrude*, failing to find any mark, gave up, very properly, entering a protest against any prizes being awarded. But so little did the committee in charge seem to know of their business that they refused to entertain her protest. We suggest that instead of appointing the Prince of Wales, or any other similar "card" to the nominal management of affairs next year, a live member of the Y. R. A. be intrusted with the duties. Some such guarantee is necessary, if the presence of English yachts is desired; without it they will hardly put in an appearance after their recent experience of the ludicrous ways prevailing at the *Fête de Nice*. The Italians tried their hand at yacht building in the schooner *Ambrone*, which is described as an odd attempt. She could not be put about without sternboard, and could not haul her wind. She was ballasted with marble and slid to leeward at a great rate. She was intended as a sort of copy of *Sappho*, but evidently is a most woeful libel upon that schooner. The *Anglo-American* announces that a movement is on foot for a race from Gibraltar to Nice next year, for the net prize of \$20,000. The English press, however, demands something else than big prizes. They would prefer smaller prizes and a little better management. They would prefer *Cassius M. Colburn*.—A correspondent sends us the following charges in the club burgee and flag officers' swallow-tails of the Buffalo Yacht Club: The former is pointed, blue field, white star in center; width, two-thirds of length. For the Commodore, swallow-tail, blue field, red star in center; Vice-Commodore, red field and blue star; Rear-Commodore, plain blue field. The private signals are square, width, two-thirds of length. Sizes of the above to be one inch in length for each foot of yacht's length on deck. We are glad to find this club has adopted square flags for the private signals of its yachts. Others, when making changes, should follow the example set.

THE OCEAN PEARL.—A vessel has been recently launched at Essex to be called the *Ocean Pearl*. She is 115 ft. over all, 112 ft. on the line, 12 ft. beam, and 9 ft. hold, with about 11 ft. draught. She will be half birch rigged, and will make a cruise about the world to demonstrate the value of Norton's patent ship ventilator.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—Sixty new members have lately been added to the club. A club-house is in prospect. All the Lake clubs are pulling together in a most commendable way for the common good. Mr. G. B. Edwards, of the *Pomona* and *Stratford*, has been appointed delegate to the N. Y. A., in place of Mr. E. E. Benedict. The constitution of the N. Y. A. has been adopted by the club, and steps are now being taken to have the club incorporated.

OUR NEW SANCTUM.—Through the kindness of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, we have received a handsome line of photos displaying to advantage their engines, yachts and launches, and will go to enrich our collection of yachting exhibits displayed in our new drawing office.

BOUND ABOARD.—The well-known catboat *Georgie*, which figured prominently in Newport racing last year, has been shipped to England by Messrs. Anchorless per Anchor Line steamer *Dennia*, last Saturday. The *Georgie* is sent out by Mr. James Costa, Jr., now of New York, Eng., and will be substituted by the *Clyde* catboat, which has been better than they are to-day, for the *Clyde* clubs have recently adopted the Y. R. A. rule of measurement, which would heavily handicap the beamy catboat, and under which some powerful deep bodied yachts have been launched this spring. In moderate weather the *Georgie* may give a good account of herself, as she is a deep, able boat for her kind, but in a choppy sea she will be all lost, and the deep fellows will leave her to leeward pounding away while they soak out to sea. If she is sent out in length, however, the Newport reduction will out-run her rivals, especially if matched against the old light displacement *Clyde* lug-sail boats.

FITTING OUT.—E. B. Kingsbury, 154 South Street, carries a large stock of oars, handspikes, hooks, hanks and ship-chandlery generally, and is prepared to furnish yachts at short notice. His card will be found among our advertisements.

DESIGNING IN THE EAST.—Mr. D. J. Lawlor is by long odds the recognized leader in modeling and designing in the East, and receives the lion's share of the work being done in Boston. From personal inspection, we are able to assure our readers of his goodness and strength of his job. There is not another yacht architect which has the materials or fastenings in her "house," that Mr. Lawlor has recently put into the "old Julia." He is also building a fine cruising yawl for Boston owners, after the English model, and before described in these columns. The yawl will be a roomy, able craft, but is perhaps a little straight on her side. This is the consequence of pressure exerted by the English rule of measurement, her lines having been furnished by Latsey, of Cowes. She is now being planked. The handsome little steam yacht *Adeline*, belonging to Mr. T. W. T. is now being refitted. Her sides are to be increased to 12 ft. in her gunways. Beside this, Mr. Lawlor has furnished models and plans for several other yachts building in the neighborhood, of which more anon. What we find to admire in the work of Mr. Lawlor is the versatility and the success which he meets in designing vessels of all kinds and classes; yachts, pilot-boats, steamers or freighters. This is to be attributed, we think, to an investigation of naval architecture from a scientific point of view, placing the student beyond the narrow views and coarser deduction of mere practice, and enlarging correspondingly the scope of usefulness and the probabilities of success in what he undertakes.

OSHKOSH YACHT CLUB.—The Commodore writes us: "Somebody has defined fame as getting shot in battle, and having your name spelt wrong in the *Gazette*. I want to stand right with posterity. To vindicate the truth of history, please spell my name Geo. W. Burnell." The next time a compositor trifles with the well-known signature of the Commodore of the Oshkosh Y. C., there will be a collision between the pavement and a typo's cranium.

TIM ORRION.—This well-known sloop will be put in commission this year, with no less a person than the Mayor of New York as skipper. The sloop is not to be sold, but to be kept in the Company's fair and harbor.

AN EASTERN YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—We learn that the following clubs have decided to attend the meeting in response to a call issued recently by the Dorchester Y. C.: The Boston Y. C.; Quincy; Jetties; Bunker Hill; Duxbury; South Boston; Dorchester and Beverly. A set of rules has been decided upon for submission to the clubs, and it is hoped that other clubs in the neighborhood will join. We are anxious to know how some of the clubs mentioned can affiliate with the shifting ballast clubs

on the question of sailing rules. If Boston can reconcile such opposing interests, we would like to learn how it can be done. It is a case of playing with fire, and yet not getting burnt.

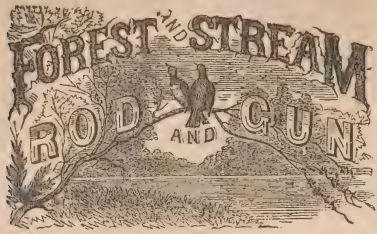
SLOW DOWNS.—The following from the pen of a correspondent appears in *Pacific Life*:

A desperate effort is being made to introduce the English cutter and the FOREST AND STREAM man has gone daft on the question.

Never mind the "FOREST AND STREAM man" he can work his own ship. But isn't this just a little odd coming from a worthy friend who erstwhile had gone "daft" on the sloop, and who, nevertheless, "swung around the circle," and now chants praises to the yawl? Come, now, in time good friend; when you have seen the "compromise cutter" aloft this year, even the double head rig will no longer rig; you will swing around a little more, and when that new *Perlees* is launched in San Francisco Bay (may the day soon come), you will work for it, she will have a double head rig. What the "FOREST AND STREAM man" has gone "daft" on, and what he proposes to remain "daft" on, is the displacement of the shallow, dangerous unhandy frying-pans by deep-bodied, able, safe and handy vessels, and if the whilom skipper of the *Perlees* (peace be to her soul!) will keep his eyes abroad, he will note the changes going on, in concert with the tenor of these columns, much faster than he seems to think. If success is the criterion of success, we owe to the influence of a liberal education, Yachtmen starting on a cruise want every one to be as happy as they are, and the club and waiters reap the benefit of it on that day. As I have said before, the day was extremely warm, so, tumbling into the boat without waiting for the rest of the cruisers, the order is given, "shove off," and boat laden with our traps and also sundry stowage boxes, ends of which show strange devices such as flaps' painter—St. Jul—, the rest of the mark being hidden by another towed parcel, these being a few last things which are to be taken on board. Climbing on board, "Gauk!" and the "Captain" (below and are soon deep in the mysteries of bonded turkey, beer, and jam, washed down with cool ale, together with various appetizing condiments, which are spread out for lunch. Our steven is one of the first water, and the "Captain" being something of a gourmand, the cabin passengers gave very well on the D—, to the man who has any qualms of mal-de-mer, sad for him to look upon the tempting display and not be able to partake. Every one now has come on board, and "Jersey" and "New Jersey" are now on board, and the place is all over, and the cruiser to undergo the change from butchery to grub, thereby reversing the order of nature. At about 2 p. m. we hoist the gig, get up anchor, and with a light air from the southwest run smoothly down to Deer Island, anchoring at Shirley Gut, close by Tat's famous hostelry where the Naba Club dinner is to take place. It is just as well we anchored there for in half an hour the breeze dies away almost entirely and *Addie Vothrie* just gets her anchor down when it falls astern and a "dead calm" rests upon the bay. The sky is overcast, and no breeze but a breeze is forthcoming, and it is not until an hour and a half after midnight that we up anchor and proceed on our way, before a very light southwest breeze. The cabin was shrouded in silence and somnolence about 3 o'clock, and it is not till about 8.30 the next morning that they begin to show above deck. We found ourselves about six miles to the northeast of Thatcher's Island in a flat calm. No more was made to dress, and the costumes, though comfortable to the extreme, would hardly wash, wash! On shore, the day is great and glorious, and the man who has the luck to be caught to have a monument erected to him. One fact that the one is not dressed, still he is at least clad, and that is enough. Ship-board or yacht-board. At about 9.30 the *Amelia* is sighted in the distance of Squam (sweet name!) in the pleasing predicament as ourselves. But see! down to the west is a dark blue line which certainly betokens a breeze. We come rapidly towards us, we speculate as to the hour of its probable arrival in Bath, or where we shall be at such time. The conjecture is, "Squid" from the Bay of Fundy, and the *Amelia* is sighted on sight, on sight, on sight, on sight, on sight, on sight. As there is a difference of thirty miles between these two points somebody has got to be wrong. The rest we cannot remember exactly "which is which," but the exception of these two, the former being the *Amelia*, master's, and the latter the "Captain's." A quarter of nine, extensive stakes, is put up, and we begin to work the light sail in readiness for the coming breeze. Here it is, and away we go before it drives us far from the shore, and every stitch in, including the tail and the man who laved the opposite side to the forestal, and holds a good capital of its swelling folds. With all these rigs on her the old *Amelia* surely knows she must put her best foot forward, and she does. The wind freshens, and the speed increases, and by patent log, having worked up from five. Pretty good for a forty! Past the Shoals we run, and leaving them to sight, Portland, in a shape of Cape Elizabeth, seems to be

A TEN DAYS' CRUISE IN '70, RECORDED BY THE "CAPTAIN."

WHO is there who ever did anything worth speaking of upon the day when he was bound on a cruise? That is, if he could help it. Certainly very few indeed is their number, and but one of the five born companions who were to sail on the *Perlees* yacht B—, 40 tons net, did anything at all on the nineteenth day of last July. We had all come on board the night before, and therefore breakfasted together preparatory to separating for half the day, two to go to business, one of whom did so, and who had been acted upon and accepted so extensively as ours, and that in one short year, in the face of blind prejudice and narrow national vanity. But patience, friend! Rome was not built in a day.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

PUBLISHED BY

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY.

—AT—

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Advertising Rates.

Inside pages, nonparol type, 25 cents per line; outside page, 40 cents. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Notices in editorial column, 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible. All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

*Any publisher inserting our prospectus above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

*We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

NOTE THE CHANGE.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is now in possession of a spacious suite of rooms in the Times building, Nos 39 and 40 Park Row. The new offices have been specially fitted up for its occupancy, and nothing has been neglected which experience could suggest to secure for its editors and publishers the very best facilities of the day for newspaper work.

We are now in a central location, easy of access, and our door is wide open to receive all our friends. We had thought to celebrate the occasion by an old-fashioned "house-warming," to which should be gathered a goodly assemblage of our contributors and readers; but deterred by the impracticability of such a sportsman's convention, we are content to extend to each and all who shall read these lines, severally and collectively, a hearty invitation to call on us and inspect the new premises. Congratulations by letter and in person are in order.

With new and better arrangements for work, the FOREST AND STREAM is prepared to add to its excellence and usefulness, and to keep pace with the participation in healthy and manly sport which is so rapidly increasing throughout the country.

We must again caution our correspondents to direct all communications of every nature relating to this journal to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, and not to any individual. This is an imperative rule to prevent the miscarriage of letters, and to insure their receipt by ourselves.

A COMMENDABLE ACTION.—The Long Island Railroad has issued an order (General Order No. 61) to the effect that "game, fish, dogs, and hunting and fishing tackle, when in charge of the owners traveling as passengers, will be carried as baggage, free of charge." This remedies an abuse frequently complained of by sportsmen who have been subjected to the extortions and incivilities of employees. The new rule will serve to make this favorite road still more popular with the sporting fraternity.

—We again invite attention to the value and benefit of our Game and Fish Directory, of which the plan is set forth in another column.

WILLIAM M. TILESTON.

TO chronicle the death of one with whom we have been long and pleasantly associated were at best but the performance of a melancholy duty, which in the present instance is rendered doubly painful because of the sad attendant circumstances under which our friend, William M. Tileston, lost his life.

Upon the evening of the 21st inst., while the Madison Square Garden, of this city, was thronged with visitors to the Hahnemann Hospital Fair, suddenly and without warning, a portion of the building crashed to the earth, crushing in its fall human limbs and destroying human lives. Mr. Tileston had been present, attending to business connected with the coming bench show, and having left the building, had stopped on the sidewalk to talk a few moments—the fatal moments that cost him his life. With his companion he was just turning to go, when the wall above them was heard to crack, and before he could obey his companion's startled exclamation to jump from the sidewalk, he was caught in the falling ruins and buried beneath a mass of mortar, bricks and timber. Ready help was at hand; he was extricated while still conscious, and borne, at his own request, to St. Luke's Hospital, where, at 4 o'clock the following morning, surrounded by the members of his family and a few intimate friends, he expired.

Mr. Tileston was born at New Rochelle, N. Y., in 1838, and came of a family prominent in mercantile life, being a nephew of the well-known Thomas Tileston. Having received a college education, he entered business life and went to China as the representative of Oliphant & Co. There he remained several years, one of the leading spirits of the English and American residents, and true to his tastes taking a lively interest in the field sports of the country. Many of his novel experiences here were afterward embodied in entertaining sketches of sport in China, contributed to the American magazines and sporting journals. Returning to California, Mr. Tileston purchased a rancho at Los Angeles, where he married. Some of our readers may recollect the capably written sketches entitled "Santa Monica," written by him and published in the FOREST AND STREAM (Vol. III., Nos. 11, 12 and 13), in which were recounted the romantic circumstances of his courtship and marriage. These sketches, with numerous others which he wrote from time to time, attracted considerable attention, and subsequently led to his assuming the position of editor of the Kennel department of this journal, a position which he filled with mutual satisfaction to himself and the friends of the paper, until he left the FOREST AND STREAM in June, 1877, to establish the Country. In October of the following year, when the latter journal suspended publication, he returned to his old position on the FOREST AND STREAM, where he remained until last November, when he left the journalist's profession to engage in business life, and established the firm of Nixon & Tileston, mining brokers, at No. 61 Broadway.

Mr. Tileston was all his life a genuine and enthusiastic sportsman. He was passionately fond of the dog, always owning several valuable animals himself, and being regarded as an excellent authority on the subject. It was to his energetic labors and executive ability that the Westminster Kennel Club, of this city, was established, and its annual bench shows of dogs conducted with such success. Indeed, Mr. Tileston was the life of the Club, and certainly to him belongs the credit of its exhibitions.

In person he was tall, standing over six feet in height and being well proportioned; he was forty-two years of age, and at the time of his death was in the best of health and spirits. In social and business life an agreeable companion, he had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who highly esteemed him for his many gentlemanly qualities. He leaves a widow and four young children. To his family we extend not only our own sincerest sympathy, but that, as well, of those who knew Mr. Tileston through his connection with this journal.

LYCOMING SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—The first year of the Lymcoming Sportsmen's Club of Williamsport, Pa., has been marked by eminently successful labors toward promoting the best interests of game protection. It has pursued its work so energetically and so efficiently as to render its name a terror to the law-breaker, and the pronounced evils which prompted its organization have become almost wholly suppressed. The club now numbers fifty members, many of whom are experts with rod and gun; is free from debt, and occupies a handsomely furnished room. At the annual meeting, April 13th, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Hugh L. White; Vice-President, Ed. G. Koch; Secretary, James Armstrong, and Treasurer, August Koch. The following Executive Committee was also elected to act with the *ex-officio* members thereof: Messrs. G. Kent, D. P. Hobart, J. B. Emery, E. B. Taylor and Alex. Davidson. A series of highly complimentary resolutions were passed, appreciative of the efficient labors of the retiring officers—Messrs. H. S. Lucas (President), H. Tallman (Vice-President), J. W. P. Parsons (Secretary) and August Koch (Treasurer), and of the Executive Committee.

AN UNJUST INSINUATION.

IN a recent issue of one of our contemporaries we find a most surprising editorial effusion on the subject of field trials in general, the Eastern Field Trial Club in particular, and the breeders of dog-flesh at large. This remarkable production—remarkable on account of its extreme narrow mindedness and inconsistency—should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. The paragraph which is most fallacious in its reasoning and most unjust in its insinuations is as follows:—

One thing to be commented upon regarding the late trials of the club, was the fact that the dogs entered and ran were, with one exception, the dogs hunted and owned by gentlemen sportsmen—men identified with the love of a hunting dog, and not looking upon a setter or a pointer as a thing, a machine, from which money may be coined by cash sales. We find that the dogs ran for the amusement, the pleasure, the delight, if you will, of their owners, and not to gain *felix* in victory to be then used as an advertisement for future emolument. The entries already received for the coming trials of 1880, to be run at Klobbi's Island, and commencing Monday, Nov. 29th, show the feature we allude to in a remarkable degree. In the list of entries we give below, our readers will find no long lot of entries from the various noted kennels of the land, identified with dog-breeding as a business, but instead, a dog or two from men who intend to run their dogs at the trials in good faith, and with the hope of winning there. In making these remarks, we have no intention of reflecting upon the National American Kennel Club in any way. We are desirous of seeing the two clubs work harmoniously together for the common good, and we feel assured that the Eastern Field Trials Club would be the last to interfere with the National in the slightest degree, unless aggression comes from the latter. There is room enough for both.

If there had been one particle of manly or honest sentiment in the above, we should not have deemed it worth our trouble to go out of our way to expose the absurdities which it contains, for we feel that the direct slurs at kennel clubs and dog-breeders will fall as harmlessly as the proverbial drops on a duck's back, but we consider that it is in extremely bad taste, since nearly every man now-a-days, who owns a really good animal, sells either pups or stud services. The expressions in the article alluded to are inconsistent. Why does not our contemporary find fault with the horse-breeders of the country for standing their stallions or selling colts, or with other stock-breeders for making a business of breeding? It is just as legitimate and just as honorable to sell dogs as to sell horses.

Again, these slurs are in bad taste, because the men by whom their author is most intimately surrounded have for years traded in dogs, and the bad feature of it is that they have been able to give very little for the money; and as he himself has probably realized something for dogs and the breeding of chickens, he is evidently not exactly in the position to throw the first stone. Although we have been extremely gratified and encouraged at seeing, of late, the gentleman sportsman take the breaking-whip in his own hands, and make such excellent records in handling as have been made at the late field trials, yet we would be equally gratified to see the sporting press of the country, which should be looked upon as a sound and healthy authority, preach less cant, and practice what is considered to be the standard precept of the sporting man—all that is honest, manly, open and fair.

If there is one class above another in this or any other country fitted to breed stock for an emolument, it is that composed of individuals who have other collateral than buncombe to fall back upon. It is only the well-filled purse, in the first place, that procures the best and finest stock, and that can afford the means of so keeping it that its future offspring may be healthy and sound. To the class of men who, for their pleasure, or for their profit, have carried out this course, the sporting community here is immeasurably indebted, and especially to this generation of shooting men, and those that are to come, has the introduction of breeding-kennels in America been an endless boon, for it has given many a man the whereby for enjoying his favorite sport to the utmost, to which his limited means would otherwise have kept him a stranger.

From the whole tone of the article it is evident that a sly cut is intended for the National American Kennel Club, for the writer referred to disclaims any such reflection before he is accused. Why he should do this, when it is admitted that "there is room enough for both clubs," is an enigma, and when taken into account that the officers of the N. A. K. C. are this year all from the East, there certainly can be no just ground for jealousy. We shall make it our pleasure to aid in every way the success of the Eastern Field Trials Club, but none the less will our endeavors be directed in assisting the N. A. K. C., in becoming what it should be—a national association. As for field trial clubs, the more the merrier.

But even were the ground taken by our contemporary a just one, the list of owners submitted as being made up of men who are not interested in dog breeding as a business is not what it pretends to be, but on the contrary, it includes several names which have before now been signed to receipts for money for dog flesh or dog breaking. Here it is: our readers may judge for themselves:—

J. B. Goodwin, Norwich, Conn.; J. G. Heckscher, Union Club, N. Y. City; Lincoln and Hellyar, Warren, Mass.; J. Otto Donner, 117, Wall Street, N. Y. City;

T. Gladstone, Bonton, N. J.; J. N. Lewis, Clarksburg, N. Y.; Charles Heath, Newark, N. J.; S. Dillon Ripley, N. W. 37th street, N. Y. City; C. Sterling, 44 Warren street, N. Y. City; A. Belmont, Jr., Union Club, N. Y. City; James Benkart, Union Club, N. Y. City; St. Louis Kennel Club, St. Louis, Mo.; Fred. Herzman, Greenport, N. Y.; H. F. Aten, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. H. Billings, 29 Broadway, N. Y.; W. H. Holmes, Orange, N. J.; T. Forman Taylor, Colt's Neck, N. J.; G. T. Leach, Thurber & Co's., N. Y. City; W. J. Belden, Riverhead, L. I., N. Y.; William Stanley, Broadway, N. Y. City; Andrew J. Bache, Morristown, N. J.; Jacob Pentz, W. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn.; J. B. Dilley, Lake City, Minn.; W. A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I.; H. Hall, Marlboro, N. Y.

NOTES.—We need not add anything to the communication of the Secretary of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association. He has presented the claims of this part of the State so conclusively that we shall confidently look for the Convention here next year. We heartily second the views of our correspondent, and commend them to the favorable consideration of the clubs throughout the State.

The articles on Dog-Breaking, published in our Kennel columns, are plain, practical and to the point. So say our readers, and the numerous compliments given to them prove that a good thing is appreciated.

The Connecticut Lakes country is becoming more popular as its attractions are becoming better known. The writer of the article in our issue of to-day is well-informed, and the hints he gives should be followed by visitors to that region.

The article, "Lost in the Maine Woods," published in these columns some weeks ago, has been extensively copied by the press of the country. One reason of its taking so well is that this losing one's way in the forest is not an unusual experience, and the relation of our correspondent's adventures recalls to mind other mishaps of a like nature.

We publish to-day other expressions of opinion about the trap-shooting of pigeons. While holding very strong convictions on the subject ourselves, and which we shall not hesitate to fully express, we prefer at present to hold our columns open for the fullest and most free expression of the views of interested correspondents. We invite terse, concise expressions from our readers.

A London angling society has just celebrated the anniversary of the death of Julius Cesar. Just what that worthy did, that his death should be remembered by fishermen in this Nineteenth Century, is quite beyond our comprehension, unless our English brothers of the rod bear in mind the days of their youth, when sunshine and zephyrs invited them to the trout streams, while inexorable fate and an unrelenting tutor confined them to "Cesar's Commentaries" and the intricacies of bridge building in the time of the Gallic Wars.

A sportsman is not necessarily a "Nimrod," although a certain class of writers affect the word, probably with the idea that it adds dignity to their books. This use of strained language is offensive to one who finds genuine enjoyment in field sports. A "Nimrod," to our mind, is a blustering young fellow, trapped out in all the toggery of a sportsman's furnishing store, who acts in the field very much like an Indian in a war-dance. The epithet is a derogatory one. Sick to "Sportsman," a term which has of late years acquired new credit and dignity.

Our rifle-shooting record in this number gives Mr. Lauritzen, of the Washington Club, a fine record of 219 at the long ranges, and strengthens his position on the flattering list of American marksmen who are safe for the high teens, with good prospect of reaching the twenties, as he did last year with his unequalled 232 in a match. It is matter of a pity that the harsh native-American rule should bar so reliable a man from international contests, for although a Dane by birth, Mr. Lauritzen has long been naturalized. Custom unhappily joins with law, and puts the Presidency and a place on a national rifle team as about the only discriminations against a foreign-born citizen as regards eligibility.

Much of the matter published by the FOREST AND STREAM is well worth reproduction elsewhere. We are gratified and complimented every week in the year by such appreciative copying in other papers. This is editorial courtesy which we always appreciate. Sometimes, too, it happens that we unexpectedly find ourselves in high places. An instance of this occurred the other day. We were looking over the April number of *Scribner's*, and became interested in an article describing the mules of the Rocky Mountains, an interest, however, which straightway abated when we found that the paper was substantially one published months before in the FOREST AND STREAM. The trappings were somewhat altered, and the animal was bedecked with sundry new accoutrements. But it was our mule, after all, and eminently

worthy of his new place, too, we thought. It is needless to say that the editor of *Scribner's* was as much astonished to see in the FOREST AND STREAM the original article as we had been to see its reproduction in the pages of his magazine. The Rocky Mountain mule is a deceptive creature. One knows not what to count on when dealing with him.

Civilized nations have passed and left no sign; but the Indian will be remembered by two things at least—the birch bark canoe, which no production of the white can equal for strength, lightness, gracefulness, sea-going qualities, and carrying capacity, and the snow-shoe, which appears to be perfect in its form, and like a violin, incapable of development or improvement. There are three inventions which the ingenuity of man seems to be unable to improve upon, and two of them are the works of savages, namely, the violin, snow-shoes, and birch-bark canoes.

In this, Lord Dufferin is certainly not very complimentary to the mechanical genius of the century, and we would suggest as one reason why civilization has not improved on snow-shoes and birch-barks to any great extent, the fact that there is very little to improve upon. But for all that, it will hardly do to assert that the snow-shoes manufactured in civilized parts are not in point of strength, durability, pattern and finish far ahead of what the aborigines turn out. Similarly, the birch-bark is an excellent creation for the woods; but the very fact that the civilized sportsman takes more kindly to a Rushton canoe, whenever he can get one, must be accepted as the evidence of hard facts in its favor. As a makeshift, give us a birch-bark, and light the camp fire by the friction of kindlings; but as a matter of choice, send us a civilized canoe and a box of matches.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—We understand that the celebrated Sibau Mobung, chief of the Treng Dyaks, recently informed Herr Carl Bock, whom he encountered during the latter's explorations in Borneo, that he frequently cut off the heads of human beings of both sexes, for the purpose of feasting on the brains, which, he affirmed, were most excellent good eating. The palms of the hands too, he stated to be toothsome morsels, while the shoulders, on the contrary, he pronounced to be bitter. An authoritative statement like this, of the relative value of different portions of the human body as food, is certainly not without interest; but we could wish that the information were more extended and detailed. We presume that it is hopeless to call on any of our readers for information on such a topic, but we have two or three friends who could, if they would, present to us their experience. Old Bears' Ears, the Ree, for example, if his hair still adorns his venerable head, and has not become, since we last saw him, the ornament of some Sioux lodge, could inform us as to the excellence of the Sioux heart as a *bonne bouche*; and Liver Eating Johnson, if he still lives and moves and has his being on the plains and among the mountains of Montana, could furnish valuable statistics as to the flavor of certain parts of the freshly-killed Red man. It is sad to think how fast the men who could have told us what we want to know on the subject, are passing away. Bloody Knife went down, with many another good man, in the fearful fight of the Little Bighorn, and Tuckee-tee-lous, the Pawnee, has for years been killing the fat cows in the happy hunting-ground of his own people, that lies far beyond the shining western ocean. Our civilization—God save the mark—has cut down the Red man to the ground.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Fish ponds and newspapers are alike in that it is an exceedingly easy matter to sink a fortune in either, but quite a different task to get anything substantial back again. We cannot number on our fingers the experimentalists who have found their trout-ponds only expensive luxuries; the number of newspaper amateurs is equally great. The success of one journal always invites a crowd of emulous imitators, who think that an investment in printers' ink must be a sure and speedy way to fortune. It has been the lot of the FOREST AND STREAM, since its beginning, seven years ago, to note from time to time the birth, life and death of numerous sporting weeklies, whose projectors have found only after dearly bought experience, that their sheets would not pass current for bank-notes.

We have watched each of these ventures with more or less interest, and from the fitful vicissitudes of their vexed existence, have not failed to draw the patent moral. Among other principles in the philosophy of the newspaper world we have noted this, and we here set it forth for the benefit of some of our friends: A publication which is made up principally of pickings and stealings—mostly stealings—from leading journals in its field, has an exceedingly uncertain tenure of life. Its limited constituency of readers will inevitably in time come to find out the source whence it draws its good things, and following the rule in such matters, will prefer the original to the weak imitation. The sheets which batten on the FOREST AND STREAM, stealing whole columns bodily, are annoying for the time being, but, like the pestiferous gnats and flies of summer, are sure to disappear when the frosts come. There is some consolation in that.

Some of our correspondents now and then write complaints of these papers, which not only quote their ar-

ticles from the FOREST AND STREAM without credit, but affix the writers' signatures as well, thereby making it appear that the writers themselves are playing double with us by writing the same thing for two papers. This is of little importance to us, and we only mention the circumstance at the suggestion of our aggrieved contributors. We can hardly hope to remedy the annoyance, for such an undertaking as that would involve the task of instilling into the befogged minds of these editors a code of ethics entirely above their character and appreciation.

So much for so much.

AGRICULTURE IN ALASKA.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, }
April 24th, 1890, }

Editor Forest and Stream:—

"Piseco" was right in the statements of fact which he made before, and as I declared; why does he simply repeat those statements, and then leave the question exactly where we left it—a difference of judgment, based upon a mutual recognition of the same facts? I admit the potato now, as I did then, but I do not "acknowledge the corn!"

"Piseco" has passed just one season in Alaska. He has arrived at his honest self-opinion in regard to the agricultural capacities of Alaska; he agrees with me in the main, but he says I am in error over the potatoes. Well, here is the opinion of an honored, cultivated officer, Capt. George W. Bailey, United States Revenue Marine, who has passed four seasons in Alaska, closing with October, 1879. I select Bailey's name out of twenty on my files, because he was just such a man as "Piseco"—a "Captain in the Navee," an honorable, elegant gentleman:—

Regarding the resources of Alaska, and it being able to give support to a large population, I have only to say that, so far as a settler's opinion goes, it is folly to talk of such a thing in connection with Alaska north and west of Sitka. Instances have been cited where people have lived in part from the production of the soil in more northern latitudes. In some parts of this territory, the southeastern, no doubt the hardy vegetables could be raised, but hardly in sufficient quantities to support a large population.

Here I am sustained exactly in the broad, liberal view which Capt. Bailey gives of the subject. I have not said anywhere that potatoes could not be raised in Alaska, but I do say that this individual raising of a potato at Sitka "seven inches long," etc., proves nothing in a practical way. I said in 1874 that Alaska could not encourage agricultural settlement because she did not hold out a single sign of encouragement. Why, these little patches of potatoes at Sitka and at Kodiak in Alaska are precisely, in their application as illustrations of agricultural progress and capacity in Alaska, like the appearance of a stray hair here and there on the top of a shining bald head! Yet "Piseco" sees the hair aforesaid, and thereupon declares that more will come if they are cultivated!

Let me call "Piseco" to a moment of reflection over these facts. First: Alaska is not a new country; it has been thoroughly looked over and tried by Russians for at least seventy years prior to our acquisition of it. These Russians made energetic, intelligent and persistent trials of the resources of the soil everywhere throughout Alaska. It was to their direct self-interest to do so, for it was both a matter of necessity as well as that of luxury to have grain, beef and vegetables at their posts of duty. No more intelligent agriculturists than these Siberian farmers were (and are to-day) can be found in America. What was the result of this long, patient, interested attempt by the Russians to raise their own vegetables, grain and beef in Alaska? It resulted in failure, practically. They had to go down to California, and establish a settlement on the Russian River there for the end in view. Comment is unnecessary.

Second: The fact that the climate last season was such as to grow good potatoes must not be used to predicate success at Sitka this year. Indeed, if "Piseco" follows his potato through the coming season, he will bear us out in saying that no dependence can be placed upon the crop: the chances are nine to one against a good season this year, since it was favorable last. One successful planting in four years is about the rule at Sitka. Let me quote Captain Bailey once again to reinforce my argument:

There are, no doubt, people who, satisfied with a mere existence and willing to live upon the productions of the water and beaches, and what vegetables they could raise in this inhospitable climate, might elude out a more comfortable existence than they now do. Such might consider Alaska a paradise. But the representations of some persons, who have described Alaska in glowing terms, I consider to be wrong, as they might induce the immigration of settlers, who would not be satisfied after spending their all in getting here. The surplus population of our large cities can find better homes than can be found in Alaska. In some of our Western States and territories where a milder and more fruitful climate is to be found. Until the latter are crowded with settlers, it is unwise and unjustifiable, in my opinion, to try and induce immigration to Alaska. . . . Alaska has been claimed as a grazing country for sheep as well as cattle, but only by those who have seen the beautiful grass growing in summer, and without taking into account that during the greater part of the year this beautiful grass is covered with snow. It is only in the neighborhood of Kodiak that grass can be cut and cured in sufficient

quantity to keep what few cattle they have during the winter; indeed, hardly a winter goes by but some of these few die of starvation.

I like to put this opinion of one honest mariner against that of the other. "Piscico" and Captain Bailey stand each other off admirably, while I pursue the even tenor of my way. It requires a certain breadth of beam to carry sail well under the sudden puffs of violent criticism, as no one enjoys the capsizing of a self-constituted authority, who makes his professions of fact and result, based entirely upon his able imagination, better than I do. Cognizant of this danger, I, myself, have looked well to my stays in Alaska, and "Piscico," when he comes down from his warlike ark at Sitka Bay, exchanging the gloom of Alaska fog and rain for the glad sunshine of California, will say amen, amen to my sermon.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

GAME PROTECTION.

WISCONSIN.—The Black Hawk Club of Lake Koshkonong, Wis., have been successful in introducing into the game laws of that State an amendment prohibiting cover shooting of wild fowl from blinds, etc., a provision which most thoroughly protects the birds in their feeding grounds. The law now reads as follows:—

Any person who shall take, catch, kill, destroy or wound any woodcock, prairie hen or prairie chicken, partridge or ruffed grouse, sharp tailed grouse, or grouse of any variety, snipe, quail, mallard, wood or teal duck, or deer, by the use of any net, trap, gin or spring-gun, or who shall hunt, drive, chase, worry or kill any wild deer, by or with a dog or dogs, or who shall kill, destroy or wound any wild duck, brant or goose, by the use of any pivot or swivel gun, or any fire-arm other than a gun habitually used at arm's length and fired or discharged from the shoulder, or raised and held by the hand, or by any float, sneak boat, sail or steamboat, or floating box of similar device, or from any fixed or artificial blind or ambush located in open water outside or beyond the natural cover of reeds, cane flags, or wild rice, or any lake, river, bay or inlet, or attempt so to do, or who shall take, destroy, or have in his possession the eggs, or wantonly disturb or molest the nesting place of any prairie hen or prairie chicken, or grouse of any kind or variety, woodcock, quail, partridge, snipe, wild duck, brant, or who shall pursue, entrap, ensnare or kill any other, beaver, mink, muskrat, or other fur-bearing animals upon the lands or to the middle of any stream of water adjoining the lands of another engaged in the business on such lands of breeding or rearing such animals, shall be punished by fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, nor less than five dollars, for each offense. Such fine when collected shall be paid to the county treasurer, and by him to the school fund.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN APRIL.

Wild Ducks, Geese, Brant, etc.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County, means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its season; Fish and its season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

ABOUT A RAMROD.—Extracted from the unpublished adventures of John Doe and Richard Roe, sportsmen:—

"It was early one morning that our friend John perched himself on a large muskrat house in the middle of the pond 'to look out for ducks.' There he stood teetering away, with the down off the cat-tails blowing down his gun's barrel, threatening to choke it. At last John spotted an old sheldrake swimming up. Now John was a 'mighty good gun to kick,' 'the best he'd ever seen,' and he was terribly afraid of pitching backward if he 'let go, standing up,' so he made up his mind to lean forward as he 'pulled,' knowing the recoil would set him up all right. It was a dreadful nice calculation. But you see the 'darned' old gun snapped, and away went John, head first, into the mud, gun and all, when Dick waded in and fished them out. In trying to scoop the mud out of the barrel the ramrod got stuck; so over to the beach they went, with five feet of ramrod sticking out, to challenge some mighty fishermen to a 'tug of war.' After our two friends had been 'drug' over two sand-hills and a pile of clam-shells it occurred to the contestants that the rod was in to stay. But said old Capt. John Ed., 'What cursed fools we've been, boys, a-sweatin' over that 'ere gun, when we can make fast a squid-line, shoot the ramrod up, and then haul the old she-rocket down.' No sooner said than done; the 'old she-rocket' did go up, but as no one thought of putting their foot on the other end of the line, she was soon 'lost to sight and memory dear'—*den* indeed, for as Capt. John Ed.'s weather eye dropped earthward, after following the comet's heavenly flight, he said 'Boys, I'll thank you for 67 cents for that line you've gone and lost.' This is not all, for the gun—so John Doc says—smells like that old sea-porgie Captain to this day, which scares away the big game."

NEW YORK.—Hayts Corners, Seneca County, March 30th.—Wild geese have stopped more frequently here than usual. M. L. Everett and his son were on their way to Waterloo (six miles north from here) on Saturday

last, and four miles this side they saw some forty or fifty wild geese within fifty yards of the main road, and they say they were in sight of several vehicles on their way to market, and that one man shook his hat and shouted to scare the geese, as they were busily engaged feeding on green wheat. They paid no attention, as their sentinel gander was on duty sharp, until a man was seen approaching across the adjacent field with a rifle in hand. Then at the signal all rose and were on their way toward Cayuga Lake, four miles east; therefore there were no shots fired at them.

L. E. W.

THE STATE CONVENTION.—Messrs. Parrish & Williams, of the Seneca Gun Club, Seneca Falls, have contracted with Frank Chaffey for the immediate delivery of 12,000 wild pigeons to be used at the coming tournament. One thousand birds have been shipped to the Monroe County Club, and will arrive this week, with a similar consignment to follow next week. The Rochester Gun Club and several clubs in that vicinity, have also ordered birds of Mr. Chaffey for practice.

Monday, May 24th, has been appointed as the date for the opening of the Convention.

Jornelleville, April 28th.—The first woodcock of the season was killed by a telegraph wire. No Wilsons snipe yet. A few ducks stop with us and get a warm reception. Tom Tennant killed thirteen one day last week.

J. O. F.

NEW JERSEY.—*Forked River, April 24th.*—The Wilson snipe shooting has been moderately good in this section for the last few weeks. The largest bag I have heard of, in one day, was thirteen, by a gentleman from New York, with one of our local gunners. Were it not for two or three parties here who make a business of bagging dogs, and scout the meadows at every opportunity, we would have fine shooting.

A.

Ocean County, N. J., April 24th.—For the past few days there have been plenty of snipe on certain meadows—others none at all. I find they are most likely to be found this spring on very treacherous places, near high banks, where small fresh water streams run through. I have shot them this week where I went knee-deep every step. They do not lie well, and give no scent, and the best quail dogs totally fail to find or point them. The principal destruction of game is caused by the set-back fires started by men to stop the snipe or the fire. The game is now closed in the State, the fire is surely destroyed. It is impossible to estimate the immense loss of all kinds of game by these terrible fires, and almost always caused by some careless person burning brush and clearing up land. In my opinion there should be a law to prevent any person burning brush, for any reason whatever, except it be raining or snow on the ground. Two winters will pass before those woods will be what they were. S. K., Jr.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Harrisburg, April 25th.*—Duck hunters have had good success the past week at Green's Dam, McCormick's Island, Cox's Wharf above Independence Island, between the island and the mouth of Conodoguinet Creek, and elsewhere.

PENNSYLVANIA.—*Applebachsville, April 18th.*—I and a friend were out snipe shooting last week. We met with poor success, bagged eleven in half a day. I shot four ducks in the creek the other day, and saw several geese. I hear most every morning the quails whistling. I think we will have some fine shooting by next season. Phensants are very scarce in the mountain. DEAD SHOT.

GEORGIA.—*Americus, April 15th.*—Quail are whistling "Bob White" on the fences, and the turtle-doves have mated. Whip-poor-wills, martins and woodpeckers have arrived, and the freedman, or rather the freedwoman, is happy with her pole and cotton string catching "jolly-voogs" from branches and cracks. The sportsman's gun is laid away, and the fox is allowed to rest and muse. Only the wild-cat is relentlessly pursued to protect the lambs and the litter of pigs in the swamp. SHOT.

OHIO.—*Cadiz, April 20th.*—Around here game is rather thinned out. Quail are very scarce; I saw only one covey last winter. The severe weather of '78-'79 very nearly exterminated them. However, by the time the law is up I think they will be plentier, though if it hadn't been for that law I'm afraid there would not be many quail in the Buckeye State by this time. We have a few ruffed grouse here, though not many care to hunt them, because most of them have been killed that the wholesale slaughter of squirrels is "sport."

There are occasional snipe and woodcock found in this region, though extremely rare. I believe if the average Cadiz hunter would kill one of either of these birds, he would, through ignorance, leave it as unfit for eating, or have it mounted as a *rara avis*, though there are several genuine sportsmen here.

Squirrels are generally very plenty, rabbits the same, though this last winter they have been rather scarce; not so the year before, however, for then the woods were full, anywhere between twelve and twenty generally being the results of an afternoon's shooting. There is no wild fowl shooting at all within fifteen or twenty miles, as there are no bodies of water large enough. There are a good many foxes in this country, though few good fox-hounds.

Cadiz is a small village on a branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It has a good many stories of the early settlers around here. One is to the effect that an old hunter captured a wolf and skinned it alive, after which he set it loose. It is true, too. There were a she wolf and four whelps killed near here a few days ago. We have a sportsmen's club here, and some of the members are right good shots.

YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

INDIANA.—*Newport, April 17th.*—Snipe and plover shooting is very good on the marsh lands of the prairie west of this point. On last Tuesday afternoon my friend Ward and myself drove eight miles west of town to a point on the prairie known as Greasy Creek. We shot that evening and two hours next morning, bagging three blue-wing teal ducks and fifty-three Wilson snipe and plover.

R. E. S.

INDIANA.—*Cloverdale, Ind., April 5th.*—Was out the other day shooting with the snipe. They made their appearance about March 25th, with a storm of rain from the southwest, and are, as yet, very wild, and as a natural consequence, my bag was light. They are in good condition for the table, which I place to the credit of our mild winter. An examination of their feeding ground

disclosed plenty of grubs, snails and larvae. Spring is now surely upon us, if our numerous early-calling birds are taken as evidence.

LA BELLE.

SIDE SHOOT.—*Tuscola, Ill., April 22d.*—Following are the scores of a match shoot at Jack snipe yesterday:—A. M. Woody, 33; T. Smith, 31—Total, 64. Frank Wilson, 37; Armstrong, 17—Total, 54. Difference, 10. Snipe are plenty, but too many shooters.

T.

MINNESOTA.—*St. Paul, April 10th.*—Hon. Fred. von Baumbach, Secretary of State, and P. J. Giesen, Esq., returned yesterday from a hunting expedition of several days in the vicinity of Redwater Falls. The gentlemen brought with them several geese, a few ducks and badly a m-burned faces to show as the fruits of their trip.

WISCONSIN.—The famous "Fish Creek," one mile west of Ashland, Wis., is reported to yield from three to six thousand brook trout per annum, and has done so for the past ten years, and still it seems exhausted. Some of the finest trout that have been taken in that country have been brought in from its ice-cold pools and rapids. Last season several very large trout were caught, one weighing three and three-quarter pounds, and one four pounds two ounces, both taken by Adam Goeltz, the well-known guide.

DAKOTA TERRITORY.—*Deadwood, April 8th.*—We have plenty of most all kinds of game, such as elk, deer, antelope, bear, mountain sheep, wolf, fox, rabbit, hare, prairie chickens and grouse, but no quail. Our club have sent to Minnesota for several hundred, and will turn them out on the Redwater and Belle Fourche, so that in a short time we will have good shooting. Ducks and geese are very plentiful. One cinnamon teal was killed the other day that dressed 760 pounds. One party went out to the Belle Fourche last week and brought back a wagon load of deer, rabbits and ducks too numerous to mention, being absent only three days. Fish are plenty and of all sizes, also fine turtles. In fact we have one of the finest countries for a sportsman in the west; every year will add to its interest. The weather is beautiful and spring is in full bloom.

E. B.

PRACTICAL VALUE OF GUN TRIALS.—*Philadelphia, Miss., April 2d.*—I see many things in FOREST AND STREAM that please me, but what has pleased me most is the valuable gun trial for pattern and penetration, in its issue of March 4th. Now, I wish that more of the sports, men would give their experience in the same way, that their brothers who live in dark corners may have some light to guide them in selecting their game. S. P. N.

BUCKSHOT IN CHOKE-BORES.—*Houston, April 15th.*—Last week a member of the Houston Gun Club received a 10-gauge, W. W. Greener's hammerless gun. This is the first seen in this section. Members meet to see it targeted. After finding it made good targets with this small shot, ten shells were loaded with 100 buckshot, and chambered three at muzzle, nine shots in each shell. 50 lbs. of powder was the charge. After counting the ten targets made at forty yards, we were surprised to find that the new gun had put ninety shot inside the thirty-inch circle, or a loss of one per cent. for each load. A well-known deer-slayer remarked, "That gun will fetch melet every time, if you hold her straight." ALMO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS.—*Portland, Me., April 24th.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—I am heartily glad that some one has had the courage to "speak out" about the practice of manufacturers and wholesalers in giving, to the sportsmen, goods in regard to the manner in which retailers are treated, and hope it will have the effect of bringing about a reform in this direction. As the business of many wholesale houses is now conducted, nearly every consumer knows the exact cost of this class of goods as well as the retail dealer. About every grocery-store keeper in the country, and others supposed to be in want of anything in this line are supplied with goods at a price that is not stated here, and some even go so far as to offer to send a single article on receipt of price named. This is manifestly unfair treatment of the retail dealer, giving him a chance only of picking up a customer now and then. I would suggest that the names of those who adopt this method be published, that the "trade" may know how to discriminate in giving orders, or that it might be changed, an advertisement for the wholesaler. However, if they read what has been, and may be, said upon the subject, they will learn that the retailers are after them with a sharp stick. I have noticed, in one instance, that in the case of a Ballard rifle, the statement is made that no discount will be given, except to the regular trade. There may be others of the same kind, and, if there are, they are the very parties we are waiting to hear from. Keep the ball rolling. DOWN EAST.

THE CONVENTION OF 1881.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April, 1880.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
At the Convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held at Rochester, July 7th, 1879, delegates from three of our local clubs united in an invitation to that body to visit Kings County.

It was apparently so well received that we are encouraged to renew it, sincerely believing that its acceptance at the approaching Convention will promote the interests of all sportsmen, and prove satisfactory and beneficial to the members who may partake of our hospitality. Many of the individual sportsmen of the State know, and probably all have heard of, what we can do in the way of entertainment.

We urge that the Convention of 1881 should be on Long Island for the following reasons:—

First. For sanitary reasons. The thermometer during the summer averages about 75 degrees. The cool sea breezes are peculiarly invigorating to visitors from the interior. Experience demonstrates that the change from inland to sea-shore, and vice versa, operates to improve the general health for a long time afterward. Substitution of entirely different food will contribute to this result. We claim that our sea food—oysters, clams, lobsters, crabs, bluefish, weakfish and other varieties—cannot be excelled, if indeed equaled, in the world.

Second. Amusement and pleasure at moderate cost. We propose to hold the contests at Coney Island, or in the immediate vicinity of this world-renowned pleasure resort. It can be reached from New York City by five distinct steam railroads, also by one horse railroad, and by a steamboat, which shall open our Bay and Narrows, passing our islands—me fortified—and by the

how quickly the owner of a lead or bad score finds out that his friends have noticed his name too much lately in the papers, and it will be advisable to have the bogus one inserted; and the honest shooter, who, with his proper name, may have been beaten in the previous records, finds out that now it is his turn, he only wins over some false names. This method had advanced to a high state of perfection last year, when, to the credit of the Massachusetts Life Association, they took the bull by the horns and made it a law that whatever name a person entered a match with should be applied through the same. Although this law has been broken a few times since its adoption, it has been the means of doing away with much of the previous injustice. The only alternative now to escape detection, is not to finish a single score throughout the day, which, before the last shot on the score is fired, does not give evidence of being a good one. The Haymond Sportsmen's Club snub this plan, by the publication of the best withdrawn score, which is doing justice to all the shooters. The two following rules are in the interests of all riflemen and glass-bull shooters:—

1. The name under which a competitor enters must be continued throughout the match.

2. In the event of unfinished score or scores, the best be reported.

The adoption of these rules by the Haymond Club has reduced the bogus-name business to the narrowest limits.

D. KIRKWOOD.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "BULL'S-EYE."—The New York World, in its Notes and Queries of April 18th, asks: "What was the first form of the center of a target, and why was it called a bull's-eye?" "Libotta" responds: Authorities differ on this point. The older writers say that the target was originally a small shield. Concrete says it was square, while Worcester says it was large and round. One thing is certain, its use as a word in the sense of being anything but a shield is of very modern date. The word "bull's-eye" is equally modern. After a considerable comparison of authorities I have arrived at the following conclusion: That a target was so called from its resemblance to a shield; that the term "bull's-eye" was first applied in naval gunnery. It was already a naval term, being used as a name for a thick piece of glass inserted in the deck to give light, and which was generally of an oval form. The center of the target, as commonly used, being of the same size and shape, the same name was given to it.

"Uncle Toby" asserts: The Tartars, famous for their use of the bow, teach their youth to shoot at a mark made of hide, pierced in the middle. This is probably the oldest form of target. Such were in very early use among the Saxons, and afterward those painted with rings and a white spot. From the Saxons we have the term "bull's-eye," the word "bull" or "boil" being applied to anything circular. In Scott's description of the archery contest at Ivanhoe, "chap. xiii," the target is described as marked with rings and having a white spot in the center.

"Delta" is another one who has worked out a response as follows: The old name for the center of the target was the "clout," and it was always painted white. The piece of wood which held it on was called the "pin," and marked the exact center. The "clout" is supposed to have been so called from a piece of cloth having been at first used to mark the center of the target. "Clout" being the old name for patch or rag. Target was formerly the name for a shield, and it is probable that a shield used at first to be set up for a mark. Shakespeare speaks of "bitting the clout" in "Love's Labor Lost" and in "King Lear," and we have still the expression "to hit the white." The central mark of the target was probably always round or oval in form, and thus the name of bull's-eye was given to it, as it is applied for the same reason to many other things, among others, to the round, old-fashioned watches worn by our grandfathers, to the round windows put in the roof for ventilation (hence the name "oil de bowl" given to the oil used at Venetian blinds), and to the old-fashioned plate-glass from the round knob left in the middle by the end of the pipe through which it was blown.

A Creedmoorite puts the following explanation on it: Everybody knows that, sometime B. C., George Wood invented the target now known as "The Tramp" target. It differed, in those days, from the one now in use, in having a mammoth tooth of a bull, and his eye was the central point (metaphorically speaking) aimed at. No charge for information. H.

Archery.

MICHIGAN ARCHERY TOURNAMENT.—The first annual meeting of the Michigan Archery Association will be held at the Recreation Park in Detroit, June 23d and 24th next. Medals will be contested for at the Double Columbia and Single York rounds. Handicaps: Ladies, 30 yards; gentlemen, 40 yards. Team shooting at the Columbia and American rounds. Matches not confined to archers in the State, but open to all, will be shot at the English and York rounds. From pledges already made the committee feel safe in saying that prizes to the amount of over \$1,000 will be offered. Constitution and rules furnished on application to Dr. W. H. Durance, Jackson.

The success of the meeting is a matter of interest to every person interested in this elegant and invigorating pastime, and clubs intending to participate in the tournament should lose no time in joining the State Association. More than one hundred prizes will be offered, and it has been the aim of the committee to arrange that they may be evenly distributed, and not all carried off by a few superior bowmen.

The professional element will, as it has in all other American sports, detract from the amusement as a pastime, and should not be encouraged. No archer need fear to compete, for all Michigan clubs are young, only two of them having ever taken part in a tournament. Persons wishing to perfect their shooting will find this meeting a good place to get pointers. Assurances have been received that Will H. Thompson and other prominent archers will attend. The committee are desirous of putting programme and other matters in the hands of the hands of every club in the State, and to that end earnestly urge clubs not belonging to the Association to furnish the names and location at once whether they intend to join the State Association or not.

E. T. CURCHIE.

CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE M. A. A., Charlotte, Mich.
SHORT RANGE PRACTICE.—Galesburg, April 16th.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—The communication from "L. W.," giving the effect of short-range practice upon long-range shooting, has led me to make a few remarks to our readers my experience of the effect of long-range practice upon short-range shooting would not be altogether uninteresting.

All my practice the past winter has been out of doors, and until Feb. 21st, at the York Round. Then, owing to the dilapidated condition of my arrows, I shot the American Round several times. My last record in 1879 at this round was 73-338, my best 73-263. My first in February was 83-111, my best 85-445.

Last Saturday I would not shoot at the long ranges, as a friend

had carried off my finger-tips; so I shot at the mode of New York, i. e., 90 arrows at 37 yards. My fingers burned before I had finished my score, but I persevered. My record is 90-616: first 24, 202; second 30, 263; third 30, 336. A moderate wind was blowing across the course. By the way, I find that the wind annoys me most by its effect not upon the arrow after it has been loosed, but upon my bow-arm before loosing.

I should like to ask the experts a question. Is a good bow for the long range sure to be a good one for the short? My own shooting at the long range is relatively better than at the short, and I am inclined to explain it by the construction of my bow. The lower arm is much stiffer than the upper, and it is to this I attributed—though I am quite likely to be all wrong—the necessity of aiming below the gold at 30 yards. There is a very perceptible rise of the arrow as it leaves my bow. This I do not notice at the longer ranges. Of course it occurs, but I think it escapes my notice in the necessary elevation.

My best 30 arrows at 30 yards scored 293; at 40 yards, 182; at 50 yards, 148; at 60 yards, 117; at 80 yards, 100; at 100 yards, 70. I should very much like to know whether I had better have the lower arm of my bow weakened a trifle. The bow is a strong one every way—44 pounds honest measure.

I am aching to write something further upon the plan of corrections to neutralize partially the element of chance at the longer ranges, which I proposed in a former communication, but courage fails me. When the present storm, which found vent in "T. A. L.'s" admonitions, has blown over, perhaps I shall venture it. T. R. W.

ORITANI ARCHERS.—First meeting in 1880, April 23d; 30 arrows each distance:—

	40 Yards.	50 Yards.	60 Yards.	Total.
Col. F. Brandreth.....	173	104	100	377
	188	114	67	369
C. C. Moore.....	127	59	71	257
	95	105	36	236
Robert Lawrence.....	91	58	57	206
	113	63	80	253
W. Holberton.....	129	59	71	257
	95	105	36	236
	91	58	57	206
	113	63	80	253

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—The New York Archery Club will begin practice on its grounds in Central Park May 1st, and, we understand, will be in a condition to receive an increase of membership. The Secretary, Mr. James W. Aulen, Jr., was appointed a delegate to the meeting of the Eastern Archery Association. It is hoped that the next meeting of the Association may be held in this city.

Cricket.

—The Belleville, Ont., Cricket Club held a meeting on April 9th and resolved to put the old grounds on the bay shore in order again. The prospects for the coming season are unusually good.

—Philadelphia cricketers have been hard at work for three weeks past, and the Staten Islanders commenced their practice on Saturday last.

—A new cricket club has been formed in Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn Park Commissioners have granted the new organization which is called the Appleton C. C., permission to play at Prospect Park, and have also kindly promised to do all they can to advance their interests in cricket.

—William Brewster, for many years the excellent professional of the Staten Island C. C., is desirous of securing an engagement for the season. Communications can be had with him through this office.

AVERAGES FOR 1879.

TRINITY COLLEGE, OF TORONTO.

SUMMARY OF MATCHES.

Out of eight matches played by this University in 1879, two were won, three lost and three unfinished—two greatly in favor of Trinity.

May 17th, at Trinity | Carlton C. C., of Toronto..... 44
College..... Trinity..... 119

Stark's 25 was the only double figure for Carlton. On the part of the home side, H. T. Campbell played an excellent innings of 40, A. F. Campbell getting 24, and R. J. Moore, 21 (not out) by first rate hitting. D. Howard had 5 wickets for 24 runs, Campbell, 4 for 11.

May 24th, at Trinity | Toronto C. C..... 41 and 52
College (2 sides), Trinity..... 115

Won by an innings and 22 runs. Totten headed the losers with 15 and 17, Swinyard getting 2 and 10. Sproule (4 wickets for 10 runs) was their most successful bowler. For the winners, Campbell scored 30, A. Campbell, 20, and Moore, 23. D. Howard and Campbell bowled without a change, the former having 11 wickets for 54 runs, the latter 8 for 31.

On May 29th and succeeding afternoons a practice game was played with Upper Canada College, in which Trinity had the better of by 20 runs, mainly owing to the batting of Campbell, who scored 35 and 32 in capital form; J. S. Howard obtained 6 and 16; For Upper Canada College, W. S. Jackson made 1 and 42 (not out). E. R. Orden, 23 (not out) and 0.

May 30th, at Trinity | St. Catherine's C. C..... 41 and 31 for 1 wkts.
College..... Trinity..... 178

Drawn. Merrill was the visitors' best batsman, with 19 and 8. W. Murray got in 22 runs. For Trinity, Dr. Sprague hit brilliantly for 72, and Irving carried out his bats for an admirable innings of 72; D. Howard took 9 wickets, and Campbell in the unfinished innings bowled 13 balls for 1 run and 1 wicket.

May 31st, at New- | All North, of Toronto..... 13 and 61
market..... Trinity..... 44 and 29

Lost by 1 run. Logan (4 wickets for 7 runs) and D. Howard (4 for 24) disposed of the North in their first innings for a remarkably small total, notwithstanding which the latter's 22 were the leading scores of the victors, for whom Matheson, Laing and Trousdale did all the bowling. Logan was top scorer for Trinity (who played a very weak team) with 1 and 23 (not out); he also took 6 wickets for 42 runs, Campbell having 3 for 19.

June 26th, at Trinity | Trinity College School
College..... (Port Hope)..... 66 and 57
College..... Trinity..... 40 and 40 (for 2 wkts)

Drawn. Allen's brace of 133 and Allan's 19 (not out) in the second essay were the only double figures for Trinity. On the part of the School, Stennett scored 16 and 2; Billings, 2 (not out) and 43; Wood, 8 and 15; Roberts, 12 and 0; Jones, 9 and 4. Rob-

erts and Wood were their most successful bowlers. Crutenden, for the College, took 4 wickets for 12 runs.

June 27th, at Trinity | Trinity..... 31 and 50
College..... Hamilton..... 119

Lost by an innings and 38 runs. The hero of this match was H. C. Simonds, who scored 68 (not out) in first rate style, Robertson, 10, the last man, being the only other of the side to reach double figures. Fervio had 13 wickets at a cost of 30 runs. To an (5 wickets for 60 runs) bowled well for Trinity, for whom Spague scored 4 and 10; Irving, 5 and 12; D. Howard, 11 and 0.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Not out.	Average.
1. H. W. Sprague.....	1	1	101	72	20.3
2. E. J. Campbell.....	7	11	169	70	16.30
3. A. F. Campbell.....	3	4	44	21	0 11
4. P. E. Irving.....	6	8	61	62*	10.12
5. C. J. Logan.....	4	5	37	24*	7.4
6. R. J. Moore.....	0	9	61	23	6.7
7. A. Allen.....	5	12	88	16	6.63
8. J. D. Howard.....	5	12	88	16	6.63
9. G. W. Allan.....	5	6	26	19*	5.2
10. R. J. Ritchie.....	4	5	63	20	5.3
11. G. M. Goldwell.....	8	13	64	11	5.0
12. D. M. Howard.....	7	11	46	11	4.18
13. W. M. Crutenden.....	3	1	9	1	4.0
14. W. Farncomb.....	6	9	2	1*	0.43
* Not out.					

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Names.	Innings.	Over.	Wickets.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wickets.	Average runs per Wicket.
1. G. W. Allan.....	1	7	5	55	2	1	6.00
2. W. M. Crutenden.....	2	11	5	65	12	1	5.42
3. H. J. Campbell.....	1	13-3	23	15	72	16	3.15
4. G. R. Goldwell.....	1	4	0	20	10	12	1.67
5. D. M. Goldwell.....	11	190-3	22	383	280	37	7.02
6. C. J. Logan.....	11	74	19	374	163	23	7.88
7. R. J. Moore.....	4	44	10	232	71	9	7.88
8. W. H. Reade.....	1	5-3	10	18	8	1	8.23
9. J. S. Howard.....	1	40-3	10	202	74	0	8.23
10. A. Allen.....	4	24-4	4	123	53	1	8.83

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

We are enabled to give below a summary of the principal matches played during the term of 1879 at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., together with the averages of the school eleven. The following averages were mailed to us in November last in a very incomplete state. We would remind the Cricket Secretary of the school that at some subsequent period these figures will be looked upon as the records of the school cricket, and that the compilation of the averages should be attended to with care.

Date.	Sides.	First Innings.	Second Innings.	Total.
Sept. 15.....	School.....	48	—	48
	Upper School won by 4 runs.	52	—	53
Sept. 17.....	School.....	63 (7 wkts)	—	63
	Upper School.....	45	—	53
	School won by 3 runs and 3 wickets.	—	—	—
Sept. 27.....	Old Hundred.....	57	33	69
	Isthmian.....	58	74	132
	Isthmian won by 63 runs and 3 wickets.	—	—	—
Oct. 5.....	Old Hundred.....	37	33	75
	Isthmian.....	94	—	94
	Isthmian won by an innings and 19 runs.	—	—	—
Oct. 23.....	Longwood.....	112	20	133
	St. Paul's School.....	18	51 (7 wkts)	131
	Longwood won by 42 runs.	—	—	—

BATTING AVERAGES.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Not out.	Average.
1. J. Howard.....	1	2	33	23	0 19
2. S. L. Shober, Jr.....	2	5	12	23	10.2
3. Mr. T. J. Drumm (Tutor).....	2	5	61	27	10.1
4. Mr. C. Knox.....	2	4	59	28	10.1
5. T. S. Blair, Jr.....	3	4	33	14	9.2
6. F. S. Conover, Jr.....	3	6	40	14	6.4
7. Mr. C. R. Jones.....	3	6	40	14	6.4
8. Mr. L. C. Cole.....	4	4	15	12	3.3
9. J. M. Garnett.....	2	6	18	12	3.3
10. D. V. Powell.....	2	6	17	13	3.3
11. W. S. Brigham.....	3	6	13	13	3.3

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Names.	Innings.	Wickets.	Runs.	Not out.	Average.
1. Mr. L. C. Cole.....	230	84	15	32	0 4
2. Mr. T. J. Drumm (Tutor).....	25	4	—	—	3.86
3. S. L. Shober.....	416	90	21	23	15 4.09
4. J. M. Garnett.....	152	4	4	6	3 7.16
5. D. V. Powell.....	321	104	10	14	0 7.42

LILLYWHITE'S CRICKETER'S COMPANION.—To sit down to review this wonderful compilation of last year's cricket is something like donning the flannels and going out to play in the field. We look around and there are all our heroes of bat and ball as lively as spring. For scorer no one could be more at fault than Mr. Lillywhite, who is quite as familiar with the cracks of the present as he made one of that class in the past. It is an excellent book, well edited and published by an old hand. The issue before us is the thirty-sixth edition of the Cricketer's Companion and Guide, is a proof of the value and popularity of this old cricket magazine. Open it where you will, there is something of interest, correctly given. Besides a review of the season of 1879 by the editor, there are leading articles on bowling, slow and fast, by Messrs. Buchanan and Freeman. The Hon. R. L. Lytton has a say at international cricket—American, Canadian, and Australian. Mr. Thornton does for the public schools, while Mr. Absolom describes the visit of his team (Lord Harris) to Australia. Nothing is forgotten—counties, universities and all; the close of the year bringing the two hundred and eight pages to a close. The little book can be had of John & James Lillywhite & Co., 10, Seymour street, Euston Square, N. W., London, England. Price one shilling.

—The St. Thomas Cricket Club, of Canada, have reorganized for the season, and at a recent meeting the following officers were elected for the coming season: Patron, Rev. G. L. Ballard, M. A.; Hon. President, D. Gustin; Hon. Vice-Presidents, B. W. Gossage and Jehiel Mann; President, C. O. Embling; Vice President, H. B. Wilson; Hon. Secretary, R. H. Smith; Treasurer, A. Jukes; Committee, C. H. C. Clarke, G. Hunt, R. G. Bowles, G. Scott,

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[From a prominent Drug House.]

H. H. WARNER & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—DEAR SIR:—It is now only three months since we received your first shipment of Safe Remedies. We have sold drugs in this place for twenty years, and we have never sold a proprietary medicine that gives such universal satisfaction as yours, especially your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure and Safe Diabetes Cure.

We could mention many who have received great benefit in cases of Kidney difficulties, Asthma, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Bright's disease, etc.

Respectfully yours,

SISON & FOX,

Alexandria Bay, N. Y.—[Ld.]

—See advertisements of property for sale and to let, under heading Hotels and Resorts for Sportsmen.—[Ld.]

—See advertisement of H. W. Livingston's "Ray" in the stud.—[Ld.]

—Messrs. John H. Mann & Co., of Syracuse, writes that the demand for their Trolling Spoon (especially the Perfect Revolving) has been so large as to occasion a slight delay in filling orders, but that by the 15th of May they will be able to fill all orders as fast as received. See advertisement.—[Ld.]

—Edward P. Kremer, Lebanon, Pa., writes: "I like your explosive bullets very much. They can be carried to the field in a very small compass, indicate very quickly when they are hit, and, owing to their vibratory motion when in the air, become, in my opinion, more difficult to hit, and consequently better practice than either glass or other hard balls."—[Ld.]

James M. Green, Washington, D. C., writes:—"I like your explosive balls much better than glass. I will take great pleasure in recommending them to my friends. They fill the bill exactly."—[Ld.]

NEW OBSERVATORY.—The always reliable Rochester (N. Y.) Union and Advertiser gives the following news to the public:—

We state it with pleasure, as it is a matter our citizens cannot be otherwise than proud of, that the "Warner Observatory" is finally located; that the premises upon which it is to be erected are purchased, and that ere another month is past the buildings will be in course of construction. The ground selected and purchased is the property known as the Langworthy lot, corner of East avenue and Arnold Park.

A location handsome and more convenient of access could not have been selected. We learn that the apparatus needed for the observatory is now nearly completed and will be ready by the time the buildings are in condition to receive it. To one man and one alone is Rochester indebted for this grand institution. H. H. Warner, Esq., is the party who supplies every dollar of the money needed to organize and equip the enterprise spoken of. Mr. Warner is at the head of the firm of H. H. Warner and Co., who are the proprietors of the now world-famous Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, Warner's Safe Pills, Warner's Safe Bitters and others of Warner's Safe remedies. The plans and specifications for the buildings are now being drawn, and soon the contract will be awarded for the building.—[Ld.]

Miscellaneous.

KEEP'S SHIRTS ARE THE VERY BEST.

KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY MADE SHIRTS, only plain seams to finish. 6 for \$7.

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KEEP'S UNDERWEAR for spring and summer wear, 50c., 60c., 75c., \$1, \$1.25, \$2.00. Very best. Peppercorn Lane Drapers, etc.

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Shirts only delivered free.

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Miscellaneous.

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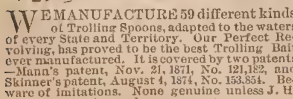
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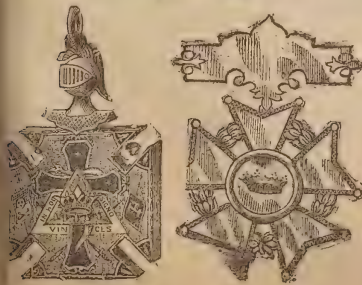
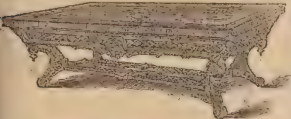
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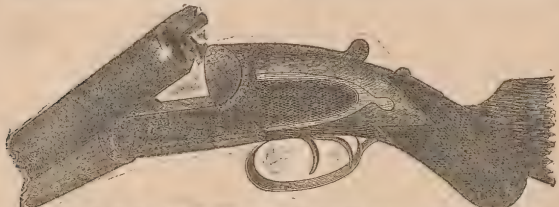
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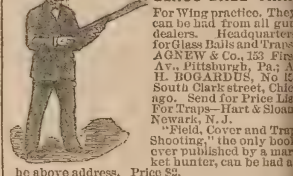
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1880.

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Grand Falls, New Brunswick.

AS you must have many readers who, deriving information and amusement weekly from your columns, overlook their obligation to contribute their quota to the general fund of information interesting to sportsmen and tourists, I desire (being myself an arch offender in this respect) to cast off my burden of ingratitude, which encumbers my soul, and gain absolution by offering some suggestions to my fellow readers, anent a corner of the earth which seems little known to the "Waltons" or "Cottons" of this continent, and also a *terra incognita* to the blasé children of fashion, who have long ago voted Niagara a bore, and Saratoga, Long Branch, etc., "played out."

To all such I would recommend a trip, this coming summer, to Grand Falls, New Brunswick. I fancy I hear scores of anxious voices asking "Where on earth is that, and how shall we get there?" so here goes to supply the information. From Boston, take the Eastern Railway to Portland, thence by Maine Central Railway to Bangor, there connecting with the E. and N. A. Railway for McAdam Junction, there taking the New Brunswick and Canada Railway to Woodstock, and thence by New Brunswick Railway to Grand Falls; the whole distance being about 400 miles. Baggage can be checked through from Boston. Should time not be an object, this route can be varied by taking steamer from Boston or Portland to St. John, N. B., from whence (after due admiration of the public buildings) let the tourist hic him away to Fredericton, where he will most likely have to stay over-night. The hotels are, however, good and reasonable, and the city, being the seat of laws and learning, and noted withal for the piety of its inhabitants, the brief sojourner will doubtless improve his moral and intellectual tone, especially if he should perchance hail from the wicked regions of Wall street, or some other shrine of Mammon.

Being now in proper trim to enjoy the beauties of nature, he will take the New Brunswick Railway for Grand Falls. This line has evidently been constructed with a prospective eye to the welfare of pleasure seekers, as it winds snake-like along the banks of the river, and in its

sinuous course enables the eager traveler to take in the beautiful woodland scenery to be found in so many places along the route. Arrived at the Falls, no vociferous and extortionate hackmen salute the ears of the weary traveler with their clamor, nor will he be torn limb from limb by energetic touts. A civil young gentleman may indeed proffer his services to take checks and escort one to the hotel bus, and there the trouble ends, for in five minutes we may be smoking a cigar with mine host Herbert, as genial a New Englander as ever it was my fortune to meet. A retired sea-captain, he possesses a fund of anecdote and a most refreshing flow of spirits; and, if one enjoys real hearty good-humored chaff, he may have his fill at the "Captain's" hands (or mouth) to the heart's content. The Grand Falls Hotel is amply furnished with the requisites for the comfort of the tourist and his family. Good rooms, a capital *cuisine*, and excellent attendance, are all to be found within its portals, and to crown all, you will never make a wry face when your bill is presented.

As for the falls, I must confess that my usually facile pen fails me in the attempt to describe them. Niagara, with its vast unbroken sheet of water falling from a stupendous height, impresses us with a sense of awful sublimity, increasing as we gaze upon its wonders; but for rare charm and exquisite beauty the St. John River cataract stands without a rival. The immense mass of water, pitching from a precipice eighty feet high, hurls itself into the boiling cauldron beneath, its bulk being broken in the descent by jutting rocks into a thousand fantastic shapes and feathery spray, which in the bright rays of the sun produce bows of surpassing brilliancy. Below its plunge the river (before a broad and smooth expanse) is confined in a narrow gorge, in places not more than thirty feet wide, hemmed in by huge and beetling cliffs over 300 feet high frowning on the water beneath, which, for three-quarters of a mile, rushes along in mad career, surging and boiling with frightful force and turbulence, till it reaches a spacious basin beneath. In this gorge are to be seen five large natural wells from thirty to forty feet deep, and fifteen feet in diameter, worn by the action of the water as smooth and symmetrical as if hewn and polished by the most skilled artificer; also, an enormous cavern hollowed out of the surface of the cliff. Still lower down the stream, the adding water forms a whirlpool called the "Coffee Mill," within whose gaping jaws logs of large size are drawn and gradually crushed to matchwood. A commodious stairway is provided to descend and view these wonders; descending which we reach the water's edge, and gaze upon the weird and uncouth forms assumed by the furious watery element, while above, the sky is seen only as a narrow strip of blue, the luxuriant foliage surrounding the wall-like cliffs, seeming almost to meet overhead. The view by moonlight, with the pallid rays feebly struggling to pierce the somber gloom which envelops river, rock and tree, is simply indescribable. The lumbering operations, carried on so extensively up the river, necessitate the logs being sent over the falls, they being afterward secured and rafted in the basin below. Standing by the fall, we can see immense trees take the plunge, often remaining clear the surface for a minute, when they shoot up suddenly, twenty or thirty feet above the water, like some great monolith reared on end, falling back with a tremendous splash into the water.

But I am forgetting, in my enthusiasm, all about the angling to be had in the neighborhood, and such angling! Ye gods and little fishes! No, not a life-like flies, but great lush, hard fighting trout abound in the numerous streams and lakes within an hour's drive from the village. To describe or locate all these would fill a book, and having, I fear, been already rather prolix, I will simply suggest to the lovers of the angle coming this way the necessity of filling their books with suitable lures for the unsophisticated piscines, and above all things not to forget their landing nets, or woe betide them when they get among the two or three pounders. For on days there are plenty of pleasant drives, notably to the Dominion Salmon Hatchery, about three miles down the river; the Danish settlement, about eight miles away on the banks of Salmon River; St. Basil's Nursery, up stream about eleven miles, and other places of interest reached by good roads, through wild mountain scenery.

For information as to facilities for fishing, gunning, etc., other than that now afforded, I would advise your readers to address F. W. Brown, Esq., the Collector of Customs at Grand Falls, who will, I doubt not, be happy to answer any inquiries.

I hope that my suggestions may prove the means of bringing many of my fellow sportsmen this next summer into these "fresh fields and pastures new."

Rapid-de-Femme, N. B.

SALMO FONTINALIS,

FISH AND GAME AT FORT CUSTER.

FORT CUSTER, Montana, is situated on the northern point of the Big Horn Plateau, near the confluence of the Big and Little Big Horn Rivers. On the west and north is the valley of the Big Horn; on the east the Little Big Horn valley, and on the south and southeast the plateau gradually rises until it culminates in the range known as the Big Horn Mountains.

These two rivers contain several varieties of fish, among which may be named piks, cat, sturgeon and buffalo, but no trout, the nearest trouting being about thirty-five miles distant.

Cañon Creek—so called because its bed is so much depressed from the level of the surrounding country—is claimed by local sportsmen to be the best trout stream in the vicinity. One party informed me that the trout they caught in this stream averaged three pounds each. On account of the depth and steepness of the walls of the cañons in which the stream has its bed, it is very difficult of access, the walls being about thirteen hundred feet in height and almost perpendicular, and the points at which the descent can be made are few. The stream is about fifty yards in width, although, gazing from the level, it appears to be about one yard. The fishing grounds are almost directly south of here.

About twenty-five miles beyond Cañon Creek we reach Pryor's Creek, and the point at which it leaves the Big Horn Mountain. This stream is also of good repute as a trout stream. Cañon Creek is a tributary of the Big Horn River, and Pryor's of the Yellowstone.

Leaving Custer on the Rock Creek and Fort Custer stage road, in a southeasterly direction, we find several more good camping grounds for the exercise of our skill as trouters. Grass Lodge Creek, a tributary of the Little Big Horn, is about thirty-five miles distant, the latter stream also containing trout ten or twelve miles further up. Tongue River and tributaries, at a distance of about a hundred miles from its mouth—it is a tributary of the Yellowstone—also shelters the much sought-for mountain trout.

The two first-mentioned streams are not accessible by any regular mode of travel, and a person visiting them would be compelled to camp out, although this would be an additional pleasure to a person who had been cooped up by four walls for any great length of time. But the other streams are of easy access, being all on or near the route of the Rock Creek and Fort Custer Stage Line, and accommodations can be secured at almost any of the points named. At a distance of about seventeen miles from Custer, on the same road, is the scene of Custer's last charge, another point of interest to the tourist. I understand that there is a movement under way to erect a monument on the battle-field to the memory of the fallen general.

Game of all description is very plentiful, but is fast being reduced. Bear, black, cinnamon and silver tip, the latter being called grizzly by some, are to be found in the Big Horn Mountains, at a distance of thirty-five or forty miles. There were about twenty-five killed by hunters from the post last fall. Buffalo may generally be found after a few hours' ride, unless driven away by the Indians who continually hunt them. Elk are to be found in the foot hills of the Big Horn Range, also white and black-tailed deer. One herd of elk, in the vicinity of Cañon Creek, was variously estimated to contain from one to two and one-half thousand. One hunter, alone, killed eighty-three in eight days. Antelope are encountered by a two or three hours' ride. One herd of them, numbering three or four hundred, had the temerity to enter the garrison, but remained a short time, although they continued in the vicinity for several days. Jack rabbits and cotton-tails run around loose almost everywhere.

Blue mountain, pinnated and pintail grouse, sage chicken, curlew, and upland plover, are plentiful in the timber on the banks of either of our rivers. Mallard, grayhead, redhead, canvas-back, black and gray, or pin-winged ducks, widgeon, blue and green-winged and pin-winged teal, and butter-ball, are to be obtained in the marshes of the Big or Little Big Horn Rivers, or any of the streams in the vicinity.

During the spring and summer, Fort Custer is easily reached. From Bismarck, D. T., boats run continually, during the navigable season, as far as Fort Keogh and Terry's Landing, the former 140, and the latter point 35 miles distant. During high water, a boat occasionally succeeds in ascending the Big Horn as far as this place; but that occurs but once or twice in a year. From Fort Keogh and Terry's Landing we have a daily coach. The Union Pacific Railway will probably be completed to Fort Keogh by next fall.

From Rock Creek, Wyoming, on the Union Pacific Railway, there is also a line of daily stages, which cross a number of the trout streams mentioned above.

Fort Custer, Montana, 1879,

C. S. PAGE,

HINTS FOR ADIRONDACK VISITORS.

THE plan I would suggest has already been tried by several I know, and is well liked by them, and will, I think, in time be favored by the majority of sportsmen. It is, in the first place, to procure a tent and full camping outfit; such as a sheet-iron stove, tin folding baker, and all articles required for cooking, and the table, made out of tin or sheet-iron, and all toilet articles required, also a cot or lounge, to sleep on. Be particular to have all things made so as to get them into as compact form as possible.

Coarse clothing for camping out is the best, and the less the better; although some warm woolen blankets will be needed for cool nights. Then have a good guide engaged beforehand; one living near the locality to be visited will be best. Have him purchase all the articles, in the provision line, wanted for the trip here; such as flour, tea, coffee, butter, lard, sugar and other groceries. If one wants canned fruit, or extras, they had better bring them. Have your guide meet you when you come, with a team at the depot, and at the end of your stage route, to take you directly to the pond or stream where you wish to camp. By this you save all hotel expenses, and your guide can get a team cheaper than for what the hotels would charge. Your guide, if he knows his business, will do all the cooking, and wash out your underclothing, if you should not have enough spare clean garments to last the whole trip.

As to the outfit, it will provide for the winter, you will sleeping apparatus and bed, but, of course, you will have to board him. He will furnish a boat, axe and such things as are required around camp. And here let me say that one had better pay a real good guide an extra price, than to get a poor one for nothing. By this you will save money in the end; and on a trip of this kind, your guide is your main dependence for a pleasant and enjoyable time while in the woods. One guide will answer for a party of two; but over that number, there would be two guides; besides, there would be too many to go in one boat, with any comfort. Two gentlemen from New York city, who were on the Sixteen-mile Level of the St. Regis River, while I was in camp there last season, in August and September, adopted the plan I have mentioned. They engaged Don S. Smith for guide, and he met them at St. Regis in the morning, and they started from there. He had everything ready for their coming, and took them to the Humphrey, or Lower Nine-mile Level of the St. Regis. They camped there a while, then moved up to the foot of the Sixteen, and camped a while in several places on that, between the foot and the head of that, then went over to Long Pond, three miles from the Level, to a carry starting from Buck Mountain, then returned to their starting point on the Humphrey, making a trip of about two months. Their board, while on the level, cost them only twenty-two cents per day. In comparison to this, a gentleman from Cleveland, Ohio, three years ago last July, told me that he went to one of the well-known hotels, or sporting establishments, and was fitted out with a tent and other utensils for camping, and with provisions for ten days' time, for himself and guide, for which he paid \$40, and the use of the tent, etc., as he did not intend to return to the hotel at the end of ten days; and to take another route out of the woods. When he came to pay his guide \$2.50 per day for himself and boat, his whole bill for the ten days, it amounted to \$65. They charged him fifty cents per day for the use of a bait fishing-rod, with line and hooks, that could not have cost over \$3 at the most. I don't wish to be understood as claiming that all, or the most of the sporting parties, make such outrageous charges as the above; but that some do is a well-known fact, and I advise all those who are not millionaires to keep clear of them.

For the benefit of those intending to visit the Blue Mountain, and St. Regis River District, I will mention a few guides, or those who will act in that capacity, for the rush of sportsmen and tourists has not been enough to this locality to cause guides to surround the foot of the mountains here, waiting for chances to go out with sporting parties.

The guides here are of those who reside in the vicinity, and have practised hunting and trapping winters, and go out with parties who write to them beforehand. D. L. Smith, Dickinson Center, Franklin County, is a splendid camper and a good cook, knows all kinds of hunting and fishing, has a good boat, and owns a team of his own, keeps a horse and trap line. He deer out of season, nor hunt or fish on Sundays. He has an aversion to his own. He is likely to be engaged until September. Bill Edwards is another good one, cannot be surpassed around a camp, and what he don't know about hunting, fishing, or anything connected with it is not worth knowing. He is poor, but strictly honest, rather old, but tougher and can do more work than many younger men. I would want no better guide. His address is William Edwards, St. Regis Falls. Cyrus Whitcomb is another capital hunter and fisherman, and knows every foot of the Adirondacks north of Hamilton County, and west of Mecum and Saranac lakes. He is a surveyor, and has frequented the mountains for years. I discovered the Whitney Pond, which is named after him, and assisted Dr. Eley in getting up his map of the Adirondacks, which was a long and tedious task. The three McNeal brothers, who with their father kept the hotel at St. Regis Falls, are good guides. The three killed fourteen deer and a bear in one week, on the east branch of the St. Regis River, still hunting in November. The same party I had reference to in my letter in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 11th. They are young men, but have always resided in a good locality for game and fishing. One of them, who I am personally acquainted with, and know to be a good guide. No doubt the others are fully as good as he is. They have the name, at least, of being so. They own several hounds. There are several others in the vicinity whom I am not personally acquainted with, and I do not remember their names in full at present. Several old hunters from St. Lawrence county come to the Sixteen-mile Level of the St. Regis every season, and when they can get a chance, will guide parties. They will let you well versed in camp life. They kill very little game when not engaged for others. I forgot to mention that tent poles and pins need not be brought when parties come here, as they can cut good ones at most any place where they camp. They can also store all their camping outfit here with their guide, to be ready for the next season. What one would pay at a hotel for a few

weeks' board one season will buy a good camping outfit that will last for years, when well taken care of. Some of the guides can furnish a considerable portion of the articles required for camping when wanted. Don Smith has nearly all, which he will furnish for a small party. The sheet iron stove can be dispensed with very well during the warm weather, but will be needed to warm the tent after the nights get frosty. It will be handy at any time to fry eggs or fish on, and for slacks, but is unhandy to transport.

Those who come to stop here for one or two weeks will find the plan I suggest much cheaper than to go to the hotels, where they will have to be fitted out in the same way and go to some locality at a distance from the most of them to find good hunting or fishing. Those who only come for a few days will do well enough by going to one of the hotels. There are some whose charges are reasonable; of course they cannot board as cheap as the hotels in the towns and villages. Their run of custom only lasts a small portion of the year, and it costs them considerable to get their provisions in from the railroads or towns. But some charge too much, and the proprietors of them have become independent in a few years' time. Those in the north-west portion of the Adirondacks have always been very reasonable in their charges, however.

ADRIAN OSBACE.

HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

"HISTORIES make men wise," says the immortal Bacon, in one of his essays. They might have said this tendency were they always truthful; but where is a true history of any country or any people to be found? The historian, no matter how impartial he may try to be, in relating the story of some nation with which his own country may at one time have been at war, is certain to lean toward the fault of favoring and praising his native land. Charity toward our neighbors' faults and shortcomings is one of the rarest virtues coined. We like to view our own homes through rose-tinted spectacles, but when we go abroad we prefer to wear the green eye-glass of the cynic and snarler. And yet traveling never fails to open the eyes and enlarge the mind, and to convince us that there is no place like home, there are many places that come precious near to it; and the nations of the earth have only to know each other more thoroughly to love each other a vast deal more. If ever the millennium comes, if ever that promised lion-and-lamb business will be transacted, it is my impression that the happy result will have been brought about by the previous adoption of a universal language and common facilities for traveling. The mistakes we make about nations and peoples we have never met or mingled with are often ridiculous in the extreme, and the worst of it is we are almost unwilling to be put right.

There is, perhaps, no nation in the world so conservative in their ways and notions as the English. They are conservative even in their faults and in their ignorance. It is extremely convenient for an Englishman to believe in "fair play" to the greatest country under the sun, that that luminary never sets on the territory of the Queen; that she rules the waves, and that with the exception of Bannockburn and Bunker Hill—trifling accidental mishaps—his arms never suffered a reverse, and never can nor will. It is convenient for him, or he thinks so, to come abroad with notions like these in his head; and very much to his advantage to find that his opinions are always deferred to, and that the people exist who dare to think that one man is as good as another, and maybe a sight better.

As he comes to America, even so does the undiluted Englishman cross the borders into Scotland. He thinks he is stepping into a country which the prowess of his forefathers has conquered. He forgets, or he never has learned, the story of the union of the two countries; he is first in the land, and the rebellion of '45 was a war between south and north Britain, in which the latter came off second best. His eyes are soon opened, though. He expects to find Scotch hotels mere huts; to his surprise he finds them palaces. Scotch landlords extortionists; he finds them both honest and liberal. He gapes about for the rubbing post the Duke of Argyll built for the people; he finds they were raised for the same. Legitimacy he has been told is the rule; he finds himself among good men and loyal lasses. He finds, too, that brose and braxie are not the staple articles of diet, nor the selling of sulphur ointment a regular business. He finds, also, that hospitality is a portion of the national religion, and that he is everywhere surrounded with steady, plodding, industrious men and advanced thinkers. But I must tell you one thing that the Englishman does not find—no, not in all broad Scotland—and that is a man or boy who cannot read and write. School boards, though, will do a deal for England; Scotland need not them.

Well now, reader, as a fair confession is good for the soul, I ought to tell you that before arriving—as I have done for the first, and I sincerely trust not the last time—on these shores my ideas of America and Americans were of a kind of nature that they gathered gathered principally from the little-tattle of Englishmen at home, and from the writings of such men as the ever-to-be-remembered Oliver Holmes, the quizzical Josh Billings, Mark Twain the humorous, and the genial Bret Harte. I fully believed that America was a great country; that Americans never ceased saying so; that they were never tired drawing the long bow or throwing the hatchet; that the beau ideal of man was long and lean and lanky; that he wore a broad-brimmed hat, nose and a beard *a la* coat; that he spoke through his nose; that he always said "I guess" and "I calculate" and "No, sirree," that he was great in drinks; that he spent much time in loafing about bars; that he sometimes went roaring around (N. B.—I don't know what "roaring around" means; beloved Bret writes, "thou tell me"); that he spat copiously, sometimes in a coarse way; that he gaped with his eyes wide open; that he always carried a bowie-knife, that he often used it; that he never went abroad without a bowie knife, and that the bowie came in handy as a referee in quarrels, or an instrument to eat peas with.

American girls, I was given to understand, were all very well as to looks while still in their teens; that they faded at twenty-one, and were not in it at all at thirty. Well, I have been a week—not a long time, certainly, to study men and manners—nevertheless the

scales have already fallen from my eyes. I can already see men as trees walking.

I was certainly, however, not favorably impressed with the first appearance of New York, as I gazed upon it from the deck of the good ship *City of Brussels*. But then our voyage had been a stormy one, and the day was rainy, with a cold east wind blowing. Owing to the sad state of our poor friend Tilden, there was no one to meet us. We did not even hear of the event until we landed in the dock; then, indeed, our spirits sank below zero.

It struck me that the custom-house officers could not have done their duty in a more obliging or gentlemanly fashion; at the same time, I consider the restrictions against landing dogs in this country are calculated to do a deal more harm than good.

Landing in any part of England, you have only to hand your luggage to a porter, and whistle for a hansom. Here you might whistle the whites of your eyes out for any such useful conveyance, and all in vain. An old-fashioned two pair lumbering carriage, however, undertook for a trifle of \$4 to convey myself and friend to the Sturtevant House. The fare in England would have been nine shillings (45 cents). The mud on the streets, it struck me, was as thick as cream, and the sidewalks themselves most vilely paved. No doubt matters will be mended in this respect some day. I cannot forget that this Herculean republic is only in its infancy; but I rode in an omnibus from the ferry to Barnum's show, at Brooklyn, and I don't soon forget the jolting; verily, the road that leads to my father's peat moss is better far than this.

Ere I reached my hotel the sun shone forth, avenues and squares began to appear and New York rose degrees in my estimation; and it struck me we have nothing in England to compare in beauty with the streets of this city. I do not forget palatial Prince's street, of Edinburgh, nor the marble walls of Union street, Aberdeen. They each have their beauties; but the houses lack the airy grace of these. They are not bedraped with beautiful creepers, and the sidewalks are not shaded with oaks and elms. As to the squares, I never saw one so like them in the old country. Tall houses, grim and gaunt, frown over our London squares; trees and shrubs there are in abundance, and even grass and flowers, but there is no fresher nor beauty about them. You may pity, but you cannot admire them; besides, bloomed they ever so lovely, they are not free, for they are hemmed round by iron railings, with insupportable gates, the keys of which are held by the surmounting inhabitants, and no one dares enter save stammering nurse-maids, babies and lap dogs. But how different are your New York squares; how free and open, how green the grass, and sweet and healthful the breezes that blow through them. Why, it is quite a treat to come here with a book and while away a lazy hour. Yes, the square is an American institution; and the nurse-maid is another. Yonder one comes, smiling and inebriated, and her one of the strictest of "fair penitentiaries" and what a lovely child it contains, lounging at length with the grace of a youthful duchess, not cramped up as we cramp our children in a British barrow. I don't know which to admire the most, the maid or the child; the little white "mutch" on the latter's head is quite new to me now, and intensely interesting. I should like to kiss that baby.

On the elevated railway, I do not miss the English hansom. The tramway (street cars, you call them) is pretty near perfection, and goes very usefully if not quite as fast as the stuffy London four-wheeler. I know, too, what I have to pay, and that I will not have to fight about the fare at my journey's end. Besides, these train cars are roomy and clean, and I don't think there is the slightest chance of catching the smallpox in any one of them. I don't find a bug on my sleeve after my exit. It strikes me that the elevated railway doesn't improve the appearance of the streets, nor should I like to dwell in the houses adjoining. The feeling of privacy cannot be great in their rooms.

While traveling in the streets, badly paved though they be, I seldom see a dead or fallen horse. In London you cannot walk a dozen yards without seeing one. I never stop by a truly English institution, a block of a hotel, when going to catch a train, you generally allow yourself twenty minutes to spare. You enter your hansom, and off you fly, from Fleet street to Paddington, for instance. But woe is me; even should you emerge quickly and safely, without collision or other mishap from the Strand, if it be in the afternoon late to one you find yourself either in Oxford or Regent street hopelessly, helplessly, and in the middle of a perfect ocean of cabmen and carriages, and there you may stay chafing and fuming till all chance of catching your fast train is gone for that day. Your dinner will be spoiled, and your wife is sure to think that the flying Dutchman has come to grief, and at every knock that comes to the door she will imagine that your miserable remains have just been brought home in a carpet-bag. I have not seen a single crossing-sweeper. They do sweep the crossings here, or the body crosses, and nobody walks, so it seems to me, and thus the side paths in the upper-city are seldom overcrowded. How different it is at home!

By the way, another British institution which I miss is the rough; down town he may be, but here I do not see the man. And I miss, too, the working mechanic, or does he leave his tools and grime in the workshop, and sweeps the streets in his week-day livery. I wonder much to learn yet. However, I am coming on. I know now what "a boss shine for five cents" is. I know, too, the value of certain coins—a cent, a greenback, a dollar and dime. I'm no fault to find with the dollars and dimes, but the five cent bit is a duffer, and don't ring, and the greenback is greasy, and smells like a Hotentot.

GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

TWO SNIPES AT ONE SHOT.—*Norwich, N.Y., April 30th.*—On the morning of the 29th of this month I was out with a friend of mine who was with me when he hunted them but little. Three birds rose, two of them flying quite close together. He killed both with one barrel. I never saw this done before. Have never heard of it being done except in the West, where at times they are very plenty. We got ten birds, seven by myself and three by my friend. We had a little spaniel, quite wild; had we had a staunch pointer I think our bag would have been larger.

A. C. L.

Natural History.

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ARGYLE VERSUS AUDUBON.

THE Duke of Argyle in *Frazer's Magazine* gives his "First Impressions of the New World,"—and very pleasant reading they are, particularly the concluding chapter, which treats of American ornithology, which we learn is the favorite study of the writer. A charming paragraph is the description of his first and only sight of a humming bird. How an ornithologist could pass months in the forests and fields of Canada, and the States and see only a single specimen, it is difficult to understand, unless the Duke, as we suspect, is a short-sighted man.

Likewise most other Britons, however, he sees what he came to see. So, as in a few weeks spent in the Canadian woods, he has with few song-birds, he is confirmed in his previous opinion that the feathered songsters of America are inferior to those of Europe. The only song-bird he appears to have met with was the migratory thrush (robin), and "near Niagara one very broken and interrupted song of fine tone"—perhaps the bob-o-link. He never heard such vocalists as the brown thrush, hermit-thrush, song-sparrow, grosbeak, or oriole; and of course in Canada or New York he never heard the "wood thrush" and the "brook-side bird." So the Duke can hardly be called a competent witness. His Grace seems to have arrived at equally hasty conclusions, when he generalizes about the strange absence of fish-eating birds on American waters, asserting that the belted kingfisher is from the Delaware to Hudson's Bay the one solitary species specially adapted to the capture of fish. He might, on the Restigouche, have seen the muskangers, the grebes, the divers and the loon—all fish-eaters. In New York waters the herons and the bitterns also, and everywhere the osprey. Indeed, he mentions the loon and osprey as birds which he met with. All these on fresh water can be seen in any northern wilderness, while on the sea coast the species of fish-eating birds which this observer failed to observe may be counted by scores.

When the Duke did observe he is unfortunate in his conclusion. He thinks himself qualified to criticize Wilson and Audubon, as well as Dr. Franklin, as to their accounts of the predatory habits of the white-headed eagle, and proceeds to vindicate the character of the Bird of Freedom by relating an incident of the capture of a salmon on the Restigouche by the eagle. If it was really the eagle that he saw perform the feat, and not the osprey, all observers by lake or river in America would concur that it was an exceptional case. It might easily happen that a spectator unused to the sight of these birds might, at the distance of a thousand yards, even with the aid of a glass, mistake one species for the other. If it, we must believe that the eagle in Canada, like the Indian there, has been reclaimed by the influences of royalty and British institutions from his original savage and predatory habits, and turned to industrious pursuits. On the east coast of Florida the eagle and the osprey are so abundant that we have seen more of each species in one day there than in the Northern and Western States, or in Canada, in a season. Christopher North, in a charming paper on the Ornithology of Scotland, published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, remarked that it would be an absurd thing to see half a dozen eagles together. This absurdity may be seen any day almost on the Halifax River, in Florida, and doubted at all, and all engaged in pursuing and robbing the fish-hawks. The accounts of the matter by Wilson and Audubon may be verified at any time. We have never seen an eagle capture a fish for herself, though we have seen her pick up a dead cat-fish which was floating on the water. We have seen the osprey catch a fish which an eagle obliged him to drop. The eagle caught it before it reached the water, and was busy with it when the osprey attacked eagle No. 1, and robbed her. Old fishermen on this coast say that the eagle, as far as they know, never takes fish for herself, but lives entirely by robbery, usually of the osprey; but sometimes she will rob *them* of their fish, when exposed on the shore, always selecting the best kinds and the fattest specimens. S. C. C.

Halifax Inlet, Fla., April 4th.

AN INVITATION to "PEREGRINE."—Our friend, H. H. P., thus pleasantly writes to "Peregrine," saying:—

If "Peregrine," who chatted so overlastingly in your last issue about owls, "or any other man," will call at the Treasury Department of the N. Y. L. E. and W. R. R. Co., he will find the finest specimen of the American horned owl in this city—"Le Grand Duc" in person. Also, a pair of New Jersey "Bob Whites," that the subscriber has never seen the equal of in size, plumage and pose—the perfect work of John Akhurst, Brooklyn. Also a very fine painting, by A. Rockwell, Buffalo, of a string of speckled trout he caught in 1859, in the south inlet of Rappahannock Lake. The artist mentions these possessions because their daily sight has done him eyes a heap of good, and he would like to share his enjoyment with "Peregrine" and others.

New York, April 11th.

A PET SQUIRREL.—*Hay's Corners, N. Y.*—One year ago I caught a squirrel, and in a few days I discovered four young ones in the nest. Within a week or thereabouts two got smothered in the nest, but the other two grew finely, and when thirty-five days old their eyes opened, and they grew nicely. Strange to say, I could not find anyone able to tell how old a squirrel must be before it could see. I accordingly handled it almost every day, and would take one at a time some three or four rods from the house, and the little ones would run to me as fast as their legs would permit. Dick, when about three months old, was caught and killed by a cat, while out of his cage, playing on the ground. Dilly is yet living, and has been allowed liberty to go out each day, and has never been seen to leave the place, only as far as the yard until Wednesday last, when she disappeared, and was gone until this morning, when she was seen by a neighbor coming home from toward the woods, some eighty rods or more distant. I took her to her cage, and she is now safe and well. L. E. W.

PARASITES IN A DUCK'S FLESH.—*Lowville, N. Y., March 29th.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—I read with much interest the letters of "McClellan" and "Mr. Hagen" giving an account of the parasites found in wild ducks' flesh. I met with a similar instance during a trip to the Adirondacks a few years ago. My companion and myself in our light boat were exploring the unfrequented waters of a cluster of ponds, so remote in the deep wilderness that not even Verplanck Colvin himself has ever visited them. I was silently paddling the boat through the narrow channel between the ponds, when just as we came into the second pond a large black or dusky duck fluttered along the surface of the water ahead of the boat. My companion quickly raising his rifle, fired, and put a ball through its neck. Picking it up, we thought we would vary our venison diet with stewed duck. On returning to camp I thought that skinning it would be the quickest method of preparing it. When I did I found the breast completely filled with parasites of about the size of grains of wheat, or resembling in size and appearance ants' eggs. Seeing this, we concluded that, after all, venison was better than duck, and did not change our mind that season. H. W. HAYT.

SWALLOWS AND BED-BUGS.—Recently, while looking over some notes made in Fayette County, Iowa, during 1876, I came across some interesting items in regard to the barn-swallow (*Hirundo horreorum*). I was told that the swallows had been driven away in the early part of the season by a pair of purple martins (*Progne subis*), which refused to let them build. About the middle of June, however, the swallows returned, and, unmolested by the martins, plastered between fifty and sixty of their mud nests under the eaves of the barn.

July 4th I secured several specimens, together with the eggs. The birds were, of course, in wretched plumage. They were, however, remarkably clean and free from parasites. Some days later, bed-bugs (*Cimex lectularius*) were found on all the swallows taken; and the insides of the nests, and sides of barn down to the ground, literally swarmed with these animals.

I was told that the bugs never appear until the young birds are hatched. The bugs are found in the basswood trees of that locality, and I have often seen them in new boards. In fact, it is next to impossible to keep a newly built house free from the pests.

The question is, do the swallows get the bugs from the basswoods; and, if so, how does it happen that they are seen only after the young birds are hatched?

I can answer this only by supposing that the swallows repair to woods for insects to feed their young, and that while there they become infested with the parasite. I do not believe the bed-bugs are used by the swallows for food.

I have never found any explanation of this curious freak, if it can be so called, either in books, or from naturalists with whom I talk. "They exist, nevertheless," Dr. Packard, in his "Guide to the Study of Insects," speaks of a letter from a gentleman, in which he states "that he found a nest of swallows on a court-house in Iowa swarming with bed-bugs."

The bugs seen by appearance, color, bite and odor, to be identical with *C. lectularius*.

Dr. Packard speaks of a variety in Europe, *C. hirsutus*, which he says is common on swallows; but does not mention any variety peculiar to our birds. W. P. M.

Boston, Mass., April 18th.

SPRUCE PARTRIDGES.—The following appears in a recent issue of the *Glens Falls (N. Y.) Republican*:—"Did you ever kill a black partridge?" inquired a gentleman whose post-office address is Indian Lake. We pleaded guilty to having killed a few black squirrels, crows, and similar insects; but had never murdered, or seen, or even heard of a black partridge. "They exist, nevertheless," said he; "but in only one section of the woods that I know of. While hunting in the Moose River country, last fall, I shot two, and young Durant bagged a whole covey. They are a royal bird, black and glossy as a raven, with stripes of bright crimson feathers over each eye, and a narrow strip of pure white down the breast. Their size is that of a common partridge, and they are less wild than the partridges in the Moose River country for the past half a dozen years." Can the *FOREST AND STREAM*, or any other sporting authority, give us information concerning these ebony-colored strangers?

Oh, give us a hard one! They were spruce grouse (*Canace canadensis*).

WHEN DO BEARS HAVE YOUNG?—*Bethel, Maine, April 5th.*—I notice in *FOREST AND STREAM*, of 4th March last, an account of a bear killed the 18th January, and that the use was made in the den, three (3) feet from the ground, and very young. I account for this as a premature birth by certainly two months, or nearly that. The old bear being disturbed left the den, but not until she had cast her cubs. I have never heard an instance yet, where a bear was taken from the den, dead or alive, without first casting her cubs. The natural time for cubbing is the month of March, in this State. The time may differ in different latitudes. I have killed several of these black bears, *Ursus americanus*, under varied circumstances, and at all times of the year. A young *Homo*, at seven months, is likely to live, if tenderly cared for, and why not young *Ursus*? Find a bear's den in any month of the winter containing a size bear with cub, and you cannot take her from the den quick enough, but that she will have her young ones in the den. A fast cutting squirrel in her den, she will not go so far away from the den without them but that she can hear them; and the moment she leaves them, for whatever reason, they will set up such a squalling as to make the woods ring. J. G. RICU.

DO GRAY SQUIRRELS LAY UP A WINTER STORE OF FOOD? *Fairland, Ind.—April 15th.*—John Burroughs, in his "Notes of a Walker"—*Scribner's Monthly* for February—seems to convey, incidentally, the idea that our common gray squirrel lays up a store of nuts for winter use. Is he correct in this or not? I know Mr. Burroughs to be a careful observer, and I have always found his contributions to *Scribner's*, when treating on subjects in natural history which have come under my observation, to be remarkably

bly accurate, but it is true that the gray squirrel lays up a store of nuts for winter use, or does he trust to chance and his usual shrewdness in robbing the ground-squirrel or chipmunk for his food? The writer has always been led to believe the latter true, and years ago, when a boy, wandering in among the maple "sugar camps" on the banks of the beautiful Ohio river in Southern Indiana, he thought he had solved the question by cutting down the old stubs and trees that were known to be the winter den of a pair of gray squirrels, in none of which did he ever find so much as a single nut that was edible, although an abundance of shells and other refuse. SHARPEYES.

We have always supposed that the gray squirrels laid up some provision for the winter. Perhaps some of our readers can give us some facts bearing on this question.

TAXIDERMY WITHOUT A TEACHER.—Under this title Mr. Walter P. Manton has given us an interesting and practical little book of forty pages, which we can recommend to beginners. It is a cheap, and, we think, reliable handbook, treating of the preservation of birds, mammals, fishes and insects. This little volume does not aim to take the place of the larger and more expensive works in this line, but is intended for the beginner in taxidermy—it is intended as a primer, rather than a reader. Beside the chapters on taxidermy, is one devoted to hunting and hygiene. On the whole, the work is one which we can recommend with satisfaction.

Sea and River Fishing.

—ADDRESS all communications "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FISH IN SEASON IN MAY.

Trout, <i>Salvelinus fontinalis</i> .	Salmon Trout, <i>Salmo confinis</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Land-locked Salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .
Grayling, <i>Thymallus tricolor</i> .	

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the *FOREST AND STREAM* Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; Means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its season; Fish and its season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

FANCY FLY-RODS vs. WHITTLED POLES.—Some one has been writing from the Adirondacks to one of the New York dailies, and manages, in the course of his communication, to say some very sensible things about the superiority of the fish caught and eaten there, over the mushy specimens sometimes palmed off on city purchasers. We have a faint suspicion that the article was written in the wilds of that self-same daily's editorial rooms, and one thing inducing this belief is the following bit of wisdom about fly-rods:—

The elaborate joint rods which the city sportsmen bring into the wilderness with them had better be left at home. As a rule rods of a much better quality can be procured here for about one-half of the money. The guides themselves use a tamarack pole, which may be cut almost anywhere, and some very skillful fly-casting is done with these home-made rods. They have one strong point in their favor, and that is, when broken in amateur hands, it does not require \$25 to replace them. But while the fancy rods may profitably be forgotten, a well-stocked fly book and good assortment of lines should always be brought into the woods by the visiting fisherman. Adirondack trout, the guides themselves catch, and are, and they will snap weak lines without a twinge of conscience. One came very near snapping alive that was not weak a few days ago. It was held by Harry Thompson, the backwoods guide, who once read Sophocles in the shade of Oxford University. He saved both line and fish. The latter, a glorious speckled trout, weighed six pounds and two ounces. I have not been so lucky as that myself, but I took a string of four beauties last week, weighing in the aggregate seven pounds—took them at the price for which they were offered—five cents a pound.

Of course he did, and he'll wager the finest "fancy" rod in our outfit that he never took trout with anything else than this silver or shinplaster bait.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—*Bridgeport, Conn., April 27th.*—I inclose copy of an acknowledgment received yesterday from a friend to whom I sent a few trout. I think it worthy of your notice—do you? A. F. J. HOBBS.

Your gift—these beauties of the stream—Are the ideal of my dream; When as the gentle spring days come, And by dark Fate I'm kept at home, I picture all the angler feels, As mountain brook its durlins yields, In weight and markings, like an eagle, They please my fancy, charm my eyes, But how shall the delighted tongue, Tell how their favors to it clung—Refined, exalting, delicate, Sense-thrilling, luscious, exquisite, As, brown and fragrant from the pan, They vivified the inner man? Dear friend, sweet thanks! you send me more Than if you gave a golden store. The fields, the skies, the woods, the streams, The hopes of youth and childhood's dreams Are in the gift—here, too, I find Your heart, large, loyal, true and kind. H. N. P.

ADIRONDACKS.—*Moir, near the Adirondacks, May 1st.*—The ice is out of the lakes and ponds in this portion of the Adirondacks, and trout fishing has commenced. A man living near Branch Pond brought a fine lot down to Malone the first part of the week, that he caught in that pond. Thirty of them weighed something over twenty pounds. Branch Pond is only six or seven miles south of Malone. Several fine lots have also been caught in the brooks about here during the past two weeks. The pros-

pect for dear the coming season was never better for many years, and I have not known the partridges or ruffed grouse to be so numerous in the spring for a long time.

ADRIEN ONDACK.

CONNECTICUT LAKES.—We have an extended sketch from the writer of the following notes, which we will shortly publish:—

A party of three from Boston were the first visitors—getting two deer and plenty of fish. My friend and self followed; next a Syracuse, N. Y., party (Rev. Dr. Beard, Col. Chase and Mr. Bacon), stopping but a few days; after them, Fred W. Wheeler, of New Haven, and, lastly, a party of four from Bridgeport, Conn., all well armed, which fact may account for the scarcity of game for the next few weeks.

I floated with Norton twice only, shooting a buck the first night, and the last a moose (a two-year-old), which I left with Uncle Tom, and have since heard that it was the first fresh meat seen in camp during the season.

Prof. Wheeler wrote me that he floated East Inlet twice for moose, and did not catch a sound, and goes on to say, "The fact seems to be that all moose-land has heard of your exploit, and the wise moose have held a council, and decided to emigrate, for the time being, to unexplored feeding grounds."

I had the advantage of being the first one to try the new "ground," the aid of a full moon, and otherwise perfect night, and the luck of making a dead shot almost by guess.

Guests intend to improve upon his camp this season, and to get a man and wife to look after the cuisine, and to devote his time to guiding.

Second Lake is a charming spot, and is still fresh (First Lake is worn out). Deer are not as plenty as about some of the back ponds in the Adirondacks; but there is usually no trouble in supplying the wants of the camp. The fishing is not as good as in other lakes—the trout average smaller. It is a poor place for a person to go thinking to find use for a large amount of ammunition; but, to any one interested in natural history, and satisfied with a reasonable amount of sporting, the beaver works and caribou bogs will well repay a visit.

F. S. P.

ISLAND CAMP.—Island Camp is situated on an island in Pike Lake, Wis., a few miles from Ashland, and is the private property of a party of St. Louis sportsmen. The quarters consist of a fine center building, in rustic style, with a kitchen detached. The island itself is about two acres in extent; the lake surrounding is full of bass and pike, and the streams and creeks near by abound in trout. Deer are abundant in the adjacent forests.

PREPARING FOR THE BLACK BASS CAMPAIGN.—Willis, Texas, April 25th.—Last year, or the year before, some excellent articles came out in the FOREST AND STREAM in the interest of the black bass, but it seems of late that this famous fish is losing ground in the columns of the paper. That will not begin to do. This old soldier must be in his pension, or he will be forgotten in the oblivion. I never read with more interest anything than those lively essays upon the habits, characteristics and methods of capturing this wary fish. We, of the South, know nothing of the trout proper, but we have the black bass in all our waters, and, although we regard him *par excellence* the king of his tribe, yet we look upon him as the most cunning, arbitrary, tantalizing and uncompromising imp that sits upon his throne, and, between Maine and Mexico, can write out a campaign programme that will meet all the indications or requirements when one goes fishing for black bass, and that will bring luck to one's string, I, and the rest of us, will go out to him with our souls and regard him not only as a public benefactor, but a "mutual friend" to the whole body of bass fishermen. I only want suggestions how to get my hands on some four or six pounds of silk line, (cork reel never saw about two feet, and licking their chops at the bait hook for the last five years, and no argument that I can frame will move them one inch closer. I never used nor saw a fly used for bass. That kind of science has not been cast upon our waters yet. I shall try it on soon. I have a good outfit, now; my boats are all newly painted; I have rigged my rods (cork reels) with seventy-five feet of best old-brandy silk line, (cork reel never saw a reel before). I got Orvis to make me a fly, a "green" and gold. I then took that as a pattern, and read in Hallock's "Gazetteer" about colors, etc.; then got a lot of feathers from cranes, ibises, storks, herons, chicken-cocks, peacocks, wood-ducks, mallard, parrots and the like, and I have made some of the prettiest flies and bobs on earth. To get my hand in practice with this reel, I got a little nigger to hold the line and run, and, as he runs, I pull and manipulate; and when he has run off enough line to look well, I tell him to stop—the bass always stops on his own account, at intervals—and when he stops, I cause him to keep a taut line and turn the windlass and reel him up, and so on until my lesson is finished. I do this daily, and am becoming expert. As to casting and retrieving, I knew that before. And now, with this "equipment," if I don't fool these old chaps next week, during the last quarter of the present month, then "the books are wrong."

C. L. J.

TROLLING FOR SALMON TROUT.

HAVING often heard of the glorious sport to be had trolling for salmon in the summer months on Lake Superior, four of us, after mature consideration, concluded that we would find out for ourselves how much there was in the old stories. The party consisted of James McBean, Fred Jones, George Hatt and the writer. October 1st, 1879, the day on which we had decided to try our fortune, turned out dark and stormy, the wind blowing half a gale from the northeast, but nothing daunted by the inclemency of the weather, we put our tent and traps aboard of the boat which we had been cruising with for the summer (for want of a better), which is of a build monopolized by the fishermen of these northern lakes. They are clincher-built, about 25 ft. keel, 7 ft. beam, sharp stem and schooner-rigged. We thought a deck, but very staunch and seaworthy. We got under weigh about 11 o'clock A. M., the wind, as I said before, blowing half a gale from the northeast, cut before we had run five miles of the twenty-five we had to sail, it lulled, and a terrific thunder-storm, for which Thunders Bay, Lake Superior, is noted, came on, and there we lay rocking about without wind enough to keep our sails full, and the rain coming down in bucketsful. After about

two hours' drenching, the wind shifted to the northwest and we got along better, the weather still remaining a little moist; however, by four o'clock we were in Jarvis Bay, and after considerable trouble in getting our boat over the bar, were safely moored to the banks of the Jarvis River, a small river about sixty feet wide at the entrance. An hour was spent in getting our traps ashore and pitching our bell-tent to protect them, and while Jones and Mac were cutting wood for a fire, George and the writer concluded to try and catch a few salmon. After rowing for half a mile in the skiff which we had towed down, we reached the fishing ground. There, much to the writer's surprise, he immediately had a bite. It would take an abler pen than mine to portray the intense excitement of a tyro landing his first fifteen-pounder of this species; however, within fifteen minutes darkness compelled us to desist, and we rowed for the camp with four beauties lying in the bottom of the boat. When within halting distance, we joyfully shouted our success to Jones and Mac, who were the strongest skeptics on the subject. This was, of course, received with derisive and scornful shouts and laughter, which was not exactly turned to weeping on our landing; but they were there with excitement, and wanted to go trolling then and there, although it was by this time dark, so the reader may imagine their mental condition. George now turned cook, and in a very short time we were eating a meal consisting of boiled trout and potatoes stewed with pork gravy, the orthodox dish on these expeditions, and I might here add that the fish that are caught while trolling, and eaten fresh from the water, have a flavor equal to the finest brook trout, which no one who has ever eaten one in that way will dispute.

After supper, and while enjoying our pipes, the whole subject of course, was fish, and how many we were going to get on the morrow. In order to be early at the scene of action, I was unanimously resolved to follow the instructions of the old proverb, and go "early to bed," which we did with a good fire blazing in front of the tent. Now all was quietness excepting the crackling made by the fire, and each supposed the others in the land of nod, with dreams of salmon, but he forgot the snoring, snoring, snoring through their brains. After two hours of this, an impatient exclamation was heard from one of the party (his, too, hea), was unbearable, although memory says that the remark was not couched in as mild a form as I have written, when we all sat up and found that the same sentiments imbued the minds of the quartette. So the conclusion now came to was, that it would require some of Bass' bitter beer to counteract the effects of the heat, and that we would not go to bed at all, in order to be up with the morning. Scarcely had he come to this conclusion, when the spinning yarns of former adventures had with rod and gun, and many a midnight watch on deck, it was soon time for breakfast. At the first peep of dawn, we were all away to the ground, where, after three hours' continued excitement, the skiff was loaded down with twenty-two "whoppers." The *modus operandi* was this: one rowed, two sat in the stern, each with a trolling line—one running from each side of the boat—and the fourth man, next them, landed the fish and cleared the lines. In landing the fish, one has to be very careful and keep them clear of the sides of the boat, otherwise there would not be a hook left on the spoon every time you land a fish. Mac, who took the first turn at landing, distinguished himself by the very scientific manner in which he extracted the hooks (generally the whole three hooks on the spoon would be firmly imbedded in the upper jaw of the fish, and it required considerable labor to extract them).

The pangs of hunger, together with the necessity of discharging our cargo, which had brought the boat nearly to her gunwale, compelled us to land and enjoy another breakfast, of which we were still the victims. After an hour spent in the same part of the fish we had no ice with us, and were afraid to risk keeping them *all* fresh, we started out for a new place on the other side of the bay, which we had not previously explored, where our former good luck followed us, and the result was twenty-three more.

All through the day one of Lake Superior's densest fogs had been abroad. Often we were unable to see one hundred yards ahead. Nothing disturbed the stillness of nature, excepting the noise made by our oars, and the occasional cry of a Dufferin Mall steamer some four miles among the islands, bound for Duluth, the zenith of the unsalted seas. But now it lifted for a short time, and a light breeze springing up, we concluded to start for a bank where we were anxious to arrive some time through the night. After meal No. 3—which of course was in the natural order of events—we started, but the few cats-paws we previously had, died out as soon as we got under weigh, and George and Jones put off again in the skiff—this time on an exploratory tour, seeking whom they might devour on the lines. A few minutes later, however, they came back for a second time, with the trophies which they had on a tree near the beach. I forgot to say previously that Jones and Mac, while exploring the river before dinner, shot two of a covey of partridges which they had raised, and they thought with these two we would have a fine supper—this time fish varied with game. Months after, however, the joke came out: that what they had imagined to be partridges were two knolls on a dead tree, which the fog had made loom up when they had gone with the gun. The wind freshened up, and the fog cleared, and after two hours' searching we found that it was likely to be a wild night, and considering discretion and a camp preferable to a stormy night in an open boat, we headed for the skiff, pushed her up, and put for a harbor, the wind having increased to a gale, accompanied by a terrific rain storm, both of which lasted all night. A mile's sailing brought us to an excellent harbor, but a very bad camping ground, the point on which we had to pitch our tent having been devastated by a bush fire, leaving not only burnt the wood on it, but the grass and even, leaving nothing but a mass of mud and sand. There being no choice, we got everything under cover as quickly as possible, and started to cook supper—hard work with the wet roots and driftwood, which was all the fuel we had. For supper we had some *bouillon*, a dish worthy of a *Cordon bleu*. It consisted of the two partridges, some bacon and potatoes, flour and tomatoes, all boiled together; and, although to some of your readers such a mixture may seem unpalatable, it wants only to be eaten to be appreciated. Sleeplessness did not pervade the camp this night, notwithstanding the fact that the rain was so heavy, which were saturated with standing sundry waterproof coats—and almost before we had finished our after-dinner smoke, Morpheus had us all for his loyal subjects. Mac here again particularly distinguished himself. In spite of our assertions that it would be useless to attempt building a fire, as it would not burn, he succeeded in kindling one, had wood and all to the contrary, that would have roasted an ox whole; and it burned till it hardly left ainder.

Morning dawned bright and cheerful. For the first time since leaving home we saw the sun. After, of course, a hearty breakfast we started again for home. As the breeze was very light, and after being an hour sailing one mile, Mac and George concluded they would go ahead in the skiff, and try some unexplored ground for a last parting fish; and whether it was the improve-

ment or a better place, or both, that made the fish bite more readily, they succeeded in beating out best luck, and in eleven minutes landed sixteen fish. These, with eight caught in the morning while breakfast was being prepared, and one caught from the sailboat, brought our numbers up to exactly seventy-five, which weighed from nine to twenty-four pounds each—Mac having the honor of catching and landing the twenty-four pounder, and he felt justly proud of his luck.

Satisfied that we could now carry off the palm for a successful trip, and a favorable breeze striking us, we hoisted all our rugs, and were soon bounding merrily away, which we reached in good time, to greet those of our citizens who, like in most frontier towns, crowd around each returning sportsman, and had come down expecting to chaff us on the ducking we must have had during all the storms, and, as they supposed as a natural consequence of the trip, no fish; but their chaffing was turned into surprise when they saw our wonderful success, and fish stories became the popular excitement until the arrival of the next steamboat with the bi-weekly mail.

The following information may be of interest: Where we fished the shore is formed of perpendicular cliffs ranging from one to six hundred feet in height, and the beach is, in most cases, formed of pieces of rocks, which have been dropping from the sides since the days when Adam was a boy, making the beach run into the water at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Our experience was to row exactly over the spot where you could see the bottom (about sixteen feet down)—any divergence from this rule was sure to be attended with bad luck, and the main speed of rowing was to be attended with one and one-half miles per hour.

Although we continually had our lines out when sailing, we only caught one fish—which was when crossing a point, and with the shore as previously mentioned.

To a lover of the picturesque and grand, the route from here to James Bay would possess countless charms—those stupendous hills, Thunder Cape (1,500 ft.) to the right, Mackay's Mountain (1,500) to the left, and Pie Island (1,000 ft.), almost head, form truly noble sights, their perpendicular sides as changeable as a kaleidoscope, according to the different positions and lights thrown upon them; while further on, countless islands and headlands meet the delighted gaze, which could be contemplated day after day without any cessation of interest, as no two aspects are alike; one time mirrored in a sea of glass, again the angry tempest lashing their feet with spray, while spring, summer, autumn and winter each present such a contrast from the limpid waters of the lake in summer, to the eternal ice and snow of an almost arctic winter, while the rarity of the atmosphere makes the landscape, twenty miles distant, seem nearer than it would in an ordinary climate; and, to a lover of nature, the trip amply repays the time spent, about one never cast a line or land a fish.

Prince Arthur's Landing.

J. T. M.

Trout fishing opened in Pike Co., Pa., last Saturday.

Fish Culture.

—ADDRESS all communications "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

✓ BROOK TROUT IN PONDS.—*Chrome Hill, Lisburn, Ireland, April 16th.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—Through the kindness of a friend I enjoy the valuable privilege of pursuing your interesting paper regularly; and many an hour of pleasant reading I have had, the only drawback being that so many miles of the "weary waste of waters" prevent me from enjoying in *propria persona* some of the many "pursuits of pleasure" offered by your splendid country. I notice in your issue of 25th March an article under "Fish Culture" by "A Practical Fish Culturist," in which he states that trout, as a general rule, will thrive in ponds. I cannot agree with him; but, on the contrary, after that trout will thrive better in ponds than in running water. In support of this statement, I will give two instances which have come under my immediate notice. A few years ago a new reservoir or dam was constructed to supply my neighboring town with water. It gets its water by drains from the adjacent fields; none of these drains are more than three feet wide, and, except in floods, they don't contain as much water as would cover a pound trout. I placed some brook trout in this pond, and another gentleman had a large lot put in, all small. It is now teeming with fish; and I know of them being caught up to nine pounds weight. Again, a friend of mine constructed a small dam, about one acre in extent, to supply his bleach green with pure water. It has no opening into a stream, but a spring feeds it, and it returns all as I said, from a spring. Well, three years ago I placed in this pond fifteen small trout caught in a mountain stream, none over four ounces weight. I heard nothing of them till last autumn, when I determined to try if they were living or not. So, taking advantage of a fishy-looking evening, I sauntered down duly prepared, and choosing a dark-looking spot shaded by some willow bushes, I tried with a "willow fly," and secured a brace, and the feathery deception dropped on the surface of the slightly ruffled water, when a swirl of the reel, and twenty yards of varnished silk spinning out, warned me that I had a "sockdologer" on. In five minutes I had a beauty on the sward that scaled four and three-quarters pounds. Another try, and a three-pounder joined his companion. These I killed. On the following evening I caught eight; one of them I showed my friend, pointing out the article as "Practical Fish Culture," writes might deter many from forming a fish pond; hence, I think it right to give my experience in the matter, trusting you will pardon me for taking up so much of your valuable space.

RICHARD NIVEN.

CONNECTICUT SALMON.—The Hartford Times says: "We will not, probably, get any Connecticut river salmon this year, as these fish are all caught at the mouth of the river and sent to the New York market—in violation of the law, too. On this account, we believe, the legislature refused an appropriation of \$2,500 to the fish commissioners in aid of the further propagation of the salmon."

The Kennel.

—ADDRESS all communications "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—It has been decided to hold the bench show at Madison Square Garden on the 11th, 12th and 13th, as previously announced. This decision was arrived at by the managers of the show on Saturday last, after a thorough examination of the building by several eminent architects. The widespread interest in the show is shown by the great number of letters and telegrams received daily from all parts of the country, many of them regarding additional entries, which, however, cannot be made. Mr. Lincoln informs us that "it is an astonishing fact that out of the large number of entries made, only one has been withdrawn since the accident occurred." In the meantime, the two English judges have been filling up their time by visiting the dogs and kennels in the vicinity of New York. Mr. Hugh Dalziel, of the *Live Stock Journal*, has been with his friends in Boston; and Dr. Stables on Monday last paid Mr. Moore's kennels a visit at Philadelphia; he then went to Baltimore and Washington.

Champion Tarquin, Sir William Verner's bull terrier, has been relieving his mind and occupying his spare moments by chewing up all of the canine persuasion that came within his reach. He met a tough customer, however, in his son the other evening, and he has been in a dreadful humor ever since.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—Examination and inspection by the managers of the bench show and their architects:—

The Madison Square Garden, where the bench show will be held on the 11th, 12th and 13th inst., has been thoroughly inspected and examined by Mr. John B. Snook and Mr. Robert H. Robertson, these gentlemen having been employed by the managers of the show. Mr. Snook is the oldest and one of the best known practical architects in the city, and probably has more thorough practical experience than any other man in the city, both as a builder and architect in all its branches. Mr. Robertson is one of the most prominent of the younger architects. He is a member of the firm of Porter & Robertson the senior member of which was for some time the United States government supervising architect.

Mr. Snook and Mr. Robertson spent Friday and Saturday afternoons in the Garden, making a most careful and thorough examination and inspection of the building, and report, "that in their opinion the building is amply safe and secure for the purposes to which the managers of the bench show propose to put it." The management has determined to dispense entirely with all that portion of the building fronting on Madison avenue; the entrance there will be entirely closed. The main building, where the show will be held, will thus be entirely separated from that portion of the structure where the accident occurred. The entrance will be on Fourth avenue, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

POINT JUDGING AT SHOWS.

THE complaint has been great that at the various bench shows, the dogs have not been judged by points, notwithstanding the clubs advertised that such should be the rule; let us, therefore, see if there has been any reason for this inconsistency.

Previous to the sale of points, as printed in the *Fancier's Gazette*, was the acknowledged authority, but with the advent of Stonehenge's last book, the kennel clubs adopted the scale of points there given. The rules for bench shows offered by the National American Kennel Club have the following:—

RULE 7.—Dogs to be judged by scale of points laid down in the third edition of Stonehenge's "Dogs of the British Islands."

If the trouble be taken to notice the number and variety of terms used to designate the anatomical parts, or collection of parts, in the various breeds for which a value has been given, one sufficient reason for not judging by points can be found.

The dog is not taken as an animal of a particular shape and form as is the horse or cow, and divided anatomically into different parts, for which a value is invariably given, the value only ranging with the breeds. For example: The Skye terrier has fifteen allowed for a perfect head, while for such an important part of his organization the Yorkshire is allowed nothing; the amount being distributed for excellence in other particulars. In this way there are fifty-four parts, or collections of parts, for which value is given in the sporting breeds, and sixty-four in the non-sporting, no one particular breed having more than sixteen.

On page 57 of his work, Stonehenge gives a plan for judging, based upon an anatomical division of the dog's body, and one obviously impossible to follow from the scales given throughout his book. Where the shows are for only one breed, like the bull-dog shows held in England, judging by points can easily be, and has been, accomplished; but in a show with ten to twenty-five different breeds, to expect that any judge, however good he may be, can remember without any aid to his memory the particular twelve or sixteen kinds of points out of the fifty-four or sixty-four given, is simply absurd.

The rules under which the coming New York show will be held say that Stonehenge's points will be used when necessary—a proviso which relieves the judges from using them unless they so desire.

The Secretary of the Massachusetts Kennel Club has prepared a table of points of all the sporting and non-sporting dogs, as given by Stonehenge, showing at a glance the value of each point in judging any particular breed. The table is printed on both sides of a stiff card, and with each is furnished a package of scoring cards, by which the work of judging by points is reduced to its

minimum. These cards will each give the score of ten dogs, and are very easy to understand and use.

The different points on the table with their values are numbered from 1 to 118 inclusive. The first column of the table is a card for the judges as given in the table of the points of the particular breed to be judged. The second column is for the maximum value of the points when perfect. This is filled in simply to aid the memory. The other columns are for the points given the dogs judged. By holding the table and score-card back to back in the left hand when judging and marking, ready reference can be had to the table for information as to the points to be considered in regard to the animal in the ring.

The tables and scoring-cards will be for sale for the first time at the New York show. CONVEN.

ENGLISH FASHIONS IN DOG FLESH.

FASHION in dog flesh is a curious subject for contemplation, but it is nevertheless an interesting one. Where the various breeds which have occupied the highest position in the estimation of the public come to be considered, the truth of the aphorism that "Every dog has his day" is forcibly brought before us. The rage to possess St. Bernards has somewhat cooled before the advance in later years of mastiffs, and the ownership of the former breed has lapsed into the hands of a few but select body of admirers. Irish wolf-hounds are practically extinct, since Mr. G. A. Graham, but German mastiffs seem taking root amongst us. Unfortunately for themselves, however, all the larger breeds require space and special care, which precludes their being kept in numbers in intimate kennels, and the affection of the public has perforce to be directed toward the lesser varieties of dog. Here, at the present time, the fox-terrier reigns supreme. Presenting as this class of dog does such a diversity of type and coloring, it can hardly be a matter for astonishment that his friends are legion. A fox-terrier is usually a peaceably inclined and vivacious dog, and even if not pretty may have those pretty ways which endear him to a certain class, whose great ambition is the acquisition of something with hair on it that will bark. To such, the excess of three or four pounds over the correct standard of heaviness, does not depreciate the value of their pets; and as the breed is a variety of gaudily-marked dogs in the sale-list, a deficiency in symmetry can be compensated for by plenty of pretty spots. However, with all their present popularity, fox-terriers must look to their laurels, for Irish terriers are surely gaining ground. Patriotism, and love of what they call their "national dog," has caused our friends across the Channel to exert themselves to the utmost to push the Irish terrier; and their efforts are not without fruit, and will bear merrily in toys, the little black and tan terrier has almost gone from sight, as ladies now prefer a more robust companion, and a colley is more often seen than the pigmy black and tan in the society of the gentler sex. Pugs have held their own, but Yorkshire terriers are but seldom met with beyond the limits of their native country. Toy spaniels may be reckoned as looking up, but the attention which must be bestowed on their toilet renders them as it does Maltese and Yorkshires, a trouble to their owners which the latter are often glad to escape. Dachshunds were at one time, and that not long ago, looked upon as the coming race of dog, but their reign was brief and inglorious.

Having thus referred to dogs which are looked upon as pets, it may be well to turn for a moment to the various sorts of vermin dogs, which have been popular from time to time. Here there has been but little change, the dandies, Skyes and Scotch terriers of the North, and the bull and black and tan terriers of this country, and the Irish terriers having managed to retain their several supporters in the face of every opposition. This being so, it would be dangerous to prophesy ill luck for any of them; but it may be safely hinted that as vermin dogs, the bull-terrier, the Irish terrier and the Skye are superior to the other varieties most usually associated with this class of sport.

A somewhat curious system adopted by admirers of certain classes of dogs, is the custom of improving the appearance of these varieties by recourse to mutilation. The ears of certain working breeds of terriers are cropped for beauty and for use, we know, but what advantage is there in removing the ears of a toy spaniel or a fox-terrier. In former days both Dalmatians and pugs used to have their ears entirely removed; but of late, the barbarous practice has been discontinued. As regards the clipping of a poodle, opinions differ with respect to the orthodox crop, many holding for the style of one professional clipper, while other fanciers patronize his rival; all which considerations tend to prove that in dogs, as in other things, so much depends on caprice that there is even yet a chance for the most univerting and unlovable to succeed with patience. —*Live Stock Journal*.

THE RINGING AND THE DINGING OF THE BELL.

MONTREAL, April 13th.

SOME three years ago, when on a visit to a friend, I was very much taken with the looks of a little spaniel puppy that he showed me. He was not by any means thoroughbred, for though his sire was a thoroughbred Irish water-spaniel, his mother was crossed with a cocker. The puppy was dark liver-colored, rather curly, and, what attracted me, had the broad forehead and frank, honest eyes that always mark a dog of genius. I traded another dog for him and took him home, and a more really intellectual dog I never owned. I was an invalid at the time, or partly so—too sick to go to school, but just well enough to play, as my father said, consequently I had plenty of time to train him; and, in eleven months old he would go back a mile for my whip, would pick up either my whip, hat or handkerchief, always taking the right one, no matter how I tried to puzzle him, would down-charge so suddenly that you could hear his bones strike the floor as he fell, would roll over, sit up, do the "serpent," walk on his hind or front legs, walk lame on any foot, and a thousand and one tricks that I have forgotten by this time. His special favorite was an old soft felt hat that I wore knocking round the yard, and he would pick it out from any number of other hats, and would go home and get it off the rack and bring it to me, from almost any distance. Many a time

he pulled the whole rack over in his efforts to get it when hung too high. At that time I used to go for a walk every morning before breakfast, and it was during those walks that Leo got most of his training; and as I was, and am, a very heavy sleeper, I had great difficulty waking early enough. I had heard of dogs waking their masters at regular hours, and as I firmly believed Leo capable of anything ever done by another dog, I thought I would teach him to wake me every morning at day-break. How I succeeded you will read below.

I occupied a large room at the back of the house, with a window opening on the yard occupied by master Leo. Around the sides of the room I had great rows of two rows of pegs for hanging clothes, and in this corner was my bed. I tied a cord across the corner about a foot out, and to this cord I fastened a large bell, such as are used by milkmen, which was thus suspended immediately above my head. To the bell was fastened a cord, which after passing through a loop of wire fastened to the ceiling, went out through the window, and had for its termination an old felt hat, which hung about two feet from the ground. I had tied the hat there loosely before, and made Leo fetch it, so that when he awoke at daylight and saw the hat he would try to take it, and thus ring the bell. I had misgivings that he might possibly see the hat sooner than I wished, but the first night being cloudy my plan worked like a charm. Leo, on waking, espied the hat, pulled it, rang the bell, and I, waking, ran down in a garb more cool than voluminous, put on my dressing gown, and gave him a piece of sugar, his usual reward. The next night was bright moonlight, and when I went to bed I heard Leo playing about the yard with a neighbor's dog about 1 A.M. In his peregrinations he ran across the hat and commenced to pull with a will. Ding! ding! ding! I went the bell, but I calmly slept on. I was in my first sleep, out of which it is almost impossible to wake me, and it only gave a reluctant turn to my dream. For I imagined that it was Sunday, and that the church bells were ringing. Any outside noise almost invariably works itself into my dreams in that way. My mother was restless that night from neuralgia, and she felt so nervous at last that she sent my father, to my room to see what was the matter.

"George! George!"

"Yes."

"For goodness sake stop that bell."

At that moment the bell stopped, and my father, having told me to fix it so that it would not ring again, went back to bed, and hardly was his back turned than I was fast asleep. About an hour after, the bell started again, and after standing it as long as she could, mother sent father in again, with precisely the same result; bell stopped for a time and then went on with renewed vigor. At last, when poor mother had had her night's rest hopelessly ruined she came in herself, and insisted on my getting up there and then. This thoroughly awakened me and I pulled up the string, leaving the hat, however, in Mister Leo's teeth, and next morning that hat was scattered to the four winds of heaven. I got an awful chaffing at breakfast, and even yet they have not forgotten the incident, and as a punishment I had to experience further, but as the other members objected to having that infernal bell dingling all night, I had to give in to the majority.

My early morning walks came to an end about the same time, so Leo's occupation as a bell-ringer was gone. How he would have succeeded in a more legitimate line of business, namely, retrieving, I cannot say, as I sold him for the time, to me, my neighbor, and I had cried all night at losing my playmate. I was but a lad at the time, and but that I wanted to buy another dog, my cocker bitch Brownie, nothing would have induced me to sell him. His purchaser was a kind-hearted gentleman who had taken a fancy to him on seeing him fetch a refractory baby brother to me by the skirt of his dress. He very soon became as fond of Leo as I had been, and there were tears in his eyes when he said in voice which told me that the fellow had been poisoned. I will not soon forget the choking sensation to my throat as, after having with mingled pride and grief, made Leo do all his tricks, and kissed him good-by. I walked down stairs from Mr. A.'s office with a \$10 bill in my hand; and what a void there seemed to be, without the patter of his feet and the jingle of his collar attending my every step. The fellow was a dog, was a dog, and I had called him my very own, but I felt then, and I feel now, that no amount of money can compensate for the loss of such a faithful friend.

I became very much attached to his successor, Brownie, so much so that when she too was poisoned last summer, after three years of companionship, when I looked back at all the comfort she had been to me during my first year away from home, and thought of the many, many hours I had spent, happy in her companionship, and when I thought what a blank her death had left in my little world, and how deep my grief was, I determined never again to have a single dog; either none, or two or three. I have four now, two of them daughters of Brownie, and although they are, perhaps, not so well-trained, nor so much company, my affection is divided amongst them, and I grow old and not miss any one of them so much. Besides, my fondness for them is largely composed of pride in their beauty, which is not inconsiderable, and their prize-winning, which are neither few nor unimportant. To these I hope to add during the present month. I sometimes regret this change in my feelings, and wish for the old style of thing, in fact I have serious thoughts of getting a little pet dog of my own. No friend of mine so loving and forgiving as a favorite dog, and this fact entitles them to every consideration. Be kind to your pets and give them a little affection in return for the adoration that is lavished on you. Dido.

PROF. HUXLEY ON DOGS.

SO distinguished a scientist as Prof. Huxley has been giving his attention to the Dog, and the problems connected with its origin and proper place in nature. He has recently delivered two lectures upon the subject, a digest of which, taken from the *London Live Stock Journal*, we reproduce below:—

Prof. Huxley delivered on Tuesday afternoon, to a distinguished audience, at the Royal Institution, the first of two lectures on "Dogs, and the problems connected

with them." He commenced by remarking that there was no animal in which man took so profound an interest as the dog. There was no animal treated so completely in the same manner as man treated the most valued and trusty friends of his own species. Man admitted the dog to share his own courts, to the intimacy of his own hearths and homes; and to complete the parallel, he commonly treated him with as great neglect and carelessness, yet ever turning to the dog in the fulfilled expectation that he would obtain from him undiminished affection. Therefore, he thought his hearers might take some interest in endeavoring to ascertain what was the place of the dog in the economy of Nature.

Now, it might have surprised some people to discover that they have been in the habit of using terms which, when they came to be put straight out, appeared to contradict convictions which they held very strongly. That was very much the case of the dog; for taking the physical nature of that animal to begin with, there was probably no one present who had not, in regard to it, repeatedly employed such terms as head, eyes, ears, nose, neck, trunk, chest, limbs, skull, back-bone, or leg-bone. Those terms applied to a considerable extent in precisely the same sense to parts of the human body; and therein was an implication that the users of such languages had unconsciously become aware of a fundamental similarity between the physical and mental organization of the dog, and the physical and mental organization of man. And this unity existing between the dog and man was very striking, not only in relation to the physical nature but the moral nature of the two animals.

Taking first the question of physical similarity, Prof. Huxley pointed out by the aid of a diagram, in which force was given to the illustration by the skeleton of the animal being raised on hind legs, that in internal construction the only difference between man and dog was one of size and proportion. There was not a bone in the one which did not exist in the other—not a single constituent in the one that was not to be found in the other. In the case of the dog there was not that which, on superficial examination, answered to the collar-bone of man; but close dissection would disclose, in the case of the lower animal, a similar bone, varying in length from a third to half an inch, occupying the same place as the human collar-bone, and which was indubitably a rudimentary collar-bone. It appeared to be of no functional importance, but there it was. The great toe, which was conspicuous in the man, was only rudimentarily represented in the dog; but that was a difference only of form and proportion and of attitude. Man and dog were constructed by the same plan as the human and the dog in the same style of architecture, but differing in detail.

Considering the psychological nature of the dog, the lecturer remarked that he might be met at the outset with the objection, "Talk of the mind of a dog; why, I don't believe he has a mind." Well, the only reason he had for assuming that the dog had a mind was the same reason by which he assumed that all present had minds; there was no direct evidence of the fact any more in the one than in the other. He proceeded in this matter on the plain ground of common sense, which led them aright in their daily affairs, and upon which was founded the general axiom that, where there was nothing to the contrary, like causes produced like effect. Run a pin into a man, and there was a start and a cry, by which they came to the conclusion that pain had resulted. Run a pin into a dog, and there was a howl and attempt, perhaps, to bite, by which we inferred that the animal was in a state of consciousness in which it also suffered pain. Could they say that the dog was a mere piece of animate machinery? It was quite true that certain philosophers had held views of that kind, but common sense people would not have it, and he believed the common sense people were right. And once they denied that there was the smallest foundation for supposing that under the same condition which produced pain to humans, it produced no sensation of feeling, then the whole question of the mind of the dog was granted. At the same time he was disposed to think that in dogs the feeling of pain was infinitely duller than in human beings.

As to the other senses belonging to dogs, he was inclined to doubt very much if dogs could see with anything like the distinctness of men. Their hearing was indisputably very acute; but it was a remarkable fact that sense was regulated on a totally different scale in dogs as compared with humans. They were not over-keen of ear of a dog taking a pleasure in music? On the contrary, the sound of music seem to cause him acute pain, accompanied by a horrible sort of fascination, which fastened him to the spot at which he was subjected to the torture. Else, when a German band was doing its worst in the streets, why did he sit upon his haunches and howl when he might get up and run away. Yet he often wondered whether dogs really did suffer pain from music, or whether they howled purely in sympathy, as did the jackals of the prairies. The sense of smell in a dog was something marvelous—marvelous not only for its delicacy, but for the fact that its discrimination of what was agreeable and disagreeable was exactly the reverse of ours. They never heard of a dog being infatuated with lavender water, or eau de Cologne, or Eau de Cologne; he rather recoiled in the smells which to men were a source of unfeigned horror and disgust.

He once possessed a dog which he frequently left among the thousands frequenting Regent's Park, to secrete himself behind a tree. So soon as the animal found that he had lost his master he laid his nose to the ground, and in that manner very soon tracked him to his hiding place. That showed that the dog had the power of distinguishing the particular modification of the least of the boots caused by the wearing of his master in contradistinction to the modification produced by hundreds of thousands of other people present at the moment. As to the ability of dogs to find their way from place to place, he believed there was an unconscious registration in their minds of the visual pictures presented to it in the various tracks through which they passed, and that the memory worked backward until the animal reached its destination.

No one could doubt the moral disposition of dogs. Some were trustworthy, others more or less thieves; some were amiable, others vicious, and so on. Neither was there any doubt that a dog had ideas of equality and inequality. They could easily settle that point by offering a dog a large and a small piece of meat on the same dish, and by observing which he took first. Indeed there was

no fundamental faculty connected with the reasoning powers that might not be demonstrated to exist in dogs. Now, while there was this unity between dog and man, he did not mean to say that the difference between them was not very great, but the difference was strictly a measurable one. In the one case, the intellectual product of the individual was limited to the individual. It could not get any further, and the individual had no power of acquiring sensation or experience except for himself. In the other case, where there was speech and the experience implied by speech, together with the capitalization, so to speak, of the cooperative senses, there was no reason why the progress of man in the direction of divergence from the dog should not be infinite—and that was exactly what had happened. Man had left the dog behind, as their poor fifth cousin, ever faithful, ever intelligent, and with all mental gifts and capacity, but sadly ignorant of the three R's and all the learning that followed thereon.

After illustrating by means of diagrams the variations of the dog as now extant, in the wolf, jackal, and other animals, Prof. Huxley concluded his lecture amid hearty applause.

SECOND LECTURE.

Prof. Huxley began by stating that in his last lecture he had endeavored to fix the position of dogs in the scale of animated nature. He pointed out that within the carnivora there was a particular division embracing some thirty or fifty different forms which constituted the dog kind, and which had a much closer community of structure, both physical and mental, with one another than they had with other members of the carnivora family. The points on which they presented a great and remarkable difference from other animals built on the same plan were in the structure of the skull and in the organs contained in it—the teeth. It was on these points that he desired to ascertain the amount and extent of the difference which obtained between different forms of dog-like animals.

First, as to the skull, if they looked at the skull of the fox, they found that the shape of the brow was very different, and there was no cavity at all. They could arrange all the skulls of the dog-like animals into two series—in which one had essentially the character of the wolf skull, and the other had essentially the character of the fox skull. He could not tell the significance of these differences, but the fact remained that the skulls of dog-like animals could be arranged into two series—the *Alpeoids*, at the head of which was the fox, and the other the *Theoids*, at the head of which was the wolf.

This enabled them to place the position of the domestic dog still more definitely, and it would occupy a place in the series corresponding with that in which they had placed the jackals and wolves. With regard to the stag-hound, the shepherd's dog, and many of their cur dogs, no one would have the smallest hesitation in placing them just between the wolf and the jackal. Some of the domestic dogs presented some curious features. The Newfoundland dog had a large development of skull, which gave it a great appearance of sagacity. This appearance of sagacity in the contour of the skull, like that appearance in man, was not always genuine, but turned very largely on their being there a considerable empty space. In some cases, as in the English spaniel, this development was due to real *bona fide* brain; and the Blenheim spaniel was undoubtedly the product of domestication, and great selected breeding. They now came to speculations and problems which could only be solved by a careful interpretation of the facts within their knowledge.

The first of these problems was the origin of the domestic dog, and he thought they could see their way to solving it, if they could obtain on a solid basis of fact. The basis of fact was supplied by what they knew of the origin of dogs in America. The Indians of the north-western parts of America were all in possession of half-tame cur-like dogs, living in the same way as the dogs in Egypt in a semi-independent condition. In the same country there existed a wild animal—the *Canis latrans*, or prairie wolf. It was impossible to point out any distinction between these two species, and the domesticated dog of the Indians. It was somewhat difficult to understand how these wild and fierce animals could be tamed; and yet, when one knew their habits, it was easy enough. The smaller wolves and jackals, although precarious and fierce, were endowed with singular curiosity; that curiosity directed them toward man and his doings. There was not one of these animals which, if caught by a man, would not be tamed and made as attached and devoted to man as any ordinary dog. It was not difficult to understand, therefore, how these animals became acquainted with man, how they became tamed, and how from them sprang a race of domesticated animals which, curiously enough, were far more attached to their masters and the animals with which they were brought up, than to members of their own kind.

If they could depend upon the fact that this one domestic dog originated in the taming of an indigenous wild origin, then the general problem of the origin of domestic dogs would take this form: Could they find, in all parts of the world in which domestic dogs were known, wild stock so similar to the existing race of dogs that there was nothing unusual in supposing that they had these as origin? The Indian dogs? They might have dog-like animals further and further west, until in Northern Africa they had a whole series of kinds of dog-like animals, usually known as jackals. He believed that these wild stocks were the source from which, in each case, the savages who originally began to tame dogs had derived the stock. This view was confirmed by archeological researches. They had preserved to them, on the monuments of ancient Egypt, a great variety of forms of dogs, and it was significant that the further back they went the fewer were the varieties, until at the time of the third and fourth dynasties—that is, about 6,000 years ago—there were only two well-marked forms of dogs. One of them was a comparatively small, cur-like dog, similar to that which was to be seen in the streets of Cairo at the present day, and the other was like a greyhound. The cur was, no doubt, a tamer species of the wild jackal, which was still to be found in the same country. As they respected to the greyhound, there was in Abyssinia a very long-headed dog, which was very much of the same form as the greyhound, and which, it could hardly be doubted, was the source from which it sprang. Assuming that there was

no doubt that the origin of dogs could be traced to these sources, the more modified forms of the domestic animal were simply the result of the selected breeding, which had given rise to the same modification in dogs as it had done in the case of pigeons. This was the solution of the origin of domestic dogs, to which all their information and inquiries pointed, and there remained the question of the origin of dogs in general.

A DOG STORY FROM GIBRALTAIR.—A horrible tragedy was nearly enacted the other day at Gibraltar, just when the *Himalaya* was about to weigh anchor off the New Mole. In the excitement of the moment a pet dog fell into the water, when a large octopus rose to the surface and gave chase, making greedy grabs at it with arms quite two feet long from end to end. When the enemy was about to close on its victim, a sailor fresh from foreign parts appeared on the scene, and dragging from his much-tattooed breast a rival pot in the shape of a marmoset, sent it to the rescue in a basket.

The little creature, half cat and half monkey, must have been acquainted alike with its duties and the English language, for it did not seize the octopus, but, laying hands on the dog, was safely drawn up, to the disgust of the enemy and joy of friends. Altogether it was a pretty piece of byplay, when tender hearts were sobbing alacrity to brown hands waving affectionately from every port-hole to the military strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

THE WATCH-DOG INSTINCT.—On a high shelf behind his counter a Mexican trader kept a cage, containing a more or less happy family of squirrels and opossums and two monkeys, a capuchin and a young cebu (*Atles maderia*); and one night, between 2 and 3 a.m., a snoring animal of the latter animal screaming away with all its might, and soon after hurried footsteps on the veranda in front of his store. *** The would-be marauder had left a track of dirty boots between the wharf and the store, but, as there were no marks on the counter, he could not have hurt the monkeys or even troubled their cage; and the alarming of the little cebu is therefore a curious instance of the manifestation in a spectacled animal of an instinct, which in general may be said to be confined to one species of mammals and a single genus of birds—the canines and the goose. All other domestic animals witness the plunder of their master's property with perfect unconcern; and even the sagacious horse may be abducted by midnight thieves, without betraying its fear by the slightest sound.—Dr. F. L. Oswald, in *Lippincott's*.

Archery.

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THE HIGHLAND PARK ARCHERS.

FIRST TARGET MEETING FOR 1890.

THIS flourishing society, one of the oldest and best organized in the United States, held the first of its four annual target days at the club grounds, Highland Park, on the 27th of April, in the presence of a large and enthusiastic concourse of spectators.

Highland Park is one of the most delightful suburbs in the West; located twenty miles north of Chicago on the shores of Lake Michigan, it lies 100 feet above the water, and forms a perfect network of beautiful flower-decked ravines. The breeze from the lake are always cooling and refreshing, and no more lovely spot for archery could be found.

After a continuous down-pour of rain up to the evening of April 26th, accompanied by bleak March winds, the morning of the 27th opened with a clear sky and a balmy spring atmosphere, and the hearts of the archers who had taken target tickets were made glad with the auspicious brightness. At 11:30 a.m. the train from Chicago brought a large number of visiting archers and spectators, among whom were Mr. S. E. Egan, Mr. W. J. E. Schindler, Mr. Jno. Wilkinson, Mr. J. O. Blake, Mr. J. R. Adams, Mr. W. L. Shepard, Mr. Walter Burnham, Mr. J. M. Fairfield and Mr. Brown, guests of Mr. H. C. Carver, and A. C. Spalding, Esq., guest of Mr. Geo. Hall.

The targets were placed 30 yards apart, the ladies facing F and G, and the gentlemen, A, B, C, D and E. Promptly at 2:30 p.m. the shooting commenced at the Double Club Round, viz: 76 arrows at 50 yards, and 18 arrows at 40 yards, for ladies, and 96 arrows at 50 yards, and 48 arrows at 60 yards, for gentlemen. In view of the ladies having had no practice this season they did not unexpectedly well. On the first round good scoring was done by Miss Street, Miss Denison, Mrs. Lasher and Mrs. Goodridge, at the longer range, and by Miss Denison and Miss Street at the 40 yards range. Mrs. Swartwout shot steadily and well throughout the day. Mrs. Carver got 3 hits with her last end at 40 yards, and considering that she had no experience as an archer, her record on this occasion was remarkable. Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Carver, Mrs. R. J. Street and Miss Hammond did easy and graceful execution, and gave promise of high scores ere the season closes.

Of the gentlemen, Mr. Carver led the score on the first round at the 50 yards range, getting 78-116 with his 45 arrows, followed closely by Mr. Hall with 77-107, Mr. Fairfield (visitor) leading at 60 yards with 21-80, Mr. Burnham a good second with 18-82. On the second round Mr. Hall shot best and in good form, by scoring 21-80 at the lower range, Mr. Adams (visitor) closely following with 21-85, and Mr. Burnham (visitor) getting the best 60 yards score of the day, 19-103.

Special mention should be made of the skill shown by Mr. Adams, who first commenced shooting late last fall, having had no out-of-door practice. He recently scored, with 21 arrows at 60 yards, 21-151 in the Exposition Building, Chicago. Mr. Burnham at the same time getting 23-138 at the same distance, and at 80 yards with 21 arrows, 21-138. Mr. Wilkinson shot 21-138 at the lower range, and precision, his total score being sixth best of the day. The occasion was one of gala good cheer from beginning to end, and every archer and spectator felt that the archery season at the Park had commenced well. Letters of regret were received from many archers who were invited to be present. The second regular target day of this society will take place in June.

PRIZES: 1st \$10.

LADIES.—First score, 50 yards, Miss Jane Street, 27-125; second, Mrs. E. Swartwout, 27-124; third, Mrs. R. Street, 27-123; fourth, Mrs. W. S. Lasher, 25-92; fifth, Mrs. J. M. Goodridge, 22-74; sixth, Miss Denison, 19-75; poorest score, Miss Hammond, 10-31. First score, 40 yards, Miss Denison, 32-133; second, Miss Street, 29-114; third, Mrs. Lasher, 29-94; fourth, Mrs. Swartwout, 18-84; fifth, Mrs. Carver, 16-62; sixth, Mrs. Goodridge, 15-61; poorest score,

Mrs. Street, 4-14; greatest gross score, Miss Street, 61-230; greatest gross score, not having won a prize, Mrs. Carver, 39-119; greatest gross score, nearest approaching 100, Mrs. Geo. Ball, 23-38; most gold, Miss Denison, 5.

GENTLEMEN.—First score, 80 yards, Mr. Hall, 55-236; second, Mr. Carver, 53-211; third, Mr. Kyle, 35-163; fourth, Dr. Weston, 35-131; fifth, N. B. Swartwout, 27-125; sixth, Mr. Hammond, 30-110; poorest score, Rev. G. L. Wrenn, 13-18. First score, 60 yards, Mr. Hall, 56-260; second, Mr. Carver, 33-158; third, Mr. Hammond, 34-153; fourth, B. G. Street, 33-123; fifth, Dr. Weston, 34-130; sixth, Mr. Kyle, 33-117; poorest score, Rev. G. L. Wrenn, 2-14; greatest gross score, Mr. Hall, 92-394; most gold, Mr. Carver, 7. Mr. Will H. Thompson's prize to the archer whose 50 yards' score should exceed his 70 yards' score by the greatest number of points, Mr. Hall, 63; visitors' prize, for greatest gross score, Mr. Adams, 65-201. Special prizes, consisting of fancy design work, lawn rocks, quivers, tassels, etc., were presented.

The most prominent personal contest, during the shooting, occurred between Mr. Schuyler M. Cox and the Rev. G. L. Wrenn, for the two prizes (rubber target guns) for the poorest score, both of which were fairly won, and earned, by the Rev. Mr. Wrenn. It is expected that he will commence immediately a system of practice with his new implements, which will enable him to retain the reputation which he has always enjoyed at the Park as an archer. It is earnestly hoped that Mr. Cox will not be discouraged because of his failure, but gather courage and comfort in reflecting upon the well-known formidable strength of his competitor.

Following are the scores of the lady shooters; 90 arrows, 50 yards, and 48 arrows, 40 yards:—

Names.	50 Yds.	40 Yds.	Total.
Target F—			
Mrs. W. M. Goodridge	18	78	95
Mrs. W. S. Street	13	75	88
Miss H. Denison	19	75	94
Miss L. Carter	27	101	128
Mrs. A. Hammond	10	36	46
Target G—			
Miss Jamie Street	33	125	158
Mrs. W. M. Goodridge	23	116	139
Mrs. H. C. Carver	20	102	122
Mrs. N. B. Swartwout	23	116	139
Mrs. George Ball	10	44	54

Following are the scores of the gentlemen shooters; 90 arrows, 50 yards, and 48 arrows, 40 yards:—

Names.	50 Yds.	40 Yds.	Total.
Target A—			
W. M. Goodridge	19	49	68
C. G. Hammond	39	110	149
H. Carter	23	101	124
J. Williamson (V)	18	146	164
Target B—			
M. S. Crosby	27	80	107
A. Adams (V)	23	116	139
Dr. E. B. Weston	33	133	166
O. W. Kyle	28	102	130
N. B. Swartwout (V)	18	66	84
Target C—			
N. B. Swartwout	27	121	148
Dr. E. B. Weston	33	133	166
N. M. Cox	5	15	20
Rev. G. L. Wrenn	3	13	16
Target D—			
Geo. Ball	28	98	126
F. P. Hall	25	100	125
H. Wrenn	26	98	124
R. J. Street	28	94	122
H. C. Carver	23	116	139
J. Williamson	18	146	164
J. O. Blake (V)	18	54	72

Note—"V" stands for visitor.

Mr. S. E. Egan and Mr. W. B. E. Shufeldt, of Chicago, were present, but did not shoot. Forty-one prizes were contested for, and will be awarded with appropriate speeches by the president, Dr. E. B. Weston, at the regular meeting of the society, the first Tuesday in May.

EASTERN ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.—The regular annual business meeting of this Association was held at Boston, April 28th, Pres. Brownell in the chair and the following delegates present: P. Quessette Archery Club, Miss Alice Ingraham, Saml. P. Abbott; Hawthorne Archers, Miss J. Wilson, Dr. Jas. Dwight; West Newton Archery Club, Miss Rosa S. Allen, Geo. A. Mower; Lynn Archery Club, Miss L. S. Clark, Herbert W. Newhall; Orlani Archers, W. Holberton; Brookline Archery Club, E. L. Foreman; Lewiston Trophites, Dr. O. A. Horr. It was voted to hold the annual meeting at Beacon Park the first week in September. The following officers were elected for the following year: President, A. S. Brownell; First Vice-President, Miss Josephine Wilson; Second Vice-President, Col. Frank Brandreth; Corresponding Secretary, John Worcester; Recording Secretary, N. D. Abbott; Treasurer, Miss Alma C. Walker; Executive Committee, George Smith, G. A. Mower, Dr. James Dwight, John B. Cotton, S. P. Abbott, E. R. Dwight. This is substantially a re-election of the old board of officers.

ARCHERY IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—*Phithih, Maui, Hawaiian Islands, April 13th.*—Editor Forest and Stream.—Though Mr. Thompson asserts that our English friends have given the natives of these islands some thorough study that it would be folly for those less experienced to make a change, is there not an almost self-evident blunder in the present method of scoring? If so, will any reasonable person object to a change which will insure greater accuracy.

By the present method, counting from the center, each ring decreases in value by two, as far as the white; but the difference in value of an arrow in the white, and one that misses the target is but one. Here, surely, is an error; it is not more accurate to adopt the series 9, 7, 5, 3, 1, —; or, 11, 9, 7, 5, 3, 1—a miss having the value of 1.

Would it not be still better to give the gold a value of 1, and the other colors the values of 3, 5, 7, 9, 11; for thus the true relative values of scores would be given.

At present an arrow in the gold has a value only 1-4-5 times greater than one in the blue; whereas, by the above method, its value would be five times as great. This is the correct ratio, for the average gold is 14 inches from the center, or five times nearer than the average blue, which is 11 inches from the center.

The values 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0, suggested by Mr. Brownell, would clearly be more accurate than the present values, for they decrease uniformly to zero.

It may interest some of your readers to learn that a club, styled the East Maui Archers, has recently been formed in this place, and it is rumored that one will soon be started in Honolulu. As all seasons here are equally delightful for out-door practice, we have hopes of hitting the gold by-and-by.

W. C. DIXBY.

Answers to Correspondents.

Correspondents who may send us their proper name and address will always receive prompt attention in these columns. We require a man's name for two reasons: (1) sometimes as a guarantee of good faith, and (2) always as a matter of common courtesy. As a rule we do not reply to inquiries by mail, except in cases demanding immediate advice.

E. E. Lawrence, Mass.—Impossible to suggest treatment from your description; write more fully, stating length of time your setter has been sick.

EVANS, Philadelphia.—Try Glover's imperial mange cure, which can be had of Joseph C. Grubb & Co., 112 Market street, your city. It is said to be excellent.

H. H., Pittsburg, Pa.—Three injections, one a day, of salt and water, will rid your setter of pin worms. Precede by several hours the first enema by full dose of castor oil.

H. H. H.—Canvas cannot be very serviceable for your purpose. Directions for building will be found in our issue of Aug. 7th, 1879. Nothing like experience to produce a finished and satisfactory boat.

H. W. J., Chicago.—No invoice of new edition of Dixon Kemp's Yacht and Boat Sailing received in America yet. Will not arrive for six weeks yet, the enterprise of American book houses being about equal to that of a fossil.

SUBSCRIBER.—You neglect to state the length of time your setter has been sick. If the dog has never had distemper before, was probably a light attack of the disease. Keep warm and dry, and give him two grains of quinine three times a day for several weeks. Exercise and proper food will bring him about all right.

INQUIRER.—Roughly speaking, we should say that two tons on the keel, as you propose, will have as much effect as three tons inside. Would advise experimenting with one ton this season. Light displacement is, however, no longer viewed with the same favor as it once was, and the tendency is in the opposite direction, as heavy displacement produces abler and roomier boats.

POINTER, Camden, N. J.—Dogs can be broken either to point dead or not. We do not see any occasion for making any dog do so, however, and cannot see what benefit is derived from training a young dog to point dead, except in teaching him, when first introduced to game, to retrieve it without biting or gripping it. Dogs can distinguish at once, by the scent, whether the bird is alive or dead. In paper fish on "Dog Breaking," this disputed point will be fully discussed. We refer you to it, as it will appear shortly.

J. W. R., St. David's, Ont.—Your setter puppy has internal canker. Wash out daily each ear with Castile soap and tepid water; fill with piece of soft sponge. Fill each ear twice a day with following lotion: one teaspoonful of Goulard's extract mixed in two tablespoonfuls of water. The cap over head to prevent flapping of the ears, and dispense with all meat in dog's diet. A mild dose of Epsom salts once a week, with water, will be found beneficial. Mix vegetables with dog's food.

M. J. N., Oneida, N. Y.—No solid food should be given, but food such as strong meat broth and mush, with which mix well boiled vegetables. Give two grains of quinine three times a day for several weeks, and should there be any constipation give castor oil. Should the mucus choke or stop up the throat, give doses of salt and water. Keep dry and warm. Allow free exercise and fresh water. Persevere in this treatment, and you will find your puppy will soon be off the sick list.

J. F. P., Augusta, Me.—My pointer, three years old, drools from the mouth, and has since he was a year old. Can anything be done for him? Ans. The drooling is one of the results of distemper; a judicious course of treatment may lessen the difficulty, but it is doubtful if any effect can be effected at this late day. You may, however, give small doses of calomel, say three grains twice a week for three weeks, and commence after first dose of calomel administering quinine, two grains three times a day, this to be continued for same length of time.

CANARIE.—Strictly speaking, the term "cutter" applies only to a certain style of rig, the same as the terms "schooner," "sloop," etc. The cutter has a fore staysail and a jib, generally set flying, or upon its own huff. In the discussion of the qualities of different kinds of yachts, a wider meaning is generally attached to the term "cutter," implying not only a boat rigged as such, but also one having moderate beam and greater depth than the sloop, and supplied with a keel with more or less ballast outside. It is a mistake to suppose that cutters are necessarily of much larger displacement than sloops. Such sloops as *Mischief*, *Maicap*, *Violet*, *Arrow*, and many of the best craft we have, displace as much water as an average cutter.

T. T. P., Pearisburg, Va.—You have given dog No. 1 overdoses of sulphur; discontinue it at once. Give from one-eighth to one-quarter of a grain of nux vomica three times a day, and also two grains of quinine three times a day. Continue this treatment for some time, and write result. Your dog No. 2 has evidently passed several segments of tape worm. Fast dog twenty-four hours, give twenty grains a male fern, half hour later, repeat same dose in castor oil. Dog No. 3, two or three grains of quinine three times a week, and proper food, such as meat, brot, boiled liver, bullock's tripe, vegetables, etc., mixed with well boiled oatmeal and vegetables, will put your dog all right.

Dr. C. S., New York City.—Dew-claws are a sort of rudimentary fifth toe on the inside of the leg of a hound. The food of a dog should depend upon the exercise that is given him. When a dog is being worked he requires plenty of good strengthening food; and when he is chained up during the close season, a lesser quantity of meat should suffice. Young dogs and puppies should have several feeds a day, but one meal at evening time is considered the best way of keeping a full-grown dog in condition. All dogs should have more or less vegetables mixed with their food, both winter and summer, the quantity to be regulated as regards the health of the animals.

W. R. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Your dog has the mange; it is abso-

tutely necessary that great cleanliness must be observed. His bed must be repeatedly changed, and he be allowed free exercise with wholesome, not stimulating food, and plenty of fresh water. In no case should the dog, suffering under this complaint, be allowed to gorge or cram himself, but the vitals must be withdrawn the instant he has swallowed sufficient to support nature. The diet of your dog may consist of coarse oatmeal, well boiled, mixed with boiled potatoes, and other vegetables. Stale bread and ship biscuits may be used for a change. Four to seven drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic twice a day in food. Send us your name and address in full and we will give you the information you desire.

J. K. R., New Orleans.—On March 31st I hunted my pointer all day. On April 2nd I found him dead. He was very restless the night and day previous to his death. He urinated so freely I thought his kidneys affected. I cut him open, and to the last of my belief found all his organs in good condition. I have been told that the owner of the ground over which I shot had scattered poisoned meat in order to kill sheep-killing dogs. Would a dog live two days after taking poison? The dog had been shot with No. 10 shot two months previous at fifty yards, and bled badly on left side. Could that have affected his health? Ans. Quite possible that one of the grains of shot penetrated a vital part, which only required time to render fatal. The poison theory is very improbable.

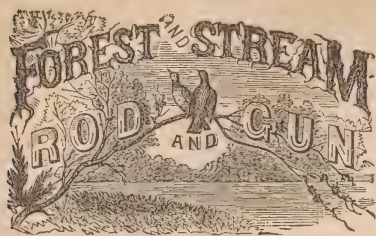
T. O. S., Boston, Mass.—I have a pointer bitch puppy eight weeks old now recovering from the distemper, from which her dam and three litter brothers died. My puppy is suffering from weakness in hind parts; throat seems filled with mucus at evening, and always after active play. She was covered with sores, which are now partly healed; appetite good; diet consists of boiled milk with bread crumbed in it; once a day, give beef tea and cod-liver oil. Please inform me what I shall do to strengthen her and relieve trouble in her throat? Ans. We would recommend a counter irritation about the throat, which can be effected by rubbing several times a day with some stimulating liniment. Continue to give teaspoonful of cod-liver oil once a day, and feed with the beef broth. Dry and warm bed, fresh air and sunlight and clean water, will bring about the desired result.

C. G. F., Frederick, Md.—A pointer dog has for some time been unwell. The symptoms are at times dryness and excessive heat of nose, and costiveness; sometimes he will not eat; recently yawn several times. I sometimes think there was a great deal written in your paper about holding ahead and holding on a bird. Do you not think this is regulated very much by the gun? I have shot a great many geese and ducks, and have made many good shots, and I always hold on or aim directly at the object. My opinion is, that, with a choke-bore, one should hold ahead, and with a cylinder bore, on the object. Ans. I. Give your pointer three compound cathartic pills, follow on the next or fourth day, with castor oil. Allow plenty of exercise, and one good feed a day, sufficient to keep your dog in condition. He has probably been over fed. 2. It is a simple law of natural philosophy which both theory and practice demonstrate.

J. B. B., Ontario.—My setter, three years old, was attacked last summer with a sore on the bottom of one of his feet, the sore had a hot burn and burnt it. It did not get well until I shouldered broke out in a fearful mass. This spring the other toe, on the same foot, is attacked in same way. The dog is well cared for and has plenty of exercise. What shall I do for him? Ans. Your dog has one of the many kinds of mange. Dress every day with following mixture: Powdered bicarbonate of potash, one ounce; powdered white vitriol, one-quarter of an ounce; sublimed sulphur, two ounces; lard, eight ounces. Rub thoroughly into skin. Wash feet with Castile soap and water, and dry immediately. Rub the toes with the toes. You had then better put boots, made either of soft leather or canvas, on the sore feet. Give five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic, twice a day, and gradually increase dose to seven drops. It may be given in food, and must be continued for some time to be beneficial. See answer No. 1 to "W. R. P." in this column, regarding proper diet, etc. The disease is contagious.

G. A. S., Westfield, Mass.—You are perfectly correct in your diagnosis of the case of the dog—he is in a terrible condition. There is something else to be learned than how to dose a dog when he is sick, that is, how to keep him from having to be dosed—when he is well. From want of regular exercise, proper food and care, the dog has become debilitated and weak, and is suffering from a disease which will put him all right again. Begin by giving him light, wholesome feed, from which exclude all meat and grease. The blood having become heated, you should give an aperient of Epsom salts once a week, and a dessert spoonful of sulphur and magnesia in food every morning. Regular exercise should be given, and the dog allowed to have his freedom in some inclosure, where he will be unable to pick up any improper food. Let him run in the fields in the country, where he can get grass if he chooses. Observe cleanliness, and make use of Ans. I to W. R. P. in this column. Apply one of the mange dressings recommended in this column; that given to J. B. B. will answer. After giving this treatment a thorough trial, write fully. Should the internal canker increase, which will be shown by the dog's shaking his head and scratching the part afflicted the following lotion poured in the ear and held there for a few moments, twice a day, will probably effect a cure: diluted liver water, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, one drachm; and water, twelve ounces. The inside of the ear must be kept from shaking by a cap tied over the head. Read the paper.

VELOCITY OF RIFLE BALLS.—Prof. Spie recently measured before a large audience, the velocity of a rifle ball fired across the stage. The distance was only thirty-three feet. Lieut. Merriam cooperated, and his duty was to shoot away, with a Creedmoor rifle, two loose wires, each of which connected in an electric circuit two globes of mercury. One wire was placed just in front of the supported muzzle of the rifle, the other thirty-three feet distant. Two levers were arranged, with bent wire points, over a piece of smoked glass to which a uniform motion could be imparted, and the electric connections were such that on the first wire being broken the point of the corresponding lever descended on the glass; but when the bullet broke the second wire it immediately rose again by the action of a spring. The result of this was that the point connected with the second wire descended on the smoked glass. The other point, being kept down during the swing of a seconds pendulum, scraped a longer space. After firing, the glass was withdrawn, and a magnified image of the lines thrown on a screen. The relative lengths of these lines were then ascertained, the longer being found 110 inches, the shorter five inches, making the duration of flight of the ball 5-110ths or 1-22d of a second, its velocity being $31\frac{1}{2} \times 2200$ feet per second, or at the rate of a little under 500 miles per hour.—*Scientific American.*



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL ANGLING, HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOCTRINATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions. Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost. Trade supplied by American News Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

WHO GOES WITH YOU?

A POPULAR Boston lecturer, who has visited almost every important Mecca of the European tourist, once gave as his advice concerning the choice of a traveling companion: "First, be sure to select a person whose pocket book is as deep as your own and no deeper; second, select a man whose tastes are similar to your own, who will wish to go where you wish to go, and to see what you wish to see; third, select one of the same mental caliber as yourself; and fourth, select one possessing culture equal to your own. I always travel alone." That last sentence is not so egotistical as it may appear; for it probably epitomizes the lesson learned from a series of wearisome trials of experimental traveling companionships. The experienced tourist is shy of untried fellows.

The hints just given are also applicable to sporting excursions. Whether the man who goes fishing, shooting and camping shall go alone, with a single friend or with a party, depends upon such a multiplicity of "ifs" and "ands" in each individual case that it is impossible to formulate any general rule which shall apply to each particular case. Upon the choice of comrades, however, quite as much as upon the selection of place and time, depends the enjoyment of the trip. Genial companionship will brighten up the most dismal fortnight of cloudy days; and, on the other hand, just as surely will an unsympathetic association convert into jarring discord all the melody of rustling leaf, singing bird and falling water. It must be remembered that two persons, who each possess a taste for camp life or sporting excursions, may yet differ very much in the particular way in which they would gratify such a taste.

For one there is pleasure and profit to be gained by withdrawing from his fellow creatures for a season, to dwell in solitude and retirement amid the influences and studies of the silent forest arches. The old anchorites of the deserts were lunatics in their way, and doubtless deserved their self-imposed austerities. But there was after all a spark of common sense in their creed and practice; and scores of business and professional men to-day, who are constantly thrown into sharp contact with their fellow-men, and who have a very large share

of the cares and troubles of others thrust upon them, might with great profit to body and soul assume for a brief season the tunic of the hermit and his fare of lentils and leeks. There are two ways in which the benefit of such a retirement may be rendered naught: a man may bear unto the woods with him all the perplexing details of his business, and there revolve them over and over again, and so return to his home without once having surrendered himself to the healing influences of the wild woods; and again, the unfortunate pleasure-seeker may be bored beyond endurance by the constant annoyance of an uncongenial and irritating companion. Fortunate is he who has for his coming excursion a friend tried and true, who has been tested of old. With such a comrade the pleasures of the camp are trebled, and about the fire at night one may live again the summers of the past.

It is an almost universal experience, when viewing alone an impressive scene of nature, to feel a longing for the presence of another to share the emotions aroused by the occasion. Only as we grow older do we learn that, were that visionary kindred spirit to draw near, the inspiration of the moment would be dispelled. Some men never see anything in the changing glories of a sunset. There are souls so bemanacled in this earthly prison house that they can never appreciate a higher gratification than that afforded by plenty of good, cold corned beef and beans—and plenty of mustard. He who does stand silent before the trailing clouds of glory will be a wise man in his day and generation; if he leave the corned beef and beans weight to his dish.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND IRISH WOLF-HOUNDS.

THOSE who read the letter of John Quincy Adams, published in our issue of March 25th, will be interested in the following letter, written by George Washington, about the Irish wolf-hound. We are indebted to Mr. R. T. Greene, of Jersey City Heights, N. J., for the copy of the same. It will be remembered that about a year ago there was quite an animated discussion carried on through the medium of the sporting papers, here and abroad, in regard to the extinction of the type of dog called the Irish wolf-hound.

"B. St. George," in his letter which appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM* of March 13th, 1879, states in the first part of that communication, that it was generally accepted as a fact that these dogs had ceased to exist; although, a little further on, he writes that there still exists sufficient of the true breed, both in the race still known in Ireland as the Irish wolf-hound, and in our modern deer-hound, to allow of the complete recovery of the breed. Interested parties at once made an effort to create a class in the Dublin Show, and the Irish Kennel Club and others were successful in rescussitating the breed, as twelve were entered, and eleven put in an appearance. This certainly was a good beginning toward renewing an extinct type, although, according to "I. D.'s" letter in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, of April 17th following, they were a slightly mixed class.

It may interest the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* to know how nearly extinct they were considered a hundred years ago, and, at the same time, have the pleasure of reading a copy of a letter written by George Washington. By the way, our friends, who have been abused for selling and buying dog flesh, may find some comfort in the evidence below that so eminent a man as our first President did not consider it beneath his manhood to act as a party to dog sales. The individuals who are inclined to write down all dealers in dog flesh as knaves, might profitably examine the records of the past, and possibly turn their discoveries to political ends.

The letter is addressed to Charles Carter, of Ludlow Farm, Fredericksburg, Va., and reads as follows:—

MOUNT VERNON, Feb. 5th, 1778.

DEAR SIR:—At length I have got some answer to my application for Wolf Dogs. I wish it was more satisfactory; but such as it is, I give it, as suspense of our situation is the most disagreeable.

The information comes from Sir Edward Newenham, a gentleman of family and fortune in Ireland, and is in these words:—

"I have just received a letter from your noble and virtuous friend, the Marquis de la Fayette, in which he communicates your wish to obtain a breed of the true Irish Wolf Dog, and desires me to procure it. I have been these several years endeavoring to get that breed without success. It is nearly annihilated. I have heard of a dog in the South, and a bitch in the North of Ireland but not of a couple anywhere. I am also told that the 'Earl of Ailmor' has a breed that is nearly genuine; if he has, I will procure two from him. The Marquis also wants some at his domain, where he is troubled by the wolves. If Mastiff would be of any service, I could send you some valuable large ones, which are our guard dogs. You will honor me with your commands about them. They are very fierce, faithful and long-lived."

If upon this information you think I can be further useful, I shall be happy to render any service in my power. Mastiff I conceive will not answer the purpose for which the Wolf Dog is wanted. They will guard a pen—which pen may be secured by its situation, by our dogs and various other ways—but your object, if I have a right conception of it, is to hunt and destroy wolves by pursuit, for which end the Mastiff is altogether unfit. If the proper kind can be had, I have no doubt of their being sent by Sir Edward, who has sought an occasion to be obliging to me. I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient and affectionate servant,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.

SPRING FEVER.—There is a peculiar disease, not treated of in general therapeutics, and yet one so prevalent when the season opens and the game law becomes inoperative, when the spring bursts forth renewing its lusty life and inspiring poet and artist, that it becomes a subject of serious inquiry why the medical profession has so entirely disregarded it and ignored its claims to a place in the catalogue of human ailments. When the robins and the meadow larks return; when the sparrows commence to mate and the ground birds look about for building sites; when the pansies and the violets emit their perfume and display their charms, there comes stealing over such as are susceptible to it the inevitable spring fever. It comes with the ices of March. Here in New York it begins to appear when the Governor's Island gun booms sundown at 6 o'clock. It comes with the snipe and shad, and casts over its victims an intense and irresistible yearning to visit some favorite trout stream—a yearning so keenly developed that it transforms the best of us into lazy, useless beings, in our own way and in the way of everybody else.

It is not attended with the dangerous characteristics that distinguish typhoid, intermittent, yellow and other fevers. It is not provocative of a desire to die and be done with bodily suffering; but it is attended by a delicious languor, an elegant stupidity, and a lazy worthlessness refreshing to behold. Spring fever does not crowd the hospitals, nor call physicians at the midnight hour, nor fill the heart with alternating hopes and fears. It only makes one an annoyance and hindrance that ought to be banished to the woods, and the woods and the waters are the sovereign remedies, the panacea for it when it assumes its most aggravating form.

The principal symptoms are indicated by fondly caressing your rods, every joint of which is a reminiscence; overhauling and taking account of your flies, in which you evince more interest than ever a girl did over a piece of pretty ribbon; studying maps, telling fish stories and altogether acting as irrational as a man on the verge of marrying. It incapacitates a man for any serious work, and something must be found to relieve it. Be sure that your diagnosis is correct, and that the symptoms indicate an attack of spring fever, then consult the physician, who will prescribe about as follows:—

Rambou rod, 3 joints, 8oz.

Assorted flies, 5 doz.

Vacation, 2 to 4 weeks.

Pure oxygen, wild woods, 99999999 gallons.

Eat regularly 2, 4, 6, or 8 times a day. To be taken in the open air.

Be sure of your physician, and do not stifle your chances of living by following the advice of any one who prescribes differently from the formula above. There is nothing else in the pharmacopoeia half so efficacious.

MILLARD.

A BRACE OF GESE.—The season in which it is lawful to kill wild geese in this State closed last Saturday. The sport has been excellent at many of the most popular grounds, and gunners have had all the fun they could reasonably ask for. Many a man who has been taught that the saying, "as silly as a goose," as a sufficient index to the true character of the wild bird, has learned the fallacy of such an opinion.

Proverbs and folk sayings are crystallizations of wisdom and native wit. A proverb cannot live if it has no deep tap-root in the common experience of mankind. No man can sit down and write a book of original proverbs. Solomon did not originate all the wisdom credited to him.

Many of the popular sayings of different peoples, especially among savage and primitive races, are founded upon their observations of the characters and habits of the different members of the animal world; and much of the unwritten literature or folk tales of these races is made up of animal legends and stories of birds and beasts. Their wisest saws have reference to the silliness of some animals and the subtle cunning of others. So full of wisdom and truth are some of these fables that they have lived for centuries and thousands of years, transmitted from generation to generation by word of mouth, perpetuated in parchments, and disseminated in varying forms over very wide portions of the world. Since the investigation of the race relations of different peoples has been stimulated by the study of comparative philology, these legends, myths and proverbs have assumed importance, and such eminent scholars as Max Müller, Ralston, Thoms, Dasent, and others have recognized their value as links in the chain of historical inquiry.

This is wandering away off from our geese and stools and batteries, and we must return to bag our brace of birds, or rather our brace of proverbs. The man who has been cramped up in a warm battery hour after hour, patiently and persistently pitting his skill against the wary cunning of a goose, only to betake himself home at last stiff-legged and sore, as best he can, is probably in a suitable state of mind to appreciate the truth contained in the expression, "a wild-geese chase."

We are not disposed to argue with those who think that the other expression, "as silly as a goose," is an erroneous one, and who would have us believe that this

term of contempt passes current only because those who employ it don't know what they are talking about. Each expression is true, and bears inherent evidence of its origin. The comparison of a foolish man to a goose evidently arose in the town, among men who knew only the barnyard fowl, the tenant of the village green and waiside puddles, the stupid, waddling, hissing and uncouth creature bred for its feathers. The other figure, on the contrary, the comparison of an unsuccessful pursuit to the fruitless chasing of a wild goose, is plainly an outgrowth of the country, where the wild bird is found in its first estate, a worthy subject of the sportsman's most ingenious devices. Thus each of these figures is true and each is false. If a man think the goose a silly bird, let him try to capture a wild one; if he think the goose a cunning bird, show him a mud-bedrabbled tame one.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

UNDER this heading we propose, as occasion shall demand, to offer an opportunity for the exchange of notes and queries, and invite our readers to contribute both queries and answers to the inquiries propounded. There are many topics connected with the different branches of sport which afford room for investigation, and sometimes recendite study, while there are a thousand and one bits of local information, like that sent us by Mr. Van Sieten, which would be of general interest if published in the FOREST AND STREAM. It must be understood that matters legitimately belonging to our Answers to Correspondents column proper, will be confined to that department. Now let us hear from that man who always bends his fishing rod into the form of a quotation mark.

THE MEANING OF "WILLOWMOOC."—SHAWANGUNK.—*Boyle's Club, May 18th.*—Over the hill from the Beaverkill is the Willowmooc. It is almost as good a trout stream as the former, but the trout are more capricious. The weather must be just right for you to fill your creel in the Willowmooc. Late Mr. Dr. J. P. Secor (I believe, of the Secor sewing machine), happened in by accident, and the beautiful trout of Scribner & Son's "Game Fish of America" caught his eye. This led to a pleasant conversation, in which he informed me that he came from the town of "Cone-had, Sullivan County; that his uncle "Rome" (I believe) Secor lived there at Westfield Flats, the next station below Westerson, Co. W. Lawrence; near Peter Stewart, who is now for his banks. Do you not find the name singularly appropriate? Those streams run down the steep hills so fast that it is a wonder that any water is left in them. I wish that now some one who knows would tell me the meaning of the Indian word "Shawangunk," which is pronounced "Shongum," up in the neighborhood of the mountains so called.

GEO. W. VAN SIETEN.

GUN FLINTS.—*Cardville, Pa., April 24.*—There is a man in our town who says that he has never found any one that can tell him where gun flints come from, or how or by whom they were made. Please answer through your paper, if you can throw any light on the subject.

R.T.C.S.

GEORGE C. COLBURN.—George C. Colburn, whose name has been for many years so familiar to the sportsmen of America, died at his residence in this city, after a brief illness, last Saturday, May 1st. Mr. Colburn was for many years a prominent dry goods merchant in New York, and was at the time of his death about fifty years of age. As the owner of the Gordon setter Dash, of the lemon and white pointer bitch Belle, and other famous dogs, Mr. Colburn was widely known, and always held a prominent position among those who were interested in the importation and breeding of fine stock in this country. Mr. Colburn was a genial, generous man, possessed of many warm friends, and highly esteemed in his business and social relations. The news of his death will be learned with a unfeigned sadness by many of our readers who enjoyed his friendship.

NOTES.—The course of civilization has ever been westward, and it is in conformity to this rule that archery has crossed the Rocky Mountains, and has extended its gentle sway to the isles of the Pacific. It was not so many years ago that we were reading about the Sandwich Islanders putting aside their bows and clubs and nakedness to assume the utensils and habiliments of civilization.

A hint to some five or six of our esteemed daily contemporaries: The mere fact that a gentleman is connected with the editorial staff of a sporting weekly is not a sufficient reason for dubbing him "Colonel."

The Blooming Grove Park is advertised to be sold at Sheriff's sale on May 17th, to satisfy a debt of \$71,000. This is an amicable sale, made to re-transfer the property to the club, and to reduce the interest on the indebtedness. The Blooming Grove Park is perhaps the finest game preserve in the country. \$100,000 has been put into it since the inception of the project. The property comprises 12,000 acres of land, of which 700 acres are inclosed by a wire fence seven feet high, and a fine club house, where the best of fare is served at a low rate. The park is well stocked with large and small game, and is pro-

tected by special police. Easy of access, being situated ten miles from Lackawaxen station, on the New York, Erie and Western Railroad, and seven miles from Millville, on the Honesdale branch, Blooming Grove Park is a desirable property for a club of sportsmen. We understand that the Association propose to bid in the property for the fixed sum of \$34,000. Mr. Fayette S. Giles has been most active in the work of establishing this preserve, and it is to his enthusiasm and activity that the formation of the Association was due. The trustees of the property are Messrs. Giles, Avery, Reed, Fearing, Maginnis, Robinson, Grimes and Mouzille.

—The FOREST AND STREAM is now published at 39 and 40 Park Row, Times building.

Two moose have been added to the Central Park Menagerie. They came from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and are worth visiting.

GAME PROTECTION.

ANOTHER GOOD SUGGESTION.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 13th.

Editor Forest and Stream.—"New Jersey," in his letter published in FOREST AND STREAM April 8th, says: "If many of the sportsmen of that State are in doubt whether or not the law has jurisdiction over the deeds of a proprietor on his own estate, as stated in your notes last week, it must be because they have very slight acquaintance with the laws."

Now I say, if any sportsman of that State is in doubt whether or not any proprietor of an estate has any regard "except contempt for game law that ever was enacted" now exists, or is proposed for the future, let him get better acquainted with the above-mentioned proprietor, and his doubts will be cleared up on that score. It is a notorious fact that the majority of them believe that they have a constitutional right to kill and destroy all kinds of game birds and fish in season or out, provided they do not go off their own land to do it. Now what is the remedy? Certainly not more nor more stringent laws. They help make these game laws, they are all in favor of them; but "again" carrying them out—that is, so far as applying them to their own actions. Those laws were made to govern the true sportsman.

It is seldom I go out into the State that I do not learn something that does not substantiate the above, and I am persuaded that the remedy is not in laws; but to educate the proprietors and their sons to the fact that it is much better for them and every one interested to protect the game birds in their nesting season and fish on their spawning beds. There has to be a revolution in sentiment on the part of the proprietors before the game laws will be respected, and I think it can be best done through the medium of the country papers.

Let suitable articles appear from time to time, contritions of sportsmen of that State, who know and respect by the land-owners, then the proprietor will become a respecter of the game laws himself and will see that the true sportsman does the same on his premises, and we shall have the most efficient game wardens possible.

R. T. G.

Game Bag and Gun.

MAY IS A CLOSE MONTH FOR GAME.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Reports, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; seasons and other accommodations; Game and Fish Reports; Fish and Game Season; Bait, Guides, etc. Name of the person to whom orders should be sent.

—ADDRESS all communications "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

TEXAS DEER SHOOTING.

THIS has been an unfavorable spring for "gobbler" hunting. Too much cloudy and windy weather. I have taken only one little hunt of a week; got four shots with my Wesson, and bagged four old gobblers—beards from 9 to 12½ inches—weights from 20 to 23 lbs. We have plenty of nearly all kinds of game, from a snipe to a bear. The latter especially are numerous. Our friend, Capt. Highower, has killed twenty-three bears this season, up to last accounts. They are quite fat this year from an abundant mast, and the Captain has killed some fine ones.

Deer are also plentiful here, but are fearfully butchered at all seasons, and will be decimated soon unless some measures are taken to stop it by legislative action, and I for one would like to call the attention of the sporting clubs all over this State to this subject, and urge them to action in trying to have good, wholesome and effective game laws established in this State, as in other States.

There was some "stagger" at a game law made and provided at the last sitting of the Legislature, but any schoolboy could see at a glance that not a line of it is worth the paper it is printed on. The little game that yet remains in Texas is mostly confined to the borders of streams, and in the wooded districts, where in the latter the deer are killed by hundreds at all seasons of the year, for their hides alone in many instances. The law now stands, that "it shall be unlawful to kill (within certain months) any female deer knowingly." "Knowingly?" Does any man, with a tea-spoonful of brains, "knowingly" know what harm that one word in the law has done? Did he ever think how many thousands of helpless little fawns have been left to starve, because their mothers have been slain by careless and heartless persons? Since that miserable farce was placed on the statute, I have never known nor

heard of a doe being killed in this county. All are bucks that are killed now. Oh, yes, all bucks—although their udders filled with milk are dissected and thrown in the bush, and their heads, feet and other evidences of sex are cut off and thrown aside in the woods—yet they are all "bucks."

I, for one, would appeal to every sportsman, naturalist, or other person, who has a spark of humanity in his heart, and who lives in this great State, to try and impress this matter upon their representatives in the Legislature, to frame some worthy method of protecting the game and fish while there is yet some little left. It seems to me that the next month or two of a year is long enough to hunt one variety of game. Let the closed season for deer be, from Dec. 1st to the 15th June; for in those months are the breeding season, and the deer are poor, musky and unfit for food; and before the 15th of June, or 1st of July, the fawns are too young to care for themselves if their mothers are killed; and many other reasons I can give, if necessary. Sportsmen of Texas, think of it, and set your minds to work by the time the next Legislature convenes.

Willis, Tex., April 20th.

A CAROM IN GOOSE SHOOTING.—One day, a few years ago, I started out for an all-day's squirrel hunt. I was armed with a Lamb rifle, carrying a ball weighing seventy-eight to the pound, and with the aid of a closed season of full execution among game of all kind in the several years that I had owned it. The early morning was unusually pleasant for the season, and I anticipated a delightful still-hunt and a big bag. My objective point was what is known as Blue's Swamp, a dry swamp running parallel with and a short distance from the river, and some five or six miles in length. Squirrels were always plentiful in this swamp, and on a pleasant day it was easy to bag a large number.

To my dismay, by the time I reached the swamp, the sun had disappeared and a cold northeast wind was blowing, and I found I was in for a regular "blue day." I did not turn back, however, but pushed along with very little prospect though of seeing anything to shoot. Toward noon I branched off to the river, where was an area of some two miles in length. By means of a dug-out I reached the island, crossing it and coming to a beach on the banks of the main river, which was here some two hundred yards in width. Finding a convenient place at the edge of the water, I sat down and commenced eating my lunch. My attention was at once attracted to a large flock of geese, perhaps numbering more than two hundred, right opposite me, and almost two hundred yards away. Ah, how I wished I was seated on the beach just above them; but it was no use to wish, so I finished my lunch and stooped for a flask of water, and, just as I stooped, I heard the peculiar "swish" made by geese in lighting upon the water, and peeping through the willows which lined the banks of the island I saw two geese, probably the advance guard of another flock. Pushing my rifle through the willows I prepared to fire, when my finger was stayed from the trigger by the thought that I might get them in range, and as yet two instances of. They had not yet begun to feed, when this thought occurred, and, knowing I could not be seen by them, I quietly rested my rifle on a point of the rock behind which I was hid and awaited their first move.

I had not long to await. They soon crossed, and I fired. There they lay—two beauties. The nearest one to me was lying from five feet away, and the second was probably some five or six feet further. They were all along this side of the island did not average a depth of more than ten or twelve inches, and the bed of the river, as also the banks of the island, was covered with rocks of all shapes and sizes. There was no current, owing to the peculiar form of the island on this side, and this was a favorite feeding place of both ducks and geese. Prodding a willow limb, as a soundly-able to avoid holes, I waded out after the dead geese. They had been shot, I moved an inch since the ball struck them, but imagine my astonishment, on rounding the bend that had been my hiding place, to behold a third goose, not yet quite dead, struggling in the water nearly thirty feet away from either of the others. I had seen but two, and I could scarcely believe my eyes now when I saw three. I had heard of other shot fired, else I might have thought this goose killed by some one else. But speculations as to its death were useless, so I at once made an examination. The first goose, the one nearest me when I fired, was shot through the head; the head, in fact, was torn to pieces by the ball. The second goose, five or six feet further away, was shot just at the junction of the neck with the body, the ball passing entirely through, making a large, ragged wound causing instant death. Now, as I sat on the island, these two geese were in a line leading directly north, while the third goose was fully thirty feet away on a line a little south of west. Examining the third goose, I found the ball had shattered the butt of the left wing and had buried itself in the body, there being but the one wound. Going back to where the second goose had been killed, I made a careful examination, and was at last rewarded by finding a large slate rock just reaching the surface of the water, and upon this rock was a small white spot, the imprint of my rifle ball. The surface of the rock toward the spot from which I fired was almost perpendicular, with a very slight inclination or twist to the southwest, being of just the peculiar shape to send the ball glancing in the direction it did. What happened, very fortunately for me, to be caused by the direction of the wind. But what a relief in my fortune in getting three geese at one shot, and of not having to go home empty handed, as I had certainly calculated on doing, I was not really satisfied as to the cause of death of the third goose; nor did I become fully satisfied until I had taken the ball from the body and weighed it, when I found it was indeed my own rifle ball.

HAIR TRIGGER.

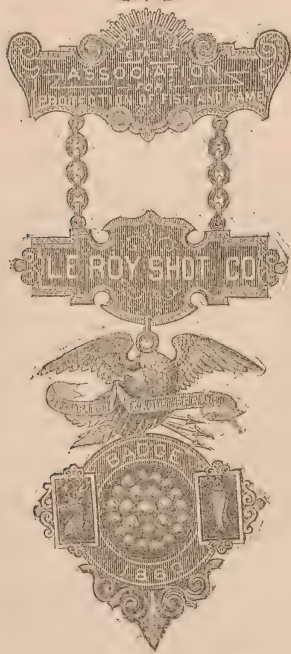
Washington, Feb. 14th.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Pittsburg, S. S., May 1st.—Our friends —H. Smalley and Charles Gaul, members of the South Side Gun Club—have just returned from "Seven-Mile Island" after a week's shoot, having bagged 21 ducks. They report ducks very scarce and wild, and that they secured only one of the 1878-79 season's greatly diminished numbers; but this winter has been very hard upon them, and I earnestly hope there will be enough of them left, so that we may have a little quail-shooting this fall.

J. E.

LUNCHING WITH A GRIZZLY.—The following is a reminiscence of my lonely travel down the Missouri in the spring and summer of 1841: Some time during my captivity among the Indians in the mountains near the head waters of the Jefferson Fork, I had seen and secured a piece of an old file they had. This afterward proved of great value to me, for I could, by striking it with any hard stone, get sparks, and so secure a fire. I was given an old kind of a knife, which, although very poor and clumsy, was invaluable. After the fight I escaped among the willows, and was, doubtless, supposed to have been killed, as I never was pursued, to my knowledge, and so I wandered like a frightened deer down the river, fleeing from every creature that looked dangerous. I secured from the scaffold sepulchre of an Indian a very good, long spear and a large apron which seemed to be made of tanned rattlesnake-skin, with a large pocket in it, the whole lined with finely tanned deer-skin, and in the pocket were some small shells and bones and other things, which led me to think it was the grave of an Indian doctor. Near the Upper Falls the buffalo were very plenty, and here I drove away some wolves from a buffalo calf they had just killed. I took the saddle and liver, and soon found a good place under a large rocky cliff and built my fire, and was broiling the liver on a piece of flat stone, and had a piece of the loin on the end of my spear, holding it in the fire. Looking through the blaze I saw a large bear which had approached and was eating the rest of the meat, which I had left within some ten feet of the fire. I think he had not seen me. He noticed that bag or apron near the meat, and stretched out his nose and smelt of it, and seemed afraid of it, for he jumped on one side and moved away sideways, sharply eyeing it, and so went off. I never saw him again. All kinds of creatures seemed to be afraid of that rattlesnake apron or pouch, and I always kept it by me, and with hot ashes on one side and that rattlesnake-skin pouch on the other, I slept quite safely. This was the only time I lunched with a bear.

I once saw a terrible fight between two bears of about the same size, and once came across a large dead one in the river. I secured two very large claws, which I brought home with me. G. F. W.



THE LE ROY SHOT CO. BADGE.

ANENT THE CATS.—Lynn, Mass., April 26th.—Was glad to see your caution against the domestic cat as a game destroyer. This animal ought to be exterminated. All insectivorous birds ought to be protected and encouraged to breed in our gardens and near our dwellings as much as possible; and, as they have plenty of natural enemies, the cat can be well dispensed with.

There is a locality near here where the young quail are annually caught up by cats, and when the season comes in, there are but four or five birds where there ought to be forty. Last fall, a farmer back here in the country said his cat had caught a whole brood of young partridges, his bringing in one every day or two until they were all gone, and that brood was known to have had twelve birds in it the first of the summer. "That cat isn't catching any this year," Snarens are nowhere alongside of these pests. Many farmers have three or four that get their living in the woods all summer, and the amount of destruction to game birds must be immensely large in a season.

When my dog points at in the woods, I always make it a point to scoop in that feline, if I can, regardless of her color or politics, and shall continue to do so as long as I can stand behind four drachms of powder.

As a cat is said to have nine lives, a half-dozenn thrown out of a Bogardus trap would give a fellow some good practice once in a while during the close season; and a man that could shoot ten straight, or shoot them so they would lie straight, I should call a good shooter to a public benefactor.

New York.—Plattsburg, April 25th.—I shot four snipe on the 23d. This is the first bag of snipe that has been made here this season.

New York.—Rochester, April 23th.—Snipe shooting is

at its height with us of this region, and the game has not been so abundant in the spring for many years. Parties drive or take the cars out to the various known resorts of the birds every day, and few return empty-handed. I know that several good bags have been made, and have heard of almost fabulous numbers of the long bills falling to the guns of peculiarly lucky shooters. A dealer in game told me this morning that a man yesterday wanted to sell him half a bushel basket full of snipe.

While out shooting this week with a friend, after snipe, we came across some young wild pigeons on the railroad track feeding on grain dropped from the cars. Quail and ruffed grouse are often seen on the Central tracks picking up corn, wheat, etc.

There is a good deal of ball shooting carried on here by clubs and in private matches. It answers the purpose of testing comparative skill quite as well as pigeon-shooting, and is free from objections that may be urged against the latter. In time ball shooting will nearly supersede pigeon shooting.

KANSAS.—Abilene, April 23th.—Our usual spring flight of plover commenced about April 4th, and they have been, and are now, very plenty, and large bags have been made—Stevens and Wemyss killing 76 in three hours' shooting. Ducks have been more than usually plenty. Some few geese; but no brant on the wheat, this spring. Three years ago I noticed the first robin, now they are plenty. DIRIGO.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

MAINE.—Topham, April 30th.—Annual shoot of the Riverside Shooting Club. A very strong wind blowing. The following is the score:—

York-Rotary, 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1-8; Bogardus, 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0-8; Doubles, 10 0 1 0 1 1-5. Total 21.	
Kent-Rotary, 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 0-4; Bogardus, 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 0-3; Doubles, 10 0 1 0 1 0-3. Total 9.	
A. E. Hall-Rotary, 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1-8; Bogardus, 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 1-8; Doubles, 10 0 1 0 1 0-4. Total 15.	
Ken-Rotary, 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0-8; Bogardus, 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1-5; Doubles, 10 1 1 1 1 0-7. Total 18.	
G. H. Goud-Rotary, 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0-7; Bogardus, 1 0 0 1 1 0 1 0-5; Doubles, 10 0 1 0 1 0-4. Total 19.	
M. C. Hall-Rotary, 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 0-8; Bogardus, 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0-8; Doubles, 10 0 1 0 1 0-5. Total 19.	
Q. Goud-Rotary, 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0-8; Bogardus, 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1-5; Doubles, 10 1 1 1 1 0-8. Total 21.	
C. Goud-Rotary, 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0-7; Bogardus, 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1-5; Doubles, 10 0 1 0 1 0-4. Total 16.	
Stetson-Rotary, 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1-5; Bogardus, 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 0-8; Doubles, 10 0 1 0 1 0-4. Total 16.	

At the annual meeting, held Thursday evening, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, G. Gram; Secretary, J. S. Bonney; Treasurer, S. Knight, Jr.

NEW HAVEN GUN CLUB.—New Haven, Conn., April 28th.—The New Haven Gun Club held its regular medal shoot on Wednesday, April 28th. Can not account for the small number of sweepstakes and medal shoots, unless they knew that Mervin was to be present. But, very unfortunately, Mervin was hardly able to shoot, being sick; but he was present at the medal shoot, hardly able to resist the recoil of 30s. But he did not do so badly. Would some of our brother sportsmen had a little more backbone on medal shoot days and ewepestake shooting. They might make as good a record. Following is ewepestake shooting. All shooting from 3 traps and Bogardus rules.

Sweep No. 1; one money:—	
Lee.....1 0 0 0-1	Folsom.....1 1 1 1-5
Beers.....1 0 1 1-4	Jorey.....1 1 1 1-5
Folsom and Jorey divided.	
Sweep No. 2; one money:—	
Lee.....0 1 0 0-1	Jorey.....1 1 1 1-5
Beers.....1 1 1 0-3	Penn.....1 1 1 1-5
Folsom.....1 0 1 0-3	
Jorey and Penn divided.	
Sweep No. 3; two moneys:—	
Folsom.....1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1-9	Hanson.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-10
Jorey.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-10	Penn.....1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1-8
On ties, Jorey won first money.	
Sweep No. 4:—	
Folsom.....1 0 0 1 1-3	Mervin.....1 1 1 0-4
Beers.....0 1 1 0-2	Jorey.....1 1 1 1-5
Hanson.....1 1 1 1-5	Penn.....1 1 1 1-5
On ties, Jorey won first money.	
Sweep No. 5; one money:—	
Folsom.....1 1 1 1-5	Jorey.....1 1 1 0-4
Hanson.....0 1 1 1-4	Colvin.....1 0 0 1-3
Sweep No. 6; one money:—	
Hanson.....1 1 1 1-5	Jorey.....1 0 1 1-4
Penn.....0 0 0 0-0	Folsom.....1 1 1 1-5
On ties, Hanson won first.	
Medal shoot:—	
Mervin.....1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1-17	
Folsom.....1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-19	
Colvin.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-20	
Penn.....0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-20	
Beers.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-20	
Lee.....1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-20	
Hanson.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-20	
Jorey.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-20	

Mr. Colvin was handicapped one ball, and won the badge. Mr. Jorey broke 57 consecutive balls, and would have been a hard party to tie with on the badge shoot, although his gun was drawing blood on his arm at every shot.

New York.—Syracuse, April 25th.—The members of the Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club held a shoot today for their gold badge. The wind was blowing a terrific gale from the south, and the results were very unsatisfactory to the participants. The following is the score:—

E. Hudson.....11 00 11-4	1 1 1 1 1 1-5	Total.....9
H. Drury.....11 01 01-4	1 1 1 0 1 1-5	8
T. Kimber.....10 01 01-3	1 1 1 1 1 1-5	7
G. Crouch.....10 01 01-3	1 1 1 1 1 1-5	7
G. Luther.....10 00 10-3	1 1 1 1 1 1-5	7
E. Lodder.....10 10 10-3	0 1 0 1 1 1-5	5
K. Strong.....10 00 00-1	1 0 0 1 1 1-5	5

E. Hudson won the medal for the second time. E. Lodder and W. Page have also won it twice. It becomes the property of the member winning it three times.

After the conclusion of the above shoot a sweepstakes was indulged in with the following result: G. Luther, H. Strong and H. Drury killing 8; Hudson, Morse and Crouch 7; G. Luther and H. Drury again tied at 7 yards, each killing 3; H. Drury killed 3; Luther, none at 31 yards; Hudson, Morse and Crouch again tied at 29 yards, but at 31 yards shot them out by killing 2.

Rochester, N. Y., April 25th.—The annual trap shoot of the Monroe County Club took place on the Rochester Driving Park yesterday at wild furs. No prizes were offered, and members of the Genesee and Rochester Gun Club took part in the shooting. Hon. S. S. P. President of the State Association, came on the ground in the afternoon, and proved that his hand has not lost

its cunning with the gun. Everything went off pleasantly. I include scores:—

Single rises—twenty-one yards:—	
P. Moller.....6	W. J. Hahcock.....8
H. Andrews.....6	J. C. Hart.....8
M. A. Stearns.....6	H. Knapp.....8
E. H. Pope.....6	G. Geo. Stillson.....8
W. S. Kinsmill.....6	A. J. Bonmouth.....8
E. H. Pope.....6	E. A. Adams.....8
H. H. Morse.....6	H. B. Hooker.....8
H. Knapp.....6	H. Knapp.....8
J. H. Jeffries.....6	A. Brownell.....8
N. Dunn.....6	H. J. Rubcock.....8
A. J. Bonmouth.....6	H. H. Morse.....8
G. D. Butler.....6	E. O. Sarge.....8
Q. S. Farquharson.....6	J. C. Hart.....8
J. C. Hart.....6	H. Knapp.....8
Jones.....6	H. Knapp.....8
C. G. Morse.....6	Chas. Green.....8
E. G. Billings.....6	E. G. Billings.....8
C. C. Morse.....6	

Single rises—thirty-one yards:—	
I. W. Butts.....7	J. K. Brockwith.....9
A. A. Stearns.....7	T. T. Curtis.....9
G. W. Crouch, Jr.....7	H. Selsby.....9

Double rises:—	
H. B. Hooker.....11 11 11 10-9	E. O. Sarge.....0 10 11 01 01-5
J. K. Brockwith.....10 11 10 10-9	H. B. Hooker.....10 11 10 10-9
J. C. Hart.....10 11 10 10-9	Dr. Adams.....10 11 10 10-9
E. Redmond.....11 11 10 11-9	C. G. Morse.....11 11 10 11-9
H. H. Morse.....10 11 11 11-9	H. J. Rubcock.....10 11 11 11-9
E. H. Pope.....10 11 10 10-8	H. S. Stillson.....10 11 10 10-8
E. H. Pope.....10 11 10 10-8	H. W. Crouch, Jr.....10 11 10 10-8
J. C. Hart.....10 11 10 10-6	E. Redmond.....11 11 10 10-6
W. S. Kinsmill.....00 11 10 11-9	H. Selsby.....10 11 10 11-9

MINER ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Pigeon shoot at club grounds, Springfield, L. A., April 15th; 5 traps; 25 yards rise; 80 yards boundary:—

Aery.....1 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 1-5	
Vescom.....1 0 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 0-5	
Mine.....1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0-5	
Davis.....1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1-6	
England.....1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1-7	
Wood.....1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0-8	

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB.—Washington, D. C., May 1st.—At a recent meeting of this club it was voted to shoot a match of twenty single balls, weekly, for two gold medals, to be known as the "Selsby" and "Hahcock" medals, and the prize was to be won by the member who had secured the most medals at the close of the season to the members, respectively, making the best percentage in at least thirteen regular matches. The first shoot for these badges took place on the grounds of the club this afternoon, when the first prize was won by Mr. Woodbury and the second by Mr. McCleod, the latter having to shoot off the tie with Mr. Shepard for the sumo. Mr. Mills shot at 25 yards rise, Mr. McCleod at 25, and the other at 20, from Card's rotary trap, secured the smoke target balls were used. The practice match at double rises was shot at 15 yards, Bogardus rules. Mr. Wm. Wagner acted as referee and gave general satisfaction. The following are the scores. Match for gold medal:—

Levi Woodbury.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-19	
H. L. Shephard.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-19	
E. M. McCleod.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-19	
H. L. Mills.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-19	
W. B. McCleod.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-19	
T. E. King.....1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
W. W. Eldridge.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
W. W. Eldridge.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
H. L. Wadsworth.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
H. L. Wadsworth.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
Harry King.....0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
L. F. Nagle.....0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	

E. M. McCleod, for second medal:—

H. L. Shephard.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-19	
Double ball match:—	
H. L. Shephard.....11 10 11 11-9	W. W. Eldridge.....01 11 10 11-8
Levi Woodbury.....11 11 10 11-9	E. S. Peck.....11 11 10 11-7
S. J. Wadsworth.....11 11 10 11-9	H. L. Wadsworth.....11 11 10 11-9
W. B. McCleod.....11 10 11-8	Harry King.....10 11 01 01-5
T. E. King.....11 01 11-8	C. J. Stoddard.....10 10 10 10-3

W. W. L.

THE WASHINGTON CLUB.—Washington, D. C., May 2d.—A number of preliminary business were met at the residence of J. W. Van Arnum on last Wednesday evening, to take into consideration the organization of a shooting club. After interchanging opinions a constitution and by-laws were adopted. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. J. W. Van Arnum; Vice-President, C. H. Dufour; Secretary, C. M. Ozden; Treasurer, William Holmead; Captain, George A. Bentley; Scorer, W. E. Buford. The club have selected shooting grounds at Holmead, and are having them placed in fine condition. It is the intention of the club to inaugurate a tournament on the 1st of June, the summer, when it is expected that crack shots from the best clubs in the country will participate. The club meets twice a week for practice.

VIRGINIA.—Portsmouth, May 1st.—At a regular contest of the Seaboard Shooting Association for the gold badge, held yesterday, the following score was made with a heavy wind blowing, shooting from Card's rotating trap:—

A. C. Fiedlin.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-19	
W. S. Riddick.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-19	
G. C. Hobbs.....0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-19	
H. G. Williams.....1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-18	
Jas. F. Carr.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
W. W. Williams.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
W. S. Gary.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
C. F. Edwards.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
W. W. Williams.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
J. P. Baird.....0 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	
J. M. Binford.....1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1-17	
W. P. Lynch.....1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1-17	

ERB-BOGARDUS MATCH.—St. Louis, Mo., May 1st.—Bogardus told me he never shot before such a crowd as was present. No arrangements had been made to keep the crowd within bounds, and before the first ten birds were shot, the operators formed a letter V from the shooters, and several birds, flying to left and right, were shot at the imminent peril of the crowd. When Bogardus refused to shoot at a bird flying toward the crowd, and several times he and Erb intentionally gave him a peppering. It was the intention to shoot at tame birds; but the party who was to have secured the birds, failed to do it, though there were hundreds caught, and easily to be had; and wild ones were used. They were not a good lot. Erb missed several of his easiest birds, and struck several of them hard with both barrels—the feathers flying at each shot—but he was using miserably poor powder, and early in the shoot Bogardus told him that he was beaten by H. Olden. Erb, having cleaned his gun after each shot, said, "Erb deserves to be beaten for using such powder." As you see by the result, the match was close, and the shooting good. At its close, Erb told Bogardus he wanted some more of it, and no doubt another match will be arranged soon. The game money, which was divided between the contestants, pays them handsomely for their trouble. Notwithstanding the result of this match, I consider Erb the better shot; but he does not stand the excitement of the crowd as well as the old champion. I predict that Bogardus will lower his colors to him within a year. The

to-forest in her performance, including Com. Latham, Fish, and Com. Thayer, of the A. Y. C.; Vice-Coms. Hathaway, N. B. Y. C.; Messrs. C. S. Lee, Lawton, Max. Wrigley, L. C. Maxwell, and others, including representatives from the FOREST AND STREAM, and World.

The wind was blowing stiff from west southwest, the gusts whistling through the rigging, which produced visions of wet decks and snug canvas. The mainsail, forestaysail and jib were up on her, and the hard blows could not make her "drink water" to leeward. Her stiffness was a matter of favorable comment, and after a few boards, the forestail was set and the schooner sailed out the Narrows with a rap pull. Even the worst of the squalls could do no more than just fetch her "deck to," and there she seemed to hang. It would have taken a young gale to send her over any further, for she began to feel her ballast in a telling way. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of her sailing is the easy manner in which she parts the water forward and the rest she leaves it from about the quarters. Even when down to the cuppers she was never a breaker under her lee bow, nor along her side. She goes through the water like a steamboat, and there is actually no more commotion to leeward than to windward, hardly the inconstant surface agitation. The *Cruiser* will have to be pushed very hard indeed if she is ever to carry a "bone in her teeth." Certainly it must be granted that her entrance is about perfect. It is 6.6 of the length, and her arcs forward correspond to the wave line ordinates; facts which offer a solution of her almost unequalled excellence in this respect. Not even the *America* goes through with less ease. And what has been said about her entrance applies to the run, for the *Cruiser* draws no quarter wave, no stern wave, does not drop by the stern or bore by the head. She is one of the cleanest-sailing vessels that have come under our observation. Add to this the fact that she carries a large spread, and carries it in a stiffish wind without flinching, that the more it blows the faster she goes, showing no burying proclivities, lively and sensitive to every puff, well balanced, very quick in stays, easy as an old shoe in the moderate swell met on Saturday, and the opinion may well be hazarded that she will be in the taste. With her owner at the helm, and some of the *Peerless* old cornhorns talking on to the gear, *Cruiser* will be a hard one to beat, and the craft that gets away with her will be a hard indeed. If the new schooner fulfills our expectations her success will go far toward the introduction of a healthy yacht and healthy yachting in New York waters, and no little credit must be awarded to her owner for the step he has taken in the right direction.

AN EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I write call for the formation of the Massachusetts Yachting Association was issued by the D. Y. C. mainly to settle the question of measurement. The system adopted is simply that in use by the D. Y. C., and may be the best, but for my part I do not believe that it is. My reason for saying so is this: There are two yachts in this vicinity that often sail together in regattas, one of which is 21.5 tons and 10ft. beam, the other 23ft. long and less than 6ft. beam. The result of the contests is invariably the same—the longer boat getting in ahead, and being figured out of the prize by the time allowance now in vogue, with the simple factor of length considered; the shorter boat not being taxed for the foot of extra beam, which gives her so much extra sail-carrying power. Yet if they should sail under the rules of the Salem May Y. C. they would sail on even terms. Does not this seem to be fair?

As the plan proposed by myself, and adopted at several regattas I was connected with in the management, some seven years ago, is preferable to this. It was as follows: Starting from the stem at the water line, carry the tape around along the water line to the stern in line with the stem. The only person who made the slightest complaint was the owner of a very wide sloop, which had been a very profitable craft in taking prizes, owing to the simple length measurement making her so much shorter than most of the yachts of her class, although more powerful, but by the "right" method she was much more fairly estimated. I do not wish to say that this is the correct system, but is, in my mind, preferable to a simple length measurement. The Massachusetts Association has, therefore, grievously failed, and disappointed many in this respect.

At the meeting for the organization of the Eastern division of the N. Y. A. five were clubs represented by delegates having authority from their respective clubs, and at the next perhaps two more clubs will be represented, these clubs not having felt authorized to send representatives unless they were appointed at a regular meeting.

The Washington Village Y. C. is a new club organized a year ago, and at the present time is in quite a prosperous condition. At their last meeting they voted in some twenty new members, drawn from the Dorchester and South Boston clubs. They intend to be very rigid in their choice, and to admit none but those who would make desirable members. M.

Salem, April 26th.

CANOE AND THE CANOE CONGRESS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I am pleased to learn from Commodore Chase's letter, which appeared in a recent issue, that the promoters of the Canoe Congress, to be held at Caldwell next August, have become charitably disposed, and made arrangements to take in Canadians as members and having all the rights and privileges of their American cousins. It is a step in the right direction for canoe paddling and canoe building are nothing new in Canada; and I will here suggest to my brother canoeists in the Dominion that we turn out in full force next August.

As for canoe cruising with decked canoes in large open water, I have seen very little of it in this country. In our inland lakes and streams we feel tolerably safe in an open canoe, and for that reason decked ones are rarely seen, although sailing is indulged in to a considerable extent. In their description of what constitutes a canoe, I would say a little farther than the three commandments did, and say that the canoe should not be clinker built, but perfectly smooth on the outside, in fact as nearly the type of the birch-bark of the North American Indian as is conformable with the great requisites—speed and safety. I trust this subject, what constitutes a canoe, will be taken up and discussed at the coming congress. I am aware you have builders of fine canoes in the United States, but I think the Canadian builders are prepared to offer strong opposition in that line. For myself, I should like to see a congress canoeists of the very best builders of both countries, and I would suggest that the committee having charge of the call, shall *FOREST AND STREAM* to donate a prize for the best canoe exhibited at the congress. I intend to do what I can to induce the following builders to send a canoe each: Stephenson & English, of Peterboro; Herald, of Rice Lake, and Gordon, of Lakefield. Nothing interests an enthusiastic canoeist more

than a fine canoe, and the meeting must be made interesting in every way possible.

In describing how a canoe should be propelled, the commodore says that the paddle or sail only may be used. Although Mr. Bishop used oars and outriggers on his paper canoe, *Maria Theresa*, during his 2,500 mile voyage from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the great southern sea, they were only used to break the monotony of constant paddling, and to bring into action sets of muscles that were not used in paddling. Mr. Bishop scouts the idea of using oars as a means of propelling the canoe, except in extreme cases, where long journeys were to be made.

Commodore Chase very correctly remarks that in Canada the single blade paddle is almost entirely used, and these are made of ash, maple, and sometimes of cedar. Light in weight, yet sufficient strength, are the requisites for a man that paddles ten or twelve hours a day.

Guelph, Canada, April 13th.

A TEN DAYS' CRUISE IN '79.

(Continued.)

THE next day, Tuesday, broke fine, clear and warm, without a breath of wind, and if we had entertained any idea of leaving, we should have had to have given it up. As the day passed we amused the time by playing *for* us, with our awnings spread fore and aft we prepared for a "loaf." Nothing is easier than this aboard a yacht, provided the "loafer" has no nervous disease—a thing not common in the species—and can do absolutely nothing, and enjoy himself. The "captain" and "Eben" seated on the starboard side of the cockpit, carried on a desultory game of poker, for half dollars the game, to the huge delight of numerous urchins on the wharf close by. Some one of an uneasy turn of mind proposed that we should visit Goss & Sawyer's ship-yard, so they put off for a time the much-loved pajamas, the "Cap" and "Eben" left their game, and joined the crowd.

All over the yard we went, from steam boat to nearly finished vessel, and many interesting things we saw. This yard is said to be one of the finest in the country, and it undoubtedly has every appliance for turning out vessels at short notice that ingenuity could suggest. The inside finish of the coasting vessels caused us no little surprise, as did also that of a steam screw tender for a whaling fleet. Maple and mahogany panels, with rich plush seatings, formed a yacht-like cabin, which was in good taste, and showed that the caterer and waiter have their comforts as well as the yeasmen. Enormous timbers from the bending machine were being put in almost as soft and pliable as molasses candy, but soon to harden, and take heavy blows from many a good sea, some to succumb to their force, others to last out year after year till burned for the iron that is in them. Such is the gratitude of man, that after the good old vessel has carried him and his over many a wide stretch of water, through many a blow, and has, perhaps, brought him his fortune, that he makes a funeral pile out of it and makes what he calls out of the ashes.

As it grew very warm toward noon, we wandered back to the yacht, and once more toward the light and airy costume of the morning. Some mortal suggested that we should take a bath, and before the words were fairly out of his mouth two of us were over the side, and paddling round in the shadow of the yacht. The water was delicious, and it was not long before all hands were disposing themselves round the yacht like so many tame porpoises.

There was some talk of going over the town in the afternoon, but the town is not excessively interesting or exciting. It is the surroundings which impress one with their beauty. The shipyards are unsurpassed, but otherwise Bath is like any other Eastern town.

Later in the afternoon, however, "Gasket" and "Eben" hired a trap, and went off on a jaunt through the city's principal streets. "Silly" and the "Infant" betook themselves to the port boat and a sail on the river, while the "Captain" smoked, read and slept on board in solitary grandeur. All turned in time for dinner with their habitual punctuality, and it was unanimously decided that we "do" the town by daylight, as we were to leave the next morning, D. V. We found the tramp ashore rather slow, however, and so set out again toward the yacht with pleasure. On the way down we listened to the "Bath band," which was rehearsing, and were regaled with the latest popular music. The night was fine and clear, but the cabin glass threatened wet and bad weather, much to our disgust, as we wanted to sail the next day without fail. We were doomed to our disappointment, as the wind next morning was heavy from the south-southwest, bringing with it fog and rain. It was a head wind to go down the river, and though we sent word for a tug, none approached. This was quite as well, perhaps, as we still pride ourselves on never having had to use steam since the yacht was built. The gusts tore up the river in heavy bursts, and the fog and rain shut us in like a wall, so that we could not see the opposite bank of the river. Well, there we were, so we had to make the best of a bad bargain.

Reading, smoking and drinking, and the "diver's hand" left us, and to these we turned for consolation. The "Captain," believing in detaching himself from unpleasant surroundings by the aid of one's inner consciousness, lit a cigar, took down "The Voyage of the Sunbeam," and curled up in a corner on the starboard side. This seemed to strike the crowd as a good idea, and two of them immediately followed it. The others were seated at the table, engaged in some sort of incipient gambling, for there is nothing that a man won't do—even if his principles are of a high order—if he should happen to become a storm-bound. This was discovered in '77, on our way home from a two weeks' cruise, which was extended to three weeks when we were fore-buried at Seal Harbor, and Stockholm and ten miles away. A stern fog-horn drove us almost wild, and we were reduced to shooting crows and trying to shoot a lamb which the owner offered us at a discount provided we killed it. The sportsman who undertook to slay the unsuspecting beast took the mate on shore with him, and, according to the latter's account, seemed more inclined to shoot him than the lamb; but then sheep are by no means easy to get at when they were as wild as these were, for we could see them rushing gaily about from point to point, while K— vainly essayed to diminish the flock. Lunch made a delightful break in the day, and we made a decided hole in the grub stock.

Thursday, the 21st, found us all on deck before 5 o'clock, a slight seldom seen, and therefore to be taken advantage of. One energetic member had been awakened by the noise on deck, and had aroused the rest, who, for a wonder, all turned out, and went to the wharf. The crowd of sailors and castles off from the wharf. Quarter of 5 saw us gliding quietly down the river under all sail. The sky was perfectly clear, and the weather pleasant. No noise was to be heard, except the crash of our gun, which woke the echoes for a few moments, and the rattle of the blocks, as we gibed at each turn in the river. Once out of the river, our nose was pointed in the direction of home, and we made for Portland. The wind blew light at first, but freshened at about 9, and we ran in among the islands, casting anchors in

Portland Harbor at 10:30 A.M., between the revenue cutters *Dallas* and the *Grant*. Steamers loaded with passengers, towing lighters, and sailboats, were going down to the island to a great picnic. The schooner *Tarantula*, B. Y. C., ran by, bound for Mt. Desert. An officer from the *Dallas* came alongside to take our name, port, etc., but could not be induced to come on board, as he had to return and make out his report. Virtuous official! At about 11 we adjourned on shore, and "did" as much of the town as was compatible with the heat; but it must be confessed that the ice-cream saloon had more attractions for us than all the places of interest. Having discovered that there was to be a variety show in the evening at one of the halls, we bought tickets, and then bent our steps to the yacht by a circuitous route, bound to take in all of the place that we could with the least inconvenience to ourselves. We sent an invitation to the *Dallas* officers to spend the afternoon on the yacht, and dine; but, unfortunately, the government inspector was expected that afternoon, and they could not leave much to our regret, as I trust they will understand if these lines should ever meet their eyes. The afternoon and evening were the most beautiful I have ever seen. The harbor was like a mirror and the sun setting behind the city threw it into silhouette against the yellow-tinted sky, making a truly brilliant sight. All the shipping was reflected in the water, the rays of the setting sun giving color to the surroundings, strongly reminding one of some of the pictures one sees of Venice.

Early in the afternoon the *Peerless*, E. Y. C., made the harbor, and later the *Ideal* (steamer), N. Y. Y. C., making quite a little fleet. After dinner, we saw, to the evident enjoyment of the crew of the *Grant*, who collected in her bow and listened. Several boats filled with Portland's fair sex seemed interested in our appearance, but kept at a respectful distance, probably remembering that though "music hath charms," still, "distance lends enchantment."

In the evening we went to the before-mentioned variety show and ran across an old acquaintance, who was here in his yacht and proved a great addition to the party. We spent a lively evening, and turned in very near the "twelve" hours."

(To be continued.)

Cricket.

—ADDRESS ALL communications "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FIXTURES.

May 8, at Staten Island—Columbia College vs. Staten Island (2d).
May 8, at —Merion vs. Young America.
May 8, at West Philadelphia—Dorion vs. Belmont.
May 8, at Germantown—Oxford vs. University of Pennsylvania (2d).
May 8, at Germantown—Germantown (2d) vs. Young America (2d).
May 8, at Chestnut Hill—Chestnut Hill vs. Germantown.
May 8, at —University of Penn. vs. Chester City.
May 12, at —Merion (2d) vs. Chester City.
May 12, at St. Louis, Mo.—Mound City G. C. (opening day), Eugland vs. All Comers.
May 31, at Haledon, N. J.—Manhattan vs. Paterson.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA vs. BELMONT.—At West Philadelphia, May 1st.

UNIVERSITY vs. First Inning.

G. Thayer, c. and b. Yarnall.....	2
L. Montgomery, c. Knipe, b. Yarnall.....	12
J. B. Thayer, Jr., not out.....	61
Clark, not out.....	5
Murphy, b. Yarnall.....	5
Philler, b. Yarnall.....	0
John Scott, c. Yarnall.....	0
Cowperthwait, b. Yarnall.....	0
Tighean, c. North, b. Woolman.....	6
Hemak, b. Woolman.....	6
Byes, 1; widges, 7.....	8
Total.....	107

BELMONT.

First Inning.	Second Inning.
Kulpe, c. and b. J. B. Thayer.....	c. and b. J. B. Thayer.....
Collins, c. Philler, b. J. B. Thayer.....	0 c. Cowperthwait, b. J. B. Thayer.....
Thayer.....	0

North, c. Philler, b. J. B. Thayer.....	0
Thayer.....	0
Yarnall, c. B. Thayer.....	0
Woolman, c. sub, b. J. B. Thayer.....	0
Thayer.....	8
John Scott, c. and b. Clark.....	13
Irvine Scott, c. and b. Clark.....	4
Newlin, c. Clark, b. Clark.....	2
Thayer.....	2
Al. Scott, C. Murphy, b. J. B. Thayer.....	9
Madeira, b. J. B. Thayer.....	1
Woolman, b. J. B. Thayer.....	19
Byes.....	3
Widges, 1; byes, 2.....	3
Total.....	45
Won by University on first innings by 64 runs.	

YOUNG AMERICA vs. TWELVE OF OXFORD.—At Stenton, Philadelphia, May 1st. Al. Reach knocked the ball round in base-ball style, and R. S. Newhall, a strong, reliable batter, was bowled by MacNutt on the first ball. Pease was missed at slip by Wilberham after he had 11, and when the score of the Young America stood at 40 it looked as if the Oxford would win. Pease, however, pulled his club through.

OXFORD.

First Inning.	YOUNG AMERICA.
A. Broadhead, b. H. L. Brown.....	0
M. L. Brown, b. D. S. Newhall.....	0
ball.....	0
C. Dixon, b. A. Newhall.....	0
H. MacNutt, b. D. S. Newhall.....	0
R. Howland, b. D. S. Newhall.....	0
J. B. Thayer, not out.....	11
J. Thayer, not out.....	13
A. J. Reach, b. H. L. Brown.....	3
W. Rowland, b. C. A. Newhall.....	0
W. Rowland, b. C. A. Newhall.....	0
R. Fletcher, b. C. A. Newhall.....	0
W. MacNutt, b. Gibbons, b. H. L. Brown.....	1
J. Wilberham, b. C. A. Newhall.....	2
H. Bailey, not out.....	9
Byes, 5; leg byes, 1.....	6
Total.....	31

NOTES.—NEWARKET C. C.—At the annual meeting of the Newmarket Cricket Club, of Ontario, held recently, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. T. J. Robertson; Vice-President, Mr. E. Jackson; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. E. McCormick; Captain, Mr. F. Moncrieff. Managing Committee—Messrs. L. Atkinson, A. Barwick and A. McCormick. Match Committee—Messrs. Albert E. Roe, Wm. Sutherland, and Ed. McCormick. Property Committee—Messrs. Geo. Ashworth, F. Bentley and J. Townley.

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Syeledobsis and Passadumkeag.

THE northern and eastern portions of the counties of Penobscot and Washington, in the old Pine Tree State, contain a remarkable lake region, unsurpassed in extent and diversity of scenery, affording variety for the sportsman who, with rod and gun, is willing to rough it for ten days. The everlasting hills and meadows are supplied in unlimited quantity with deer, black bear and ruffed grouse, and the lakes and rivers with duck, land-locked salmon and trout. The variety of routes this region affords is not the least of its attractions, and has only to become more widely known to be visited and appreciated by a large number of sportsmen who cannot afford the expense of long trips West.

Parties can leave Boston by rail at night, and next morning reach the pleasant town of Lincoln, Me., the most central point from which to reach the lakes. A charming drive of twenty miles to the town of Springfield brings you to Gowell's, at the head of Duck Lake, where you can find Indians and canoes. Crossing Duck and Junior lakes, through Junior stream into Grand Lake, all well-stocked with land-locked salmon, you have the choice of several routes, either of them offering sufficient attractions to render them enjoyable, and not to be forgotten. You may cross Grand Lake to the falls, and by a short carry enter Big Lake, thence into Long Lake to Princeton. Carrying by the mills a short distance you can continue your route by the St. Croix River to Calais. At Grand Lake Falls is unexcelled land-locked salmon fishing in the season. There Mr. Atkins, the agreeable fish commissioner, has charge of the breeding houses, and has had uniform success, sending fish from this station all over the country.

Another route from Grand Lake, some distance longer, is through Pocompas Lake and stream into the beautiful Syeledobsis Lake, crossing a short carry into the chain lakes, headwaters of Machias River, down which you can reach Machias. In this region is one of the most remarkable watersheds in existence. The lakes—Chain, First, Second, Third, Duck, Unknown and several smaller ones—are nestled together in a comparatively small space, all easy of access to each other by short carries. We have here the waters of Machias, St. Croix, Union and

Penobscot rivers. From this point many excursions may be made into the surrounding wilderness, or by lakes almost endless in extent, and one can pass the time with profit and enjoyment.

Still another route presents itself from Syeledobsis Lake, which is the one we have just completed. I subjoin a few notes from a journal kept during the trip, trusting they will be of sufficient interest to warrant their reading.

Through the genial landlord of the Lincoln House, Mr. David Stockbridge, familiarly known as "David," we secured canoes and a man to do general work, who proved efficient in the canoe and an excellent cook. Under David's good management we had the canoes and supplies properly loaded and sent on ahead, and on the arrival of the train, Tuesday, Sept. 9th, he was in readiness with a first-class team to convey us to Gowell's. It had rained during the previous night sufficient to lay the dust, and we had a most agreeable ride through the green wilderness, over a good road, reaching Duck Lake about 3 p.m. On the shore of the lake is a club house, owned by Boston parties, under the care of Mr. Gowell, and twice a year they visit here, having fine success and exhilarating sport hunting and fishing. We shortly had the canoes aloft, loaded and under way. Our man Henry was in charge of one canoe, and "Brick Top," having been over the route before, was appointed guide of the squadron, and took the lead with the other canoe. Besides the mentioned, our party consisted of Mr. E. V. Cross, of Lawrence, Mass., an expert disciple of "Izaak," and a thorough sportsman, and Prof. Mills, well known in Eastern Maine as a "dead-shot" and taxidermist, and for his agreeable loquacity on hunting subjects, which afforded us much enjoyment and instruction. We paddled leisurely across the lake and entered its stream, nearly hidden by dense alders, and being exceedingly narrow and rapid we soon reached the beautiful, clear water of Junior, as the sun, sinking behind the high ridge on our right, was illuminating the entire surface in gorgeous colors, which we accepted as a welcome and good omen for our success. About a mile below the mouth of the stream we found on our left an excellent camping spot, and while some were engaged in gathering boughs and making camp the rest were busily employed in getting supper. David had accompanied us thus far for the purpose of being with us one night in the camp, and he proved a pioneer in the work.

Camp and supper were soon in readiness, and under the combined inspiring effects of juniper tea, camp fire and a feeling of freedom from all care, the Professor began a relation of some of his wonderful experiences by land and water. We had then field entirely to himself, and we listened long in admiration until he began a thrilling narration of his experience at Bar Harbor during a gale of wind, when we quietly dropped out one by one, and left him talking to the stars. We had an excellent bed, and slept tranquilly until the rays of the rising sun, shining in our faces, awakened us to a day of sport. While we were seated about the breakfast table an exclamation from the Professor fixed our attention to the lake. His experienced eye had discerned in the distance a flock of ducks approaching us. We all made preparations for their reception, and began the day with seven black ducks, handsomely stopped by the Professor and "Brick Top." While Henry was gone to Gowell's, with David, we broke camp and were ready to start on his return. The day was warm and clear, and the six mile stretch of water before us was calm and transparent as glass. The numerous islands at the head of this lake, closely crowded together, somewhat interfere with its outline, but after passing them it expands into beautiful shape nearly two miles in width and the shores handsomely wooded. Near the islands land-locked salmon are found in plenty, of good weight and game. Vose tried them with good success, while the Professor and the rest of us gave exhibition of skill in shooting king-fishers on the wing.

The high ridge on our right, about a mile in width, is all that separates us from the Syeledobsis lakes, and is the home of the deer in great numbers, many of them being taken every season. We paddled lazily along, reaching Junior stream at noon, and proceeded down its placid length, not a sound disturbing the solemn quiet about us—conducing to reflection and study. Near its mouth the stream widens considerably, its shores becoming meadow and marsh. This place seemed a perfect rendezvous for wood, black duck, and blue-winged teal. The Professor shot very handsome specimens of wood duck and blue-winged teal, while our success was excellent in shooting snipe and sheldrake. A tongue of land about twenty feet wide on our left extends up the stream nearly a mile, and we heard the waves of Grand Lake beating on its shore. The Professor and I entered this passage through just a narrow break in this narrow strip of land, we enter at once on the lake, most appropriately named Grand. Looking by the point of Big Island, the expanse of water seems almost limitless until we notice the high hills about the stream at the foot of the lake, blue in the distance. The shores of the lake seem almost straight, looking like a huge canal, but there are deep coves, in

crossing which a person with a canoe will have to exercise due caution when there is any wind. We took dinner on the beach, with this handsome view before us, and Vose, noticing the peculiar formation of the point of land opposite us, drew from the Professor this story, which he told with thrilling effect:—

"Several years ago the enterprising lumbermen of Calais sent men into this region to secure the pine. During the season of rafting, men were employed in squads of three and four to pick up the scattered logs. One of these squads, while so engaged, went ashore on this point to prepare their breakfast. Just as they got it in readiness they discovered their bateau adrift, and one of them started to recover it, saying in reply to one of his mates, who urged him to eat his breakfast first, that he 'would get that bateau or eat his breakfast in h—.' He swam out to the boat, and put his hands on it to get in, when he gave one despairing yell and went down. After several hours' search his mates recovered his body, took it back to the point, and tied it to a tree near the shore with a two inch hawser, and then started to the settlement to procure a coffin. They returned the next day, bearing the coffin, but found their mate gone and the hawser broken in two. They left the coffin and retraced their steps to the settlement, saying their mate had dragged into the lake by a large serpent, who chose track they plainly saw."

From that day the point has been known as "Coffin Point," and the story of the man's disappearance is firmly believed by the Professor and every one about the mills below. The Professor confirms this story by finding the bottom of the coffin five years afterward, while there winter fishing, and using it to make a pair of snow shoes.

We passed into the lovely Pocompas Lake, apparently as primitive and wild as when the Indian alone canoed its waters and hunted its majestic shores. Entering its stream, we passed up two miles and camped for the night. While supper was in progress "Brick Top" started on an exploring expedition on his own account, and shortly returned with the intelligence that we were on the right stream, but a few rods below Syeledobsis dam. This so relieved the anxiety of Vose and the Professor that they became at once animated and happy, particularly the Professor, who felt somewhat limited in time, having an engagement to deliver a lecture on natural history toward the close of the month.

Thursday morning was bright and warm. Soon after breaking camp we reached the dam. We found Mr. Ball here, one of the assistant fish commissioners, who has admirably arranged breeding houses, and being an enthusiast in his work, is very successful. He also has care of the house owned by the "Dolbeis Club," which club is composed of several prominent gentlemen of Massachusetts, who visit here regularly. Their catch of land-locked salmon in May was fully up to the average for several years, which is large. We passed the morning here, visiting the hatching works, and getting much useful information from Mr. Ball. He and his wife remain here the year round, twenty miles from any settlement, their mode of locomotion being canoes in summer and snowshoes in winter. We left the dam, accompanied by them, about 3 o'clock, and started around Big Island and up the lake to our camping spot, selected for us while at the dam. We met here two gentlemen from Boston, returning from a cruise in Chain lakes, reporting excellent success. Reaching the head of Big Island, we bade adieu to Mr. Ball and wife. Following their instructions, we rolled for salmon in both canoes, and caught several beauties, some weighing five pounds.

We reached our camping spot about dark, and found it a dry, sandy beach. After supper we prepared birch bark torches, and lashing the canoes together started around the shore of the lake to spear any luckless fish we should see. Vose made a striking tableau as he stood motionless in the bow with the spear poised aloft, the lurid light of the torches casting a brilliant halo about him, showing him in bold relief against the surrounding darkness. Suddenly he made a vigorous thrust, and in a second landed a huge sucker. So we fished for an hour, catching nothing but those big, listless fellows who gave up the ghost with a squeak like a guinea pig.

Friday morning was rare and beautiful, even in this, our best season of the year in Maine, and the glorious prospect before us of water and wilderness was sufficient to repay us for our journey thither. After an early breakfast, Vose and Henry went up the lake to try the salmon, while the Professor and "Brick Top" took the high ridge behind us. In two hours we were assembled about the camp fire comparing notes, with the following results: Five land-locked salmon, averaging three pounds; two salmon trout, weighing respectively one pound and one pound and a half (these are the handsomest fish that swim); seven partridges, one white-headed eagle, shot by the Professor on the wing, and one red-headed woodpecker. While the Professor was busily employed with knife and scissors preserving the eagle and woodpecker, we had camp broken and were in readiness to start.

Pushing out into the lake, we had a beautiful scene

will be furnished on application to the Smithsonian Institution. Medical officers receiving this circular are requested to bring it to the notice of officers who may be interested in it, and are cordially invited to open correspondence with the writer upon the subject.

It is proper to add, that, for all information or specimens furnished, full credit will be given in every instance, both in the text of the treatise in which such material is utilized, and in the records and publications of the museum in which it is finally deposited; and that the author will regard cooperation in the work as a personal favor, to be fully appreciated and gratefully acknowledged.

EDWARD COULTER,
Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Army.

SOME SOUTHERN REPTILES.—The chameleon of the South is a very interesting saurian, and belongs to the family of Anoles. What its specific name is I am not naturalist enough to determine, but think it is *A. opalinus*. They are beautiful little creatures, and are met with everywhere in the Gulf States. I have often amused myself by the hour watching their playful gambols with one another, or the skill and agility displayed in catching flies and insects. Their normal color is a bright green, but they can change it almost instantly to dark brown, ash grey, grey suffused with red, and all shades between. They change to these different colors when alarmed or angry, or when they wish to avoid observation. When in their joyous moods they protrude the skin of the throat in the form of a brilliant red frill or goitre. They are easily tamed, and soon learn to know their friends, evincing much pleasure when petted. They are very useful, also, and will keep a house free from flies, roaches and ants, if allowed to roam at will.

In one of my rambles in the scrub bordering the St. John's River I killed a snake about eighteen inches long, three inches diameter of body; tail, two inches in diameter, very obtuse—leaving me to infer that the reptile had lost a portion of his caudal appendage; head as large and triangular as a six-foot rattlesnake; eyes very large and brilliant, at least one half-inch diameter; fangs, very long and large. The snake was very brilliantly marked with red and yellow on a black ground, and was killed in his tracks, either unwilling or unable to move. Was very savage, and fastened himself on the stick with which I killed him. Can any of your readers name the reptile?

NAUTICS.

NOR "EVERLASTINGLY."—In his note last week our correspondent wrote: "If 'Peregrine,' who chatted so entertainingly in your last issue," etc.; and he did not write, as the types made him say, "chatted so everlastingly." We make this explanation in justice both to "H. H. T." and to "Peregrine," and we hope that the blunder may not deter them from sending further contributions to our columns.

MANY-COLORED SQUIRRELS.—*Washington, March 19th.*—I read an article in *FOREST AND STREAM* of March 11th, taken from the *San Francisco Chronicle* of Feb. 7th, in relation to the results of nature in changing the colors of various birds the present season, and it brought to mind the birds detailed below, which I think have never been published.

A gentleman named K— owned a considerable plantation in the county of Marlborough, S. C. His dwelling was some two or two and a half miles east of the Big Pee Dee River, and a short distance east of the public road leading north to the North Carolina line. Like most of the planters of that section, he owned a body of land reaching from the sand-hills to the river banks, and the "barrens," or river portion of the land, was most productive, and therefore most thoroughly cultivated. There was quite a large tract of woodland surrounding the dwelling, and here were to be found oak, hickory, beach, maple and gum, all furnishing food in great abundance for the common gray or "cat" squirrel, which could be found in very large numbers all over the plantation. Very few fox or black squirrels were ever seen in that particular section, but these were quite numerous in the pines and also in the cypress swamps, some distance away.

Some thirty-five or forty years ago Mr. K— had presented to him a pair of milk-white squirrels. Where they came from, or of what species they were, I do not know. I never saw them, but I have heard them described as being of the same size and appearance of the grey, but their coats were milk-white, and something finer than that of the grey. Mr. K— prized highly his new pets, and after getting them thoroughly tamed, gave them the run of the woods adjoining the home-place. When the season arrived, they selected a tree only a few rods from the dwelling, built their nest, and in due course of time produced two young ones, also milk-white. Mr. K— then posted his land—i. e., advertised it according to the laws of the State, and refused to allow a gun to be fired on his plantation.

The squirrels were very prolific, and in course of time spread to the adjoining plantations, both north and south, and many of them took to the immense swamps bordering the river. And now, strange to relate, they began to change their color, and from being pure white, could be met with occasionally, marked with every possible variation of black and white. On one occasion I was hunting in the swamp on the west bank of the river, fully ten miles from the nearest point of the K— property, and came across one. He was sitting on a limb of a large pine, eating a nut, and although I tried very hard, I failed to get within shooting distance before he disappeared in a hollow of the tree; but he was so beautifully marked with black and white, and so very cautiously approached within easy range, and seated myself to await his pleasure in making his appearance. It was near the middle of the day, and doubtless he went in for his noon nap. Anyhow I had to wait nearly three hours before he again came out, but this time I was ready for him, and soon had a bullet hole through his neck. His coat was just perfectly beautiful, being a deep, sparkling black, except the ears and the large, bushy tail, which were

snow white, save a small commingling of the black and white at the root of the tail, and the lower part of the belly and inner edge of the flanks, which were a clear ash-gray; altogether one of the prettiest things I ever saw. Unfortunately my rifle bullet had almost severed the head from the body. I saw other specimens almost as pretty as this.

I think they have almost disappeared now—at least, I have seen and heard of but one since the war, and this had been killed by a negro boy with an ex-army musket. I examined this one, and found the marking not near so pretty, or the color so distinct—in fact, the white was turning to ash and the black to brown—the consequence, I suppose, of wild breeding.

HARR-TRIGGER.

AN INTRODUCED SHELL.—*Baldwinsville.*—While at Oswego, N. Y., in June, 1879, I found a small shell in great abundance on the docks, which was new to me, and which I could not assign to any American species, and Lewis at once pronounced it a *Bythinia*, a genus hitherto unknown in this country, but was not quite sure of the species, and so sent it to Mr. G. W. Tryon, who identified it as *B. tentaculata*, Linn. It was in such abundance that I collected some thousands. A few weeks later Dr. Lewis received it from Troy, N. Y., and this spring I found it placed in the Canal at Syracuse. It had probably come in water-casks to Canadian ports, and thence been distributed by other vessels. It seems likely to increase and spread as rapidly as English sparrows, and is rather a pretty little shell, brown or yellowish, and intermingled in size and form between *Melantho* and *Annicula*. Apropos to migrations of this kind, I may say that I found two western unios at Syracuse (*U. parvus* and *rubiginosus*), while some eastern species were as clearly working their way west.

W. M. BEAUCHAMP.

TAME RUFFED GROUSE.—An Ontario, Canada, correspondent, who writes under the initials of "J. J. B.," has been moved by the communication of "E. S. K.," of Worcester, Mass., which appeared in a recent number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, to give us, at second hand to Canadian ports, and incident, related to him over thirty-five years ago by one of his father's farm hands. He says: "I am the son of a farmer who was one of the earliest settlers of this part of Canada—the old Niagara district. In old times peas were raised for feed, and were considered a good crop for clearing land for fall wheat. While James McDonald, my father's man, an Irishman from the 'ould sod,' was sowing peas ground adjoining his, I was walking, a fine ruffed grouse came out of the brush for the peas, and seemed well pleased with the food; so much so that when McDonald came up to where it was, it did not fly, but merely moved out of his way, as a common fowl might do. The bird returned the next day, and the man declared that before he had finished the field, it came up to him and took peas from his hand. Shortly after this, however, it disappeared, having, very likely, fallen a prey to some pothunter. The above account, narrated to me when a small boy, made a great impression on me. It was my first lesson in game protection, and will not soon be forgotten."

PUGNACITY OF THE ENGLISH SPAIROW.—Our correspondent, Mr. J. Otis Fellows, writing to us from Hornellsville, N. Y., is thus describing an extraordinary incident: "He says: 'A short time since, I was walking in my wife in one of the principal streets of this city, when a sparrow furiously attacked a stuffed oriole my wife wore on her hat. The oriole is very life-like, and was set up by Charles Benzinger, taxidermist, of this place. The sparrow was a cock, and very dark colored.'"

AN ALBINISTIC ROBIN.—Ais robin was killed April 16th by a friend, who kindly gave it to me. It presented rather an odd appearance with the following albinistic traits: Its tail is pure white, with a broad band of black across the tip; two of the secondaries of the left wing are partially white, the half nearest the tips being of the normal color. There are, in addition to these peculiar markings, two white feathers in about the middle of the back. Otherwise this bird is not dissimilar to the ordinary ones seen about our door-ways.

Minneapolis, Minn. WM. L. WOLFORD.

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, CINCINNATI, UP TO MAY 1st.—1 bonnet monkey (*Macaca mulatta*), 2 aoudads (*Antelope tragelaphus*), 1 horn in garden; 6 wild geese (*Anser canadensis*), 10 undated geese; 12 mallards (*Meleptastacus undulatus*), all hatched in garden; 1 pintail (*Querquedula discolor*), 2 tufted titmice (*Parus bicolor*), 1 Bonaparte's gull (*Chroicocephalus philadelphia*), 2 alligators (*A. mississippiensis*), 1 woodcock (*Philohela minor*)—all presented; 2 lions (*Felis leo*), 1 leopard (*P. pardus*)—all deposited; 1 cross fox (*V. fulvus*, var. *leucostatus*), 1 English pheasant (*P. colchicus*), 2 ponies (*E. caballus*)—all received in exchange; 1 jaguar (*P. onca*), 1 puma (*P. concolor*), 2 Burrell zebras (*E. burchellii*), 2 weaver capans (*Coccyz capensis*), 1 white-throated catbird (*C. hypoleuca*), 2 bent-necked (*M. rubicollis*), 1 common macaque (*M. cynomolgus*), 4 pintail whistling birds (*Vidua principalis*), 4 grenadier weaver birds (*Euplectes oryx*), 4 yellow-shouldered weaver birds (*E. capensis*), 4 red-headed cardinals (*Parvula parvula*), 4 red-crested cardinals (*P. cucullata*), 6 cardinal grosbeaks (*C. virginiana*), 6 grass parakeets (*M. undulata*), 4 bullfinches (*Pyrrhula rubicollis*), 4 yellow-bellied larks (*Loxia alpestris*), 3 crowned pigeons (*Goura cristata*), 2 lesser sulphur-crested cockatoos (*Coccyz alphurata*), 4 blue-fronted amazons (*Chrysotis castaneus*), 1 male parrot (*C. agilis*)—all purchased.

FRANK J. THOMPSON, Supr.

—One feels the pleasant breath of the May breeze in reading the *FOREST AND STREAM* for this week. Its varied and interesting matter deals with all healthy and mainly out-door sports in a way which is both instructive and attractive. Those who contribute to its pages have abundant knowledge and experience of the things whereof they write, and have the happy knack of imparting a portion of their enthusiasm about favorite sports to their readers. The *FOREST AND STREAM* has lately become our neighbor in Park Row, and we esteem ourselves fortunate in having such a neighbor.—*New York Evening Mail.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

Fish Culture.

ADDRESS all communications "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE BERLIN FISHERY EXPOSITION.

NUMBER II.

[From our Staff Correspondent.]

BERLIN, April 23d.

THE opening of the World's Fishery Fair at Berlin took place on April 20th, in strict accordance with the programme, and the city was in a high state of enthusiasm over the event which had so long been talked of and was now made a reality. As early as 8 o'clock the people began to assemble to see the invited guests arrive in their carriages, and perhaps to get a glimpse of the Crown Prince himself, the most popular man in Germany, and who, in presence of invited guests and exhibitors only, was to formally open the first "Internationale Fischerei Ausstellung" which the world has seen, the birth of which has been watched with so much interest lest it should prove abortive, but whose success was assured on the second day, when it was estimated to have been visited by 20,000 persons, who were by turns surprised and delighted.

One is struck at first by the beauty of the exhibition, and soon sees that this is the element which attracts so many ladies; for beauty and good taste are everywhere displayed in close proximity to the objects of interest to a student of the fisheries which are not in themselves beautiful, while there are portions where the ornamental is the main feature, such as the groto of rock work with openings on four sides, showing broad views of the Bay of Naples, while living fish swim in the pools beneath, and stalactites drop from the overhanging rocks, the great fountain of Neptune, with parterres of flowers, and the aquaria.

Berlin has a fine aquarium on the main street, Unter den Linden, and its Director, Dr. Hermes, makes a display of his transporting apparatus, live fishes, etc., and among the latter we find a tank of small eels, perhaps six inches in length, which are labelled "male eels," and he announces that the male is seldom larger, and that by the investigations of Dr. Syrsik, of Trieste, it is now possible to distinguish the sexes with certainty. This will be referred to again after a closer examination, and a more complete explanation may be obtained; but all is yet in a state of busy preparation for the jury of awards, and the American Commission, whose goods arrived so late, have been too busy to see anything, and hence no information on the subject of the sexes of eels is to be derived from them. They had their different departments in order just in time for inspection by the Crown Prince and no one seeing them in full dress escorting the Prince and suit through their great exhibit, and explaining the uses of the articles, would have suspected that they had been up nearly all night working like beavers to have their house in order in time for the opening. In the Department of Natural History, the finest display is made by Italy; but in this, as in all others, it is too soon to attempt a description of the articles, on account of the size of the exhibition being so much greater than was expected, at least by the writer, and the additional fact that there are many goods yet to be placed in position.

In the exhibit of the United States there are but few private exhibitors, the main portion being owned by the National Museum, and it is therefore to be returned. There are also but few articles in the American exhibit to be sold, and these are the oil paintings of *Salmo salar*, *S. gairdneri*, and *S. trutta*, the common English and Spanish mackerel, by S. A. Kilbourne; a *Salmo salar*, by W. N. Brackley; a shadow canoe and a Shattuck boat. The display of angling apparatus is mainly made by England and America, the countries where the art is practiced in the greatest perfection, and where the rest of the world gets its fine tackle from, always provided that the rest of the world uses any. The split-bamboo rods are mostly made and used in America, the English hardly not caring to pay the price which these luxuries require when made in the best style of our celebrated makers; therefore the demand for them is limited in England, and they are not made to any extent, while the display of reels, line lines, and all the accessories of the modern angler shown by these countries, is so complete, and the articles are so perfectly finished and elegant, combining the maximum of strength with the minimum of lightness, that it seems as though the point had been reached when invention and improvement in matters pertaining to the success, comfort and convenience of the angler must stop for lack of obstacles to encounter.

It is a matter of regret among the Germans that Prof. Baird did not come, and although it has been explained to them many times that the important work of gathering statistics concerning the fisheries now in progress in connection with the census of 1880, whereby it is hoped that it will not again be necessary to pay five and a half million dollars for privileges of questionable value, the work on the new National Museum, together with his other labors in the Smithsonian Institution and with the Fish Commission, all rendered it impossible for him to leave the country at this time, still they regret it; and only a few days ago, at a state party, Herr von Behr, President of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, proposed the least: "Prof. Spencer F. Baird, the man who has done more in fish culture and to advance its interests than any other man in the world," and afterward added: "The only thing in connection with the International Fishery Exhibition which I regret is, that Prof. Baird could not do us the honor to be present at it."

Next week, when all is in smooth running order and the anglers are corrected, it will be possible to get definite information concerning the special features shown by each country, and perhaps to get a peep into the mysterious processes of fish culture in all these countries, gathered here to vie with each other in presenting their scaly products to the world.

Sea and River Fishing.

—ADDRESS all communications "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FISH IN SEASON IN MAY.

Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*. Salmon Trout, *Salmo confinis*.
Salmon, *Salmo salar*. Shad, *Alosa*.
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor*. Land-locked Salmon, *Salmo gairdneri*.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; Means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

—The angling season is in full blast, and the disciple of the gentle art is rewarded by fat creels and novel experiences, as is shown by the pleasant notes sent to us and published herewith.

QUOQUOSSO ANGLING ASSOCIATION.—The ice will soon leave the Rangeley lakes, and the spring season will then open. The club was never in a more prosperous condition than now. Its membership, which is limited to fifty, is full, and several applicants are awaiting vacancies. There are about \$500 in the treasury, and no floating debt. The officers are: President, John H. Kimball, Bath, Me.; Vice President, Lewis B. Reed, New York; Secretary and Treasurer, James A. Williamson, New York.

RANGELEY LAKES.—Large preparations are being made in our Rangeley region this spring, and the fun will soon commence, as the lakes will be clear of ice by the 12th, and good fishing is expected early on account of the lowness of the water. **FRED.**

MAINE—Indian Rock, May 9th.—The ice left the Rangeley Lakes on the 7th. **F. C. B.**

NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES—Nashua, May 8th.—Trout fishing opened with us the first of the month, and the disciples of Izaak have not been idle. The past week some fine baskets have been shown, one numbering nineteen trout, weighing nine pounds, being "high hook." A shad was seen in the fishway to-day, the first that has been seen in the Nashua for nearly forty years, when they were plenty. The Fish, Game and Gun Club held their annual meeting on the 6th—President, Dr. Edward Spalding; Vice President, V. C. Gillman; Executive Committee, A. W. Greeley, Aaron King and Gill Shattuck; Secretary, Geo. H. Wilkins; Treasurer, Geo. F. Andrews; Attorney, E. E. Parker. A rifle club has been organized by some of our best shots, with Dr. Geo. P. Greeley as President. Their first meet was held this afternoon, which resulted in finescores for new men with new rifles. The Ballard is the correct thing with them, the majority being equipped with that arm. The glass ball club have weekly meetings, Edward Towne and Henry Paine carry off the honors, which are about equally divided between them. The interest in out-door sports shows a healthy growth, the latest thing being an archery club, which bids fair to become an institution among us. So mote it be. **WEBB.**

MASSACHUSETTS.—One of the Boston papers reports that a string of nine-inch trout was taken by an accomplished angler within ten miles of Boston a few days ago; and we presume that the artist is Mr. Walter Brackett.

—W. Holberton showed us a very handsome lot of trout from Long Island, caught on flies, and all wild. We can vouch for the flavor of them from personal investigation.

FLY CASTING AT THE CONVENTION.—Escanaba, Mich., April 26th.—Why bar out such men as Green and Wood with the rod at the State meeting? It looks to me like small boys quarreling for dad's boots and vest, when the boys would come up to the arms, and the vest would be but a little above the floor. What can be done by one can be done by others, if they will go in and practice. It takes years to get up to a high standard, say ninety to one hundred feet, with 12½ foot rod. I think it can be done. **A. F. Y.**

A WIDE-AWAKE CLUB.—Rome, New York, May 6th.—There is probably no other city in the State that is so accessible to a great number of small and large trout streams as Rome. Thus far the trout season has been a most auspicious one; this is true to the extent of taking fish that weigh from two to six ounces as yet. Those of greater size do not seem to take a bait or fly. A good many large ones have been killed, but in comparison to the number taken of the sizes noted above, the larger ones are few. The successful fisherman still keeps on the small brooks, as the larger creeks contain too much water. The well-known sportsmen Cal. Link and Wm. E. Scripture, after whipping the surface of some of the smaller brooks for one day, brought in thirty pounds. For some years quite a number of the brooks that are tributaries to the Hudson have been "fished out." This spring these have been restocked with trout from the State hatcheries. This noble work has been done by the Rome Sportsmen's Club, a club which is one of the most active, vigorous and healthy organizations in the State, its rolls containing the names of persons who are of the most influential and respectable in this city. At their spacious and elegantly furnished club parlors last evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, B. Whitman Williams; First Vice-President, Dr. A. T. Van; Second Vice-President, Hugh H. Jones; Secretary, Chas. F. Sturdevant; Treasurer, Ackley P. Tuller. Executive Committee: W. C. Wheeler, Henry M. Lawton, Wm. E. Scripture, Lewis Gaylord, Jas. Elwell. **FRA DIAYOLO.**

PENNSYLVANIA.—Bethlehem, May 4th.—It is pleasant to know that, even in the cultivated portions of this State, *Salvelinus fontinalis* is not entirely extinct. A few days ago I saw a dozen handsome ones taken within twelve miles of this place. Of course, it would be useless to form an angling fraternity here to tell just where they were taken, and so that must remain a secret.

THE "REDFISH" IDENTIFIED.—San Francisco, Cal., April 23d.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—Through the kindness of B. B. Redding, fish commissioner of California, I have lately been enabled to examine a specimen of the Idaho red-fish, of which species you published a figure in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Nov. 13th, 1877, but of which no authentic example has hitherto reached the eastern ichthyologists.

As I suspected from your figure, this fish is one of the species of Alaska salmon, the *Oncorhynchus nerka* (Walbaum), Gill and Jordan. Dr. Günther remarks of this species (which he calls *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*)—Pallas and Richardson agree that this is a migratory species, which according to the former ascends the rivers entering the sea of Okhotsk in the month of May. It is equally abundant on the American side of Behring Sea, and known to the fur-hunters on the Ykhon River by the name of redfish.

Dr. Suchley speaks of it as *Salmo cooperi*, as he is called in the Okinokano River, "the little red salmon." "It frequents this river and the lakes above it in immense numbers, its peculiar color actually reddening the bed of the river."

So far as we know at present all the fall-spawning, large-scaled (lateral line with 130 to 140 scales) salmon in the Columbia belong to this one species, although Dr. Suchley has made five or six out of it.

It is not impossible, however, that the "dog-salmon" (*Salmo canis*), and perhaps others of his species, may be something different.

Our expedition to this coast has been thus far very successful. We have already forwarded to the National Museum upwards of 2,500 pounds of specimens of fishes, representing about 200 species, thirty-five of which have been hitherto new to science. **DAVID S. JORDAN.**

REMARKABLE FREAK OF A TROUT.—West Meriden, Conn., May 7th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—One of the most remarkable freaks of a trout that ever came to the notice of the writer occurred this week to Frank Stevenson, Jr., and George H. Wilcox of this place while trout fishing in a neighboring stream. Both were fishing in the same pool, with worms for bait, when the latter experienced a bite and immediately "struck," apparently sending the hook home, and he commenced reeling it in. In a moment his line slackened, and supposing it off, he began leisurely retrieving his line. While doing so Stevenson got a bite, and proceeded to land his fish. Mr. Wilcox, perceiving it was a large fish, dropped his rod and went to Stevenson's assistance, and with his aid it was safely brought to crest, but you can readily imagine the surprise of both, upon its being taken from the water, to find both hooks thoroughly imbedded in the throat of the trout, and both hooks and lines attached to their rods intact. So neatly both had captured the same trout at the same time, on two different lines. The trout was weighed on the spot, and touched the beam at a fraction over one pound.

It is supposed that the slackness of Mr. Wilcox's line, after he struck the fish, must have resulted from the fish having made a rush up stream as soon as it felt the hook, and as Mr. W. did not retrieve his line rapidly enough to discover that fact, supposed it off, and the fish being relieved from the pressure of the line, and being very hungry, was tempted to take the second bait. As the writer did not witness this himself, he would be loth to believe it did it not come from the thorough and reliable source; but as I know both gentlemen to be truthful, I most cheerfully indorse their statement. Both lines were severed from their hooks, and the fish was brought home as above described. **GEO. A. FAX.**

A SIMPLE MINNOW NET.—Baltimore, May 8th.—As I hear so many men complaining that they cannot find a net suitable to catch minnows, that is easily carried, I thought it might be of service to the fishing fraternity in general if I were to describe a net of my own invention that is easily carried in the pocket, can be adjusted in a minute, and has never failed to provide me with plenty of minnows. I take a bung or round block of wood of two and one-half to three inches in diameter, and bore four holes opposite to each other in the edge of it. I then insert a piece of umbrella rib, about twelve to fourteen inches long, in each hole. The holes must be made deep and small enough for the wire to fit tight. The paragon wire is the best. I leave the end of the rib that has the little eye in it outside. I then lay the bung and wires on a square piece of mosquito netting, and stretch it and sew it firmly at the four corners to the eyes in the ribs. In the center of the bung I put a screw-eye, and in the center of the mosquito net I sew a piece of string, leaving ends about eight inches long. Any straight, stiff stick picked up on the shore serves as a handle, being made fast to the net by a strong piece of twine through the screw-eye, and with a piece of bread tied in the net with the string, and perhaps a small flat stone to make it sink, it is ready to catch minnows. They will come over the net for the bread, and when it is raised up quickly, the resistance of the water causes it to belly, and the minnows will not get out. When bait enough has been taken, I pull the wires out of the holes, drop the bung into the net, and roll it up on the wires. **E. A. R.**

ST. CLAIR FLATS.—Detroit, Mich., May 3d.—I think your notice of sportsmen's resorts would be incomplete without a notice of our famous St. Clair Flats. Nowhere can the sportsman find finer fishing than there, or better or cheaper accommodations. Good boats, good punters and a first class hotel—the Star Island House—with rates but \$2 per day; very easy of access, and good fishing at the very door. The hotel is presided over by the genial Jim Slocom, who knows how to make one feel at home. The waters are broad enough for all, and will well repay a visit. I shall be glad to give any assistance I can. Address through *FOREST AND STREAM*. **—UNO.**

The Kennel.

—ADDRESS all communications "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

LIST OF JUDGES.

MASTIFFS. St. Bernards, Irish water spaniels, clumber and cocker or field spaniels, fox terriers, bull dogs, bull terriers, pugs, dandie dimont terriers, and Yorkshire terriers, and miscellaneous or foreign class. Hugh Dalziel, Esq., The Laurels, New Thornton Heath, Croydon, England.

Newfoundlands, Siberians or Ulum greyhounds, Scotch deerhounds, collies, dachshunde, King Charles, Blenheim and Japanese spaniels, Italian greyhounds, black and tan terriers, Scott terriers, skyes, and toy terriers. Dr. Gordon Stables, Surgeon Royal Navy, Twyford, Berks, England.

Fox hounds and beagles: Hon. John S. Wise, Richmond, Va.

Native English setters: S. T. Hammond, Esq., Springfield, Mass; Hon. John S. Wise with Hugh Dalziel, Esq., for referee.

Pointers, imported English setters, black and tan setters, and red Irish setters: Hugh Dalziel, Esq., S. T. Hammond, Esq., Hon. John S. Wise.

In despite of the postponement, the fourth annual New York dog show, which opened on Tuesday last, may be called a success as far as the mustering of the entries is concerned, and the general excellence of the classes. On Monday the dogs began to arrive at the Garden in goodly numbers, and by 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, the hour appointed for the judging to commence, there were comparatively but few absentees to be checked on the list. When the uncertainty of the coming off of the show is taken into account, the lateness in the season, and the hot weather of the past week, it is remarkable that there were not many empty pens. The arrangement of the stalls was entirely different from that of previous years, and a decided improvement in many respects upon the shows of the past. As we have already described all this in a previous issue, it is unnecessary to refer to it again.

We believe, however, that the stalls for the large dogs are raised too high from the ground, and that a better view of the animals could be had if the floors were elevated only about eighteen inches. If this plan was adopted it would be more convenient for the exhibitors and less likely to injure the dogs by straining in taking them in and out. Many of the pens were draped and carpeted, several of them quite handsomely. Mr. A. E. Godefroy, of the Neversink Farms, added to the attractions by having a large rustic house of unique shape erected at the west end of the garden, which was tastefully decorated with bear and deer heads, stuffed birds, and the furs of many of the American and European animals of the chase.

The attendance up to the time of our going to press has been exceedingly small, although there has been a fair sprinkling of the sportsmen of the country. The judging began at 10 o'clock each morning, and continued until 5.30 P.M., with an hour's intermission for lunch. We trust to be able to announce in next week's paper that the public has recovered from its fright and that the exhibition received the patronage it most certainly deserves. Until then we defer all detailed criticism of the dogs.

LIST OF AWARDS MADE UP TO WEDNESDAY NOON.

MASTIFFS.—**DOGS.**—First, Charles C. Bull, Turk; second, Albert Hoysradt, Warwick; V. H. C., Dr. Albert H. Buck, Garm; H. C., Oliver K. Hand, Harold. First prize, \$20; second, \$10; third, silver medal.

MASTIFFS.—**BITCHES.**—First, Albert Hoysradt, Rab; second, J. M. Underwood, Queen; third, Richard Lehmann, Juno. First prize, \$20; second, \$10; third, silver medal.

MASTIFF-PUPPIES.—**DOGS AND BITCHES.**—First, S. C. Hewitt, Brenda; second, R. L. Belknap, Venus; V. H. C., C. D. Arthur, Pluto. First prize, \$10; second, silver medal.

ST. BERNARDS.—**ROUGH-COATED.**—**DOGS.**—First, A. E. Godefroy, Marco; second, D. P. Foster, Marco; third, Richard Lehmann, Rolf. First prize, \$20; second, \$10; third, silver medal.

ST. BERNARDS.—**ROUGH-COATED.**—**BITCHES.**—First, H. S. V. S. Thorne, Sheila; second, A. E. Godefroy, Braunsfels. First prize, \$20; second, \$10.

ST. BERNARDS.—**SMOOTH-COATED.**—**DOGS.**—First, John P. Haines, Harold. Price, \$20.

ST. BERNARDS.—**SMOOTH-COATED.**—**BITCHES.**—First, John P. Haines, Judy; second, Isaac Weighell, Maria; third, John P. Haines, Tilly. First prize, \$20; second, \$10; third, silver medal.

ST. BERNARDS.—**PUPPIES.**—**DOGS AND BITCHES.**—First, John P. Haines, Askin; second, John P. Haines, Tiff; third, John P. Haines, Bex; H. C., John P. Haines, Rigi; C., John P. Haines, Vix. First prize, \$10; second, silver medal.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—**DOGS AND BITCHES.**—First, E. E. McCormick, Charlie; second, Gen. Roger A. Fryer, Charlie; V. H. C., Louis Alexander, Pluto; V. H. C., J. Springstead, Jr., Fleet; V. H. C., Albert Meier, Turk; H. C., M. Tuchband, Jim Fisk; C. J. O. Thurston, Nero; C., Dr. Thos. C. Stellwagen, Neptune. First prize, \$20; second, silver medal.

We now come to the mooted question of whether a dog should or should not be broken to point his dead birds. Our experience has shown us that as there is a difference in the scent of a dead, wounded, and an unwounded bird, we cannot see why valuable time should be wasted in having the dog point a bird that he knows is in a condition to be retrieved. Dogs that point "dead" are apt to become hard in the mouth. While waiting to receive the command to fetch, they prepare themselves for a spring and upon being ordered on their feet, they spring forward with a powerful grip. A dog is less likely to mount a bird while in motion than when standing still; therefore, if he be allowed to go to the bird in an orderly manner, pick it up, and return without stopping where the bird fell, much time

THE dog could be taught, as we have already said, to obey the eye and the hand, rather than the voice. A dog that will do so is invaluable in open grounds when birds are wild. But although we advocate a system of instruction in the first place, that will teach a young dog to quarter his ground with precision and take as much advantage of the wind as possible, yet we would at all times allow the youngster to make use of his discretionary instinct, and have a look for himself if he persistently shows any desire to reconnoiter any particular spot. It is a common fault with many breakers to think that they know better than their dogs the exact spot where the game is lying. Should the dog prove shy and refuse to beat, then an older companion must be made to show him the way, as most puppies have enough of the faculty of imitation to be led to follow. But after a few days out with the old dog, the youngster will have picked up enough of the idea of what is required of him, and then the old dog must be left at home, otherwise the puppy will fall into the habit of entirely depending on his senior, and will do little else but follow at his heels. There is nothing so dispiriting to a youngster, one that cannot be expected to keep up with his much esteemed field companion, than to see him always keep ahead and scent out all the birds. If this course is continued he will soon show a disinclination to hunt, as his natural cunning will teach him that it is of no use. From that moment you will possess a very uncertain animal, on whose working you will be unable to depend, and who will be of no use to your humor suits him. Should the rabbit start, and the puppy show the least signs of giving chase, at once administer a severe rating, and have recourse to the whip. In case he should prove so unruly that he pays

Indicates that in a moment more the supreme chance will present! Up goes the bow hand, the shaft is ready for the swiftest draw an archer ever makes, and perhaps the most perfect, both in the draw and loose. We have watched a fellow archer in doing it. The clumsiest are graceful then. The long deep line of coming birds are overhead; they reach out right and left; they cover fifty yards from front to rear. Let drive: a shaft going up among them may find a way through, as in the "many holes in a skimmer" seven times in ten usually does; but to-night it plunged itself through the breast of a handsome male. How angry nerve tingles when he has, with a thud, as though weighing fifty pounds avoirdupois! "Tray," the liver and white pointer, picked him up and brought him to his master's feet, as proud and happy, and equally as eager for a tid-bit from the savory breast when both reach home. M. D. Detroit, Minn., March 10th.

ORITANI ARCHERS—Thereseack, N. J., May 1st.—The Oritani Archers held their third annual meeting, May 1st. The following officers were elected: President, Wakeman Holberton; Vice-President, Miss T. J. Van Buren; Secretary and Treasurer, Irving Wood; Executive Committee, in addition to the officers in Miss S. C. Hopper, Mrs. W. Holberton. The President reported in substance as follows: Active members, 34; club free from debt, with a balance on hand; number of challenges sent out, 4, none of which were accepted. The club will hold practice meetings twice a week, and a monthly meeting for ladies and gentlemen's badges. W. HOLBERTON.

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—The New York Archery Club have erected their tents on the Lawn at Central Park and practice there every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons. The club and its belongings make a striking addition to the scenery of the Park. The picture formed by the tents, targets, gay pennants and the archery dresses of the contestants is picturesque and beautiful.

The club give a concert next Monday evening, tickets to which may be secured of the President, Dr. A. B. De Luna, or of the Secretary, Mr. Jas. W. Auten, Jr., 127 Pearl street, New York.

Cricket.

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FIXTURES.

May 13, at Hoboken, N. J.—Columbia College vs. St. Georges (24).
May 15, at Staten Island—Staten Island vs. St. Georges.
May 15, at Prospect Park—Columbia College vs. Manhattan.
May 15, at Niagara—Belmont vs. Germantown.
May 15, at West Philadelphia—Belmont (24) vs. Young America (24).
May 15, at Baltimore—Young America vs. Baltimore.
May 15, at Haverford—Dorian vs. Merion.
May 15, at Frankford—Oxford vs. Chestnut Hill (24).
May 15, at Chester—Vanderbilt vs. Chester City.
May 15, at Haverford—Dorian vs. Old Haverfordians.

YOUNG AMERICA vs. MERION.—The first really important match of the season came off at Stenton, Phila., on May 8th, between the first elevens of the above named clubs. Only one innings each was played, the game resulting in the victory of the home club by 22 runs. The play was commenced promptly at 11 o'clock, and Captain George Ashbridge, of Young America, was chosen to take the innings. The two halves, however, were the only two of the Merion team to make a stand, and the innings closed for the small total of 69. Dan Newhall and Baird were the first Young America batsmen, and they settled all doubt as to the issue of the game by running up the score of 41 before they were parted. It is unnecessary to particularize each individual play, but a stupendous smite to leg, for six, over the fence by Van Rensselaer, and the fine bowling of Law deserve special mention. Annexed is the score:—

MERION.

C. E. Haines, c. E. W. Clark.....	3
A. L. Bailey, b. W. Clark.....	19
W. H. Davis, c. D. S. Newhall.....	10
P. L. Bailey, run out.....	0
S. Law, c. G. M. Newhall b. E. W. Clark.....	5
J. B. Thayer, Jr., c. E. L. Law, b. D. S. Newhall.....	6
W. Strein, c. Van Rensselaer b. C. A. Newhall.....	1
W. H. Hoffman, b. C. A. Newhall.....	1
D. S. Watts, c. and b. J. S. Clark.....	1
Dr. Caspar Morris, st. Van Rensselaer b. J. S. Clark.....	6
G. C. Clark, not out.....	3
E. W. Clark, 2; leg byes, 1.....	3
Total.....	69

YOUNG AMERICA.

D. S. Newhall, c. Haines b. J. B. Thayer.....	22
H. L. Baird, c. J. B. Thayer b. Law.....	28
D. S. Newhall, c. Haines b. Law.....	12
B. W. Clark, Jr., b. Law.....	17
W. H. Davis, c. J. B. Thayer b. J. S. Bailey.....	12
H. L. Brown, c. Law b. J. B. Thayer.....	19
C. A. Newhall, c. and b. E. L. Bailey.....	0
G. M. Newhall, c. Haines b. Law.....	1
G. M. Newhall, c. Haines b. Law.....	3
A. Van Rensselaer, not out.....	20
J. S. Clark, run out.....	10
Byes, 4; leg byes, 2; wide, 1.....	7
Total.....	106

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Balls.	Runs.	Maid-ens.	Wickets.	Wides.
E. W. Clark, Jr.....	93	31	6	3
D. S. Newhall.....	61	14	4	2
D. S. Newhall.....	66	13	5	2
J. S. Clark.....	19	8	0	1

MERION.

Balls.	Runs.	Maid-ens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Law.....	234	70	10	5
J. B. Thayer.....	183	74	6	3
Morris.....	18	3	1	1
P. L. Bailey.....	10	36	1	1

STATEN ISLAND (24) vs. COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—The opening match of the New York season was played at Staten Island on May 8th, between teams representing the above clubs, and had the game begun at the hour named the Collegians would probably have landed themselves two victors. As it was, the match was a close one, but being unfinished was decided in favor of the home club on the first innings, by 58 runs. The ground was in a very lumpy condition, and not up to its usual excellence. The features of the match were the good cricket keeping of Inman, and the batting of the junior members, the brothers Rich, for the Islanders. The batting of Westfield, of the St. Georges, who was admitted to play on the College team, and the bowling of Hyde-

Clark and Conover in the second innings. The following score will show others that did their club service:—

STATEN ISLAND.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Irving, 1 b. w. b. Emmet.....	1 b. Clark.....
Flimer, b. Conover.....	2 b. Conover.....
Manning, b. Conover.....	3 b. Clark.....
Inman, b. Emmet.....	19 b. Conover.....
Bingham, b. Stevens.....	1 b. Conover.....
Hole, c. and b. Stevens.....	1 c. and b. Conover.....
Roberts, c. Stevens, b. Conover.....	2 not out.....
H. Rich, not out.....	23 b. Clark.....
Thomas, hit wicket, b. Conover.....	1 b. Clark.....
Kirkland, b. Conover.....	4 b. Clark.....
A. Rich, run out.....	15 c. Clark, b. Conover.....
Byes, 3; leg byes, 1; wides, 1.....	15 Bye.....
Total.....	116

COLUMBIA.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Morgan, b. Roberts.....	0
Conover, c. H. Rich, b. Manning.....	0 not out.....
Emmet, b. Roberts.....	2 not out.....
Westfield, b. Bingham.....	23 not out.....
H. Clark, hit wicket, b. H. Rich.....	3 b. Roberts.....
DeForest, run out.....	9
Stevens, b. Manning.....	1
Rutherford, b. Manning.....	1
Haines, b. Bingham.....	2
Henry, c. Hale, b. Bingham.....	2
Van Schick, not out.....	2
Byes, 2; leg byes, 1; wides, 10.....	13 Byes, 4; wides, 6.....
Total.....	63

Umpires: For Staten Island, M. G. Haughton; for Columbia College, G. Giles, Jr.

—Bromhead, the new professional of the Germantown Cricket Club, and Tyres, the new professional of the Chestnut Hill Cricket Club, will arrive from England this week. Both players are Nottingham men, and were selected and sent out to the above-named clubs by Capt. Richard Dair.

THE NORTHWESTERN CRICKET TEAM.—Most of the players consisting of this team sailed on the 29th ult., and Mr. Kearney followed on the steamer of May 24 from Halifax, N. S. At the last moment Messrs. Armstrong and Jordan withdrew from the team, and Mr. H. Lemonson, said to be a promising young player, was substituted with Mr. Miller, who also decided to don the flannels during the tour. We have not space to give the personnel of the team in this issue, but will recapitulate their capabilities before they begin play on the other side. The following are the fixtures additional to the list already published: St. Orleans Club, at London; County of Surrey, London, and Newbury Club, North London.

—The Paisley Cricket Club, of Canada, has reorganized, Mr. John Collie, Secretary.

—The Port Elgin Cricket Club, of Canada, has organized for the season, Mr. D. J. Izard, Secretary.

SARATOGA CRICKET CLUB.—At the annual meeting of this Canadian club, held April 17th, the following officers were elected: Honorary President, Hon. T. B. Parker; Honorary Vice-President, Mr. M. Fleming; President, Mr. Julius H. Bucke; Vice-President, Mr. John H. Jones, P. L. S.; Captain, Cayendish Neville; Treasurer, E. B. Walker; Secretary, Fred. Kittermaster; Management Committee, Messrs. Parker and Silson, together with the officers. Honorary Members—Messrs. John A. Mackenzie, T. Gleason, R. Girdlestone, Geo. Lays, E. R. Jones, J. F. Lister and Dr. Poussette.

THE LINDSAY SCHOOL CRICKET CLUB held their annual meeting on Tuesday evening, when they organized for the coming season and elected the following officers: President, W. E. Tilley, M. A.; Vice-President, H. B. Van der Vliet; Secretary, S. C. Callaghan; Secretary, R. J. McLennan; Treasurer, G. A. Irwin; Managing Committee, D. Hampton, W. Smith, C. J. Logan, G. Bigelow, W. H. Dean.

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.—Port Hope.—At a meeting of the T. C. S. Cricket Club, the following officers were elected: President, Rev. C. J. S. Bethune; Committee, Messrs. Wood (Chairman), Perry (Sec-Treas.), Roberts, Major Jones, Broughall. Matches have been arranged with Trinity College, Upper Canada College, Whitby, Cobourg, Peterborough, and Port Hope.

THE CRICKET CLUB OF MOUNT FOREST.—The following officers were recently elected for the coming season: President, J. F. Treasler, re-elected; Vice-President, W. H. Kingston; Secretary, Treasurer, R. J. Hewitt; Managing Committee, Messrs. Fiddle, Haines, H. H. Haines, J. H. Coyne, S. A. Dunbar, H. Yarrow, C. O. Connolly, and F. Pickering.

—The Hastings Club, of Canada, has organized for this year, Mr. H. F. Sharpe, Secretary.

OUR LETTER FROM THE WEST.—St. Louis, May 8th.—Cricket out here, if anything, better than one would expect. The Mount City boys are not only willing, but anxious to play any body or every body of cricketers they can get anywhere near. Unfortunately, however, there is no club nearer than Springfield (about 20 miles from St. Louis), and that organization is not a strong one; consequently, the cricketers in this city have difficulty in getting any man to play their club ones. They opened the season on St. George's day, Friday, April 24.—English vs. Scotch. The Britishers proved the players by a score of 72 to 68, doubtless being patriotically inspired by the day. The Mount City Cricket Club is fortunate in having for its president such a true lover of the game as Mr. Geo. F. Neil, of Crystal City. The club will increase in numbers as the season progresses; what it needs, however, are matches with outside clubs. Mr. W. H. Chambers has therefore entered into a correspondence with the secretary of the Chicago Club, with a view of having a match sometime during this summer. They have received several of the members, and they seem to think it the duty of the old St. Georges of New York to come out here and play them a return match for the one they lost in 1875—only seven years ago. But I tell them the "Old Georges" are getting rickety, and instead of slaying the cricket Dragons, are getting "thrown," more or less, every season—and rather more than less, of late years.

Treolar, one of the best cricketers in St. Louis, is now on his way to England with Miller's Northwestern Team, and is expected to uphold the reputation of this city. The C. C. have an excellent ground in Grand Avenue Park, which they have from year to year at a very reasonable rate, and are anxious to secure a permanent one. Some of the "old-uns" inquired after "Giles, the steady old boss," of the St. Georges, and wish they had him back in St. Louis; but the club's expenses are rather heavy, and as the members only number between 50 and 100 (including 40 active ones), they intend to dispense with the luxury of a "pro" until a more convenient season. The FOREST AND STREAM is beginning to be known as a cricket paper out here, and its columns much liked. NEW YORKER.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. A., Hannibal, Mo.—Take the model of '73. You will find it all sufficient.

W. H. H.—Lyman's bow-facing gear is the only one in the market. See his card.

F. J. W., West Meriden, Conn.—The rifle is serviceable for its caliber and charge.

P. H. O.—For a fair rig, 0.85 w. l. for holst; boom, 0.55 w. l.; gaff, 0.50 w. l.; jib on foot, 0.75 w. l.

Hicks, Osceola Mills, Pa.—An advertisement in this paper will find a purchaser for your articles.

H. R. J., Boston, Mass.—The gun is an excellent one for Florida, and, so far as we know, is reliable.

J. H. H., Providence, R. I.—We do not know the gun, but the manufacturers are reliable and trustworthy.

T. B. D., Middleport, N. Y.—The book for you is Coues' "Key to North American Birds," Naturalist's Agency, Salem, Mass.

D. H. S., Holyoke, Mass.—The best book on trout raising is Livingston Stone's "Domesticated Trout." For sale at this office; price \$2.

C. O. M.—See advertisement of Mr. E. B. Goldsmith, Custom House Broker, in another column. He can inform you all about cost of importing dogs.

C. O. S., Sawyer's Bay, Cal.—There is no monthly of the kind published in this country. You may perhaps procure the book through the Orange Judd Co., of this city.

MELRODARE.—To waterproof canvas, coat with the following mixture: 6 ozs. hard yellow soap, 1 pint of water; when boiling, add 5 lbs. ground spruce oil, 1 lb. patent dryer, and 5 lbs. boiled linseed oil. Or simply paint.

M. P. McK., Franklin, N. Y.—The fee for a club entering the State Association is \$10. No annual dues. Privilege of engaging in yearly tournaments upon payment of regular entrance fee.

YOUNG SPORTSMAN.—1. The so-called pheasants are properly grouse. 2. The gun is not useless, but we should prefer a larger bore. 3. See answers in last paper about proper food for dogs.

A. B. K.—Nelson's "Boat Building for Amateurs," price \$1.25; Williams & Co., 323 Washington street, Boston. It contains many practical hints, but no models or plans for boats suitable to your purpose. See our back files for 1877 and 1878.

G. J., Wyandotte, Mich.—1. Send your frogs to Chappell & Storor, Fulton Market, New York. 2. You can probably procure the paper of newswomen, but to make sure of it had better subscribe regularly. Your address on our books can be changed when you change your residence.

C. B. P., South Britain, Conn.—Plants of land-locked salmon seem to have turned out very well in Connecticut lakes. They will probably do well in your waters. Write to Dr. H. N. Hudson, Hartford, Conn., who is State Fish Commissioner, and he will give you directions for securing supply.

S. E. B., Tiffin, N. Y.—1. The best book for you is Jordan's "Manual of Vertebrates," Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. 2. The fish is undoubtedly the pike perch, *Stizostedion americanum*, which is variously known as wall-eyed pike, glass-eyed pike, yellow pike, Ohio salmon, white salmon, and western salmon. It is a true perch.

T. J. Y., Philadelphia.—1. No wild rice to be had now. Harvests will be gathered, and when crop is ready will be advertised in this paper. We shall then give full and explicit directions for where to find it. Success has attended its introduction into waters where food for wild fowl has been exhausted. 2. No journal in the country devoted exclusively to the yachting interest; has been tried and proved unsuccessful. The FOREST AND STREAM is the only publication that now fills the bill.

LANDLUBBER, N. O.—The wind is said to be a five knot or a seven knot breeze when a full rigged ship would be driven at about those rates. It is ascertained merely by experience, and is an expression in use among sailors. A one to two knot breeze is a light air with a velocity of 1 to 3 miles; a two to three knot breeze has a velocity of 3 to 6 miles; a three to five knot wind has a velocity of 5 to 8 miles; five to six knots, 8 to 10 miles; six to seven knots, 10 to 16 miles; seven to eight knots, 16 to 24 miles; eight to ten knots, 24 to 35 miles.

CAUTION.—The yawl rig will suit you very well, especially if you propose sailing single handed. Step a pole mast near the bows, standing bowsprit, single jib, boom ends at rudder head, long gaff and mizzenmast just abaft the rudder. Use lug for mizzen; it gives you a shorter mast, and keeps the sail down. For San Francisco yawl see issue of March 13th, '79. Never mind what the rustics or natives say. They are not capable of comprehending anything but the doguots they are brought up in. The yawl will be common enough in a year or two.

H., Princeton, N. J.—It does not depend upon the excellence of training whether a dog will point a dead game bird or not, but on the keenness of scent he may possess. Many dogs are broken not to point dead, and again, there are others that are trained to do so. We consider it unnecessary for an old field dog to waste his time stopping on dead birds, because he can readily distinguish the difference between the two scents of "alive" and "dead." If a means that a dog that has been broken to point dead cannot scent out and point a cold bird, or one that has been dropped accidentally, perhaps, the day before from the sportsman's pocket, he is mistaken, for we have often seen it done by both well-broken setters and pointers.

M., New York.—The list of Natural History books of reference was published in the issue of March 11th. The one on Herpetology there mentioned were: R. H. Holbrook, "North American Herpetology," 5 vols., Philadelphia, 1842; Baird and Girard, "Catalogue of North American Reptiles," Part I, Serpents, 1853; Agassiz, "Contributions to the Natural History of North America," Part II, "North American Testudinata," 1857; Cope, "Check List of North American Batrachia and Reptilia;" Cope, "Partial Catalogue of the Cold-blooded Vertebrata of Michigan," 1884-5. See also many minor papers in Government Reports, and elsewhere.

E. J., New York City.—My imported fox terrier bitch, eight months old, has been bitten by her full litter brother, under her neck, sometimes in play, sometimes in real earnest. There is no sign of tick or mange, only the places are red, all over the throat and on her hind quarters. The places are sometimes bare of hair. The dogs are washed every other day, and have been for months. Ans. Your dog has the mange. Dress dog all over with following lotion: oxide of zinc, two drachms; water, three ounces; to be well mixed in a mortar. This lotion should be used three or four times a day. Give once a week for a few times a drachm and a half of Rissum salts, dissolved in water, for a purgative. Give vegetables with ordinary diet; allow plenty of exercise.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

PUBLISHED BY

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*Any publisher inserting our prospectus as above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guarantee of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

*We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

NOTES.—Central Park has a new attraction, the tents of the New York Archery Club.

The description of bowshooting in Northern Minnesota, published elsewhere, will be found entertaining to the general reader, as well as to the archer.

We shall soon lay before our readers the plan of a fall campaign among the mountains of Virginia, which promises to be an admirable opportunity for sport and sight-seeing combined.

Northern Michigan will be one of the most popular sections of country visited by sportsmen this summer. We have again and again referred to its rare attractions for the sportsman tourist, and we are glad to see that these attractions are becoming better known.

Among those who called at our office during the past week were: Mr. John H. Kimball, Bath, Me., President of the Quosocuss Angling Association; Mr. George D. Macdougall, of Montreal, Can.; Mr. H. B. Roney, of East Saginaw, Mich., Secretary of the Michigan State Sportsmen's Association; Capt. C. E. McMurdo, of Elvington, Va.; Mr. John Davidson, Monroe, Mich.; Mr. G. C. Richards, Chelsea, Mass.; Mr. S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass.

If we were to gather a convention of anglers we should take particular pains to insure the attendance of a goodly number of men with silvery hair. An angler is always entertaining when discoursing on his favorite pastime, and the older a man is, the richer store has he of memories and reminiscences. If you are a young man, and want a companion for your fishing tramp, get the company of some genial old gentleman; then you are sure of having a pleasant time, whether you bring any fish home or not.

We are in receipt of a series of three articles descriptive of Nepigon trout fishing, the first of which will be published next week, and the same number will contain also the first of a series of practical articles on black bass fishing, prepared for this journal by Dr. J. A. Henshall, who is *facile princeps* as an instructor in this branch of angling. With the trout and the black bass we shall not forget King Salmon. In short, the coming numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM will be of special interest to anglers.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF ALASKA GOLD MINING.

SITKA, ALASKA, Feb. 23d.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I promised you, in my last, an authentic history of the discovery of gold-bearing ledges in this vicinity, and of operations connected with them. To enable myself to carry out my promise, I have held interviews with Messrs. Helstead, Doyle, Mahoney, Haley, Sam. and Alex. Milletich and A. G. Cozian, all of whom have been more or less connected with the enterprise from its inception. I have read and examined records, deeds, contracts and letters, and believe that from the immense mass of information I have obtained, I can, by leaving out all history of disputes, be able to give you the history of the enterprise in condensed form. Each of the above men know more or less, but none know all of the story I shall tell you. All are well-known in this country, and their statements, many of which have been confirmed, are worthy of credit.

In the beginning, the Russian Fur Company had a contract by which they controlled this country, the Russian government retaining the right to take from them the control of any land in which mineral deposits were found. This will account for their hostility, if it did exist, as is here asserted, to prospecting in search of minerals, and to any enterprise which would tend to lessen their power or revenues.

From time to time reports were brought in from the mountains by Indian fur hunters, of marble quarries, and one such quarry was actually found and examined in Nagnashonskay Bay (about fourteen miles from here to the north and west). Very little attention was paid to these rumors. In 1855, the Russian Government sent an engineer officer named Darvelan to examine into the mineralogical resources. He spent two years in Alaska, visiting Kodiak, Cook's Inlet, Cross Sound, Peril Straits, Whale Bay, and most of the Aleutian Islands.

While in Sitka his time was principally employed, so say my informants, and from my experience with what is left of Sitka I can readily believe them, in the more agreeable pastimes of dancing and feasting, and very little was given up to prospecting. He never visited the range of mountains on which are situated nearly all of the ledges which have since been discovered. His report on the mineralogical resources was unfavorable, and from that date, 1855, to the date of transfer, 1868, nothing was done. The Russian Governor kept strict discipline, and no person was permitted to go into the interior. Mr. Helstead, a Swedish engineer, who is now employed running the Stuart mill, is my informant up to this point. He says that the Russian engineer, while prospecting the mouth of a creek which empties into a bay, which is now known as "Silver Bay," found some pieces of detached quartz known as "float," but did not prosecute the search for their origin.

In 1871 a soldier named Doyle discovered the first ledge of quartz known to exist in this vicinity. Mr. Sam. Milletich, a saloon-keeper, having heard the various rumors as to the existence of marble mines in the mountains, which, brought in by Indians, were more or less prevalent among the Russians, and passed on to be camp gossip among the soldiers, and knowing also of the indications found at head of Silver Bay, in the shape of "float," employed Doyle, a discharged soldier, to go on a prospecting trip. Doyle landed on the south side of Silver Bay, and on Round Mountain discovered a stringer of quartz. Subsequently, in the same employ, Doyle prospected Indian River, a creek about a mile to the eastward of Sitka, and found on its east bank a stringer of auriferous quartz, which Milletich undertook to develop, but it proving very narrow, and not rich, very little work was done.

Early in the spring of 1873, Messrs. Doyle and Frank Mahoney, both of whom are now here, and have furnished me with the information, resolved to prospect the creek which empties into Silver Bay. Fitted with pans and otherwise for placer work, they did so. Following up the creek to where it forked, about half a mile from the bay, they took the western branch, and washed out many pansful of the debris found in the crevices of the bed rock, finding in nearly all of the pans a very small quantity of free gold; not enough to pay. Coming down the stream, they discovered on the eastern branch the outcropping of a quartz ledge, which is now recorded as the "Haley and Milletich." They were unprovided with tools to break into it to any extent, and contented themselves with washing out "over a hundred pansful" of the adjacent soil, finding no gold. The ledge was composed of white and barren-looking quartz, and they concluded that it was of no value. They procured, however, a few pieces of rock and returned with them to Sitka. The rock was not assayed and they lost track of it, but I have been able to trace its disposition. This rock started Nicholas Haley.

A history of the progress of mining affairs in this vicinity becomes, to a certain extent, from this point an autobiography of Nicholas Haley, the soldier, prospector and miner, who has done more than all others toward developing the resources. In June, 1873, Haley, then a

United States soldier, arrived at Sitka. Soon after arrival he saw the rock brought in by Messrs. Doyle and Mahoney, which was lying in the saloon of Mr. Sam. Milletich. He having had considerable experience in quartz mining, detected at once certain indications in the apparently barren white quartz which led him to believe that the rock was gold-bearing. Here and there were specks of black sulphurets, which contained specks of gold, so small, however, as to hardly attract attention. The specimen marked No. 1 in the collection I send you is of this character, and with a magnifier you will detect the gold.

Ascertaining from Doyle the approximate locality, he, accompanied by two of the officers of the post and a soldier named Ingard, started on a prospecting tour. The two officers camped at the head of Silver Bay; the two soldiers went on up the mountains—no easy task without a trail, as I judge by my own experience over what is considered a good one, since built. On his way to the "Haley & Milletich Ledge" he discovered, lower down the ravine, another, now known as "Bear Ledge," from an adventure of his with a large bear in the vicinity, during which, although he killed the bear, he got badly mauled. After thoroughly examining the vein, then known as the "Upper Ledge," he returned to the head of Silver Bay next day, and reported that in his judgment it was valuable. The party returned to Sitka without further work.

In the following December, Haley, with the same soldier and a working party of Creoles, again visited the ledges, having been fitted out by the officers, who thus acquired what is termed in miners' parlance a "grub stake" in his hands. Having a ten days' leave of absence, nine were devoted to clearing away the trees and turf, and exposing the surface of the ledge, which proved to be "about eleven feet wide, between well-defined slate walls, trending northwest and southeast, and having near its center a seam of iron sulphurets about a foot wide." On the ninth day the first blast ever made in Alaska quartz was exploded, and from the rock thrown out and broken up by it about sixty dollars' worth of free gold was obtained.

Returning to Sitka on the tenth day, the sight of the gold convinced the officers that they had struck a good thing, and two or three days after they, with Haley, went to the ledge, and posted the necessary notices of claiming. On return to the post a company was at once organized, composed of United States army officers and Haley, and the latter, with a working party, returned to the ledge to develop it.

On Christmas Day, 1873, Haley with a companion went prospecting, and about a quarter mile higher up the cañon discovered another quartz ledge. Haley having his name on the ledge below, and not certain but that the newly found one might be an extension, posted a notice in the name of his companion, a soldier named Ingard, claiming the ledge.

In the spring of 1873, Ingard having gone East and abandoned his claim, Haley assumed possession, and informed Major Stewart of the find and its location, and with Haley's consent Major S. took the necessary steps to claim the ledge in his own name, which it now bears, and an extension was at the same time claimed by Messrs. H. Clay Wood and Alexander Milletich, and the various claimants and parties interested, viz., Messrs. Stewart, Haley, Milletich, Cozian, Mahoney and Prince, organized a company to develop the mine; their copartnership deed dated May, 1873. Thus, in 1873 two companies, owning two mines, existed, both formed of citizens of Sitka and army officers. And up to this date it is very positive that no "attempts had been made to float worthless stock." The owners, all men in moderate circumstances, put in what they could afford to examine into the value of their property.

During 1873 the officers interested in the Lower Ledge having gone East, and abandoned their claim, it was left with Haley as sole owner, and Mr. Samuel Milletich bought in a coownership with him. After various vicissitudes this ledge was in 1877 sold to a San Francisco firm, who organized a company called the "Barranoff Island Gold and Silver Mining Company. Capital, one million dollars, in shares of one hundred dollars each," Haley and Milletich receiving one-third of the stock.

Undoubtedly the operations based upon this ledge are those which have drawn forth the animadversions of Prof. Elliott. As usual, when I differ from him, it is only in degree; his assertions are well founded for about three-quarters of their strength, but they are too sweeping. The stock is not "worthless," for the ledge is undoubtedly auriferous, and of considerable extent, no one knows how great, and a shaft which is down fifty feet is in good ore all the way, as I know from personal inspection; but I shouldn't like to invest in the stock while the capital retains its present dimensions, which are enormously disproportionate to the present developments. I will say that I think that at a more moderate price, and in the hands of parties capable of developing and desirous to develop the mine, it could be made to pay. It is easy of access, and so situated that fuel and water are very plentiful and convenient.

In May, 1873, the Stewart mine was owned by the seven men named. From this date to 1876 very little work was done on the mine, none of the owners being capitalists (Government officers and miners). During the winter of this year five of the company, who held that the two others had forfeited their rights, sold the mine to a company composed of business men of Portland, Oregon, and the Alaska Gold and Silver Mining Company—capital, \$300,000; in shares of par value \$1 each—was organized, Haley, the discoverer, receiving 15,000 paid up shares, and the other four 10,000 each, to which was credited a certain amount against future assessments.

Since its organization, this company has made endeavors to develop the mine; it has met with losses through mismanagement, and has had, as is usual, quarrels among its members, but at this date it possesses a steam 10-stamp mill, shops, cabins and full outfit. A tunnel is in over 100 feet, in good ore all the way. Another, 100 feet above it, is in 84 feet, and another is to be started 300 feet below, where a distance of 350 feet will probably strike the ledge as indicated by the shaft. This mill, this month, in eleven days' work, produced bullion valued at about \$1,800, and has ready for shipment over fourteen pounds of amalgam produced from free gold alone, the sulphurets not having been treated.

During the years 1874 to 1878 Haley, having procured his discharge from the army, devoted himself to prospecting, and upon the same range discovered many other ledges, of which those which are considered to be the most valuable are known as the "Haley and Francis," "Wicket Fall," "Witch" and "Last Chance," and other prospectors have discovered and located about a dozen more. The "Haley and Francis," "Witch" and "Last Chance" I have visited. The first two are possibly pockets, inasmuch as their trend is east and west, but both are very rich. From the first named the first blast threw out and exposed over \$300 worth of gold, some nuggets ranging in value from \$15 to \$20.

From the rock of the "Witch," which is decomposed quartz, of which I send you specimen marked 4, Haley has nearly supported himself and large family for two years, he and his boys packing in bags the broken up rock, crushing it evenings in a large hand mortar, extracting the gold with quicksilver, and selling the amalgam. I have watched Haley at this work, and know that what I say is true.

Haley's "Last Chance" was, until 1870, the easternmost discovered ledge. During this year a number of other edges of probable value have been found still further east on the same range. From one, the "Great Eastern," I procured myself specimens which, when assayed by Messrs. Selby & Co., of San Francisco, yielded \$175 gold and \$5.20 silver per ton. I have seen their assay certificate, and this specimen came from the surface, and showed no free gold whatever.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have taken great pains to thoroughly sift all of the statements I have collected. All of the parties who possess knowledge on the subject have been carefully interviewed. When there were discrepancies, as in the matter of dates there sometimes was, I have got hold of letters and papers and straightened out the account. And I feel satisfied that you have in this paper the first and only authentic history of the development of this region up to the present date. I have not told you a thing which I do not thoroughly believe myself. Before leaving the subject, I will describe just how Haley gets his gold from the rock, which is mining on a small scale, as I saw it to-day.

Scene—Haley's front room, temperature way up, for on the stove, cooling by a brisk yellow cedar fire, stands a six quart pan, half full of apparently sand and water, actually powdered quartz from the bagful standing in the corner—while Haley has packed in from the Witch during the fall—water, and a few ounces of quicksilver. This mess he is stirring up with his bare hand, while I, with my briar root for company, sit in his rocking chair and watch and listen to his descriptions.

This rock he has powdered, or "pulped," in a big iron mortar, by hand, roasted four hours, with a sprinkling of salt "to kill the sulphurets," and is now amalgamating. About five pounds of rock, less a few rather pretty specimens on which free gold was visible, and which I appropriated and sent to you, constitute the charge. When it was "done" (he couldn't tell me how he knew it was "done," it being entirely a matter of experience; but he could tell when the quicksilver had gathered up its affinity) he carried the pan to a washing tub, a third full of water, and washed, or panned it, by a circular motion, which looks easy enough, but is apt to result in a spill with a green hand, until at last nothing but the quicksilver remained. This he washed thoroughly in saucers of clear water, enveloped in a buckskin cloth, and squeezed by means of a strong cord, which he wound round and round, the mercury spurting in spray through the pores, until but a little hard lump remained. He opened his buckskin, and there was a lump about as big as an ordinary bean, looking like tin foil; this was amalgam, and in it was nearly all of the amalgam that the five pounds of rock had contained. Not all, for had I not hurried him he would have re-

peated the washing and squeezing to save "waste," and had he retorted the amalgam he would have obtained somewhat better results than his home resources (which consisted of a spade, on which he laid and roasted for a few minutes the button) permitted. As the quicksilver passed away the button turned yellow, and he scraped from the spade twenty-three grains of flour gold, which I inclose to you, as tolerable good evidence that the stories of gold mines near Sitka are not absolutely "fairy tales." I don't own any of this mine, Mr. Editor, but I wish I did. Flour gold is worth four cents a grain, and if five pounds of rock produce, with two hours' labor of one man, nearly a dollar, a ton of the rock is worth nearly \$450.

It is probable that the sulphurets will yield as much more. Of course, Mr. Editor, I can't vouch positively for everything I have told you, but I can assure you that I myself believe every word to be true.

Feb. 23d.—The steamer is four days overdue, and her coming day is very uncertain, for we are having regular spring weather, rain and fogs and snow, which tend to make navigation hazardous.

During the month the temperature has averaged about 35 degs., but the snow that fell in January don't go. This has been the coldest winter that has occurred for thirty years. It is very evident that the season is backward, for the woods are becoming populous with returning birds. Fish eagles, which left us last fall, have returned, and innumerable ducks, which come in good time, as the venison is getting bad.

I find Coues' "Key" invaluable. I have already identified as follows: Old wives, surf-ducks, mallard, harlequin, Canada goose, Hutchinsin, scaup, lesser scaup, Barrow's golden-eye, butter-balls, mergansers, and several grebes, etc. Not having enjoyed very favorable weather for hunting, we have been compelled to seek other amusements, among which have been a couple of weddings of members of the *Junestown* complement and of Sitka's. First, one of the crew led off; and on the 9th inst. one of the officers. Mr. Frank Guerton, with the Rev. Father Metropolsky united to Miss Nija Kastromitenoff, who is a cousin of the wife of Prof. Elliott, a young lady of Russian parentage, born in Alaska, and one whom we were all glad to welcome into the service.

March 26th.—This letter should have reached you ere this, but for sixty days we have been cut off from all communication with the world. The *California*, on her up trip in February, knocked her rudder off on Columbia Bar, and after a hazardous passage to Victoria has been there detained for repairs. She came through yesterday, and goes to-day.

We are having the pleasantest March I ever spent in the temperate zone, having had but four days which were not bright and warm; that is, it felt warm, although the thermometer did not go above 45 degs., and the snow goes off very slowly. The steamer's arrival was a god-send. We were out of most everything, including patience, but not including those watery walnuts, dubbed potatoes, which have during the last few days rewarded me for the battle I have given in their cause.

One note more about mining. By this steamer there goes down four bars, each weighing seventy-two ounces, of gold produced from the free gold, the sulphurets not having been treated, during about thirty days' work of the Pioneer Mill.

PISCEO.

GAME PROTECTION.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION.—At the last meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, Mr. Wm. M. Fleiss, of the Committee on Amendments to the Game Laws, reported that the various matters referred to his committee had been carefully attended to, and he had no doubt that when the laws, as amended, should be printed, it would be found everything desired by the Association had been carried out. Dr. John W. Greene called the attention of the meeting to the recent death of Mr. Geo. C. Colburn, one of their most active members, and passed a high eulogium on his character as a sportsman and a gentleman. A resolution on the same subject was proposed by Mr. Townsend and adopted, and on the motion of Dr. Stephen A. Main, the Secretary was directed to send a copy of it to the family of the deceased. President R. B. Roosevelt, Dr. Greene, Chas. E. Whitehead, C. Dubois Wagstaff and T. B. Baldwin were appointed a committee to attend the annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Seneca Falls, N. Y. A communication was received from the Secretary of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association, requesting the cooperation of the New York Association in endeavoring to have the State Association's convention for the year 1881 held on Long Island. After a discussion, the delegates to the convention were instructed to favor the holding of the convention of 1881 in the vicinity of New York.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Boston, May 11th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—For the information of those interested in the importation of migratory quail, I send you the following extracts from letters received from Mr. Braun, being my latest advices. Under date of April 17th, he writes: "My orders from England have been received to buy as many quail as possible, without limiting the price. This, as well as the restriction of the law for catching the birds, and the higher cost of the licenses, will, no doubt, make the quail very expensive; but you may rest assured that I shall do all in my power to secure them. We have had Scirocco for the last ten days, and

not a single quail has been seen, as yet, upon one island. Let us hope that the wind will soon change, so that I can purchase and ship the quail as soon as possible." Under date of April 19th, he writes: "The first quail made their appearance this morning, but in very insignificant quantity. I shot only five. If this wind (Eocene W. S. W.) continues, we will see more to-morrow."

HORACE P. TOBBY.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Rockland, Me., May 3d.—I have seen, in a Rockland paper, that the quail which I released last spring, and which bred here to some extent, had returned, and had been seen by a number of parties. I should be very happy to confirm the report; but the evidence I have received I do not consider reliable enough to warrant publication. As soon as I learn for a certainty of their return, I will write you of the fact.

JAMES WIGHT.

We hope soon to receive authentication of the return of these birds, and would remind others of our readers who are interested in the introduction of the birds, to gather such information as they may of the return of the quail this spring.

ONTARIO.—Welland, May 8th.—S. D. Woodruff, Esq., of St. Catharines, President of the Long Point Game Club, was on the 4th brought up before the Mayor of Welland to answer to a charge of shooting snipe out of season. He pleaded guilty to the charge of having shot four birds, and was fined \$40 and \$5.00 costs. He was prosecuted by the Game Inspector of the County of Welland Game Protective Association.

R. R. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

MAY IS A CLOSE MONTH FOR GAME.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Reports, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

—ADDRESS all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

HOW TO MAKE A CAMP.

BETHEL, MAINE.

IN some former issue of FOREST AND STREAM the past winter, an appeal was made to practical hunters to give information in regard to building camps, as I understand it, for temporary use in the wilderness. I will give my method in as few words as possible, so that my ideas may be reached and utilized, if desired.

A water-tight camp may be made of fir boughs, or even hemlock, by making the roof steep, and lapping the boughs on thick, in courses, with the butt up. The form of the framework may be in several ways. I will mention only two: First, cut poles with crotch at upper end, ten or twelve feet long, say six or eight of them. Stick the top crotches together, and spread the bottoms to any desired diameter—according to the size of your party—in a circle; then commence to spread on the boughs, beginning at the bottom, and carefully and thickly lapping them to the top, leaving a parting between two poles for a door. This is also the Indian method, and is called a wigwam. Second, cut two poles seven or eight feet long, with crotch at top. Stick these in the ground, but down, as far apart as you wish the length of your camp to be; say for four men, make your camp ten feet long, and more or less according to your number. The two corner stakes being fixed, cut a pole reaching from one to the other for a ridge-pole, then cut shorter poles to reach from your ridge-pole to the ground, and put them near enough together to hold the covering, be it boughs or bark.

It is what we call a shed camp, open in front, where we build our fire at our feet when we lie down.

Two of these camps made together, facing each other, form what we call a tight camp, by standing small evergreens up thickly at each end, and leaving a door at one end. These camps are easily and quickly made, and may be covered with bark, if desired, of the white birch, at any time of the year, or spruce or hemlock in the season of peeling; viz. June and July.

For a more substantial lodge, find two large trees far enough apart for the length of your camp, cut notches in each of the trees as high as you wish your ridge-pole to be, say seven feet, more or less. Place your ridge-pole in these notches, and with it solid to the trees. Be sure the pole is stout enough; then roll up a good heavy log for the back of your camp. Split fir or cedar trees in halves to the desired length, and place them, the lower end on the log at the back of camp, and upper end on your ridge-pole, in the following manner: Lay two half logs flat side up, and another flat side down, lapping on each, and so on over the whole. Stand splits on end to cover end of camp. This is the same form as the temporary bough camp, and by covering two together, will make a very durable tight camp for winter or summer. If for cold weather, throw on plenty of green boughs over the splits, to stop all air-holes.

Another more, or substantial camp, is made of logs notched at the ends, and cob-housed together, cutting out door after the body is up, laying gable ends on top of the body and rafters, one at each end of every log, shortening the logs as you go up, until you reach the ridge-pole, and cobbling up the chimney-hole with smaller halves, to center from body of camp, and cover with bark or splits.

Cover the ground for sleeping with fine fir or hemlock boughs to the depth of a foot in thick, soft layers, which is the most delicious, as well as healthy bed that can be made. For covering camps you can also make cedar

split, with a draw-knife and axe. Cut a straight-grained cedar in four or six feet joints, split them in two with your axe, then into one inch thickness with axe and draw-knife, which can easily and quickly be done.

J. G. ITCR.

NEW YORK.—*Lowville, May 5th.*—A few Wilson snipe and big yellowlegs have been killed by our sportsmen. A shot a fine goshawk recently, and last week I received a prize, a *Florida*, the first that I have known of being taken in this vicinity.

H. W. H.

SENECA GUN CLUB.—THE STATE ASSOCIATION.—*Seneca Falls, N. Y., May 10th.*—The recently listed, with three spacious rooms, richly furnished. For the entertainment of our friends nothing more could be desired. The Twenty-second Annual Convention promises exceedingly well. Messrs. Hoag, Parrish, Lawrence, Williams and Sellock are working like beavers, and nothing is left undone that will contribute to a successful meeting. The grounds (which are located within three minutes' walk of the main business street) are being staked out. Tens for 12,000 birds are being staked out. Half the birds are here, with 1,000 to 1,500 coming on every train, and a fine lot they are, too! A grand stand, reporters' stand, benches and covering overhead for judges, secretary's office, etc., are being built, and much interest is exhibited by all our people. The valuable articles in the prize list are not overrated, and many gold purses speak for themselves. Fortunate is the man who wins W. E. McNamee's "Spring in Normandy" in double bird shooting. Our Reception Committee are exerting themselves in the endeavor to make the coming visitors comfortable, and ample accommodations will be found for all. We look for a large party from Brooklyn and New York. The Seneca Gun Club most cordially invite the sportsmen of New York State to meet here May 24th, and promise that everything shall be done to make their stay pleasant. X.

GEORGIA NOTES.—*Macon, Ga., April 26th.*—We have a gun club of fifty members (Glasgow Shooting Club), but this is our second year, because glass shooting has lost most of its interest. Through the club's influence, our two representatives, who are members, has secured the enactment of a game law, which we hope will result in much good. Macon can boast of some very fine shots, and as our principal game is quail and doves, it behooves us to protect these birds, and we now hope to have a large increase by enforcing the game law. A few weeks ago I made a visit to Eastman, in Dodge County—both named after an excellent and honorable man. I proceeded by buggy to the Oconee River (the same we have here) to hunt turkeys; but failed to bag any, though I saw and heard several—also jumped two deer. Spending the night with a saw mill man, I learned of a novel duck's nest. I mention my visit more to ask of this than anything else. The mill is located by a small pond, which is in a natural basin, the hills on all sides throwing the water into this basin, and the ducks roost every night. One pair of these ducks have a nest thirty feet above the ground in a large pine tree, entering through a hole 4x6 or 5x8. Is this a common thing? It strikes me as very unnatural.

L.H.J.

ARKANSAS IN WINTER.—*Jacksonport, Ark., May 1st.*—In your last issue, a very interesting article by "Dardanelle" struck my attention. I can endorse every statement "Dardanelle" makes, except one, with a qualification. It is true that malaria, and all which that implies, is prevalent all over the lower portions of this State. The summer is the sickly season. After first frost, the tourist will have nothing to fear. It is true there are plenty of reptiles and insects. They are only troublesome in summer. The winter cold lays them. The winter climate is admirable—almost perfect. Our summers are too hot; the winter is our sporting season. Visiting sportsmen should come during that season. The statement I can not endorse is in regard to musquitos. They are unusually numerous and attentive in every part of the State, but not so numerous as it is ten years since I lived here in Yell County; the supply was in the excess of the demand then in those days. I think "Dardanelle" will cheerfully admit that most, if not all, the non-attractions of which he speaks, are applicable only to the warm season.

YELL.

CANADA.—*Montreal, April 19th.*—There has been a fearful slaughter of ducks and geese at the foot of the Lachine Rapids. One man is credited with killing over a thousand last week. They have actually taken carts up the lower Lachine road to bring them to the market, not being able to carry them otherwise. I was told this morning that all one has to do is point your gun at the flocks as they approach, pull the trigger, and they can not help getting lots.

ESCALAPUS.

AUDIT ALTERNUM PARTEM.—*Cheap Guns Again.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—Several articles have recently appeared in your paper strongly censuring the practice of several manufacturers and importers of guns in selling guns at a considerable discount to those who use them.

Now there is something to be said on the other side; will you allow me space to say it?

There are a very large number of sportsmen (perhaps the majority) who wish to secure the best gun that their means will allow, and who yet are unable to pay the high prices asked by most retail dealers. To this class I freely confess that I belong. Must we, then, content ourselves with an inferior arm because we cannot pay the 25 or 30 per cent. profit asked by the retail dealer? In such a course we should be shut up, if the advice of your former correspondents be followed, and manufacturers and importers be compelled to discontinue the discount to actual users of the goods.

"But," say your correspondents, "it is a manifest injustice to the retail dealer, which in the end must drive him out of business." Let us look a little closer at the matter before we assent to this as unanswerable. It is quite true that we must and ought to pay cheerfully for whatever is necessary. In many lines of trade, middlemen, so called, are a necessity; for example, I cannot order a suit of cloth of the manufacturer or dealer of custom in New England. His business forbids that. Nor can my tailor order his goods direct from the manufacturer. Hence I am compelled to pay the profit of the jobber and the tailor, and I do so cheerfully because the necessities of the case require it. In the East, at least, there is no necessity that I should go to the retail dealer in guns. I maintain that if I can I ought to buy direct from the

manufacturer, because there is no sort of necessity for the retail dealer; the exigencies of trade do not require him; he is not a necessity, nor even a convenience, and hence there is no reason why I should pay his profit, because it is just as easy for me to deal with the manufacturer or importer directly.

Our country is cursed with the enormous number of "middlemen." It is perhaps more manifest in the dry goods trade than any other. When the goods pass out of the hands of the manufacturer they are handled by the commission merchant, the jobber and the retail dealer, and to each one of these the consumer must pay a profit; and it is wrong, because unnecessary. People everywhere feel and understand the truth and justice of the position that I am trying to maintain, and no clearer proof that they do understand it could be adduced than the success of such houses as that of Lord & Taylor of your city; houses that buy directly from the manufacturers in this country and abroad, and so are enabled to sell goods without the additional profits of the commission merchant and jobber. A similar success does and will attend any other business where the effort is made to save profits to the consumer. It is this same principle which lies at the bottom of the "Orange" as a whole, this foundation principle is true.

But it will be urged, "You will ruin the business of the retail dealers in guns." Well, if he is not a real necessity, he ought to be made to yield; and that he is a necessity can scarcely be shown. "But if you drive him out of business what will he do?" Again, let me reply in general terms, and I leave the objector to draw his own conclusions. It is a crying, glaring evil of the times that men leave the country and rush to the cities. The result is that agricultural interests are neglected, while mercantile life is overcrowded. The consequence is that the whole land, city and country, suffer. It is well known that not only does the "backbone" of any country lie in its rural population, but that its prosperity is always in direct proportion to its agriculture. Let the men, then, who in our country are driving the "backbone" out of the great majority of cases are not making it, fill up this broad land of ours; let them become sturdy sons of toil, and we shall have a healthier, happier, richer and more prosperous nation than we have ever seen before.

But I beg pardon for these truisms in Political Economy. My pen ran on to a greater length than I intended. What I want to say is, that we need good guns at low prices, and that I trust the manufacturers and importers will be brightened out of their present practices. There is and there can be no reason in the nature of things, why they should not deal directly with those who use the guns.

ONE OF THE LATTER CLASS.

PATTERN AND PENETRATION.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. B., April 19th.

WE left the bluebirds (true harbingers of spring) far behind us, and got home to find all nature still locked in the embrace of winter, ice and snow, and the gray goose (characteristic of the British Isles) the great majority of cases are not making it, fill up this broad land of ours; let them become sturdy sons of toil, and we shall have a healthier, happier, richer and more prosperous nation than we have ever seen before.

The weekly advent of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is a pleasing circumstance in our life out here, and I can almost imagine a gleam of delight in the eye of the great antlered moose head, over the gun rack in the hall, when it comes in with the Monday post. It mingles with less fraternal feelings since you abandoned your old cover.

In looking over the numbers which had come through the winter, I came across an article on "Pattern and Penetration," by "Au Sauble," which recalled a very interesting contribution of last December, "Various Guns and Gun Makers."

It seems to me that in both of these the writer omits elements or facts necessary for a full comparison. I am under the impression that most, if not all good makers buy their barrels in the rough, and in this respect are equal; hence the difference in the shooting of guns may depend upon the quality and disposition of metal, and form of bore in all barrels of the same weight.

We have a mathematical conception of a cylinder; but in the term choke have on the idea of converging lines. Now is it imprudent to adopt in the common gun language, the elements of distance, and possibly force, in connection with the word choke, so that it may convey some intelligible impression? It strikes me this might properly be associated with pattern; and penetration—be associated with powder. If the foregoing inferences are true, all makers should be able to make the best shooting guns of a given quality. Style, action and shape are outside of this, and comprise taste, ingenuity and fit.

My experience in guns is not various; but for many years I have done considerable hammering, mostly with one tool, with possibly more damage to the cupboard than cock. It has been an excuse for keeping a dog around, and a capital substitute for blue pills.

However, the ease, cleanliness and convenience of a breech loader has conquered the common opinion. I have a fine Remington-Union hammerless Greener, perfect in style and action, and a less symmetrical Fox gun, with side action. I wished to use it in moose hunting in winter, and, as I have experienced difficulty with a drop action rifle, by its freezing fast in sleet storms, and by snow falling from the branches upon the barrel, and thwarted by the grip of the hand near the break-off, I was attracted strongly to the side movement, and decided to get an inexpensive one, to try how I would like it. So I gave my order for one. It was to be a perfectly plain, good-shooting gun, with a charge of one ounce of shot over two pink wads and four drachms of No. 7, Curtis & Harvey's Diamond powder. Barrels plain twist, 12-28", with right cylindrical for ball, the left modified choke (so-called); without limit in price. It cost within the price named by "Au Sauble" for a good gun, and weighed 12 lbs. 10 oz.

I used it some in the fall of '78; but, as I was weak from sickness found it both too heavy and too stiff in its movement to give me pleasure, so I went back to my old 6 lb. Deane, Allan & Deane.

However, I used it all just full upon English snipe and black ducks, and found it soon wore smooth, and very handy and agreeable. It was all that was promised, and

more than I expected. I am not speaking "by the card," for I find my nose too near my thumb in deliberate shooting, and avoid it when I can. I know it comes from holding too snug to the shoulder. When shooting quick, it is a light touch and go, and not felt; but a good gun is a good gun, and we don't want to see the pattern to know it. "Au Sauble" touches the true spirit of investigation at the close of his letter of December 4th; but when he refers to the excellence of fitting in a Williams & Powell gun as a defect I fear few will agree with him in that respect. If it is a fault, it is in design, and loose fitting cannot cure it.

The fact is, all else being equal, every man to his taste—drop action, or side action, the difference is a refinement beyond utility.

I knocked the right hammer off last fall, and for about two weeks carried a double gun to shoot a single one. I am now decidedly for hammers under deck; but still divided in opinion between the "crop-eared terrier" and cunning fox.

SIRIODY.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

MAINE.—*Peck's Island, Portland Harbor.*—At a shot of the Peck's Island Shooting Club, Friday, May 7th, for the Secretary's gold badge, Card's rotary trap, 18 yards, 20 single and 10 double rises, the following scores were made:—

W. S. Jones	11111111111111111111	20
W. S. Brackett	11111111111111111111	17
H. Trefethen, Jr.	01111011111111111111	15
H. Trefethen	11101011111111111111	17
Epps G. H. Brackett	11101111111111111111	17
W. J. Ackley	010000000000000000	11
W. S. Jones	11111111111111111111	17
W. S. Brackett	11111111111111111111	17
H. Trefethen, Jr.	11111111111111111111	17
H. Trefethen	01101011111111111111	15
Epps G. H. Brackett	01101011111111111111	15
A. V. Ackley	10101111111111111111	17
W. J. Craig	10101111111111111111	17

The Peck Island Shooting Club held one of its annual shoots for the gold badge, Fast Day forenoon; at 30 balls, 20 from Card's rotary trap, 21 yards rise; and 10 doubles—

Single.

L. E. Skillings	11111111111111111111	15
A. G. Sterling	11111111111111111111	15
H. Trefethen, Jr.	11111111111111111111	15
H. Trefethen	11111111111111111111	15
W. S. Jones	11101111111111111111	17
W. J. Sterling	11101111111111111111	17
W. S. Brackett	11101111111111111111	17
S. A. Sterling	11111111111111111111	15
John Massure	11111111111111111111	15
W. S. Jones	11111111111111111111	15
H. A. Jones	10111111111111111111	15
H. E. H. Brackett	11111111111111111111	15
E. E. Skillings	11111111111111111111	15
H. Trefethen	01110111111111111111	15
C. S. Stevens	01101111111111111111	15
J. F. Randall	11111111111111111111	15
E. T. Holbrook	10111111111111111111	15
A. V. Ackley	10111111111111111111	15

Double.

L. E. Skillings	11	11	11	11	10
A. G. Sterling	10	10	11	11	10
H. Trefethen, Jr.	01	11	11	11	10
H. Trefethen	10	11	11	11	10
W. S. Jones	10	11	11	11	10
W. J. Sterling	10	11	11	11	10
W. S. Brackett	10	11	11	11	10
S. A. Sterling	10	11	11	11	10
John Massure	11	11	10	10	10
A. V. Ackley	10	11	11	11	10
H. A. Jones	10	11	11	11	10
H. E. H. Brackett	10	11	11	11	10
E. E. Skillings	10	11	11	11	10
H. Trefethen	10	11	11	11	10
C. S. Stevens	10	11	11	11	10
J. F. Randall	10	11	11	11	10
E. T. Holbrook	10	11	11	11	10
A. V. Ackley	10	11	11	11	10

In the afternoon, five on a side were chosen by Jones and Skillings to shoot for a supper:—

SKILLINGS' SIDE.

L. E. Skillings	Single.	Double.	Total.
A. G. Sterling	20	10	30
W. S. Brackett	15	5	20
W. S. Jones	15	5	20
C. S. Stevens	14	5	19

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JONES' SIDE.

W. S. Jones	17	8	25
H. Trefethen, Jr.	20	10	30
W. S. Brackett	20	10	30
W. S. Smith	11	4	15
H. E. H. Brackett	15	5	20

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A. G. Sterling shot 30 straight, the first consecutive 30 in our club.

A. V. ACKLEY.

Secretary Peck Island Shooting Club. The State shoot at places will be held at this place in September for the diamond badge, and any one having wild or tame birds for sale later in the season can address A. V. Ackley, Secretary Peck Island Shooting Club, Maine.

MARLBORO', May 7th.—Glass-ball match between a team of ten men of the Marlboro' Sportsmen's Club and a team of ten men of the Lynn Central Sportsmen's Club, of Lynn, Mass., string of thirty balls, thrown from an extra swift rotary trap at 18 yards rise:—

H. W. Edgar	11111111111111111111	20
I. G. Howe	11111111111111111111	20
A. P. Pond	11111111111111111111	20
L. R. Hudson	11111111111111111111	20
R. E. Fisher	11111111111111111111	20
E. T. Smith	11111111111111111111	20
G. J. Rogers	01101111111111111111	15
E. J. Fisher	11111111111111111111	20
H. S. Fay	01101111111111111111	15
W. S. Perry	11111111111111111111	20

Total. 245

LYNN TEAM.

E. Barry	10100111111111111111	10
E. T. Smith	11111111111111111111	20
E. Webster	11111111111111111111	20
Robert	11111111111111111111	20
R. E. Fisher	11111111111111111111	20
W. W. Baldwin	10110001111111111111	10
Horace George	10111111111111111111	20
Harold	11111111111111111111	20
E. J. Fisher	11111111111111111111	20
R. A. Johnson	11111111111111111111	20

Total. 246

* Shot in place of Belcher, who didn't reach two grounds in season for the match.

NATICK'S COCHETUATE.—*Natick, May 8th.*—The sportsmen met at their grounds to-day, with the Cochetuete Club, and had a match shoot at ten rotary and ten doubles. The visitors stated when they

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

May 15—Quincy Y. C. Spring Regatta.
 May 15—Quincy Y. C. Spring Regatta.
 May 17—Cooper's Point Y. C. Spring Regatta.
 May 20—Portland Y. C. Challenge Cup.
 May 25—Southern Y. C. Professional Race.
 May 27—Southern Y. C. Professional Race.
 May 27—South Camden Y. C. Spring Regatta.
 May 29—Portland Y. C. Spring Regatta.
 May 31—Quaker City Y. C. Spring Regatta.
 May 31—Knickerbocker Y. C. Annual Regatta.
 May 31—Atlantic Y. C. Opening Cruise.
 June 4—Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
 June 6—Haverhill Y. C. Harris Challenge Cup.
 June 7—Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
 June 9—Atlantic Y. C. Corinthian Regatta.
 June 7—Southern Y. C. Corinthian Regatta.
 June 10—New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.
 June 10—Southern Y. C. Corinthian Regatta.
 June 12—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
 June 12—Seawanhaka Corinthian Matches.
 June 12—Southwick Y. C. Spring Regatta.
 June 15—Long Island C. C. Championship Regatta.
 June 17—Boston Y. C. Union Regatta.
 June 17—Marblehead Regatta.
 June 17—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
 June 20—Dorchester Y. C. Regatta.
 June 20—Washington Village Y. C. Spring Regatta.
 June 23—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Nahant.
 July 5—Provincetown Y. C. Annual Cruise.
 July 5—Seawanhaka Y. C. Corinthian Cruise.
 July 14—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
 July 17—San Francisco Y. C. Annual Cruise.
 July 17—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
 July 21—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Swampscott.
 Aug. 3—Cape Cod Regatta, Lake George.
 Aug. 3—Cape Cod Regatta, Lake George.
 Aug. 3—Cape Cod Regatta, Lake George.
 Aug. 3—Cape Cod Regatta, Lake George.
 Aug. 12—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
 Aug. 14 or 15—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Swampscott.
 Aug. 14—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
 Aug. 18—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
 Aug. 28—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
 Aug. 28—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Beverly.
 Sept. 4—Boston Y. C. Annual Regatta.
 Sept. 5—Provincetown Y. C. Fall Regatta.
 Sept. 10—Quincy Y. C. Fall Regatta.
 Sept. 11—Dorchester Y. C. Open Matches.
 Sept. 11—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
 Sept. 12—Dorchester Y. C. Open Regatta.
 Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C. Special, Nahant.
 Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C. Special, Nahant.
 Oct. 0—Washington Village Y. C. Fall Regatta.

MASSACHUSETTS YACHTING ASSOCIATION.

The following circular has been sent to all Massachusetts yacht clubs—

At a meeting of the yacht clubs, held at the Parker House, for the purpose of forming an Association, and adopting rules and regulations to govern Union Regattas, Mr. W. Lloyd Jeffries, of the Beverly Club, was chosen President, and Mr. Coolidge Barnard, of the Dorchester Club, Secretary.

- Voted, 1. Name—Massachusetts Yachting Association.
 2. All Massachusetts yacht clubs invited to join Association.
 3. Measurement—One-third or over—hang added to water-line.
 4. Allowance—Horse-shoof tables adopted.
 5. Classification—For center boards, 1st class, 40 feet and under to 22 feet. 2d class, 22 feet and under to 22 feet. 3d class, 22 feet and under to 18 feet. 4th class, 18 feet and under. For keels, 1st class, 40 feet and under to 30 feet. 2d class, 30 feet and under to 25 feet. 3d class, 25 feet and under.
 6. Telling—No hauls to be shifted.
 7. Starts—No restriction.
 8. Crews—One man to every five feet of sailing length or fraction thereof.
 9. Additional entries allowed in postponed races.
 10. Secretary to keep record of dates of races and prevent, as far as possible, races of different clubs coming same day, the clubs to communicate with him before advertising their races. The clubs also to furnish him, as far as possible, with the measurement of their yachts.
 11. Association measurer shall measure any yacht in question, in presence of judges of race.

If your club adopts these rules, and will join the Association please inform me, and oblige,

Yours truly,

COOLIDGE BARNARD,

May 1st, 1890. Mill street, Harrison Square, Mass.

BOSTON.—Your last edition spoke of measurement only as the main idea of the Massachusetts Yachting Association. If your correspondent, "M," can give some table to allow by, and some rule for his measurement, we should like to see it. The clubs represented were the Boston, S. Boston, Bunker Hill, Beverly, Duxbury, Quincy, Dorchester and Jeffries. The S. Boston and Dorchester clubs have voted to adopt the rules.

The Union Regatta for May 29th will be settled by the withdrawal of the Dorchester Club, although they decided first to have theirs on that date. Two open races within such a short distance of each other would both be well attended; and, as the Dorchester club always gives good prizes, they would likely draw many boats from S. Boston.

At a meeting of the former club, held May 7th, Mr. H. S. Mann was elected Fleet Captain, in place of Mr. Geo. S. Rice—gone west—and Mr. Wm. Grey, Jr., was placed on the Regatta Committee in place of ex-Com. Barnard, resigned. Twelve new members were elected, and the Dorchester Y. C. is in a flourishing condition.

MAINMAST.

YACHTING NEWS.

STEAM YACHTS FOR SALE.—The Horreshoff Manufacturing Company offer the *Lella* and a smaller steam launch for sale. Both have safety coil boilers, and can be had at a bargain.

THE GLAM.—On her recent trial the *Glam* made sixteen miles readily, and the possibilities are that she can be driven up to twenty when her owner, Mr. W. H. Graham, of Baltimore, has been sent her.

YACHTS' PHOTOS.—The enterprising house of G. W. Black & Co., 323 Washington street, Boston, has issued a printed circular, *"A Yacht's Photo"*, of the yachts' photos they have for sale. It is proposed to add materially to their stock this year. Boston once more has taken the lead of New York. Photographers here are still asleep, though we have done our best to poke them up.

CIRCULAR YACHT.—Says the *Oscar Times*: "The Chicago Dry

Dock Company is now completing for Capt. Thomas Parker, Oceanview, one of the queerest looking yachts that has ever been known. The craft has an 18ft. keel, a 15ft. beam and what is known as a saucer bottom, and when completed will draw but ten inches of water with a full load of passengers. She has but one mast, which is located pretty well forward, and a mainboom that extends a considerable distance over her taffrail. She will have no gaff, and the mainmast will be attached only to the mast and the boom. Then above that, from the topmast to the extreme end of the boom, will be what is known as a ringtail, the purpose being to aid in shortening or making sail.

YONKES YACHT CLUB.—The spring regatta of this club was sailed May 3th. Course from Biegan's dock up river to block-house of Glenwary, thence to the foot of the Jersey shore, and back to start, then across to the Jersey shore again, and down river to Shellton's dock, and return to start. Sail over three times. Distance, fifteen miles, giving a great variety of sailing. Judges, Messrs. Robert Fawcett, Ed. Connell and W. H. Veitch. *Pinafore*, in third class, not timed, as she had a sail-over. The summary is appended:—

FIRST CLASS—SLOOPS.			
Yacht.	Owner.	Length.	Time.
Send	A. J. Prime	23 1/2	3 15 00
Nellie C.	A. O. Gould	20 0	3 29 00

SECOND CLASS—CATS OVER 20FT.			
Yankee Bird	S. C. Kolalet	23 4	3 17 15
Minnie	H. L. Garrison	23 8	3 21 40

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Miscellaneous.

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An Orange County farm, with rare water facilities for propagating trout or other fish; 131 acres; good buildings; finely located, half mile from the village, on main line of Erie Railway, at foot of Shawangunk Mountain; 50 miles from New York; two pure cold spring water trout streams, with gravelly bottoms, flow through the farm; one trout pond; any number ponds can be easily made. Will sell at bargain. Send for description. Address owner, A. A. BOAK, Middletown, N.Y. may 1st

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FOR SALE.—Blue blood pups, one dog and two bitches, from R. J. Forster's 7th (Luther Adams) Drake-Forster's Daisy and Royal Blue (Hudson-Morey); they are now nine weeks old, and in fine shape. Address DEACON KENNEL, 23 Myrtle street, Boston. may 6, 1f



IN THE STUD.—Brutus, pure Llewellyn, by Rob Roy x Belle; white, black and tan; large, handsome and fast; fine nose and action; broken on game; three years old; fee, \$25. Address A. J. KELLY, Manager Baltimore Kennel Club, Anderson P. O., Howard County, Md. may 13, 1f

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Fishing Tackle, Archery,
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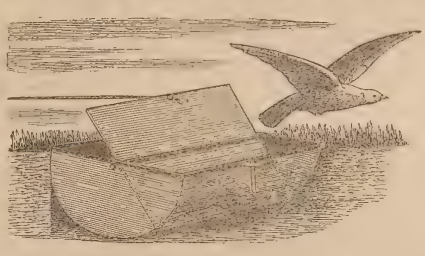
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N. B.—Nothing but first-class Goods sold at this Establishment.

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212 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
MANUFACTURER OF
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BADGES AND EMBLEMS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Special Designs Sent Free
UPON APPLICATION.
Anything in the Jewelry Line Made
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HAWES' PIGEON TRAP.



PRINCIPLE IS NEW, SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE.




THIS TRAP IS PLACED IN THE GROUND, the top level with the surface. When the cord is pulled one-half of the lid revolves within the Trap and DRIVES THE BIRD INTO THE AIR. Sportsmen will at once appreciate the advantages. Price \$4.

Agents: HARTLEY & GRAHAM, New York.

THIS TRAP IS PLACED IN THE GROUND, the top level with the surface. When the cord is pulled one-half of the lid revolves within the Trap and DRIVES THE BIRD INTO THE AIR. Sportsmen will at once appreciate the advantages. Price \$4.

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CONICAL BASE
PAPER SHELLS.



EQUAL IN QUALITY TO ANY IN MARKET, AND AS GOOD AS WELL AS THE cheapest manufactured. Also, a STEEL-HEAD SHELL for glass ball and club shooting, at a fabulously low price. For Price List, references and full particulars, address A. L. HOWARD & CO., Box 399, New Haven, Conn.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE, CHEAP.—A full-blooded English mastiff dog, two years old; good disposition; weighs 181 pounds. Address P. O. Box 131, New Bedford, Mass. may 1st

BEAGLE PUPPIES FOR SALE.—Bred from superior English stock of our own importation. Address LEBEX COUNTY HUNTS (formerly Montclair Hunt), Montclair, N. J. may 13, 1f

IN THE STUD.—The pure Laverack dog Pride, by Pride of the Border x Petrel. The only pure Laverack in New England. Fee, \$50. Address H. F. DEANE, Box 142, Boston. June sent 4-1f

FOR SALE.—Setter bitch 6 mos. old, good stock, handsome, yard broken, points staunch. Only \$10. Box 337 Johnstown, N. Y. May 13-1f

THE "IMBRIE" BLACK BASS REEL.

STEEL PIVOT AND CUP-CENTER ACTION, MULTIPLYING, ADJUSTABLE CLICK.

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| No. 1—Maskinonge Size, | - - - | \$16 |
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MICKE'S
Never Failing Dog Distemper Cure
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For sale by all Druggists at 25 Cents each.

Wholesale Agents—Charles L. Blizman, 915 Broadway, N. Y.; Bruen & Holart, 214 Fulton Street, N. Y.; Smith, Kline & Co., 366 N. Third Street, Philadelphia; Finley & Thompson, 35 Magazine Street, New Orleans, La.; W. H. Holabird, Valparaiso, Ind.; Trumble & Kitchin, Baltimore. Cure or Destroyer sent by mail on receipt of 25c. to L. A. MCKE, Boston, Pa.

PINE LODGE KENNEL.—I age 1 year, either setter or pointer, and train them thoroughly. I take my puppies seven months work out of the breed, and guarantee a discount if the dog has all the natural instincts. I receive success on application. Prices, \$50 and \$75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A WINTER, Caldo, Thomas County, Georgia. Get 2-1f

MANGE. SCRATCHES.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE CURE is warranted to cure all kinds of mange or skin diseases of any nature on dogs or cats without injury to the animal. One application is usually all that is necessary. FOR SCRATCHES in HORSES it has no equal. H. C. GLOVER, Sole proprietor Imperial Kennel, Tom's River, N. J. Agents: Conroy, Bisett & Mallison, 45 Fulton Street, N. Y.; John P. Lovell & Sons, 1001 Spruce Street, N. Y.; Jos. C. Grubb & Co., 712 Market St., Boston; P. P. Taylor & Hart Madison St., Chicago; Charles, Hilder & Co., 531 North Fourth St., St. Louis. Prices, 50 cents.

CHAMPION LIGHT WEIGHT POINTER "RUSH."

"In the Stud."

Rush is lemon colored, white, and winner at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Louisville shows. He is an excellent field dog; fine nose, fast, stylish and staunch. For full particulars pedigree and full quality address E. J. J. SUTHERS, 1, 154 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Jan 22-1f

FOR SALE.—Red Irish setter pups, out of Cora by Baltimore Kennel Club's Deer x Cora by Echo, out of Stella; both imported. Full pedigree on application. Dr. J. J. SUTHERS, April 23-3t. Boston, Md.

\$15 will buy a very fine thoroughbred red Irish bitch, eight months old, containing blood of Pinkett and Rory O'Moore. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Westfield, Conn. April 15, 1f

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs of various colors, carefully reared from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address, LE ROY Z. COLEMAN, Lancaster, Mass., U. S. A. Sept 12-1f

MOUNT PLEASANT KENNEL.—For Sale.—Four full-blooded Gordon setter dog pups; very handsome; perfect black and tan; sire, Dash, the great prize-winner; dam, Maud; full pedigree on both sides; a rare chance for a good dog. CHAS. T. BROWNELL, P. O. Box 300, New Bedford, Mass. April 23, 1f

The Kennel.

Neversink Lodge Kennels.

The following celebrated Dogs are in the stand.

DOGS:
St. Bernard dog, "Branties," rough coated, two years old; a magnificent animal—Rev. J. Cunningham Macdon's stock—second prizes Hanover Show and Rochester.
Newfoundland dog, "Keeper," four years old; first prize Westminster Kennel Show, 1879.
Pointer dog, "Crozier," liver and white; one and a half years old; out of Lord Seford's renowned stock—one of the handsomest pointers in the United States. Second prize in the Hanover International Show.
Blue Belton setter, "Decimal Dash," eighteen months old; first prize in the Hanover International Show.
Dash—a magnificent stud dog—never exhibited.
Welsh setter, "Hoover 11," pure red; son of Macdon's champion "Rover." Never exhibited.
English setter, "Hanger 11," a pure bred Laverack, son of Macdon's celebrated Hanger. His two won first at Hanover and Paris shows and second at Puy Stakes in Eastern Field Trials 1879.
Stud fee, \$25.00.

For Sale.

The get of the following thoroughbred

Bitches.

St. Bernard "Branties," rough coated, out of Prince Sol's celebrated stock; a magnificent bitch, in whelp to "Marco," 1st prize in Hanover and Rochester shows.
Pointer "Queen," liver and white, 1st Westminster Kennel Show 1878, in whelp to "Crozier."
Gordon setter, "Belle," 1st Boston Show 1878, 2nd New York Show 1878.
Pointer "Donna," liver and white, out of "Queen" and "Branties."
Blue Belton setter "Sik."
Irish setter "Moya," out of Col. Hilliard's "Palmerton," in whelp to "Rover 11."
English setter "Donna," white and lemon.
Pups can be secured by an early application. Besides 1 offer for sale two champion dogs of minor quality, but of good thoroughbred stock; full pedigrees. Also, several puppies of champion "Queen" and "Branties" litter, born August, autumn, 1880. Particulars will be furnished on application to
A. E. GODFREY,
Geymard, Orange Co., N. Y.

FOREST AND STREAM KENNEL.

Llewellyn setter, Ratter, in the stud. Ratter is a handsome male, black and white, winner of four bench prizes; sire, Hot Boy, he by Laverack's Free-out of Slaters' stock, founder of the field trial stud, winner of 1st at Boston field trials, out of pure Laverack imported bitch Pickles; sire by Llewellyn's Prince, winner of two firsts and three championships of Llewellyn's full L; no better blood in America. Will serve bitches at \$15. Litters warranted. I am breeding to Ratter the following bitches: Mell, a beautiful blue belton, black points, sire Jack, dam Spot, winner of first and second specials at Detroit Show, also 1st at Boston 1879 in native classes; Fly, a very fine roan belton bitch, sire Shot, dam imported Fannie; Pat, orange and white, out of Belle, by Royal George. Puppies bred from above, fine stock, for sale cheap. Address, with stamp, L. F. WHITMAN, Detroit, Mich. Dec 14.

K 9 KENNELS.

BREAKING, breeding, boarding. Large strout on the place, and daily access. Best feed and care. Terms easy. Address: My Mail—K 9 Range near the Royal Powder Works, 500; K 9 Flea Powders, 800; K 9 Soap, 250. Kennels one mile from Dover, Del. Address
E. & C. VON CULIN,
P.O. Box 218. Dover, Del.

Imperial Kennel

Setters and Pointers thoroughly field broken. Young dogs trained with skill and judgment. Dogs have daily access to salt.
N. B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs for sale; full pedigrees. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

Sportsmen's Routes.

To Hunting and Fishing Parties.

The Pullman Car Company

IS PREPARED TO CHARTER THE new cars "Day's Crocker," "Isaac Walton," which are fitted up with dining room and kitchen, sleeping apartments, lavatories, etc., also provided with racks and closets for guns and fishing tackle, and kennel dogs.
Diagrams, rates and other desired information furnished on application to Gen'l Superintendent, Chicago, Ill. 3253 32nd St.

FOR NEW HAVEN BARTFORD.

Springfield, White Mountain, Montreal and intermediate points. The new and elegant steamer C. H. NORTHAM leaves Pier No. 23, East River, daily (Sundays excepted) at 9 P.M. and returns in the morning. Tickets sold and baggage checked at 94 Broadway, New York, and 4 Court Street, Brooklyn. Excursions to New Haven and return, \$1.00. Apply to General Office, on the pier, or to RICHARD PECK, General Agent.

Old Dominion Line.

THE STEAMERS of this line reach some of the finest water and upland shooting sections in the country. Connecting direct for Chincoteague, Virginia Island, and points on the Peninsula.
Curtis, Florida and the mountainous coast of Virginia, Tennessee, etc. Norfolk steamers sail weekly Thursdays and Saturdays, leaving Monday and Thursday at 2 P.M. Full information given at office, 127 Greenwich Street, New York. sep 3

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OCEAN HOUSE, Speonk, L. I.—First-class board; near bay and ocean, forest and lakes; gunning, fishing, riding, sailing, bathing and rowing. Parties will be met at L. I. R. R. depot by appointment.
J. W. TUTTILL, Proprietor.

HO! for TROUT FISHING.

THE FAR-FAMED waters of the Maganetewan are now within easy access of Toronto and the outside world. We have created a large and comfortable hotel in Maganetewan Village, and are prepared to offer every facility to our sporting friends by way of canoes and guides to the trout lakes and streams tributary to the Maganetewan, and can offer the best of trout fishing within a mile of our hotel. We will have a large fleet for packing fish, so that they can be taken fresh by any part of the Northern States. The road from Rousseau (the head of steam travel) has been Macadamized and the journey shortened by half a day, so that parties leaving Toronto can get here in one day and a half days. Come up and see.
IRWIN & CLARKE, Proprietors.
Maganetewan Post-Office, Ontario, Canada.

DAVIS HOUSE.

Weldon, N. C.

J. R. DAVIS, Proprietor.

Always twenty minutes for Dinner.

THIS HOTEL has been opened by Col. J. R. DAVIS, long and favorably known as the proprietor of the Purcell House, Wilmington, N. C. The Hotel has been entirely and thoroughly refitted. The property is elegantly furnished, with a back wall marble-top furniture and 24 mattresses. Travelers and invalids coming South will now find this comfortable resting place. (a long-felt want supplied). Guests will receive every attention and comfort, elegant table and attentive service. This is the Summer House, coming South or going North. The best Hotel of its kind on the route to Florida. Rates—\$2.00 and \$2.50 per day.

For Good Spring Shooting

GO TO THE—

BAY VIEW HOUSE, At Shinnecock Bay,

Where you will find
PLENTY OF BIRDS.
GOOD BATTLES.
COMPLETE OUTFIT OF DECAYS.
BATTERIES, etc.

As well as good accommodations and a substantial bill of fare.

Take Long Island Railroad for Good Ground station.

M. WILLIAMS, Prop'r.

P. O. Address, Good Ground, Long Island, N. Y.

Lake House.

PINCHOTON, MAINE. Only two hours' ride or sail from Grand Lake, so famous for its salmon and trout. Passengers by the P. M. train from Boston will reach Pinchot following evening at 6—only 23 hours. Guides furnished. All inquiries cheerfully responded to by the proprietors, W. G. ROSE & CO.

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"THE FISHING LINE."

TAKE THE

Grand Rapids & Indiana R.R.

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FOR THE

Trout, Grayling, and Black Bass Fisheries, and THE FAMOUS SUMMER RESORTS AND LAKES

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the

Grand Traverse Region

and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.

BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in these waters.

The TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1.

The GRAYLING season opens June 1 and ends Nov. 1.

BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSCALONG are also abundant in these waters.

The sportsman can readily send trophies of his skill to his friends or to his home, as no fee for packing fish can be had at any point.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The scenery of the North Woods is of a most beautiful; the air is pure, dry and bracing. The climate is peculiarly beneficial to those suffering with

Hay Fever and Asthma Affections.

The hotel accommodations are good, far surpassing the average of the country, new enough to afford the finest of fishing.

During the season Round Trip Excursion Tickets will be sold at low rates and attractive travel facilities offered to tourists and sportsmen.

Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free of Charge.

It is our aim to make sportsmen feel at home in this route. P. Tourist's Guide (an attractive pocket book, 12 pages), containing full information and accurate maps of the Grand Rapids and Iron Car, address A. B. LEBET, Gen. Pass. Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sportsmen's Routes.

TO SPORTSMEN.

The Pennsylvania R. R. Co.,

Respectfully invite attention to the

SUPERIOR FACILITIES

afforded by their lines for reaching most of the TROUTING PARKS and RACE COURSES in the Middle States. These lines being CONVENIENT FROM IMPROVEDLY LOCATED, avoid the difficulties and dangers of reshipment, while the excellent cars which run over the smooth tracks enable SPORTS MEN TO BE TRANSPORTED without failure or injury.

THE LINES OF

Pennsylvania Railroad Company

also reach the best localities for

GUNNING AND FISHING

In Pennsylvania and New Jersey. EXCURSION TICKETS are sold at the offices of the Company in all the principal cities of KANE, PENNSYLVANIA, BEDFORD, CHESTER, BALTIMORE, MINNEAPOLIS, and other well-known centers for

Trout Fishing, Wing Shooting, and Still Hunting.

\$150.00

TUCKERTON, DEACH HAVEN, GALE MAY, SQUAN, and points on the NEW JERSEY COAST renowned for their WATER SPORTS AFTER FEATHERS.

L. P. FARMER, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FRANK THOMSON, Gen'l Manager. feb 17

LONG ISLAND R.R.—SPRINGSHED

LONG, taking effect March 14th, 1880.—Leave HUNTER'S PT. (Flatbush Ave., B'klyn, 5 min. earlier) for

Brooklyn, 8:35 A.M. 8:35, 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.

Col. P. & Whitestone, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:35 A.M. 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35, 7:35, 8:45, 10:45 P.M. 12:15 night.

Sundays, 9:35, 10:35 A.M. 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35, 7:35, 8:45, 10:45 P.M. 12:15 night.

Sundays, 9:35, 10:35 A.M. 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35, 7:35, 8:45, 10:45 P.M. 12:15 night.

For Rockaway Beach, 11 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M. and 4:35 P.M.

Great Neck, 6:30, 7:35, 11:25 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M. Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, 9:35 A.M., 5:35 P.M.

Garden City, Queens and Hempstead, 8, 10 A.M., 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6:35, 7:35, 8:45, 10:45 P.M. 12:15 night.

Monday, Wed., Fri. and Saturday, 12:15 night. Wednesday and Sunday only from Flatbush, 10 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M., 1:35, 6:35 P.M.

Glen Cove, Locust Valley, Glen Head and Roseton, 6:35, 7:35, 11:25 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M. 12:15 night.

Greenport and Sag Harbor, 8 A.M., 3:35 P.M. 12:15 night.

Brooklyn and Northport, 11:35, 1:35, 4:35, 6:35 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M., 1:35 P.M.

Lakeland and Palm Beach, 8 A.M., 3:35, 5:35 P.M. 12:15 night.

Port Jefferson, 10 A.M., 4:35 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M. and 4:35 P.M.

Patuxent, 8:35 A.M., 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M.

Richmond Hill, Glendale, 8:35, 11 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 6:35, 7:35 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 12:15. Sunday, 9 A.M., 6:35 P.M. 12:15 night.

Creighton, 6:35, 7:35, 11:25 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M. 12:15 night.

Walden and Saturdays, commencing April 2d.

HUNTER'S PT. & WALL ST. STATION.—Leave Flatbush, 6:35, 7:35, 11:25 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 6:35 P.M. 12:15 night.

For further information, tickets, commutation, etc., apply at 220 Broadway, New York.

W. M. LAFAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Boston and Maine RAILROAD.

Boston and Portland.

Spring Fishing

at the

RANGELEY and MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Excursion Tickets

Will be placed on sale as soon as the ice is out. Close connections made at Portland with Grand Trunk and Maine Central Railways for all the Fishing Grounds in Maine and Northern New England.

Tickets may be obtained at Boston City Office, 230 Washington Street, and at the Station.

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The Route of the Sportsman and Angler to the

Best Hunting and Fishing Grounds of Virginia and West Virginia.

Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Virginia Blue Ridge Mountains, Valley of Virginia, Allegheny Mountains, Greenbrier and New Rivers, and Kanawha Valley, and including in their varieties of game and fish, deer, caribou, turkeys, wild quail, grouse, quail, snipe, woodcock, mountain trout, bass, pike, pickerel, etc., and Gun, fishing tackle, and one dog for each sportsman carried free.

The Route of the Tourist,

through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery of the Virginia Mountains to their most famous watering places and summer resorts.

The Only Route via White Sulphur Springs.

Railroad connections at Cincinnati, with the West, Northwest and Southwest; at Gordonsville with the North and South; at Charlottesville and Charlottesville with the South. All modern improvements in equipment.

CONWAY R. HOWARD, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent, Richmond V.

Medical.

WONDERFUL POPULARITY OF THE RENOWNED MEDICINE.

The Greatest Curative Success of the Age—A Voice from the People.

NO MEDICINE introduced to the public

has ever met with the success accorded to Hop Bitters. It stands to-day the best known curative article in the world. Its marvelous success is due not to the advertising it has received. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, perfectly effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems. The following witnesses are offered to prove this:

What It Did For An Old Lady.

Cocheson Station, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878.
GENT—A number of years ago I had been using your Bitters here and with marked effect. In fact, one case, a lady of over seventy years, had been sick for years, and for the past ten years I have known her she has not been able to get around half the time. About six months ago she wrote me a letter saying she was well and recovered. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, perfectly effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems. The following witnesses are offered to prove this:

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From Goods of my own Importation--Dead Grass Color.
ALSO, ALL-WOOL WINDSOR CORD,
VELVETEEN FUSTIAN CANVAS--ALL PRICES.
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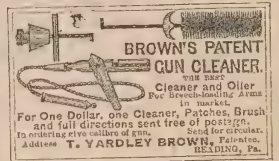
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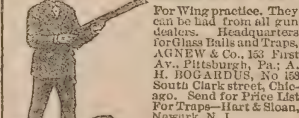
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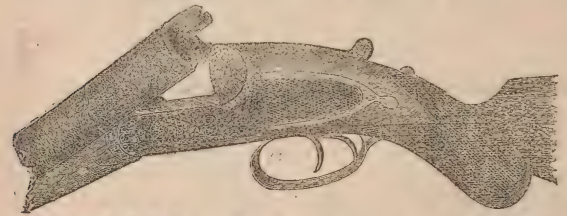
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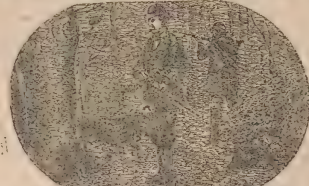
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Full lines of Gun Covers, Cartridge Bags, Belts, Saddle-Bags, Leggings, etc.
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ADJUSTABLE CHAIR.
WITH THIRTY CHANGES OF POSITIONS.

Parlor Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib-Bed or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to.
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SPAVIN
CURE.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

From Rev. P. N. GRANGER,
Presiding Elder of the St. Albans District,
St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 24th, 1880.
DR. KENDALL & CO., GENTS: In reply to your letter I will say that my experience with Kendall's Spavin Cure has been very satisfactory indeed. Three or four years ago I procured a bottle of your agent, and with it cured a horse of lameness caused by a spavin. Last season my horse became very lame and I turned him out for a few weeks when he became better, but when I put him on the road he grew worse, when I discovered that a ring-bone was forming. I procured a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure, and with less than a bottle cured him so that he is not lame, neither can the bunch be found.
Respectfully yours,
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Price, \$1 per bottle or six bottles for \$5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors,
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Price, \$2.00.

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SAFE
REMEDIES

Warner's Safe Pills are an immediate stimulus for a Torpid Liver, cure Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhea, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and are useful at times in nearly all diseases to cause a free and regular action of the bowels. The best antidote for all Malarial Poison. Price, 25 cents a Box.

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C. W. WARNER'S Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.
H. H. Warner & Co.,
Proprietors,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Send for pamphlet and testimonials.

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Connoisseurs pronounce recent shipments of these Wines to be unequalled in quality.

Verzenny, dry, full bodied, rich flavor.

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MANUFACTURED under Letters Patent granted Charles G. Emory, March 5, 1878, by which the cigarette used as wrappers is so prepared that the unpleasant odor and injurious effects of the OIL OF CREOSOTE thrown off when burning is completely neutralized or destroyed, and the paper made salubrious proof to prevent its breaking or melting in the mouth. The great advantage and importance of this invention will at once be recognized by all smokers, and its truth demonstrated by the first "Old Judge" Cigarettes they smoke. Neither will they require a printed certificate from any eminent Professor of Chemistry to convince them they have heretofore, in smoking Cigarettes made of PUBEKOP PAPER, been inhaling one of the deadliest poisons known.

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The Sportsman's Wine!!

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(MONTHLY) AND

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(WEEKLY)

Both publications are exclusively devoted to Poultry.

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OF MY OWN MANUFACTURE.

Shooting, Rowing, Athletic, Firemen's, College and School Medals,

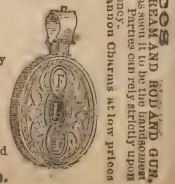
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We have the largest stock on hand of any house in this country, and do more business in this line than any other house.
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All the Army Corps Badges on hand and Manufactured at Short Notice.



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Special to the Readers of this Journal!!

THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully invite an examination of this page, and promise that the time thus spent by any person interested in sewing, shall be profitably invested.

DO NOT BE PREVENTED from doing this because you think you know all about Sewing Machines, or imagine that one machine is just as good as another, or that the one you have is the best.

We freely admit the comparative merits of the leading machines now on the Market, but claim that

This Machine stands far apart from and ahead of all others in the World,

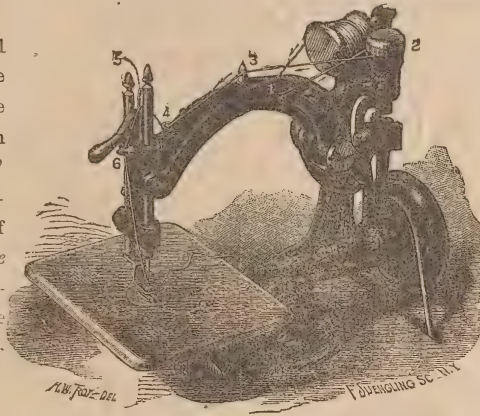
—ON THE SIMPLE GROUND OF—

The GREAT DIFFERENCE and SUPERIORITY of its MAKE and LEADING FEATURES.

To make this apparent, we submit the following Illustrations showing different parts of the Machine:—

Fig. 1—Descriptive Cut of the "Automatic."

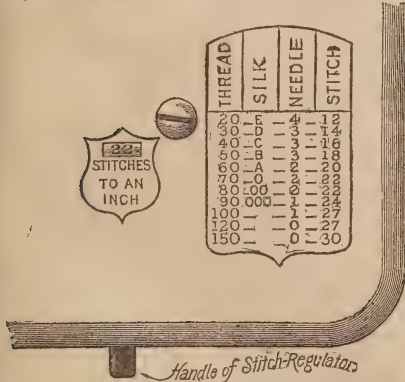
The Spool is placed in a horizontal position on Spool pin, from which the thread is unwound, without revolving the spool, by Pull-off; the thread is then taken by the "Automatic Tension Device," and perfect seams obtained on all the various kinds of material, with any size of thread or silk, *without depending in the least upon the judgment, skill or experience* of the operator. This cannot be truthfully said of any other Sewing Machine.



Most of the movements of this machine are rotary, the reciprocating motions being produced by eccentrics, and a very high rate of speed being consequently attainable—as high as three thousand stitches per minute—with perfection of ease and light running, and without the slightest detriment to the machine, or to the regularity or strength of the seam. No other sewing machine can approach it in this respect. It is absolutely silent and unequaled in durability.

The Term "Automatic" or "No Tension," was never used in connection with Sewing Machines until we introduced this Machine in 1875. The popular favor awarded to it instantly caused other Companies to imitate the phraseology of our advertisements. No person who takes the trouble to investigate can be deceived by such a course, but unfortunately for themselves, many persons do not investigate, but allow themselves to be prejudiced.

Fig. 2—Showing manner of obtaining correct length of Stitch.



To make length of stitch required, move the handle of Stitch Regulator till the proper number appears through the opening. It is impossible to get imperfect work, and accidental ripping is entirely avoided.

THE "AUTOMATIC"

Or "No Tension Sewing Machine"

(On account of its distinctive merits)

Commands a Higher Price
than any other in the World.

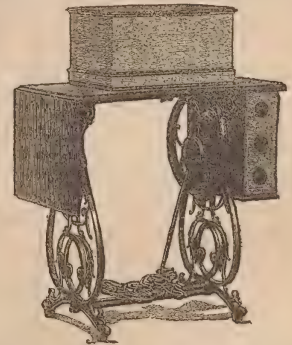
AND IS BY FAR THE CHEAPEST

When its

QUALITIES AND MERITS

Are Considered.

Fig. 3.—Cut Showing No. 5 Stand or Table with Cover.
Machine is mounted on a Black Walnut Table, with three side drawers (with locks,) Extension Table, and Ornamented Iron Stand on Casters; has Paneled Cover with Lock and Hinges.



The Stand is a model of perfection. The treadle requires no oil, and therefore soiling of Carpets is avoided. Notice the safety Pitman and patent Brake, &c.

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In replying to this advertisement, please quote its number (No. 932.) This will accommodate us, and will be of some benefit to you.

** It will be to your interest to deal direct with the Company, and we shall be happy to arrange for you to have a full and free trial of the Machine in your own home. Address:—

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

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DUPONT'S RIFLE, FG, "SEA SHOOTING." FFG and FFGG. The FG for long range rifle shooting, the FFG and FFGG for general use, burning strong and moist.

SPORTING, MINING, SHIPPING, and BLASTING POWDERS, of all sizes and descriptions. Special grades for export. Cartridge, Musket, Cannon, Mortar, and Minnie Powder, U. S. Government standard. Powder manufactured to order of any required grain or proof. Agencies in all cities and principal towns throughout the U. S. Represented by

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Superior Mining and Blasting Powder, GOVERNMENT CANNON and MUSKET POWDER; also, SPECIAL GRADES FOR EXPORT, OF ANY REQUIRED GRAIN OR PROOF, MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

The above can be had of dealers, or of the Company's Agents, in every prominent city, or wholesale at our office.

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Sporting Gunpowder.

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PATENT RAW-HIDE BACKED BOWS.

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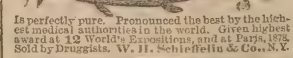
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Designed for the use of Families and private individuals. 4th Paris, 1876, Bound in Cloth Price \$2.00. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.—This is the latest work on that subject issued, and will be found of great service to all doctors of treating the common ailments themselves in the most expeditious and safest manner. Address: "HOMOEOPATHIC PRACTICE," H. SCHIEFFELT & CO., N. Y., 125 Broadway, Baltimore, New Orleans, Chicago or San Francisco. This little Homoeopathic Medicine Book in the U. S. Published in 1875, 76.

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Is perfectly pure. Pronounced the best by the highest medical authorities in the world. Given highest award at 12 World's Expositions, and at Paris, 1875. Sold by Druggists. W. H. Schieffelt & Co., N. Y.



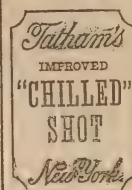
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Rifle, Shot Gun, Revolver, &c. &c. for examination

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Rivalling the English and All Others.

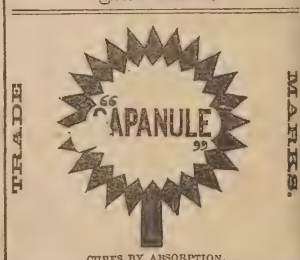
STANDARD DROP and BUCK SHOT and

BAR LEAD.

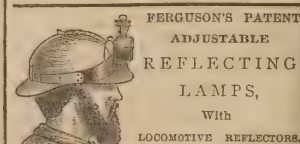
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THE EXCELSIOR

DASH AND CARRIAGE LAMP.

Burns any kind of oil, no candles; not affected by WIND, RAIN or JOLTING; can be used on any kind of dash or vehicle.

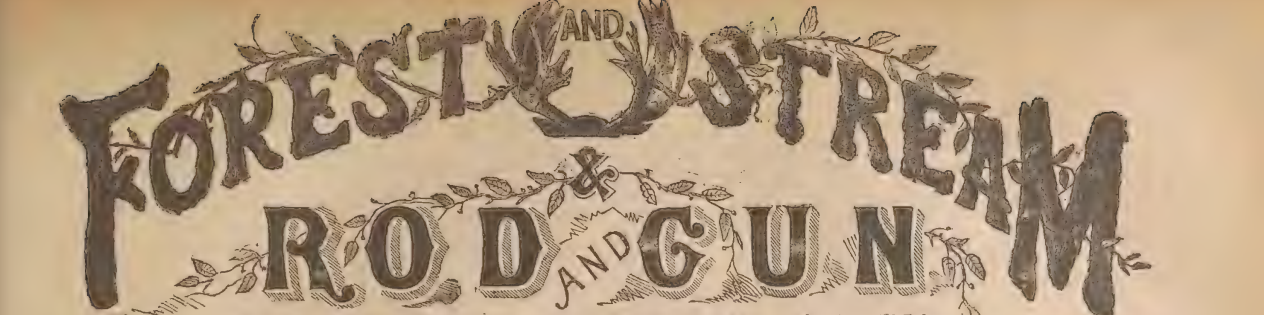
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THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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Fly Fishing on the Nepigon.

CHICAGO LAWYERS IN THE BRITISH WILDERNESS.

God never did make a more calm, quiet and innocent recreation than angling.—ISAAC WATSON.

WE pity the man who would not gladly travel a thousand miles for the sport we are now enjoying. The scenery, the climate and the fishing continue to fill our bodies with vigor and our spirits with enthusiasm.

We had long heard of this as a famous trout stream, and in no respect are we disappointed. If the traveler on the Hudson admires its Palisades, we look in admiration on towering cliffs two hundred feet high; if other fishermen glow with enthusiasm in capturing the trout of Northern Michigan, or Maine and the Adirondacks, we are landing those which, in a nobler stream, grow to far larger proportions. A single trout landed yesterday would fully furnish the head of the family table of any of our friends, and our saddest thought is that we are so far away as to render that impossible.

Our party is organized with a view to do ample justice to the attractions of this northern wilderness: James L. High, John Lyle King, Joseph E. Bonfield and myself, lawyers, and Lorenzo Pratt, Esq., who, though not technically a lawyer, has mingled sufficiently with the profession to entitle him to associate in the ranks established by good old Father Isaac of "anglers and very honest men."

Why is it that lawyers are such fishermen? There are two parties now on the river besides our own, and nearly every member is a lawyer. To atone for the two non-professionals, two of the lawyers from Louisiana have brought their wives, said to be the first white women who have ever ascended this river. We have found the same thing true in other trips.

This river being the outlet of the lake of the same name lying about forty miles north, is one of the most important streams on the north shore of Lake Superior, and except when contracted into narrows or rapids, is from fifteen to thirty rods wide, and for about ten miles of its length it widens into lakes varying from half a mile to two miles in width. Most of the good fishing is in the upper half of the river, and much of that is of such a character that no experienced angler would think of fishing it. The good fishing lies in the pools, rapids

and other short stretches, which would aggregate probably four or five miles of river, within which the fisherman should confine his efforts.

For years we had had this trip in expectation—not accomplished on account of the reported difficulty of reaching here, and the time occupied in going and returning. But having set our hearts on coming this season, diligent investigation revealed a practicable and speedy route, and the trip has developed less delays and difficulties than we had feared. The trouble has been that in order to reach Red Rock, at the mouth of Nepigon River, it is necessary for the steamers to ascend Nepigon Bay, nearly forty miles, thus carrying them farther out of their course than they are willing to go. But now two steamers of the North Shore Line stop regularly at Red Rock, and by arranging to meet one of these at Sault St. Marie or Duluth the whole trip is made easy and delightful. It is probable that the accommodations for next season will be more complete and better understood.

Like ancient Gaul, this journey was divided into three parts—the first by rail to Duluth, the second by steamer to Red Rock, the third, which is the only one which now concerns us, is by birch bark canoes, which are the inseparable companions of sportsmen on these waters. In just three days after leaving Chicago we were on this river, which, though flowing through an unbroken wilderness to-day, has been regularly traveled by the hardy agents of the Hudson Bay Company long before the first white settler arrived in Chicago.

THE INDIANS.

From the various wigwags, as well as from the Mission two miles up the river, the Indians flocked about, not thrusting their services upon us as guides, but judiciously waiting to be engaged; and when the six were selected they commenced getting the canoes in readiness and packing up the camp equipment and supplies, while we were discarding the garments which Chesterfield considered the true test of an English gentleman, and substituting those which would better answer our present purpose. It was a handsome sight—our three canoes working up the rapids, the Indians shouting and whooping, apparently chaffing one another in their rude Chipewia dialect, and as they disappeared around a bend in the river we less romantically followed the track across the point, and in a few moments were joined by our Indians, when we learned that they must stop for breakfast. To those unfamiliar with Indian ways, it may seem a little strange that these simple children of nature should not have breakfasted, as usual, several hours before. It was a lucky thing that High's letter to the Company's agent had not arrived, as expected, three days before us. For if, as could easily be demonstrated, no Indian within two miles of the post, capable of acting as a guide, had breakfasted at 11 o'clock, and all in anticipation of a contingent breakfast as guide to five unheralded sportsmen arriving late the evening before, what must have been the result had the vision of these possible breakfasts in expectation, or contingency, been opened before a larger number of these innocent wards of the nation? But once in a canoe the Indian appears at his best. He knows just what he can safely do and what he cannot; what rapids he can run; how much wind and wave he can paddle her through; how swift a current he can pole her up, and how many awkward white men he can carry in her without letting any of them tumble out. He is also good in an emergency. The first day out our largest canoe, valued as carrying our respected friends High and Pratt, and also as transporting our principal commissary supplies, ran upon a rock and stove a hole in the bottom, through which the water rushed in furiously, half filling her before she could reach the shore. She was emptied instantly, turned on the bank and quickly inspected. The bark covering was torn off over a space at least two feet square. Of the four Indians in council, one started into the woods with an axe, another built a fire and prepared the pan of pitchy compound which they always carry, while the others, with their knives, cut away all the damaged bark, and then moved the ribs and lining until a regular hole was exposed, through which a man might easily crawl. By this time the first craftsman had returned from the woods with an ample supply of birch bark, which they fitted in from the inside of the canoe, leaving a wide lapping of the bark on every side. Then they replaced the ribs and lining, bored little holes all along the edges of the original bark, into which they drove wooden pegs, and finally, after a liberal smearing with pitch, a strip of cotton cloth and another smearing of pitch are added, and the frail craft is launched as seaworthy as ever, and rides as beautifully as though she were built by a worthy master, and might long "laugh at all disaster."

There is an Indian legend to the effect that once the birch trees grew perfectly smooth and straight, and with

no branches till near the top. But as the Great Spirit—Nana-Bijoo—was going through the country, to see whether everything was as it should be, he found that the Indians were too lazy; so he took a bunch of willow twigs and whipped the birch trees, bringing out knots all over them, thus making it much harder to build a canoe. This is the only thing which the Indian has against his God, and for this he has never quite forgiven him.

But aside from a few good points in woodcraft and watercraft, it is difficult to find anyone who has ever had much to do with the Indian who has much faith in him, or in the prospect of doing anything for him. In his native state he is a weakling. Brought into contact with the white race, he at once contracts their vices, and cannot be taught their virtues. His last condition is worse than his first. The Jesuits have sustained missions along the north shore for over two hundred years, and what have they accomplished? His destiny is like that of other inferior races—to die out before the superior, and because they are not, except in rare instances, capable of civilization.

THE PERFECTION OF FISHING.

Saturday morning, as the Indians were breaking camp, Bonfield and myself ran out in the smallest canoe to a rifle opposite the point, where we had raised several fish the evening before, and anchored in the stream. At almost the first cast a two pounder rose to his fly, and in another moment I had his mate running down stream at the end of my line. Before I had landed my fish Bonfield had hooked his second, and while he was plunging him Pratt came to the point and shouted to us to come in, as they were ready to go on. But after weighing my fish, and finding that Bonfield had at least five minutes' work before him yet, I naturally throw my fly in again, and quick as a flash out spun the line as a noble fish struck out for the middle of the river. This was encouraging to us, but discouraging to the others, who had set their hearts on pushing ahead. Pratt, at the point, was reinforced by High and King, who exacted the promise that we would come in as soon as we had landed our present fish. While we were thus enjoying the first really fine fishing on the river they were suggesting all sorts of speedy methods, not content with giving the lively creatures their legitimate enjoyment of the angler's skill. Bonfield, on landing his second fish, considerably placed his rod in the boat, lest another cast should anchor him to a third, and then all the energies of the party were concentrated upon my expeditious capture of every part, and with every variety of fly. We tried the shallow water and the deep, the swift water and the quiet, the eddies and the swirls, the center and the circumference, the foam at the foot of the falls and the rapids and rocks opposite—but all in vain. Not a single trout showed his glittering side, or even deigned to inspect the feathery cheat which we lightly drew over the surface of the water.

At noon we pitched our camp at the edge of a small waterfall, the large pool below which promised well. From 3 to 4 o'clock the whole party whipped this pool in every part, and with every variety of fly. We tried the shallow water and the deep, the swift water and the quiet, the eddies and the swirls, the center and the circumference, the foam at the foot of the falls and the rapids and rocks opposite—but all in vain. Not a single trout showed his glittering side, or even deigned to inspect the feathery cheat which we lightly drew over the surface of the water. Bonfield and I were in agony, and our sorrow's crown of sorrow was remembering happier things. Feeling that our only hope now was in the swift water above, we made the short portage around the falls, and worked our way upward toward a broad and handsome rifle, where for at least forty yards the roughness of the rocky bottom was duplicated at the surface of the swift water six feet above. Across half its breadth the current was rapid as a mill tail, and the united efforts of our Indians at their setting poles were required to hold the canoe in position. Only when they could get their wedged into crevices between the rocks could they succeed in holding her against the sweeping current of the full river, rushing to ward the falls.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Now began the true happiness of the angler, and the reward of his toils, the solace for any disappointments, the balm for any woes. Each of us struck a fish at almost the same instant, and our first rods bent and waved with every motion of the flexed captives. The Indians joined in the passion of the contest. The rapid current aided the fish and added momentum to his every run. The contest called forth all our energy and skill. The fish living in the swift current were quicker, stronger and gamier than those found in the pools. Bonfield's stuck persistently to the bottom; mine dashed desperately about, as though determined to free from the torturing hook. Our light poles swayed and waved with every severest pressure, which is the highest test of excellence of material and workmanship. We must give the fish reasonable play, or they would break our light tackle; we must keep them under some control, or our lines would be crossed and entangled, and both fish prob-

this year take charge. He is a very pleasant gentleman, and one whose well and neatly spread table, under the supervision of his handsome daughter, all will remember who have stopped for meals at Marcelona.

On the inland route, at the head of Crooked Lake, are a couple of smaller hotels and a couple of "floating palaces," i. e., large flat boats decked, roomed, carpeted and fitted up in shape to be towed to any point on the inland river parties who charter them may wish; and on Crooked River there are a couple of primitives.

At the head of Indian River we came to our old and true friend, Capt. Dave. Smith, at whose place I make my headquarters, and whose equal in the woods I have never met. Go there; stop with him; he will take care of you, and well, too.

At the head of Mullet Lake a new building has gone up, which looks large enough for a seaside house; and thence on across Mullet Lake into Cheboygan River, passing the mouth of our Black River to Cheboygan, from which point I started for Black Lake.

MAY 1st. FRANK N. BEEDE.

Natural History.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

MY TAME OWL.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Noticing some letters in the paper recently about owls, I want to give my experience in taming one. Some time ago I decided about a tame starling. At the time we kept Jack (the starling), we were never without something in the house that belonged to species supposed to be wild, and impossible to tame, but my mother never gave up until her kindness and love for these wild creatures overcame their fear; and they would soon come at her call and feed from her hands. We have kept a young leveret, a hedge-hog (*Eriacus europæus*), a woolly rabbit, and the tame starling, all at the same time, and it was fun to watch a big, fat, fatomcat sitting on the broad window sill, with eyes dilated and tail quivering, yet not daring to spring at any of them. I presume we were never without a hedge-hog in the kitchen. My home was the manager's house in a large mill, and sometimes beetles and such insects would find their way into the kitchen. Dick would keep the place clear of them, and sit watching for them as eagerly as does a cat for mice.

I grew up from boyhood with the love of such animals and birds strongly ingrained in my nature.

In the happy courting days, the younger brother of the family where I visited caught a young owl and brought it home. The girls, of course, were scared at the fussing, spiteful young thing. How to feed it was the question. It was a fair shot, and had a strong-shooting, 10-gauge Manton gun. Around the old mill sparrows fairly swarmed, so we easily got young sparrows and mice for him.

He grew famously strong of wing and a fine bird, and soon began to know my voice, and unless some one opened the door of the out-house or kitchen where he was kept, he would commence such a hissing that would surprise any one not knowing him. One of the family opened the door he was instantly swept along the hall, without a sound, into the room where I was quietly talking to my lady friend, and drop on my shoulder. If I pretended not to notice him he would turn his head to my ear and let out a gentle h-i-s-s. Sometimes we would say: "Well, what do you want?" He would stick his head around to my face and give another gentle h-i-s-s. Sometimes we would tease him by taking him before a large mirror, and he would go his feathers in an instant, and h-i-s-s, almost like a growl, would greet the ear, but he became too smart to get fooled that way, and when I took him to the mirror he was instantly on the lookout for sparrows. When he was on the right shoulder, I would pull a sparrow quietly out of my pocket, hold it up in the left hand so that he could see it in the glass. He was around to that shoulder and the sparrow in his beak or talons as quick as a flash. Often, before I could take him, he would go his feathers through the door, along the hall, and into the cage. One sparrow at night generally satisfied him. I supplied him with small game for nearly a year. To me he was ever gentle, never scratching, or pecking me, even though I did tease him a little. The mother of the family died, the brother was to go away as apprentice in a machine shop; it was a difficult matter to have the owl properly fed and cleaned, and they disliked putting him in a stranger's hands who did not understand him, so he was taken to a taxidermist, who killed and mounted him. I married soon after, and one of the principal ornaments of my first nest was the rogue. He was a handsome bird, admired by all who visited us in our new home, and certainly looked larger than owls do in a wild state.

W. D. T.
Chicago, April 26th.

A VOICE FOR THE SPARROWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I am no ornithologist, and aside from a lively interest in birds as harbingers of spring and beautifiers of our fields and woods by their presence and songs, know very little about them. But it seems to me all this big talk about "the sparrow nuisance" is decidedly far fetched; that "profession" the contrary notwithstanding. It would seem that the tree-destroyer *Prater domestica* does not accord with the proverbial friendliness of the American people toward foreign visitors. It is unseemly and wrong, because the English sparrow would not consent to act as a vermin for the Park Commissioners, to breathe out threatenings and slaughter through the medium of exterminatory laws.

In the village where I live the sparrow has been a resident about four years, and in that time (I say it unblushingly) I have learned to love him. And who with any abatement for bustle and stir could help loving this brisk, cheery little fellow? He is not beautiful, but there is a staid respectability about that sober, mottled coat that commands a certain degree of deference from thinking people. In midwinter, when the snow is deepest and the

air coldest; when even the hardy snow-bird thinks twice before venturing out, then the sparrow is in the height of his glory. His unmusical but not disagreeable "tweet, tweet," rings through the frosty air with an irresistibly exhilarating effect, and in passing back and forth between my business and home I have started the compact little flocks from their foraging grounds in the snow; and at their startling "whirr," up would come my cat with an instinct born of a little field experience, and I would almost imagine myself covering a bevy as they whisked over the nearest wall.

Sparrows may destroy fruit, but I never noticed them working on mine, and have never heard any complaints from my neighbors in that direction, although I have seen them often in my yard in considerable numbers. The nearest approach to fruit-flicking that ever came under my observation was one day last winter, when I noticed a flock vainly pecking away at some frozen apples left hanging on a neighboring tree. But they acted as if they were working under protest, and soon gave up.

That they are omnivorous I know, not from dissection, but observation. They will eat anything, and the sweepings of a restaurant are "nuts" to them. Good scavengers are they, and the sportsman of Alexandria made a mistake when he offered a bounty on their heads; for unless a marked change has come over that ancient "burg" since I visited it a year ago—it is as dirty a place as lies unquantured.

The question now will be, Which is preferable, the small bird armed with a pot-metal gun loaded with mustard seed shot, scouring the streets of Alexandria for a pot shot at the sparrows, or the birds themselves?

In the face of all opposition I boldly assert that the sparrow has not yet been proven a nuisance in the full sense of the term. Flaws may be picked in his character, no doubt, but the same may be said of any bird, and so long as he is non-migratory, giving us the benefit of his cheering presence during the winter, when all the other so-called native birds have deserted us, let us welcome him, pass over his little idiosyncrasies, and instead of exterminating him foster and cherish him, and there is no doubt but that the people will soon learn to love this little stranger.

H. W. D. L.
Dansville, N. Y., April 22d.

SPRING FIELD NOTES.—Cleveland, Ohio, May 5th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I killed a Kirtland warbler yesterday—male bird, in perfect plumage. So little is known of this—one of the rarest of warblers—that I hasten to give the result of my five minutes' observations. I found him in a patch of bushes and briars. When I first saw him, he was perched on a low bush, and several times made sallies after insects, returning to the same perch. At no time was he over two feet from the ground. He was more like a small flycatcher than a warbler in his actions, and for quite a while I took him to be one, paying no particular attention to him. A short flight, a change of base, and an un-flycatcher-like hop after alighting, sealed his fate. His measurements are: stretch, 9; length, 5.80; wing, 2.75; tail, 2.35.

My record of arrivals this spring, dating somewhat from one of the places which you printed a short time ago, I send a copy, mentioning only the results of my own observations.

- Feb. 12th.—Robin.
- Feb. 19th.—Bluebird.
- Feb. 21st.—Woodcock.
- Feb. 24th.—Blackbirds, redwing and rusty.
- Feb. 25th.—Killdeer, song sparrow.
- March 4th.—Snipe.
- March 10th.—Fox sparrow.
- March 22d.—Ground robin.
- March 26th.—Pewee flycatcher.
- April 1st.—Field and chipping sparrows.
- April 4th.—White-bellied swallow, kingfisher.
- April 6th.—Virginia rail.
- April 9th.—Saw a brood of woodcock with feathers showing among the down.
- April 10th.—Brown and hermit thrushes, yellow-bellied woodpecker.
- April 15th.—Yellow rump warbler, ruby crown kinglet, swamp sparrow, barn swallow.
- April 16th.—Bittern.
- April 17th.—Purple martin.
- April 19th.—Catbird, blue-gray gnatcatcher, green heron, veery, white-throated sparrow, house wren, Florida gallinule, yellow-throated gray warbler, water thrush, king and Carolina rails.
- April 20th.—Least flycatcher.
- April 21st.—Wood thrush.
- April 23d.—Whip-poor-will.
- April 24th.—Black and white creeping warbler, black-throated green warbler, pine creeping warbler, yellow red-poll warbler, golden-crowned thrush, large-billed water thrush, Maryland yellow-throat, greater yellow-legs, long-billed curlew, little yellow rail.
- April 25th.—Scarlet tanager, kingbird, great blue heron.
- April 26th.—Long-billed marsh wren, cliff-swallow, bank-swallow, golden plover, red-headed woodpecker.
- April 27th.—Chimney swift.
- April 28th.—Blackburnian warbler, blue-wing yellow warbler, red-start, spotted sandpiper, white-crowned sparrow.
- April 29th.—Lesser yellow-legs.
- April 30th.—Bobolink, red-throated diver, horned grebe.

- May 1st.—Chestnut-sided warbler, warbling vireo, Baltimore oriole.
- May 2d.—Red-eyed vireo, orchard oriole, great crested flycatcher, Canadian flycatcher, night heron.
- May 3d.—Nashville warbler, black-throated blue warbler, yellow-throated vireo, solitary vireo, indigo bird.
- May 4th.—Wilson's thrush, blue yellow-back warbler, blue warbler, Kirtland warbler, Canadian fly-catching warbler, rose-breasted grosbeak.

The vernal migration of birds to Nova Scotia has been characterized this spring by very unusual occurrences. The regular migration has, no doubt, much to do with this; for, owing to its unusual severity from the first to the third week in March, we did not observe the wild geese going north before the 21st. A few days of mild weather then brought large numbers to our eastern shores, but during the last week of the month a relapse to bitter cold winds and hard frost took place, which had a terrible effect upon the poor geese, rendering them so

weak and tame that numbers were killed, some even without the aid of powder and shot. Quantities were sent for sale to Halifax, some selling as low as 25 cents apiece. The spring of 1889 will long be remembered on our coast, for the most remarkable visitation of wild geese known in the memory of the present generation.

The cold weather continued without intermission, accompanied by one or two heavy snow-storms, until April 19th, when the thermometer rapidly rose, and the weather became mild, and to the astonishment of the most observant, Halifax and its neighborhood was visited by such a concourse of fox sparrows (*Passerella iliaca*), song sparrows (*Melospiza melodia*), robins (*Turdus migratorius*), snow birds (*Junco hyemalis*) and a few others that the very streets of the suburbs were literally covered with them; all apparently busily searching for food. A naturalist friend, who lives just on the outskirts of the city, assured me that he did not think there was a single foot of ground in his garden that was not occupied by one or more birds of the species mentioned, the fox sparrow exceeded all others in numbers, and it would be no exaggeration to say that within an area of one square mile there were several thousands.

Such a concourse of migratory birds has never been seen before, either in Europe or America, and it reminded us, more than anything else, of one of those gatherings of storm-blown birds which every few years, about the month of October, alight upon the Bermudas, when the cedar trees and grassy slopes appear alive with myriads of feathered forms.

J. MATTHEW JONES.
We make a few extracts from our own notebook, some of which may be of a little interest to our readers. April 17th, took male *Porzana novboracensis* near Milford, Conn. This is the earliest record that we have of this species in this latitude, and we should be glad to learn if others have found it earlier.

April 26th.—Observed in Central Park male and female *Cardinalis virginianus*. A male of this species was reported to us a week earlier, but we are not quite certain as to its identification.

May 1st.—*Pipilo erythrophthalmus*, *Mimus carolinensis* and *Tetris baltimore*.

According to our limited observations this spring, most birds are about eight or ten days in advance of the usual time.

THAT SHOWER OF WORMS.—I have been under the impression myself until this spring, from many assurances, that, as mentioned by "J. C. B.," such showers do occur; but upon examination I am satisfied the belief is erroneous. In front of our State Capitol building, extending from the flight of stairs at its entrance to the main street, is an asphaltum walk about sixty feet wide by two hundred and fifty feet long, with quite an extensive grass plot on either side. Extending around the State House, raised about five feet from the ground, is a terrace. Noticing a few mornings since, after a brisk shower which had fallen during the night, a great many worms on the walk I followed a number of their trails, and they all lead to the grass plot. I then examined the steps and terrace and found a few on the first step, which is only a couple of inches rise from the walk, but none on the balance of the flight or the terrace, which to my mind conclusively exploded the "showers" business.

FRANK N. BEEDE.
Columbus, O.

TAMING RUFFED GROUSE.—Our correspondent ("G. W. B.," writing from Maine, briefly relates his experience with ruffed grouse in captivity. He says:—

Two years ago I caught a cock and hen partridge in the fall. I kept them in a common poultry cage, and they became perfectly tame so as to feed freely from my hand. I let them go after keeping them about one year. It is very easy to tame the birds if they are properly fed.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS DRINKING.—Our readers will remember that some time since we published under this heading a note from a correspondent, "N. W.," of New Bedford, Neb. A somewhat more detailed account of the circumstance having been sent to Prof. S. F. Baird, he has kindly forwarded it to us for publication. It reads as follows:—

New Bedford, Neb., Nov. 9th, 1879.—A flock of nine prairie chickens flew down, lit on a sand bar in the Platte River, and after looking around for a few minutes walked into the water and began to drink. "They did it in rather a peculiar manner. They would open their bills and act just as though they were taking a bit out of something solid, and would then hold up their heads to swallow;" not as high as barn-yard fowl generally do. They stayed on the plot about half an hour, and at times were within thirty feet of me. They were very deliberate about drinking. At other times have seen huge flocks of them on the sand flats drinking just before sunrise and just after sunset, but was never able to get nearer to them than thirty yards.

DOES THE GRAY SQUIRREL LAY UP A WINTER STORE?—*Perrysburgh, Vt., May 8th.*—"Shrapney," in the FOREST AND STREAM, doubts, very justly as I think, whether our common gray squirrel lays up any store for winter. It is the opinion of wood-hunters here that they do not, for what chopper ever found their store? and who that has frequented woods in winter where these squirrels were living, has not seen where they have dug under the snow for fallen nuts? Our hunters think that they do store up in the winters of poor nuts and acorns. They are apt to be plenty in the summer and fall of a year following a season when there were many nuts, but if this fall's nut supply is short, there will be almost no gray squirrel the next year. The red squirrel has more resources—the pine and hemlock cones hold a store for him always ready to his paw. John Burroughs, indefatigable writer as he is, is not always infallible, as when he says: "The fox bailes the hound most upon a hard crust of frozen snow." Any northern fox hunter knows that glass ice is a greater puzzle, to say nothing of shallow water.

AWAHOOSE.

LIST OF ARRIVALS LATELY RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.—2 moose (*Alces americana*), from Shelby, Nova Scotia; 2 yellow-headed blackbirds (*Xanthocephalus tatercephalus*), hab. Western States; 1 lot Amazonian parrots, various species; 1 rook (*Corvus frugilegus*), hab. Europe; 1 three-banded douroucou (*Nyctiphetus trivirgatus*), hab. Guiana; 1 yellow-headed howler (*Myiotes belzebub*), hab. Brazil; 1 white-thighed colubus (*Colubus bicolor*), hab. West Africa; 4 barnacle geese (*Bernicula leucopsis*), hab. Europe; 1 Chinese mynah (*Acridotheres cristatellus*), hab. China. All of the above purchased. The following birds have taken part of 1 lion (*Lion americana*), 1 camel (*Camelus dromedarius*), 2 zebras (*Bos taurus*), 2 black swans (*Cygnus atratus*), 6 wild geese (*Bernicula canadensis*), 6 opossums (*Didelphys virginica*).

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—April 23d to May 12th, 1890.—One alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), 1 great-horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), 1 Florida terrapin (*Pseudemys floridana*), 1 red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*), 1 hog-nosed snake (*Heterodon platyrhinos*), 1 cardinal redbird (*Cardinalis virginianus*), 1 opossum (*Didelphys virginianus*), 1 chain snake (*Ophiodon elongatus*), 1 triangle, 1 Salles American (*Chrysotis sallesii*)—all presented, and 1 great ant-eater (*Myrmecophaga jubata*)—purchased.

ROBERT D. CARSON, Clerk.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MAY.

Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*. Salmon Trout, *Salmo fontinalis*. Salmon, *Salmo salar*. Shad, *Alosa*. Land-locked Salmon, *Salmo gairdneri*.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; Means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its season; Fish and its season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FLY-FISHING FOR BLACK BASS.

FIRST PAPER.

I HAVE, heretofore, confined my remarks on black-bass angling almost exclusively to natural bait-fishing, and have endeavored to instruct the novice in the use of the most suitable tackle for that method before taking up the subject of artificial fly-fishing. I have also, I hope, been instrumental in causing some of the "angler" to discard his long, clumsy and ungainly rod and coarse tackle, and to substitute more delicate and elegant implements, which, while adding a hundred fold to his own pleasure, has, at the same time, enabled him by precept and example to assist in elevating the noble sport of black-bass angling.

And now, if I can persuade the expert bait fisher to advance still further, and can induce him to mount the top round of the pedestal of the leader and to take up the fly-rod, my object will have been accomplished, and my fondest hopes and earnest efforts in behalf of the black bass as a game fish, will thus happily end in fruition.

Artificial fly-fishing holds the same relation to bait-fishing that poetry does to prose, and, while each method will ever have its enthusiastic admirers, only he who can skillfully handle the comely fly-rod, and deftly cast the delicate fly, can enjoy the full pleasure of the gentle art. As the lover naturally "drops into poetry" to express the ardent feelings of his soul, "with a woful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow," so the real lover of nature and the finny tribe as naturally takes to fly-fishing, and finds lyrical poems in gurgling streams, and pastoral idyls in leafy woods.

THE BLACK BASS FLY-ROD.

In a paper on rods, several years ago, I made the statement that the American trout fly-rod was the very perfection of fishing rods, and that all other rods should conform as nearly as possible to said model or typical rod, commensurate with the manner of service required of them. Upon this principle, an honest and well-made trout fly-rod, weighing from eight to nine ounces, answers admirably for black bass fly-fishing; and, fortunately, a suitable rod of this character can be procured from any first-class maker; but I would caution the new hand against the many cheap rods now in the market. A good rod can only be obtained at a fair price. At the same time I would here enter my protest against the lightest and "withiest" trout fly-rods, weighing from six to seven ounces, being used or recommended for black bass fishing. Such rods are but toys at the best, and only admissible for fingerlings or trout weighing from a half pound downwards. I know that some anglers make a boast of using such rods, but it is on a par with some gunners who risk to the extreme in light shot guns, and claim that a sixteen or twenty bore is capable of as good general execution as the larger gauges. Now these are both palpable fallacies, as great as that of "sending a boy to mill" in the "History of the Four Kings," as many have found to their cost.

I am a great stickler for extreme lightness in rods when compatible with strength and action, as all who have read my previous papers on black-bass minnow-rod will affirm; but there is a certain limit in weight that must be observed, so as to conform to and preserve other and equally essential qualities in a good working rod. Now, while I will guarantee, in open water, to land any black bass that swims with a well-made six ounce split bamboo fly-rod, I will not undertake to say how much time would be consumed in the operation; nor do I envy the general demoralization and used up condition of the fisherman and his game, that would ensue at the close of the contest. With a rod of suitable weight the largest bass can be safely and pleasantly handled, and it is worse than useless to make a toil of a pleasure by using inadequate means.

I have a Leonard split bamboo fly-rod, weighing eight ounces, which I find "fills the bill" exactly in all ordi-

nary black bass fly-fishing; but while in Florida I used a twelve foot, twelve ounce ash and lancewood fly-rod, made by Abbey & Imbrie, or at least by their predecessors, Andrew Clerk & Co., ten years ago, which I found none too heavy for the large bass of the waters of that State, and, in fact, there were times when I wished for an additional ounce or two in weight.

A trout fly-rod, then, weighing eight or nine ounces, and about eleven feet long, is just about right for ordinary black bass fly-fishing; but where the bass run large, averaging nearly or quite three pounds, a somewhat heavier rod, say ten ounces, and six inches added to the length, will be found a more suitable and pleasanter rod to handle, though the eight ounce rod will do even here for one who is an expert fly-fisher, and who does not mind a little extra straining of the brachial muscles.

But while an ounce more or less hardly seems an appreciable quantity in the abstract, yet when added to or taken from a fly-rod, like the fraction of an inch as applied to a man's nose, it makes a very great difference in practice and reality; and in the former case it is better to have an ounce too much than a half ounce too little; for, like the Winchester repeating rifle when tackling a grizzly, it gives one confidence in his resources which adds materially to the zest of his sport.

Cynthiana, Ky., May 10th.

J. A. HENSHELL.

NOTES FROM VIRGINIA.

THE spring of 1890 will be long remembered by sportsmen in this district for the unusual and almost unprecedented influx of duck and snipe. Great quantities of both have been killed on grounds where hitherto they have been but rare visitors, and certainly never counted as forming part of the game list of the locality.

One gentleman of my acquaintance must have killed at least fifty couple of snipe and over forty ducks on his own and the adjoining plantation alone, which beneath the shadow of the "Peaks of Otter," is entirely a new feature added to our sporting year. The unusual mildness of the winter was of course the prime cause of this change of flight, and I am afraid, unless there is some other agency at work, few of us will live to see such another shower of feathered emigrants.

The gun, however, has been assigned to its case, and the disciples of Isaac have commenced operations, and as time or opportunity permits, every trout fisherman, either with bait-box or fly-hook, betakes himself to the hollow gorges and mountain valleys, where the crystal streams foam and tumble from their aerial springs. The forests on the mountains have now burst into full leaf. The calmes, the rhododendron and the dogwood relieve the deep green of the evergreens, and the warm sun has pierced the deepest and blackest pools, and the wriggling worm of the bait fisher must now give way to the feathery charm.

I have lately ridden for seventy miles along the eastern base of the Blue Ridge, fishing some streams and stopping to gossip on troutling matters as I crossed others, and the universal accounts of the one correspond exactly with my personal investigations of the other. There is an immense supply of this year's fish everywhere. Large bigs and small fish have been the order of the day in every stream. I fished a day and a half on what is perhaps our best river, with one hundred and twenty-five fish as the result, but so small in size that I shall certainly leave it alone till next year, and go further afield to satisfy my piscatorial appetite.

Last year, on the same stream, it took a favorable day and a good hand to basket twenty-five, but they would weigh eight pounds. The story of this stream is that of all other tributaries of the James that flow eastward, in a relative degree. Next year the fishing in all—more especially as the laws are gaining force—will return to the fertility of three years ago, let us hope. The explanation is simple; the hard winter of '78-'79, and the breaking up of the ice gorges that had blocked up every mountain stream, destroyed the greater portion of the young fish.

There was considerable discussion among our anglers last year as to the extent of damage done in this wise—some scoffing at it, and saying the streams were "fished out." This was illogical, as even a considerable increase in the number of anglers would not make a river that had kept up its supply for years, under a good deal of person, cold and steady, and an almost imperceptible addition to those who whipped its surface would certainly not of a sudden commit such havoc on its finny inhabitants. However, we now know for certain that exceptionally hard winters will cause an enormous decrease for a year or so in the quantity of fish.

Fly-fishing is a new thing here, comparatively, and is now pretty well limited to two or three of the Piedmont counties. Great enthusiasm, however, prevails along the course of one or two of our most beautiful streams, and the talk around the blacksmith's shop and the village stores is all of March browns and red hackles, of "thumpers" and "whalers." The fish laws are carried out to the letter, and the mountaineers don't slip a bag or a net into the creek now to save their lives. Two of them tried it on in a sequestered glen the other day, but were reported on and promptly marched down to jail amid the jeers of their countrymen.

"You drop a net into that stream, you darnedascal, you," says the mountain magistrate (himself a keen fly-fisherman, and elected with a view to that), "and dawg my skin if I don't hev you grinnin' thro' them iron bars in a hurry."

Few people are aware that there is a waterfall in Nelson County, Va., nine hundred feet high—on a leap of two hundred yards, and that a break in the line of the maining seven hundred are a succession of leaps, varying from forty to two hundred feet, but pausing on narrow ledges that, from the road which winds along the side of the opposite mountain, are scarcely noticeable. The grandeur of this fall, made as it is by a stream of considerable size, may be imagined; and the strangest part of the whole thing is, that I question whether its extent or even its name is known in the cities, except by those who may be connected with the neighborhood.

Very few bass were caught, to my knowledge, before the 1st of May, on which day the close time commenced. The late season, opening on July 1st, is, of course, principally relied on for sport. There is every reason to expect better bass fishing than ever, in the higher reaches of the James this fall. The fly proved a great success there

in September last, Gen. Wade Hampton killing something like six hundred to his own rod in three weeks, near Dagger Springs. RINGWOOD.

MICHIGAN GRAYLING.—The grayling season in Michigan opens June 1st.

VERMONT—Ferrisburg, May 8th.—Bass are beginning to bite, and have greatly increased in numbers since the passage of the protective law of 1874, wherever it has been enforced. AWAHOOSE.

THE RANGELEYS.—The Eastern Railroad has tickets from Boston to the Rangeleys and Moosehead and return: Rangeley, \$12.50; Rangeley Outlet, \$13.75; Indian Rock, \$15.25; Upper Dam, \$14; Middle Dam, \$13; Mt. Kineo (Moosehead Lake), \$15; Dead River, \$13; Forks of the Kennebec, \$13.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.—Patrons of Moosehead Lake and vicinity will be pleased to know that the ice left the lake on the 10th inst., and before many days elapse the trouting carnival of that region will begin. Extensive hatchling houses were erected on the lake in September last, and have proved a great success. Fifty thousand land-locked salmon and one hundred and fifty thousand trout, recently hatched, will be ready to turn into the waters of the lake in June, which will increase the fishing facilities of the place, and add new attractions for its many visitors.

Under the bold face of Mount Kineo stands the Kineo House, a convenient center of attraction to the sportsman, and where he can fill his camp bags with provisions before starting on the many tours through the picturesque rivers of Maine. Thus early last Maine began to restock her waters with salmon and trout, learning by the lack of early effort in sister States the necessity of the hour. T. S. S.

TIN POND—New York City, May 14th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I have just received the following, which seems to have items of interest and information to the multitude of readers of your increasingly valuable paper, which for years has had no superior as a gazetteer of facts, science, literature, and healthful amusement. The letter is dated at Bristol, Me., and reads as follows:

"Friend H. I have not been to Tin Pond for several days. When I was there last the ice was breaking up, and I expect that before this it is all gone, and probably the trout bite sharp. I have never seen partridges as plenty in the spring as this year. Every where I go I see them, and people generally speak of how numerous they are. If they are lucky in their nesting the chickens will enliven the forest this fall. Deer and caribou are very plenty, having had an open winter, with little snow, they have escaped the usual massacre by the natives. My bear traps are not set now, though bruin is busy killing sheep near our houses. When I was at the pond last I found where a hunter had killed and dressed a deer in the dooryard of my camps, and put the head on the corner of one of my camps. Government has given us two snails per week from Kinsfield, and Cleve, the owner, who is a sportsman, has put on a daily sale to Kingfield. He has good teams. Dr. Hill, of Biddeford, writes he will be here in a few days with a party of friends. He comes early to escape the flies and get ahead of the rush. The party with him last autumn came later. Have not heard from Col. Hayden lately. He spent the winter in Kansas City, and is better in health, as his army friend will be glad to hear. KENNEDY SMITH."

MASSACHUSETTS—New Bedford, May 14th.—But few catches of trout have been made in this vicinity, and those mostly just coming out of salt water, near the mouth of the Neversink. Great fishing there is an abundance of variety—striped bass, tautog, scup, bluefish, etc. Several trout were caught in this vicinity last week weighing over nine pounds—one fourteen and one quarter pounds. Striped bass fishing at the Vineyard and Noman's Land will soon be in order. CORCORAN.

Bolton, May 14th.—Mr. R. Barrett has a large cistern running spring water in his kitchen, in which he kept two tame, pet pickerel, and has had much amusement in seeing them catch flies and other food which he placed on the surface of the water. A few days since he found both of them dead. Pickerel No. 1, being a larger, had caught the other by the head, and was about to swallow him about half his length, but could get him no further, and, owing to the curved form of his teeth, he could not disgorge him. In this condition of things, pickerel No. 2 was suffocated, and pickerel No. 1 died from exhaustion.

ADIRONDACKS—Boonville, May 10th.—I have just returned from Forge House, Fulton Chain, Brown's Pond, where I had three days' very good fishing. On May 5 I caught a speckled trout in Nick's Lake; dimensions as follows: weight, three pounds; length, twenty inches; girth, eleven and a half inches. This trout was in fine condition. Along with it I got several fine trout, one to one and three quarter pounds; all those with big and light rod. Also caught six good trout on the rapid Moose River, with fly. I think by the 26th inst. fly-fishing will be good, as the trout are getting on to the water; that is, if we don't have very heavy rains. Four the lakes and streams very high, but falling rapidly. Very hot; regular fly weather, but no flies. R. F.

TROUT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Letter received from E. E. Brown, Saranac Lake, states that the trout fishery in the North Woods is good, and, in fact, never better. His address is Saranac Lake, and he is a good and reliable man, and thoroughly posted in the North Woods. EZEKIEL.

NEW JERSEY—Red Bank, May 17th.—The fishing season has commenced in the North Shrewsbury River. I took the first striped bass this A.M.; weight, two and half pounds. WILD.

KENTUCKY NOTES.—Mill Spring, May 14th.—An angler has been exceptionally good in Big South Fork of Cumberland this season. Winter mild, and spring was good as early as January. Strings have been let and the average weight much beyond that of last year before. We had begun to think that last year's record afforded no black bass larger than three pounds, but such have been comparatively fingerlings on some

this year's strings. A couple of slatherers in a few minutes took six from one pool, with bait, ranging from three to five pounds honest weight, and after losing a very large pike secured a thirty-six-inch by dispatching him with a pistol-bait after he threw up the sponge.

J. W. McLister, of Stanford, Ky., the youngest National Game president in the United States and a recent convert to the refining persuasion of angling, has made a score in points of numbers and weights which thrills the professors hopelessly rearward for the season. Our Legislature acted liberally with the Fish Commission, and a revived fish law inspired a hope that hot times are in wait for malefactors. A close season for some of the central streams has aroused a recklessly rebellious spirit in many whose indulgence in seining and other violations promises fun and profit to Messrs. Grab, Snatch & Keepem, of the legal profession.

A "hauling over the coals" of one or two parties will satisfactorily demonstrate the beauties of the state and quickly awaken a reverence of the "majesty of the law. The sooner the better, say we, and we warn "Dilsey" and others that our tender-hearted Governor has even thus early exhausted his enormous stock of pardons. KENTUCKIAN.

Mt. Sterling, Ky., May 13th.—Fishing has been better than for many years, I think, in much high water that prevailed all winter. Bass fishing affords fine sport. "New lights" abundant, with an occasional California salmon, the result of the plant of 1878. Bass are now on their beds hatching. Prospects good for fine partridge shooting (*O. virginianus*) next fall, as there are more brooders about the country than I have known for ten years, but our leatherheaded Legislators have passed a law making this season, until December, open season. Clark, Fleuning and Montgomery counties. I don't know why this (Montgomery County) should be included, without it is to give the netters and pot hunters full sway, to the exclusion of a few law abiding sportsmen. VAN.

Trout in Tennessee.—*Nashville, May 12th.*—Genuine brook trout have been taken in the headwaters of Harpeth River, a tributary of the Cumberland. Col. John B. McEwen, of Williamson County, is the authority. He took one there last week weighing three-quarters of a pound, and says that he has heard of others being taken, and that he believes they are quite abundant higher up the stream, but owing to the dense undergrowth, snakes at the wild state of the country, no one has ventured there this season. They are not indigenous to our waters, but are the result of a lot of fry procured from Seth Green in the month of February, 1859, and placed in the streams. Col. McEwen believes that these streams—Lick Creek, Turnbull and South Harpeth—take their source from a subterranean lake in Williamson County, the waters of which are exceedingly cold, and where these timid, delicious fish have taken refuge and procreated.

Another interesting statement from the same authority is that this summer there has appeared in countless numbers a fish hitherto unknown to him. He has called them forked mouth suckers, in contradistinction to the common white sucker, and on account of the peculiarly shaped mouth, which is like a cross. In color they are similar to our bass, and average in weight from two and three to four pounds. They are very quick-acting fish, and took the hook voraciously. One which he knew taking between forty and fifty pounds in about one hour. This last statement, and the one concerning the subterranean lake, deserve scientific investigation. As authority, Col. John B. McEwen stands preëminent in this country. J. D. H.

IOWA.—Keokuk, May 10th.—It may interest some of your readers to know that shad have been seized here, at the mouth of Des Moines, this spring, weighing from one to one and three-fourth pounds. F. W.

HE IS RIGHT.—*Brookville, Ont., Canada, May 4th.*—Mr. Van Slicen's observations, in No. 19, of trout striking at flies, out of water, with their tails, remind me of my own conclusions on the same subject. The first time I have seen trout jump or strike at my flies was in June, 1872, at or below the great falls of the Grand Metis River, P. Q. I had occasion to hook one particular old fellow, who had been striking two or three times at my fly, not only in water, but on the surface of the rather foaming water, but also when the fly was quite motionless. I had last hooked and lauded him in this way: he struck again with his tail at the fly, which effort drove him a foot or two behind his prey, and then turned, like a flash, and hooked. He weighed over two pounds, and I believe he exerted his maneuvers for the purpose of drowning or drowning the fly, so as to make sure of his succeeding upon the surface. I have seen the same action of trout on Lake Superior waters, and that always when the fly was thrown below little rapids on calm surface, but never when I moved it with the current down. In that case the fish hooked directly. I had concluded that the fish attempted first to drown the winged victim, because they returned at once to bite, after making a violent spurge at the fly on the surface. Leaving the fly quietly where it then was, the trout invariably returned and took it.

Are my conclusions correct? V.

CAPE COD AS A RESORT FOR SPORTSMEN.—Probably no section of country on the whole Atlantic Coast can furnish so many varieties of game and so many enjoyments to the sportsman as good old Cape Cod. Speaking of Cape Cod as a resort for sportsmen, I am reminded of the allowed to use that term, meaning the character of the country and not the condition of the people.

Take it from Middleboro down the Cape, and any person, no matter where he has traveled, will find many things that will interest him. In the first place, he is heartily welcomed by the good old honest Capers, some of whom have not seen a city for twenty years, and are never so pleased as when listening to the traveler retailing out his budget of city news.

To the traveler visiting the Cape for the first time the people may seem to be too avaricious, but after he has made one or two visits, and sees on what the people depend for their daily bread, he feels happy that he is able to help increase the little pile that is put away for the rainy days that some times come during the winter. In fact, he is not so much interested in the people as he is simple, and he would err if they would remain the same were the association is changed. But these associations

are just what make the people so peculiar. The men, the greater part of them, living, as they do, the hardy lives of fishermen, regard life in a far different manner from what most of us do. They are always ready to help one another.

The towns on the Cape resemble each other very much. A hotel, which is generally pretty comfortable, but not as good as a private boarding house; a lively stable, which is the most profitable investment in the town; a public library, a town hall, and anywhere from four to six churches, form the public buildings of a town on the Cape; and then there is the post office, but it is hardly a public building on account of its size. The majority of the buildings are of the most ancient type. But taking things as they are, I feel confident that no one who visits the Cape for pleasure would have anything changed.

As regards prosperity, the Cape is falling behind a little each year. The fisheries have of late years been but a poor investment, both to the fishermen and the owners; and the young people, becoming satisfied that the Cape is not to be made at home, strike out for the large cities, and with the exception of an occasional visit, soon forget their native land. The farming on the Cape, with some exceptions, is, of course, a failure, so that, taking into account all these drawbacks, it is no wonder the country is making little progress. But what the Cape lacks in prosperity is made up in the natural advantages offered to sportsmen. I have had the pleasure of visiting the Cape year after year for the past eight years, and I have not had a dull season's sport during all that time. The scenery on the coast is wild and picturesque; the fishing is good, and considering all in all, the Cape, as a sporting ground, is first class, as good, if not better than Prince Edward Island. L. M. H.

Fish Culture.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE NEW AUGUSTA FISHWAY.—The new fishway in the Kennebec River, at Augusta, Me., has just been completed, and the river, it is hoped, will again be restocked with the Salmon once so plenty there.

The fishway has been built under the personal supervision of Everett Smith, Civil Engineer, of Portland, Me., and several important changes and improvements made in the original plan, whereby a great saving in cost has been effected, as well as rendering the fishway more efficient. Mr. Smith regards one improvement especially as an innovation in regards to fishways that is of great value, and one applicable to any form of fishway or any dam. The fall at the Augusta dam is about 18 feet, and as this is the first lower dam, it forms the key to the Kennebec river, as regards the ascent of fish. From the West end of the dam a massive crib pier extends down stream, and the space between this pier and the canal wall is filled by the fishway, which is about the shape of a diamond in its general exterior form. The head of this protecting pier has an elevation of 12 feet above the dam, to insure safety to the fishway, from logs or ice during the greater part of the year. The river is subject to the water for the fishway flows from the river above the dam by a passage through the head of this pier. This passage may be closed by a drop-gate; there is a waist-way across the pier, and still farther along is the flume from which the water is delivered directly to the upper portion of the fishway by means of gateways occupied by iron swing-gates.

These gates are so arranged, that when one is submerged it may be closed and the next higher one opened. Thus the water may always be delivered gently without any "head." The fishway is three stories high, and the interior divided into a series of chambers through which the water flows in a uniform descent, twice making the entire circuit of the structure, which it finally leaves at the outlet. In making a descent of eighteen feet the water flows an extreme distance of 594 feet, although, as measured by the center of the current, the distance is considerably less. The floors are paved with stone, which serves to lead the structure, to retard the current of the water flowing over it, and to present to the fish a bottom resembling the natural bed of a stream.

At the lower end of the flume there is a wasteway, and the water flowing from it unites with that flowing through the fishway at its outlet. The volume of water is thus increased at the outlet in order to attract fish to the center of the current, and after entering the fishway at its outlet, will ascend the current that flows therein, until the flume is reached, whence they pass to the river above.

The Kennel.

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THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW

SINCE the institution of dog shows at Newcastle, England, in 1858, up to the present time, there has never passed in review such a splendid lot of sporting dogs as that exhibited during the three days of the bench show of last week. This fact was universally acknowledged by all the American critics present, and heartily indorsed by both of the visiting English judges, who said that even in their own country no such sight had ever been witnessed. The non-sporting classes were also above the usual average of similar exhibits, and with two or three exceptions showed plainly the advance made since the initial shows in 1877. Almost all the old leading breeding kennels, that are scattered over the length and breadth of the land, had entered their typical representatives, and in many cases their owners accompanied their favorites to insure their being shown to the best advantage before the eyes of the judges. Many of the crack dogs, however, were not in bench show condition, the

lateness of the season, and the unfortunate postponement, having something to do with their not appearing in first-class trim. Conspicuous among the absentees were the dogs of the St. Louis Kennel Club, whose collection of pointers is acknowledged to be the finest in America. It was found, early in April, that this kennel would be unable to put in an appearance, and as several of the dogs in the first place had been entered conditionally their withdrawal was in no way connected with the change of dates. Faust had engagements that prevented his coming, Jaunty was due to whelp on May 5th, June ten days later, and Clytie the latter part of this month. Jessamine gave signs of coming in season, and she was to be bred to Bow. This only left Lassie and Zeal, which it was deemed not worth while to send. J. H. Whitman, of Chicago, was also not represented, and several other noted kennels were not in condition to show.

The building is well adapted on many accounts, as the high roof gives plenty of ventilation, so necessary for the comfort of visitors and the welfare of the animals; and as clear weather prevailed, the skylights remained open, somewhat abating the stifling heat of the first day. As we have already said, the arrangements for benching were good, nor did the judges suffer from the usual delay caused by an insufficiency of keepers to lead out the dogs during the judging. But before going further, we may remark that in our opinion it should be an imperative rule that all dogs should be led into the ring by keepers, and by keepers only. A dog will show to much better advantage in the hands of his master, and a well known owner commands more attention than a uniform attendant. Therefore the dog that is led by an uninterested stranger is at a great disadvantage, and the frequent passing by of splendid animals can generally be traced to this cause. It is the more necessary, too, that this reform should be adopted, that the exhibitors can hold the proper authorities to an account, and oblige them to rectify such mistakes as occurred in the judging of Class 29, native English setter bitches, when Mr. Well's dog was taken from the ring without even a simple mention, and the rejudging of the whole class had to be gone over again. As it was, the fault was placed on one of the employees of the Committee, and the error at once properly rectified, the bitch then receiving the third prize. But if the owner had been exhibiting the dog in question, and he also had mistaken the directions of the judges, he would have had no redress, for it appears that the keeper, in the din of the barking and howling, did not hear that he was to move the dog to the further side of the enclosure, but carelessly withdrew her from the ring.

This was not the only class that had to be rejudged, as a protest was entered by several of the largest exhibitors to the awards given in Classes 19, 20, 28, 32, 33, 31 and 40. After talking the matter over, the Board of Appeals entertained only the protest applying to Class 40, in which Mr. John Davidson's Byron, a red and white dog, had received the first prize, and the red Irish setter dogs were ordered back into the ring. Admitting the erroneous award in this case, we consider the precedent of rejudging a very bad one, and it should be discouraged by those who do not desire to see our shows turned into bear gardens, just because Mr. Jones or Mr. Robinson thinks that he is aggrieved. Believing this to be a very important matter of consideration for managers of future shows, and wishing to place before our readers in as simple a manner as possible the rulings on which the two above named classes were rejudged, we cannot point out the difference in a clearer way than by first introducing Rule 10 of the show, which is supposed to govern both cases: "The decision of the judges will be final in all cases, except where mistake, fraud, misrepresentation or collusion can be shown; in any such case the committee of appeal must decide all questions, except those of merit, and the dogs may be rejudged."

It will thus be seen that there was just ground for rejudging Class 29, because one of the dogs had been taken from the ring by a mistake of an attendant; but we utterly fail to see upon what sufficient grounds Class 40 was rejudged, as Rule 10 plainly states that the decision of the judges shall be final, and they alone to decide upon the merits of each entry. That they did decide and award Mr. Davidson's dog the first prize is on record, and they should have adhered to it. Therefore, the rejudging of this class was a very weak performance, and the creating of an extra first prize for Mr. Davidson's entry inconsistent.

As we have already stated, the general arrangements were excellent, but the blot on the show was the admission of many many animals, and the neglect to have a proper veterinary inspection of each animal as it was presented for admission. We believe with Stonehenge that as large sums of money are annually spent in rearing and feeding dogs with the express purpose of exhibiting them, it may be admitted with argument that it is desirable to conduct these shows in a way most likely to give satisfaction to their supporters. This is not done save by a careful and competent inspection of each animal as it is exposed, and a disease that is contagious. We know of several of the most noted breeders in the country who refuse to make their entries solely on this account.

That much dissatisfaction was expressed at the judging has now been heralded through the land. But we can only reiterate what we have already written on the subject. It is to be presumed that every one that places his animal in a bench show, or runs him in a field trial, is aware that the dog is intended for competition, and that there are to be judges to pass on his merits and failings. That the exhibitor should know the names of the judges is of paramount importance. Once knowing their names, he can determine for himself whether they are fitted for the position or not, and whether they will be perfectly unbiased in their decisions. If he resolves that they are

not, he should not enter his dogs, there being no obligation for his doing so. But if he does enter his animals he thus accepts these individuals as fit persons to judge his entries, and thus binds himself to abide by their judgments. If, then, he adopts the latter course, and finds too late that he has been wronged in a willful manner, he would show more spirit, good sense and manliness by quietly submitting to the injustice which he has no power to remedy, and ever afterward refusing to enter his stock in any show or trial conducted by the same management. Therefore, let gentlemen of universal experience fill the list of judges; their names should be announced when the entry roll is open. Then will the exhibitors commit themselves morally, and either courtesy or a sense of shame will oblige them to quietly abide by the decisions of the judges whom they have practically accepted.

We are pleased to state that these opinions have received the hearty indorsement of many prominent exhibitors, the *Live Stock Journal*, of London, and that of the eminent authority, Mr. Vero Shaw, who states that as they exactly represent his views he reproduces them for the benefit of his readers.

The judging of the show was spun out through the three days of the exhibition, and on the last day the special prizes were awarded that are noticed further on.

MASTIFFS.—The first three classes were devoted to what is known as the national dog of England. They were not a representative lot. Our preference in the dog class was in favor of Dr. Albert H. Buck's Garm, V. H. C., who was more massive in shoulders, with good body and younger than his two mates who received the first and second prizes. We also liked Lehmann's Cesar much better than the winners, although he was poor in color and received no notice. In the bitches, Lehmann's Juno, an animal of splendid size, rose superior to the first and second choice. Mastiff puppies contained several promising youngsters, but puppies are always dangerous and unsatisfactory things to judge and criticize, as they alter so much.

ST. BERNARDS.—Godeffroy's rough coated Marco, by Macdonald's Dash, out of Prince Solms' King, deservedly received the blue ribbon. He was an animal of perfect form, of lion color, with yellow and black markings, and a typical dog of his class. The second and third are also excellent specimens. It was a class to be proud to win in. Only two entries marked the rough coated bitch class, Thorne's Sheila coming first. The smooth strain were a fair lot, especially those of Haine's kennel. Only belonging to his owner, orange tawny and white in color, of good size and substance, with excellent legs and feet, received first, with Weighell's Maria a good second.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—This was a grand class, one of the best in the show, and in looking at McCormick's Charlie a lover of this breed had a thoroughly typical dog to study from. This winner of first was of the black type, so fashionable now in England; a splendid animal, with absence of the faulty curl on the head. Pryor's Charley, second prize, was not like as well as Alexander's Plato, although he had the "Cato" coat. The latter, however, was very highly mentioned, was a grand animal, but deficient in coat, as it was too curly. Meier's Turk, V. H. C., was a very representative type of the Landseer Newfoundland. He was the only one in his class, and he received in his recumbent position the ovation which the great artist's picture has won for him the world over. Being cow-headed was his principal fault. Our remarks about puppies in this class, but we consider them at best but a poor lot.

SIBERIAN.—Another of the grandest classes in the show. They were all very large and powerful, but some of them showed too much of the mastiff and too little of the hound. First went to a fine black and spotted dog, Van Schade's Sultan. Second prize, Keller's Lyon, also to a good dog, but not of as good form as first. This dog was won last year. A third prize, extra, was begged by the judge, Dr. Stables, for Mrs. Rutan's, a remarkably fine animal, who promises later on to come to the front in any show. Dr. Marshall's Bosko, a mouse colored dog, received a V. H. C. He was the Goliath of the show, and weighed 170 lbs.

GREYHOUNDS.—This was a fair class, with fifteen entries. Siner's mouse colored Prince, a rare good dog, received first, with Colt's Rose, a pretty and really bitch, as second. We rather fancied Bartlett's Viscount, a splendid dog of good color, grand depth of chest, with muscles in hind quarters and shoulders showing power enough to carry him to the fore, but with a too great circumference of the loin. Walton's thoroughbred also received mention, but though an excellent animal there was deficiency in loin to place him alongside of the winners.

DEERHOUNDS.—This class of highly more ornamental than useful breed of dogs was mainly full, with excellent specimens from the kennels of the two neighbors, Messrs. Dana and Barlow. As a rule, however, the whole lot had bad feet, Dana's iron gray dog, Glen, and Barlow's grayish brindles, both excellent in coat, received first and second. But taking the class from a deerstalker's point of view, we were particularly well pleased with Howard's Moliant, which was deservedly very highly commended. It must always be remembered that the dog that is strong in neck and combines power of body and legs, is the only one for practical use. These characteristics marked the Howard entry.

CHAMPION POINTERS, LARGE SIZE.—Howe's well-known winner, Rex, in the absence of the St. Louis Kennel Club's Bow, received the prize in the dog class, while Whitehead's Fan gathered in the laurels for the best bitch.

POINTERS, LARGE SIZE.—This class, in our mind, was not up to the mark, and the medal went to the "Wilkes' Tramp" to make him worthy of a first we could not discover. He is handsome in coat and color, but too long and weak in the loins, with an exaggerated and disproportioned head. Second prize in this lottery fell to Aldrich's Ray, a pointer of the old type. Coffin's Rake II. drew third. His size must have taken the judge's eye, for he is a large animal. Wagstaff's Lud Dorrfin justly received very high notice, and Goodman's Ratler, unnoticed, was a magnificent fellow. Our only regret, however, taking all in all, was Godeffroy's Croxteth (champion Barry-Macdonald's Jane), only lightly mentioned, but unfortunately he was shown in very poor condition. He is a really first-class animal when in trim, with a grand head and good ears and immense propelling powers. In

the bitch class, Moore's Stella, a liver and white animal, properly received the first. She has a fine head joined to an excellent, well-shaped body by an almost faultless neck. Hart's Flash, a fine two year old liver and white, was awarded second.

CHAMPION POINTERS, SMALL SIZE.—In the dog class the redoubtable Edmund Orgill turned up with Rush and swept the board. He also was winner with this superb animal of two of the special prizes. We may here remark that the Orgill kennel is always in prime order to show, as we have never yet seen the owner bench an entry that was not in "bang-up" condition. In the bitch class Van Wagenen showed Dutchess in perfect condition, and defeated Moore's Rose, who was not in her usual good show form. It would be simply impossible to find two more perfect pointer bitches. Dutchess shows the benefit of the freedom that is allowed her, for she has no run of her owner's power, and as a result, consequently more power in body, while Rose has if anything a better head. Barker's Princess, also exhibited, but not for competition, was a superb black animal from the tip of her nose to the end of her tail. She was grand in her glossy coat, with wonderful legs and feet.

POINTERS, SMALL SIZE.—There were many good dogs in this class, and many were passed unnoticed that deserved the highest mention. In the dog class Richmond's Snipe secured first, a fine lemon and white, sprightly-looking fellow. Tenslow's Range followed with second, with a very much better head than Snipe's. Third was awarded to a liver and white dog of three years old, yclept Sam, exhibited by Horace Smith, which in our judgment was far better than either first or second. He was all over a very handsome animal, with an exceedingly fine head, many points of which were unusually well defined—such as the character and position of the eyes, breadth of forehead, line of the snout, indicating the division between the lobes of the prebium and the drop below the forehead almost perfect. Wood's Ponto deserved mention, as he had an excellent head, and Price's Setton II., also unnoticed, took too much after his sire to be passed without notice. In the bitches Symington's Rose (Lanke-Lilly) received first, Livingston's Rose, lemon and white, whom we liked, second; and Cornell's Queen May, third, and Roach's Queen II., fourth. Fricke's Lady Sefton was a very worthy of high commendation, and the other entries that were ribboned deserved all they got. We cannot quite follow the judges in their awards here, recognized authority that they are. How they passed unnoticed Moore's Countess Bang, when she was the best in the class, shows that it is full time that some new system to prevent such mistakes was adopted. Can it be that there are too many cooks? and would it not be better to have one? Moore's Countess Bang is one of Moore's recent importations; she is by Bang, out of Bella; a remarkably fine little bitch, with great depth of chest, good body and a clean, neat, well-proportioned head, with unusual muscular development in hind quarters. Bred to go—as she does—like a flash, and said to have an excellent nose. The dog puppies numbered twenty-six entries, and for the number were a good deal of better than the number. There were, however, several excellent youngsters. Lamb's Flash (Snapshot-Elf) headed the list with first, a very promising puppy. Stout's Pico (Rake II.-Juno), a white and liver dog of eight months, second. The others of the class that received mention got only their due. Orgill's Snapshot-Ruby puppy was a very handsome little fellow, with a good head, and promises in time to be one of the best. He deserved a better showing than he got. Thirty-one entries covered the puppies bitch class, and there was a lot of weeds among the lot. First was given to Lamb's Flirt, litter sister to winner in the dog puppies dog class. Second was awarded to Howo's Neva (Pete-Princess), a black and white ticked bitch, with no strong developments. Roach's Prudence (Rush-Dutchess), a much better animal than second, received a V. H. C. and a litter sister, a very taking-looking bitch, than-me-got, she was much deserving than her relation. The judgment was exceedingly faulty in this class, as Orgill's coming bitch Rue (Snapshot-Ruby) certainly should have had second place. She is a charming little beauty, and her first appearance deserved better treatment.

CHAMPION ENGLISH SETTERS.—This class of dogs, which may be aptly termed the seven champions of Christianity, was a sight well worth seeing. Speir's Francis St. Elmo adding another ribbon to his large collection of trophies, and to winning the special prize, the best English setter at the show. Moore's Leicester was absent, but Burges' Druid and Livingston's Ray both crowded the winner, Mrs. Moore's Lark being out of the race. Magraw's Royal Duke and Lincoln & Hellyar's Frank H., the two other entries, made up the complement above named. In the bitches, Arnold Burges won in a canter with Queen Mab. Stearns' Pearl, a finely developed and well proportioned bitch, with superb limbs, also attracted our attention. Charles's Rose Nina, Florence and Daisy were benched together in one stall; they are a handsomely marked lot of blue Beltons, and show to best advantage when grouped together.

IMPORTED ENGLISH SETTERS.—By far the best class of the show, combining a splendid lot of dogs, such as are seldom ever seen at any exhibition. Fay's Coin (Leicester-Rose) received first, and Drane's Lofty second. It was nip and tuck between these superb animals, and, on the whole, a fairly judged class. Moore's Leicester was the best English setter at the show. Moore's Leicester was absent, but Burges' Druid and Livingston's Ray both crowded the winner, Mrs. Moore's Lark being out of the race. Magraw's Royal Duke and Lincoln & Hellyar's Frank H., the two other entries, made up the complement above named. In the bitches, Arnold Burges won in a canter with Queen Mab. Stearns' Pearl, a finely developed and well proportioned bitch, with superb limbs, also attracted our attention. Charles's Rose Nina, Florence and Daisy were benched together in one stall; they are a handsomely marked lot of blue Beltons, and show to best advantage when grouped together.

a charming animal, as is also Davidson's Aika (Royal-Nina), White's Queen Annie (Carlowitz-Queen Bess) and Godeffroy's little Silk (Dash-Daisy) deserved all they got.

NATIVE ENGLISH SETTERS.—The dog class being the largest in the show, it closed with sixty-five entries. There was an immense number of weeds, as may be supposed, but when these were gone rid of there were left some splendid specimens. We were disappointed with the entries as a class, and more so with the judging. By the selection of Walter's Grouse, a fine, large American orange and white, and then turning to Lincoln & Hellyar's Afton, a small roan of entirely different type, for second, the classifying became hopelessly mixed, as no direct line of breed or type was followed out. To our mind Afton was by far the best of the lot, and he was backed in this opinion by Mr. Dalziel, who did not judge in this class. Davidson's Cassils justly got third, and should have been second. Goodwin's Grouse Dale, of field trial note, came in for a V. H. C.; this splendid animal is certainly of better type than his sire, the first winner. Dunne's large black dog, Chance, deservedly received high mention, and later on secured the club medal, in the special prizes. We best liked dog backed in this opinion by Mr. Dalziel, who did not judge in this class. Davidson's Cassils justly got third, and should have been second. Goodwin's Grouse Dale, of field trial note, came in for a V. H. C.; this splendid animal is certainly of better type than his sire, the first winner. Dunne's large black dog, Chance, deservedly received high mention, and later on secured the club medal, in the special prizes. We best liked dog backed in this opinion by Mr. Dalziel, who did not judge in this class. Davidson's Cassils justly got third, and should have been second. Goodwin's Grouse Dale, of field trial note, came in for a V. H. C.; this splendid animal is certainly of better type than his sire, the first winner. Dunne's large black dog, Chance, deservedly received high mention, and later on secured the club medal, in the special prizes. 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(Continued on Page 317).



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1880.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.—The pressure upon our columns this week, caused by the very full report of the Dog Show, obliges us to add four extra pages to our regular number, twenty-four. By doing this we are enabled to do full justice to the show, and at the same time to give the other departments of the paper their usual amount of space.

—Under the heading "Pedestrianism" a western paper notes Col. Bodine's selection as Captain of the American Rifle Team to visit Ireland. The editor probably means to intimate that our boys will have a walk over and walk away with the prize.

—Two prize fighters, with their crowds of hangers-on, have been skulking about for more than a week trying to find a spot on the Canadian border where they may indulge in a bout. The authorities have so far proved too alert, and the probability is that the contemplated fight will, in consequence, be frustrated. All of which is to the credit of the Canadian authorities.

—The list of prizes to be given at the Seneca Falls Convention next week is large and attractive. The prospect is that the convention will be largely attended, and marked by some close competitions. We bespeak for all attending sportsmen an enjoyable visit at Seneca Falls, and for the convention harmony and the best of feeling. Next year the FOREST AND STREAM hopes to welcome the clubs to the eastern part of the State.

—Yesterday was the one hundredth anniversary of the New England "dark day." The Connecticut Legislature was in session at the time, discussing the laws regulating the shad and alewife fisheries. One of the number, thinking that the Day of Judgment had come, moved an adjournment, but Abraham Davenport, who would be ready and at his post of duty when the Lord called, directed the candles to be brought in, and then, amid the thunders of the tempest, discussed the bill. No more picturesque incident ever occurred in the history of game and fish legislation.

—Every member of the Long Island Sportsman's Association should be present at the meeting to-morrow night. All who may desire to attend the Convention will then be furnished reduced excursion tickets.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE brilliant display of dogs which, during the past week, drew thousands of delighted admirers to the Madison Square Garden, adds another to the many claims which the Westminster Kennel Club have to the gratitude of the citizens of this city in particular and the country in general. In a thousand or more stalls were gathered sample animals, illustrating the perfection of canine breeding, and showing to what a fine result an intelligent selection of sires may reach. An analysis of the list of entries shows that there is enough of fine dog stock owned and bred in the city of New York to make a creditable display, for beyond the dog dealers of the country and the kennels whose interest it is that representation should be made at every important bench show, the bulk of the entries came from the metropolis. This is the more noteworthy in the classes of hunting dogs, enough pointers and setters being owned in the city to supply a small army of gunners.

When the assertion is made by critics of narrow view that the desire for field sports of a legitimate sort is waning, and that the segregation of people in cities crushes out the desire for a run over the stubble in search of game, reply may be pointed at the dog show. The true sporting idea is strong in New York, and the number of fine guns owned in this city is in good proportion to the number of fine dogs, while the rush that takes place at the opening of the trout season, and the steady stream of anglers who go out from the city to the Long Island ponds, to the Pennsylvania brooks, or even to the rivers of Canada, testify that this branch of the sportsman's guild has its many votaries. The dog show goes to demonstrate in another way what the subscription books of the FOREST AND STREAM may furnish documentary evidence of—that the great cities of this country are full of men who are sportsmen in spirit, of skill in woodcraft, and able to hold their own in the field, able to cast a fly or send a long, killing shot after duck or woodcock, while to the superficial observer they are the busy men of the counting room or the shop. Bench shows may aid to swell this class by inculcating a love of the dog where it may not now exist, for it seems to us that no one could pass up and down the long aisles of the show last week and not be possessed with a desire to own one or another of the fine specimens there on exhibition.

The show had, besides, a missionary effect in another way—in teaching dog owners and dog lovers what is really good in their specialty. There are in this city to-day thousands of dogs whose only claim to an existence is that they exist, and their only salvation from the destruction of the dog pound is the fact that they have owners who have not yet been brought up to the point of noting the good from the bad in a dog way. There should be a grand clearing out of the mongrel curs that infest our streets and bring bad reputations on man's best friend by becoming man's nearest enemy. Bench shows, properly conducted, will demonstrate that there are dogs worth even the seemingly fabulous prices of the fanciers' catalogue, while there are others to whom a speedy termination of their existence would be a godsend indeed. Every properly constituted person is a natural dog lover; false teaching or erroneous early impressions may leave, through life, antipathies to the animal, but these cases are rare and abnormal. While this fact of a general love between dog and man holds, it does not follow that the ability to distinguish the good from the bad in dogdom is equally wide. One may learn to love even a "yaller dog," but such affection is misplaced, when there is the possibility of owning animals so intelligent and so near the speaking level as were to be seen on the Madison Square Garden benches. With them we should have none of this hydrophobia excitement, which now and then sweeps over the community when some snappish Spitz or still more ignoble dog shows its bad blood by inserting its poison-laden fangs into friend and foe indifferently. The condemnation is general, while the real blame and danger is very circumscribed. We want sharp, clear and well-enforced dog laws, rooting out the sheep-killing, manger-occupying, howling brutes that are a curse alike to city and country. But we want with them a clear appreciation of the fact that a dog, *per se*, is not an animal to be hunted after or treated with neglect. "Love me love my dog" is a good motto where the dog is worth the loving, and where it is not it is pretty certain that the owner, too, lacks some lovable qualities. While every one may not own dogs, it is but just that every one should have a clear appreciation of the important place which the animal fills, and have an intelligent comprehension of his good and bad points, as shown in the various classes. This is the mission of the bench show. Field trials are well in their way, and as the necessary complement of the bench show their importance is beyond question. There is no antagonism between them, and the tests by one set of rules are to be completed by tests under the other set; but there are a hundred points of importance to be reached by a bench show which the field trial fails entirely to touch. Thousands who should become intelligent champions of the dog may be drawn to a bench show, where one may attend a dog trial in the open; hence, the importance of an earnest support of

the one class of show without making any disparagement of the other. Herein lies the mission of the Westminster Kennel Club in this city.

There are points against which criticism may fairly be launched in connection with such displays, and where the element of competition is brought so prominently forward there are always certain to be heart burnings, deep and many, where there are forty eager and expectant owners, each seeing all perfection in his particular favorite, and only one blue ribbon to be awarded. The past show has, however, been fairly above the suspicion of a grumble on this ground. No one doubts but that the judging was fearlessly, ably and impartially conducted; each dog got his due, or very nearly it, and while the blue ribbon dog may not have been, in each class, a perfect model of that particular breed, still, in that particular collection of dogs brought before the judge there is no room to doubt that it was the best. There are differences in the classes of dogs shown, and there is yet much to be done in developing a higher standard and a nearer approach to the model dog in many of the classes. Still, this remark does not apply to the most important class of the show, if it is proper to place the setters in that position, and the judges who came over and so kindly gave New York and the Westminster Kennel Club the benefit of their experience and special knowledge, were indeed within bounds when they used such adjectives as "superb," "grand," and "magnificent," in speaking of the pointer and setter classes. The club has done good service at home, and it has done more; this show just closed is bound to produce good results abroad. We have secured the best that English kennels can furnish; and soon our Parole exploits on the turf will be followed by equally signal victories on the bench and in the field trial. There are many to-day who would not exchange their American breech-loader for any of the vaunted English makes of guns, and to-day any one in search of a fine sporting dog need look no further than the advertising columns of the FOREST AND STREAM to find the proper place to buy. He will secure the very best by staying on this side the ocean, and there never yet, at any bench show, was collected a finer lot of animals; and the quality of the late show may best be judged when the numbers in each class are taken into account.

LESSONS FROM ANOTHER LOG.—As will be seen from our special correspondence from the Pacific, yachting on the Western shores has taken a boom. This is due in no small measure to the untiring energy and zeal displayed by the officers of the San Francisco Yacht Club. The stuff they are made of appears from the following extract from their gallant Commodore's annual report, and we only regret that want of space prevents our printing his remarks in full:—

"I point to our fleet of yachts with pride, for although inferior in number to some of the Eastern clubs, it will compare with them very favorably in all that pertains to seamanship, outfit, maintenance, comfort, sea-going qualities and speed; and it is with pleasure that I congratulate you upon the marked improvement in the style and manner in which your yachts are now kept. . . . Your Commodore certainly set you a good example last year, for out of 193 days that the *Etoile* was in commission she was cruising 104 days, and I sincerely hope to be able to do quite as well this season. . . ."

Eastern men who keep their yachts rotting at their moorings seven days a week can well follow the example of the *Etoile*, and if the "fixtures" of some of our clubs exhibited the spirit shown on the Pacific the senseless cry about handicapping to bring enough yachts to the line to make up a race would never have originated. What our large clubs need is to take a lesson from the smaller ones, to wake up from their somnolent slough, and to put a little more life into club existence. We have taken several wrinkles already from the Pacific; we have learned from them to offer prizes for seamanship, and we have learned that the yawl is well adapted for our waters, and we can learn from them just a little more—how to arrange a series of matches and cruises that will keep the club alive and before the public and themselves a little oftener than one solitary, broiling-hot day in June, coupled with a lazy drift and a paucity of entries, and perhaps a noisy "excursion" down a mill-pond in mid-summer—the same stale old "programme" without one lot of progress or development since the days of the last generation. Have our great clubs no leaders who can see deeper into the sport than the bottom of a wine glass? Why do they not speak out; why let a club drift to leeward like a crab when slight effort on their part can readily overcome the drag of the lubber element ever present in a country where the sport is new?

THE TEAM TO IRELAND.—The exchanges from Ireland and England come laden with notes of the preparation and hospitality which the hosts on the other side are preparing for our team. Major Leech is actively at work gathering together his team, in a rather miscellaneous way, to be sure, but one which in the Major's hands seems to be as effective as any other. There is a call for a rush to practice, and while not much of team system

may be expected among the Irish riflemen, our representatives may be pretty certain of meeting a squad of the best individual shots of Ireland. The visit is attracting attention in England as well, and the *Volunteer Service Gazette*, the best authority on matters connected with the rifle in the Kingdom, has the following very sensible suggestions about a struggle at Wimbledon after the Irish match has been won or lost. It may be well to promise, before quoting the words of our esteemed contemporary, that the American Team go from these shores to shoot a match with Ireland, and that upon the completion of that match the team will be disbanded by Col. Bodine, its Captain. All of its members will no doubt run down to London and be present at the Wimbledon meeting in July. Whether they will organize as a team of American gentlemen and shoot an unofficial contest is a matter in their own hands, and no doubt they will be more than willing to do so, and then the kindly suggestions of the *Gazette* may be put into practical form. The authority above mentioned says in the issue of May 1st:—

"It will be five years next July since a team of small-bore riflemen from the United States, after giving a no less famous Irish team a sound beating on the latter's own ground came to Wimbledon for the first and only time. The American gentlemen were, of course, most welcome, and made themselves eminently popular during their short stay among us. But it cannot be denied that they did not find what they might fairly have expected to find, whether they chose or not to avail themselves of them—viz., facilities for pitting themselves, as a team, against a first-rate British or United Kingdom team. The fact was, as we remarked at the time, that everybody thought that somebody else would take the matter in hand, and that ultimately there were no arrangements made at all for making a match which would have been worthy of our visitors and of ourselves. When the Americans did come, indeed, or were just coming, all sorts of plans were proposed in haste, for there was assuredly no want of good will. But none of these proved feasible, and in the end the visitors went away having shown us, indeed, what admirable shots they were individually, but without our having had the opportunity of seeing them to the greatest advantage—viz., when working together as a team.

"A letter of Major Leech informs us that a team of the long-range riflemen of the United States is expected to land in Ireland next month, there to shoot a match with an Irish team under the Major's captainship. The latter has already taken steps to organize a body of his countrymen who will be worthy of their opponents; and we quite agree in thinking that the name of Major Leech is a sufficient guarantee that all the arrangements will be successfully carried out, and that an opportunity is given to Ireland of showing that gratitude which she undoubtedly feels sincerely and widely. We may be quite sure that for many reasons the American team will have as they have had before, a most enthusiastic welcome from their Irish friends, and the fairest of fields wherein to gain a victory or sustain a defeat. The visit will undoubtedly be a very pleasant one to the hosts, and we may hope that it will be no less pleasant to the guests. But our business on this side of the Channel is to endeavor at once to induce the American riflemen to give us, after their Irish visit, a turn at Wimbledon in July. And we cannot, we say frankly, hope to do this unless the Council of the National Rifle Association take the matter at once in hand, and make arrangements for a match at long ranges between the Americans and the very best team we can get together here. It is of course not certain that an invitation to such a match at Wimbledon would be accepted; but it certainly ought to be given, and warmly pressed upon the Americans and their countrymen. Such a match should, if possible, not be a mere replica of the Elcho competition or of the Irish match. And it seems to us that we cannot ask the Americans to compete at the Meeting of the National Rifle Association of the United Kingdom except against a team composed of the very best men that can be got together from the parts of the Kingdom, whether they happen to be Englishmen, Irishmen, or Scotchmen. The details of the invitation or challenge may well be left for further consideration; but the general composition of our team is not, we submit, a matter of detail at all. The Council of the National Rifle Association have always asserted that they represent not England, or Ireland, or Scotland alone, but the whole Kingdom, and they cannot, either consistently or with due respect for the undoubted prowess of the visitors, ask them to fight against any but the very best opponents which the whole of the United Kingdom can show. A challenge to such a contest against such opponents would, we are sure, be readily accepted if it should be at all consistent with the previous arrangements of the American team. Certainly it ought to be proffered at the earliest possible moment; and no persons should be spared to make the match one of the most important events of the Wimbledon Meeting of 1880.

"We do feel, we must say, and have always felt, that the American team, no doubt, as we have pointed out above, from unavoidable causes, were not treated in 1875 quite as they ought to have been treated. They saw that there were difficulties, and showed the most genial courtesy in accepting our excuses. This year we have an excellent opportunity of making amends for what unfortunately happened in 1875. We are quite sure that this opportunity will not be lost, and that we shall show the American team at Wimbledon next July, that though we cannot hope to vie with the splendid hospitality with which they invariably receive our riflemen on their own shores, we can at least give them a hearty welcome, and can muster opponents who will be not unworthy of their steel."

—We have received from the *San Francisco Bulletin Co.* a copy of the handsome chromo of the famous St. Julien. The picture is an admirable specimen of horse portraiture. It does great credit to the publishers.

GAME PROTECTION.

DR. JOHN P. ORDWAY.—*Boston, May 15th.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—In accordance with a vote passed at a meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, which was held on the 12th inst., I beg to inclose herewith a copy of the resolutions which were adopted at said meeting on the death of ex-President Dr. John P. Ordway. E. S. THOMAS, JR., Secretary.

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. John P. Ordway the society has lost a man of independent thought who always acted in accordance with his conviction and sentiment of right.

Resolved, That his manly and outspoken utterances of what he firmly believed to be for the best interests of man made him a desirable co-worker and a reliable friend.

Resolved, That his opinions were valuable and influential, being always based upon an intelligent consideration of the subject upon which they were expressed.

Resolved, That this Association regards him with grateful memory as the founder of the principles upon which this organization is based, and in no small degree do we regard his indefatigable labor as the cause of our prosperity and success.

Resolved, That a photograph or other likeness of Dr. John P. Ordway be procured and placed upon the walls of the audience room of this Association as a tribute to the memory of the founder of this Association and its first President.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed upon the records, and that the Secretary be instructed to forward a copy to the family of our deceased associate.

DAN'L NEEDHAM,
H. H. KIMBALL,
Committee.

VIRGINIA.—*Richmond, May 15th.*—The annual meeting of the Fish and Game Association was held yesterday evening. The following officers were elected: President, Charles T. Palmer; Vice-President, Dr. O. A. Crenshaw; Secretary, E. H. Fisher; Treasurer, John Ott; Executive Committee, Moses Ellyson, Philip Haxall, W. Russell Robinson, A. L. Holladay, and W. G. Miller. A resolution was adopted calling on the minor organization to contribute to a fund for the purchase of a digest of the fish and game laws throughout the Commonwealth.

[From a Western Correspondent.]

OUR SPECIAL LETTER.

DENVER, COL., May 14th.

NOTHING could better illustrate the truth that all things are relative, than for a New Yorker to hear Chicago spoken of as the East. Should he come to Denver that is what he will hear. No New York newspaper finds its way here regularly but the *Herald*. Chicago papers arrive three days after publication, and as far as news-dealing is concerned, that city is to Denver an eastern outpost. The papers published there are regarded here as the New York dailies are regarded in Western New York. Everything east of Chicago is, so to speak, in the wilds, and the New York news sounds to us here as the Rocky Mountain intelligence strikes the inhabitant of Gotham. It seems very distant and faint.

The change is rather pleasant than otherwise, and is probably wholesome. It is so complete that the novelty is rather refreshing and invigorating. It is not, in this respect, so very different from a trip to a foreign land. All the elements of distance, change in scenery, difference in town aspects and in manners of the people, are here, inasmuch that one is rather startled to hear the people speaking the same English that is heard on the Atlantic coast. The traveler to the West, therefore—to the "far West"—can look for something of the change and diversion that he gets by going to Europe. Nor is the sensation which the man feels when he is about starting for these regions altogether different from that which he has on embarking for the old country. There is the same extent of preparation, the same close attention to the provision of proper wraps, and of the hundred little things which have to be thought of for a long journey. There is the same engagement of a berth in advance, and when one gets settled and his hand luggage stowed in the sleeping car section, the frame of mind is strikingly like that which comes when the steamship traveler finds himself first in his stateroom. In fact, the likeness between the sleeping car and steamship traveling is maintained throughout the journey. The porter is the steward, and it is only fair to say right here that as an attendant he far outdoes the average steward of the sea. Indeed, the African as a servant is seen to about as great an advantage and as near perfection in a Pullman sleeper as anywhere in the world. Here he combines the activity and thoughtfulness and training of the French waiter, the steadiness and intelligence of the American and the imitatively gratifying servility and deference of the best of the African domestics. I could not help wondering how so uniformly good a selection of servants could have been made, and I do not yet understand how so much discipline can be maintained among them, removed as they are from supervision continually during their service. Of course, it is due to the judgment and desire to please and attention to business of the managers, but it is surprising that there is not a mistake made once in a while. When to the sleeping car we add the hotel car accommodations for traveling, nothing more can be asked for. There is the whitest of linen, waiters of the best, in religiously clean, white jackets, attention to your wants

that is both full and rapid, and a breakfast that makes one think involuntarily, and without the slightest exaggeration, that one is eating at Delmonico's or the Brunswick, and at rather less than the prices at those places. In fact, as to price, the traveler could probably not live much, if any cheaper, if, in a fit of economy, he were to take his long lunch with him. And at all times he has his option between the neat, inviting table, with its delicate French cooking, that is spread before him as he looks over the morning paper, and the regular wayside eating house (which should shame many of their like in the East), at which a good twenty-five minutes is given three daily for obtaining refreshments.

I find I have unconsciously taken up a good deal of space in advertising to the incidents of getting out to the Rocky Mountains. But the remembrance of the comforts I had in traveling hither, coming, as I did, by good fortune, over a line with which there was no fault to be found, and for whose excellence of accommodations I was, in my ignorance, unprepared, my lively remembrance of those comforts, I say, has led me to talk about them in this letter at the expense of other matters. However, I will try to give attention to some other subjects in other communications, which I hope to be able to send you. Still, it is not amiss for any one who is going to come out here to try his rifle or rod, to know a good way of getting here; and to any such I would say that they probably cannot do better than by taking the route I did, which was via Pennsylvania Central and Pittsburg and Fort Wayne to Chicago, thence by Chicago and Northwestern to Omaha (or rather Council Bluffs), and thence through by the Union Pacific. LEX.

Game Bag and Gun.

MAY IS A CLOSE MONTH FOR GAME.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may desire of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

ANOTHER CAMP BED.

FROM four years' experience of actual life in camp, through summer heat and winter cold, in fields, swamp and forest, I know there can be no real labor accomplished, or enjoyment had, without a good night's rest. I will, therefore, for the benefit of my fellow sportsmen, describe a bed that never failed me, one that nightly contributed to my physical strength and comfort, thereby strengthening my pillow with pleasant dreams of home and absent wife and child; a camp bed that to this day holds a place in my memory that time can never erase. First, a full-width gum blanket; second, a mattress made after the pattern of a comfort; material—bed-ticking and cotton batting; length to suit the person; width, 26 inches. The batting to be spread over one-half of the ticking to the thickness of two inches, then cover it with the other half of the ticking, sewing up sides and ends, and tacking through and through with twine in four inch squares. This mattress is to be laid on the right hand side of the gum blanket. Third, a gum pillow, that can be expanded or emptied at pleasure. Fourth, a heavy gray blanket, army pattern. This is spread on the mattress, and the left hand half of the gum blanket. Now you may undress, if you wish, lie down, covering first with the woolen, then with the gum blanket, tucking the latter under the mattress. Let it cover your head if it rains, and, my word for it, you will enjoy a sweet, refreshing slumber. If you have no tent or shelter, and it threatens rain or snow, tuck your knife and cut a small ditch two inches deep, V-shaped, round the edges of the mattress, giving it a free descent. With these precautions you have nothing to fear; you will be warm and dry, and the sleep will be the sweeter, lulled to rest by the patter of rain.

When you rise, spread the blankets as they were while you slept, empty your pillow, and roll close and tight from the head, and at the foot you will find the two leather straps ready to bind the bundle, which will be compact, convenient for transportation under your arm or behind your saddle, ready for use on any kind of ground at the end of a day's march or sport.

Cape Girardeau, Mo.

CAPE ROCK.

VERMONT.—*Ferrisburg, May 8th.*—There is no spring shooting worth reporting here. There should be no spring duck shooting in our waters, for it never amounts to much, and drives away wood and dusky ducks that would otherwise breed here. It is strange that we have no spring snipe. I never saw half a dozen here in one spring; yet in favorable falls our marshes are sometimes swarming with them.

MASSACHUSETTS.—*Dana, May 14th.*—Mr. William B. Lincoln recently caught in a trap an eagle which measured six feet and eleven inches from tip to tip of wings.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN BEAR HUNTING.—*Philadelpia, May 14th.*—I have read or heard that there were a large number of bears in the Catskills this season. Can you give any information on the subject as to the probability of "bar" being in sufficient numbers to be found, and where to put up, etc. C. D.

There are bears in the Catskills. We have seen them there, but we know of no spot where a man would be sure of finding them. Possibly our correspondent may secure the desired information by writing to Mr. Schutt, at the Catskill Falls. Address Catskill, N. Y.

SNIPES ON LONG ISLAND.—Letter just received from my old friend and guide, Carman Cornelius, at Seaford, L. I., states that snipe shooting is good at South Oyster Bay. To all lovers of the sport I say go, and go with Carman. No better man at the business. Can be reached by S. S. L. R. of L. I. Stop at Vandewater's; they will take care of you. EZEYKILL.

NEW JERSEY.—New York, May 11th.—I have just returned from Ocean County, N. J. Wilson's snipe have been quite plenty of late; but they being flight birds, they did not stay long. The bay birds are commencing to come, and the prospects are that there will be plenty of shooting this week and the next. The warm night we had on Saturday foretold a longer stay. The snipes we had in New Jersey did not harm the birds in the least in Ocean County, as the fires were ten to fifteen miles distant from the shooting grounds. J. A. D.

SNIPES SHOOTING AT BARNEGAT.—We took the New Jersey Southern on Monday the 10th inst., bound for Forked River to try our luck at the snipe. After a trip of three hours we arrived at our station, and were met by our most genial host, ex-sheriff Parker, and by the way, who has not heard of the good sheriff, who keeps really a sportsman's retreat of the first order, leaving nothing unmade to make it pleasant and comfortable for his guests? A wish is not made known but it is immediately attended to. Long life to the sheriff. May his eyes not grow dim, and his hair grow gray. After partaking of a hearty supper we met our old friend and prince of laymen, Capt. Firman Matthews, who was to go with us for the trip, and who had all things in readiness.

After a good night's rest we arose on Tuesday at 4 A.M., arriving at our grounds about 8.30 A.M. The weather was all that one could desire for snipe. We could now hear the yellow legs whistling all around. Soon our snipe were seen and birds rose and were ready.

"Hark! I hear them," says the Captain. Down we both are. In they come; four in a bunch, surging to the stool. Up raises Ezezykill, and down fall four nice birds. Parker 10 bore and No. 10 shot.

"Down!" says Captain; "here comes a flock of do-witches." In they come, ten of them. Two shots, and we pick up seven nice birds; and so we go for about two hours, and bag twenty-two fine birds.

In the night the wind shifted to the northwest, and commenced to blow. However, off we started in the morning, and succeeded in bagging nine on this day. The wind kept on increasing, until on Thursday it blew a gale, but with all the drawbacks we killed six on this day. It was cold and rough in the night; the wind shifted to the northeast and blew hard and cold, and not a bird to be seen or heard anywhere. So we concluded to return to headquarters—the sheriff's.

An old sheldrake is a bird which is condemned for its rank, fishy taste. The Captain killed one with a 10 bore Parker with No. 10 shot fully 40 yards off, and we concluded to try the experiment of cooking him after a peculiar fashion. I took his skin off, and all the fat that was on the body, and proceeded to cook him, and the result was that not a particle of fishy smell was noticed while the bird was cooking, nor when eaten was there any of that strong and disagreeable taste any more than there would be in the finest red-head you ever tasted.

After a hearty repast at the Parker House we retired for the night, and started for home on the 9 A.M. train, after a most enjoyable trip, and had the weather permitted it would have been a very successful one. EZEYKILL.

TWO SNIPES AT ONE SHOT.—Portland, May 10th.—Your exact and careful correspondent, "A. C. L." writes in your issue of May 6th of shooting two snipe at one shot, and adds that he never heard of this being done before in the East. To bag a brace of these wily birds at a shot when one does miss such an incomprehensible number of snipes on a single shot is a lucky fluke, and rare enough to send a thrill of exaltation through the warbler frame of the far tramp over marsh and moor; still, such good luck is not altogether unheard of even in the East.

On October 8th, 1877, a friend and I were beating up a marshy alder run. My friend, with his knickerbockers on, was bravely plunging through the swamp with the dogs while I leisurely watched outside. Soon a snipe started up out of the alder tops some thirty yards away. As I drew on him another squeaked up into range fifteen yards nearer, and I dropped both at one shot.

"Mon Dieu, what luck?" cried my comrade from the alders. This was a fluke pure and simple. But a few days after that, when out alone, my setter came to a most decided point in a tussocky field. Walking up to him three snipe flipped over two low away, quivering to the right, keeping in exact range from me in the most obliging and unselfish manner. As my gun swung up to my eye I saw them skimming along over the ground like a matched span of swallows. I pulled on them; their heads dropped and they fell together stone dead, still keeping in exact range. Turning I bowled over the first snipe, and my wile, looking to windward and almost out of range, with my left hand.

This was not a fluke, but deliberately shooting three snipes in two shots, right and left. The two snipe killed at one shot lay just three yards from each other.

MARSTLAND.

The editor of the *German-tonen* (Pa.) *Telegraph*, says: "A correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, writing from Norwich, N. Y., brags of having killed two English snipe at one shot. Of course they happened to be crossing the space between two alders, who were near such of the readers of the *Telegraph* as are acquainted with the ground, say when we tell them that the writer of these lines killed two English snipe in what is known here in Germantown as Coulter's meadow, with right and left barrel, at one flight. This was forty years ago. There is still some swampy ground there, created by a neglected spring, and not infrequently a snipe is bagged there. Occasionally a rail-bird is shot, but we never had the pleasure formerly of seeing one."

"A. C. S." Norwich, N. Y., records an instance of killing two snipe at one shot, and states that he never saw this done before. In February, 1875, it was done at Colfax, La., three times in one day—twice by myself and once by my companion, a native Louisianian, who was receiving instruction in wing shooting. The birds were,

however, in great abundance. On the day referred to, I killed thirty-six between breakfast and noon, and thirty-nine between 1 P.M. and 6 P.M. I never before or since saw so many snipe, *i. e.*, Wilson's snipe, in one place. I was not out of sight of the camp during the day. They must have been migrating, as very few were to be found the next day. T. H. GROVES.

TEXAS NOTES.—Palestine, Texas, May 13th.—The Jackstone Gun Club, of Dallas, is making preparations for the State Sportsmen's Tournament, which opens at the above city on the 17th inst. A greater number of people will witness the contests than at any previous tournament, and extensive arrangements are being made for reception and entertainment of visitors. Arrangements have already been made for ample supply of wild pigeons. Nearly every club in the State have signified their intention of either sending delegates, or attending *en masse*. The outlook is very satisfactory to the boys. The attendance from Palestine will be scattering, but we will send some good men to the field. Six coops of wild pigeons from Michigan, intended for the use of the Houston Gun Club, and four coops of the Worth Club, passed to their destination last week, from which we may infer that the boys intend to get their hand in. The Palestine Glass-Ball Club, organized last year, in deference to the prevailing "boom," proved short lived, as no attempt has been made toward reorganization this season.

The quail are rather more plenty this than last year, owing to the comparatively dry fall and winter; but the early and continued spring rains have prevented their nesting. I went out the other morning with a young dog to see what he was made of, and found two heaves. They were rather inclined to be trod on, rather than get up.

Fishing runs about as ever. Small black bass and perch in the creeks, larger ditto in the rivers and lakes, with numerous Buffalo fish to give you a heavy pull, and finally disgust you with their coarseness and lack of flavor. At Galveston, of course, the finest of sea fishing is to be had at all times. L'ECLAIRE.

WISCONSIN.—La Crosse, May 13th.—The Gateway City Shooting Club held their annual meeting at the office of the secretary, Mr. C. C. C. Tuesday evening, May 12th, for the election of officers for the present year, resulted as follows: President, Harry E. West; Vice-President, C. F. Huntsman; Secretary, Carl Norbeck; Treasurer, Fred Bagley; Executive Committee, H. E. West, C. F. Huntsman and John McMillan. A committee was appointed to secure suitable grounds for permanent use, probably on the banks of the La Crosse River.

PENNSYLVANIA SQUIRREL SHOOTING.—New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa., April 21st.—Sportsmen here confidently expect more game the coming season than was to be found last. The open, mild winter just passed enabled small game to live through it with ease; the mast being heavy last fall, food was not scarce, and the absence of deep snows and continued cold seasons, turkeys, quail, etc., opportunity to hunt feed all along. Then again, the foxes have been hunted off pretty close, so that game birds were not slaughtered as they are some seasons by that thieving nuisance. Two parties in this town, who hunt foxes in partnership, got away with twelve red-ears this winter. The county pays a bounty of \$1 for every fox killed, and the skins are disposed of to men who travel through the county, the skins of all kinds for \$1.50 each. The county treasurer of Perry last year paid out nearly \$300 for fox orders, thus showing that Reynard is not on the decrease, as are squirrels, pheasants and other game here. Farmers and woodsmen say they see not a few wild turkeys in the old and unfrequented fields that last fall contained buckwheat or rye, picking up food. If there does not come a spell of cold, freezing weather to destroy the eggs, they are now laying or soon will be. There will be a pretty fair crop of turkeys for next fall's shooting. The small birds we call partridges are nearly extinct in this section, and for what reason I am unable to say, unless that crime is also to be laid at the door of the meek and gentle Reynard. "An honest fox must live, you know," Gray squirrels, once so plenty, are now only to be found in certain localities, and there only at certain times. The way to get them, here, is to go where hickory trees are when the nuts are about large enough to please a squirrel, early in the morning, just about daybreak. If they are working on the nuts you will see the cuttings under the trees. Keep still till you hear a nut drop, then examine the tree closely where it came from, and you will often find a squirrel there. If he sees you, he makes a straight coat-tail for his nest in a hollow oak tree not far distant. Then is your time, if you want the squirrel, for if you let him get in the hollow tree you won't see him soon again. To hunt squirrels in this manner one should make as little noise as possible and leave his dog at home. Dogs are only of service when late in the fall the squirrels come down on the ground to gather up the nuts that are lying there, then the dog takes the scent and shows the hunter what tree they are on.

The pheasants are killed here by those who are not wing-shots in a manner that would not be approved of by the fraternity. Hunters conceal themselves under grapevines where the birds are known to feed, and shoot them as they come on in the evening to feed. They have their regular feeding places, and these feeding places are very often the scene of their departure from this world. To the country boy who is just old enough to carry an old-fashioned musket this is the prevalent mode of killing pheasants.

No wild pigeons have put in an appearance this spring. None were here last fall. They seem to have slighted this section altogether. They used to be plenty here. There is only one good trout stream in Perry County. It is in the remote western end of the county, and hard to get at, consequently it is fished by only a few anglers. Mill-creeks, several miles long, are the only fish streams in the arena, and in some places tanneries emptying tanjuice into the waters, have used up the trout in streams where once they disported innumerable. WAYNE.

WILD PIGEONS.—The following description by a western writer supplements the recent communication on the subject in our columns:—

Something more than four weeks ago the biennial flight of pigeons to the woods of Northern Michigan, for which the hunters had long been watching, commenced. These

birds on their journeyings from the South to the far North stop every two years for two or three nestings in Michigan, usually coming in immense numbers. On the alternate years, when beech-nuts are not abundant in this State, they take some other course in their northward flight. Formerly, their first nesting was in Allegan or Ottawa County. Of late they have generally settled first in Saginaw, Oceana county, and later in the season in Benzie and Benzie counties. Two years ago they stopped both Oceana and Benzie counties and nested in Emmet near Petoskey, but they soon discovered that they had been fooled by the warm weather further South. The weather about Petoskey was still cold, the bay was frozen over, the snow was deep in the woods, the prospect for good feeding was bad, and after a day or two of apparent irresolution and many erratic flights, the birds, as if by common consent, took their course to the neighborhood of Platte River, in Benzie County. As a local publication stated at the time, "they came in clouds, millions upon millions. It seemed as if the entire world of pigeons was concentrating at this point. The air was full of them and the sun was shut out of sight, and still they came, millions upon millions more." They spread over an area of more than fifteen miles in length and six to eight miles wide, and were the prospect for a nesting of this magnitude was the most extensive ever known in the State. The news speedily reached all parts of the State, and it is said that in a fortnight's time 3,000 hunters—professionals, amateurs, green horns—had invaded the country from all directions, surrounding and penetrating the nesting grounds.

It was noticed, however, by old hunters that the birds did not settle down to nesting life as quickly as usual. The roosting birds—that is those that have not yet mated—outnumbered the nesting birds a hundred to one. Some of the more zealous and inconsiderate sportsmen entered the nesting woods and commenced popping away at the nests themselves, a snow-storm followed, high winds prevailed, and many of the roosting birds, disgusted, postponed their anticipated housekeeping and scattered. The nesting consequently falls far short of magnitude of what was at first expected, though still large in area and containing millions of birds. It scattered along the banks of the Platte River, in the townships of Almina, Zealand and Homestead. The distance from one end to the other is over ten miles, and the width varies from a few rods to three or four miles. There are, however, numerous long distances between the two extremes where no nests are to be found, and the birds have occasionally changed their ground, so that many of the hunters themselves are very uncertain as to the exact whereabouts of the birds at the present time. In the nests first made, the young are about ready to fly, and have been abandoned by the old birds, and in some places, owing to the winds and the constant shooting, the nests have been deserted before any birds were hatched.

One nesting is about the same as another, and the first nesting is the one to which the million attend in the country. When these migratory birds have mated, decided where to settle and have staked out their claim, they proceed at once to construct about the lightest nests that will hold an egg and a bird. "Three sticks and a feather" constitute about the material, according to a recent visitor here. The feather is often wanting, but a few more sticks are generally added. The nest is placed in the fork of a tree, on a tree, or a forked branch, or anywhere else in the tree where suitable support can be found. Cedar trees along the river bottom seem to be preferred, but when the nestings are large, beech and other trees are occupied. From half a dozen to fifty or sixty nests are built in a tree, and only one egg is laid in each nest.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION PRIZES.

Following is the programme and prize list of the Annual Convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game at Seneca Falls, beginning May 24th.

In accordance with the usual custom the Secretary will issue to members of clubs only, upon payment of \$5 entrance fee, and \$2.50 for two birds, a ticket bearing number of the number of shooting, and a receipt. Before shooting off ties members must pay for five birds, and their tickets will be punched. Shooters who drop out of ties will be entitled to rebate. All the contests for prizes during the convention are open to members of the Association only, and will be conducted under the rules of the Association:—

TUESDAY, MAY 25TH.

CONTEST NO. 1.—At 8 o'clock A.M. sharp; class double; ten single birds; entrance fee \$5.

First Prize—A very fine Damascus steel double-barrel breech-loading shot gun; Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., value \$225.

Second Prize—A handsome eight-shot Bannock gun, elegantly mounted, with reel to match; A. H. Fowler, Ithaca, N. Y.; value \$120.

Third Prize—A set of "Game Fishes of the United States" in ten parts; Cass Scribner & Sons, New York; \$50. Value \$115.

Fourth Prize—An Italian-made single-barrel gun, Geo. Z. Bacon, Rochester, N. Y.; value \$30; four quarter-kegs, 6 pounds each, once ducking powder; Labin & Iand Powder Co., New York; value \$10.

Fifth Prize—Twenty-four one-pound cans Dittmar powder; Dittmar Powder Co. value \$30; a water-proof shooting coat; Wm. C. Fowler, Ithaca, N. Y.; value \$10; 200 cigars; G. W. Van Slyke & Co., Albany; value \$10. Value \$17.

CONTEST NO. 2.—At 2 o'clock P.M.; class single; ten single birds. Entrance fee, \$5. Gold, silver and bronze medals.

First Prize—Handsome gold badge; Lo Roy Shot and Lead Co., New York; value \$10.

Second Prize—Five hundred cigars; J. W. Conighy & Son, Cigarville, N. Y.; value \$35; corduroy hunting suit, made to order for winner; M. Toulman & Co., Seneca Falls; value \$50; a set of three game traps; A. H. Rogers, Chicago, Ill.; value \$15. Value \$55.

Third Prize—Twenty-four one-pound cans Dittmar powder; Dittmar Powder Co., New York; value \$30; a water-proof shooting coat; Wm. C. Fowler, Ithaca, N. Y.; value \$10; 200 cigars; G. W. Van Slyke & Co., Albany; value \$10. Value \$17.

CONTEST NO. 3.—At 5 o'clock A.M. Fifteen single rises; class shot; entrance fee \$5.

First Prize—An elegant "hammerless" breech-loading shot gun; W. H. Gifford, England, through Henry C. Squire, agent, New York; value \$30.

Second Prize—Two very handsome, richly cut decanters, made in England; the Cornhill Store, 1415 Broadway, New York; value \$50. Purchase of 250 gold; Rochester Brewing Co., Rochester, N. Y. (one hundred and fifty pounds) shot; Tatum & Sons, New York; value \$25.

Third Prize—One "Challenge" scroll saw, complete, nickel plated and finely finished; the Seneca Manufacturing Co., Seneca Falls; value \$25; a set of three game traps; A. H. Rogers, Chicago, Ill.; value \$15. Value \$35.

Fourth Prize—Twenty-four one-pound cans Dittmar powder; Dittmar Powder Co., New York; value \$30; a water-proof shooting coat; Wm. C. Fowler, Ithaca, N. Y.; value \$10; 200 cigars; G. W. Van Slyke & Co., Albany; value \$10. Value \$17.

CONTEST NO. 4.—At 8 o'clock A.M. Fifteen single rises; class shot; entrance fee \$5.

First Prize—An elegant "hammerless" breech-loading shot gun; W. H. Gifford, England, through Henry C. Squire, agent, New York; value \$30.

Second Prize—Two very handsome, richly cut decanters, made in England; the Cornhill Store, 1415 Broadway, New York; value \$50. Purchase of 250 gold; Rochester Brewing Co., Rochester, N. Y. (one hundred and fifty pounds) shot; Tatum & Sons, New York; value \$25.

Third Prize—One "Challenge" scroll saw, complete, nickel plated and finely finished; the Seneca Manufacturing Co., Seneca Falls; value \$25; a set of three game traps; A. H. Rogers, Chicago, Ill.; value \$15. Value \$35.

Fourth Prize—Twenty-four one-pound cans Dittmar powder; Dittmar Powder Co., New York; value \$30; a water-proof shooting coat; Wm. C. Fowler, Ithaca, N. Y.; value \$10; 200 cigars; G. W. Van Slyke & Co., Albany; value \$10. Value \$17.

CONTEST NO. 5.—At 8 o'clock A.M. Fifteen single rises; class shot; entrance fee \$5.

First Prize—An elegant "hammerless" breech-loading shot gun; W. H. Gifford, England, through Henry C. Squire, agent, New York; value \$30.

Second Prize—Two very handsome, richly cut decanters, made in England; the Cornhill Store, 1415 Broadway, New York; value \$50. Purchase of 250 gold; Rochester Brewing Co., Rochester, N. Y. (one hundred and fifty pounds) shot; Tatum & Sons, New York; value \$25.

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Fourth Prize—Twenty-four one-pound cans Dittmar powder; Dittmar Powder Co., New York; value \$30; a water-proof shooting coat; Wm. C. Fowler, Ithaca, N. Y.; value \$10; 200 cigars; G. W. Van Slyke & Co., Albany; value \$10. Value \$17.

CONTEST NO. 6.—At 8 o'clock A.M. Fifteen single rises; class shot; entrance fee \$5.

First Prize—An elegant "hammerless" breech-loading shot gun; W. H. Gifford, England, through Henry C. Squire, agent, New York; value \$30.

Second Prize—Two very handsome, richly cut decanters, made in England; the Cornhill Store, 1415 Broadway, New York; value \$50. Purchase of 250 gold; Rochester Brewing Co., Rochester, N. Y. (one hundred and fifty pounds) shot; Tatum & Sons, New York; value \$25.

Third Prize—One "Challenge" scroll saw, complete, nickel plated and finely finished; the Seneca Manufacturing Co., Seneca Falls; value \$25; a set of three game traps; A. H. Rogers, Chicago, Ill.; value \$15. Value \$35.

Fourth Prize—Twenty-four one-pound cans Dittmar powder; Dittmar Powder Co., New York; value \$30; a water-proof shooting coat; Wm. C. Fowler, Ithaca, N. Y.; value \$10; 200 cigars; G. W. Van Slyke & Co., Albany; value \$10. Value \$17.

F.—For the best English setter dog, native or imported (to be competed for by the V. H. C. winners), one rich out and engraved monogram set, thirteen pieces, with party's name engraved on each, value \$25, presented by George C. Sterling, Esq. Winner: Mr. Joseph Rosendine's Baltimore, Md. Royal Carle, presented by Messrs. John & James Dobson, New York, value \$50. There were two competitors, namely: Mr. A. H. Moore's Philadelphia, Duke of Beaufort, Frederick, Count Dan, Luna May, Sam, O'Gowrie, Ruth; D. T. Charles, Albany, N. Y. Nina, Ross, Sam, Wellington, Cricket. Mr. Charles was awarded the prize.

G.—A club medal will be given for the best black setter dog; also for the best black setter bitch. Winners: For dog, Mr. Arthur Duane's, Bergen Point, N. J., Chance. For bitch, Mr. T. M. Aldrich's, Providence, R. I., Sam.

H.—A club medal will be given for the best colley bitch, providing a bitch does not take the prize in the regular classes. Winner: Dr. J. W. Downey's, New Market, Md., Lassie.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF SIR Wm. VERNER'S DOGS.—Three excellent likenesses of the famous winners Tarquin, Superbus and Donald, have just been sent to us by Mr. Luthers, who had them in charge at the show. Mora is the artist; and he has, in his new departure, done the champion justice.

PHOTOGRAPH OF RAY.—Mr. Henry W. Livingston, of 133 West Forty-second street, this city, has kindly sent us a photograph of his champion English setter dog Ray. The picture is a good one, as pictures of this kind go. It was taken by Pach, Broadway above Thirteenth street.

ENGLISH KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS.—The report of the National Spring Meeting, held on April 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, has been unavoidably crowded out of the last two issues, on account of the unusually full and complete description of the New York Bench Show.

DOGS AT AUCTION.—About sixty dogs were offered for sale at auction, on Friday last week, at the mart of Baker & Son, Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, in this city. Some of the animals present had been exhibited at the Bench Show, but the majority of them were tolerably good-looking mongrels of the non-sporting classes, below the show standards. The prices paid for those actually sold (as some lots were merely bid in) were, in most cases, low, although a few of the finer-looking animals bearing some resemblance to Llewellyn setters, Newfoundlanders, etc., brought fair prices. A few private sales were also effected.

KENNEL NOTES.

BRED.—*Jessie-Frost*—The St. Louis Kennel Club's Faust has been bred to Mr. C. O. Pettit's (Galveston, Texas), *Jessie, Duchess-Rush*.—Mr. George Van Wageningen's champion pointer *Duchess* to Mr. Edmund Orrell's champion *Rush*. *De-Young Laverack*—Mr. W. F. Steel's half Laverack setter bitch *Dil* to Mr. John C. Higgins' Young Laverack, by Blue Prince, out of Fairy. *Dil* out of Dr. Gautier's *Roby*, by his Dan and half sister to *Daisy Dean*.

SALES.—*How-Jauntly*—*Phyllis*—The St. Louis Kennel Club has sold to Mr. P. H. Ade, of this city, a dog pup out of *Jauntly*, by *How*, and a bitch of the same litter to Mr. J. W. Jackson, of Opelousas, La.

WHEELPS.—*Rose*—Mr. L. W. Sharp's (Hammonton, N. J.) *Rose, Glacé-Lark*, whelped, May 7th, five puppies—five dogs and five bitches, by *Arctus*'s *Paul*. *Pride* of the *Penobscot*—*Jauntly*—St. Louis Kennel Club's *Jauntly* has whelped nine puppies—three dogs and six bitches—by champion *Faust*. They are all liver and white.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Fralie and Fyke*—Mr. McDonald, of Rockland, Me., claims the names of *Fralie* and *Fyke* for his liver and white cocker spaniel, *Spot-Rice*. *Pride of the Penobscot*—Mr. McDonald, of Rockland, Me., claims the name of *Fralie* for the Penobscot for his lemon and white pointer bitch, by *Dash*, out of *Pride of the Beaver*. *Beauty*—Mr. M. L. Kline, of Kittingan, Pa., claims the name of *Beauty* for his liver and white cocker bitch, bred by Theo. Meyer, out of *Lou*, by Young *Shut*. *Lou* out of Mr. Hamilton Thompson's imported *Eureka*, by Mr. Bersley's imported *Nip*. Young *Shut* out of Watson's imported *Rose*, by Watson's champion *Shut*, whelped Dec. 23d, 1879.

NAME CHANGED.—*Donnybrook II*, to *Drake*—Lieut. C. M. Hockefeller, U. S. A., Fort McPherson, Neb., changes the name of his red Irish setter dog, by champion *Elcho*, out of *Lulu*, from *Donnybrook II*, to *Drake*.

PRESENTATION.—*Young Laverack*—Mr. John C. Higgins, of Delaware City, Del., was presented on Friday last by Mr. Charles H. Raymond, of this city, with the well-known setter *Young Laverack*. As this dog is the only orange and white Laverack in America, Mr. H. has received a prize worth having.

—One of the stands at the show was occupied by H. C. Glover, proprietor of the Imperial Kennel, Tom's River, N. J., who had an opportunity of introducing his excellent Mange Cure to the attention of owners of stock.—*Adv.*

For Mange, Surfeit, Scour, External Canker, Scratches and all other diseases in dogs, horses or cattle, use Glover's Imperial Mange Cure.—*Adv.*

Archery.

Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF AIMING.

MR. MAURICE THOMPSON, and his brother, Mr. Will H. Thompson, have prepared a revised and enlarged edition of their manual, "How to Train in Archery," which now forms the most complete handbook on the subject published in America. We may go farther than this, and say that for one who wishes to perfect himself in bow shooting, this book is the most concise, simple and intelligible work in this whole literature of archery. We heartily commend it to novices, amateurs and experienced marksmen. It is a text-book which no one can afford to be without. The noticeable additions to the book are the chapters on *Limbs* and *the Digest*, which must have been compiled at great labor, and of all the especially notable archery gems of English and American bowmen, from an early date to the present time. This chapter also contains a complete list of all the English National meet-

ings from 1814 to 1879, with the names of champions and their winning scores.

A portion of the chapter on Aiming we have been permitted to publish here. For the complete essay we must refer our readers to the book itself.

"Mr. Horace A. Ford, the celebrated English archer, wrote a great deal in regard to the practical parts of his favorite pastime; but his system of aiming is the only really valuable addition to archery knowledge contained in his book. For target practice at the ranges of the York Round, no improvement can ever be made to his system. It is simply perfect as a theory, and its accuracy in practice has been demonstrated, not alone by his own incomparable shooting, but also by the grand scores of Holmes, Bramhall, Spotswood and Palairist in England, and by the best archers of America.

"No archer who neglects to completely master the theory of aiming can ever pass mediocrity in the use of his tackle. Aiming is, in fact, just as indispensable to the archer as to the rifleman, and the aiming must be just as carefully and correctly done in bow shooting as in rifle shooting. Why? First: To secure a uniform method of shooting. Second: Because it is the only guide to keeping both the line and the elevation.

"The most perfect eye in archery will but reflect a moment, it cannot fail to occur to him that the one great drawback to accurate bow shooting is the seeming impossibility of getting any aim with an arrow. The first question he will ask is: 'How can I take sight?' This question is the most important one in archery, and also the most difficult to answer. However, the reader need but to give careful attention to the following pages to acquire all that can be imparted by words touching Ford's theory and practice of aiming, as we have taken it from his book, and as we have proved it at the targets with scores second only to his very best.

"The first principle of aiming is to be sure to have the arrow, in drawing, directly under the right eye and lying directly in the line of vision of that eye as it looks at the point of aim. To do this perfectly, observe the following directions:—

"I.—Take position and knock the arrow as heretofore described.

"II.—Raise the bow with the left hand, drawing back the string with the right hand as the bow is lifted.

"III.—When the left hand has reached the due elevation for the shot, take aim with the right eye (without closing the left eye) over the point of the arrow.

"IV.—The aim being thus taken, finish the draw by bringing the right hand to a point just below the chin, and there loose.

"If the above rules are strictly followed, and the arrow, from the fixing of the aim to the point of losing, has been all the time kept under the right eye, the shot will be in the direct line of the vision of that eye. The reason why it must be insisted upon that the entire length of the arrow be all the time kept exactly under the aiming eye, may be thus explained: Your aim being taken over the point of your arrow in the line in which you desire to shoot, it is plain that if the neck end of your arrow be either to the right or the left of your line of vision, your missile's flight will be at an angle to that line, and consequently will be bad. In other words your right eye looks along a straight line to your point of aim.

"This line of sight lies in the vertical plane of the trajectory of your shot. To make your arrow keep in this plane, it must be straight in this plane. To start it in this plane it must be drawn straight in this plane. To keep it in this plane it must be loosed with its entire length lying therein, which can only be when it is kept directly under the aiming eye. To physically demonstrate this important principle, suppose a string stretched straight from the eye to the point of aim. The object is to keep the flight of the arrow in the vertical plane of this supposed string, which can only be done by keeping the neck as well as the point directly in the line of the vision of the aiming eye. Hence the proper point to loose or quit the string and let go the arrow is just below the chin directly under the right eye.

"In following this practice of aiming, the upper limb of the bow must be chained to the right sufficiently to carry the bow string entirely out of the vertical plane of vision of the right eye, otherwise two troubles will arise. In the first place, the string will be between the eye and the arrow; and secondly, the string will touch the chin before the draw is finished to the losing point. When the bow is slanted to the right the arrow can lie directly under the eye, while the string is drawn to the losing-point under the chin, and when let go, the arrow will fly directly away before the eye in a perfect line.

"Before a beginner in archery can successfully practice aiming on correct principles, he must fully understand the laws of vision connected therewith. By fixing the eyes steadily upon some distant point, it will be discovered that this particular point is seen by direct vision, and all others by indirect vision. Now, in aiming, the direct vision is fixed upon the point of aim, and the pile of the arrow is made to cover this point; but the gold of the target and the entire length of the arrow are seen by indirect vision, except when the gold, as in point-blank shooting, is also the point of aim.

"The first thing then to master, is perfect control of the vision of the right eye. To do this, some archers are compelled to close the left eye, a very ill appearing thing indeed, which should by all means be avoided. To test your vision take an arrow by the feathered end, and hold it in the right hand pointing it at some distant object, keeping both eyes open. When the point of the arrow seems to cover the object, close the left eye. If then the object is still covered, you are aiming with your right eye. A little practice in this way will perfect your vision so that you can aim with your right eye and at the same time keep the left one open."

The author then discusses the point-blank range, and the aim when the point of aim is above the gold. The book may be procured of E. I. Horsman, New York.

HIGHLAND PARK, May 14th.—The following scores were made this afternoon in a contest for one-half dozen arrows. Only three were allowed to compete who never at 60 yards had made a score of 100 with 24 arrows. Number of arrows 48, at 60 yards:—

Hits.	Score.	Hits.	Score.
Frank B. Green.....	32 123	R. J. Street.....	33 69
W. M. Goodridge.....	108	Hodman Carter.....	14 58
F. H. Beecher.....	19 81	Geo. D. Boulton.....	33 83
Geo. C. Hall.....	23 77		

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—The Park Commissioners having found it necessary to change the days of shooting, this club will hereafter practice upon the Archery Lawn, in the Central Park, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. From appearances, it will only take one more month to complete the full membership of the club, as new members are applying very fast. The club hopes to make extra attraction on the lawn Decoration Day, and all anticipate a great success.

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB. New York, May 31st.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—In your paper of last week, under the head

of "Orifant Archers," it is stated that they had sent out four challenges, none of which had been accepted. I wish to speak for one of the clubs that received a challenge from the above club, and say that the New York Archery Club did accept their challenge some months ago. The club made a serious, though a little unwise, mistake in not accepting the challenge at the time, that the team, opposed to them should be composed of two ladies and four gentlemen, and all should be members of the Orifant Club, residing in Hackensack. I will state that we have never heard anything further regarding the match, and suppose it must be off.

The reason for our action was that we did not care to shoot against a team of gentlemen entirely, or one composed of members of other clubs besides the one sending the challenge. Since the acceptance of the above challenge, as you are aware, the New York Club has put itself on record as opposed to teams composed of any but its own members, and will never place a team in contest with such a make-up. Jas. W. AUTEN, Jr., Secretary New York Archery Club.

Monday evening last the club gave a concert at the armory of the Fifth Regiment, where some five hundred of the friends of the members assembled and listened to a choice selection of singing, reading, etc., and from the hearty applause and frequent encores we are sure all spent an enjoyable evening.

We trust the New York Club will again bring talent together for their friends' amusement, and we heartily recommend the club's endeavors to increase the interest among its members by introducing social enjoyments from time to time, as they have done during the past winter.

Cricket.

Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FIXTURES.

May 22, at Nicetown, Philadelphia.—Germantown vs. Chestnut Hill.

May 22, at Bay View.—Young America (Wis.) vs. Bay View.

May 22, at Haverford.—University of Pennsylvania vs. Dorian.

May 22, at Haverford.—Oxford (Ist) vs. Belmont (2d).

May 22, at Staten Island.—Staten Island (2d) vs. St. George (2d).

May 22, at Ardmore.—Merion (2d) vs. Young America (2d).

May 22, at West Philadelphia.—Belmont (3d) vs. Young America (3d).

May 23, at Hoboken.—Chestnut Hill vs. St. George's.

May 23, at Milwaukee.—Young America (Wis.) vs. Bay View.

May 23, at West Philadelphia.—Helmton vs. Merion.

May 23, at Stenton.—Young America vs. Girard.

May 23, at Staten Island.—Chestnut Hill vs. Staten Island.

May 23, at Nicetown.—Germantown (2d) vs. Young America (2d).

May 31, at Paterson.—Manhattan vs. Paterson.

May 31, at Staten Island.—Club match—1st Eleven vs. next twenty-two.

May 31, at Newark.—Newark vs. New York.

May 31, at Paterson.—New York vs. Paterson Union.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE vs. ST. GEORGES.—This, the first match of the season between these eleven, was played at the Stevens Institute Grounds, at Hoboken, N. J., on May 31st, and resulted in a tie.

The following of the victorious side was excellent. The score tells the story:—

P. O. Westcott, b. Clarke.....	0	De Forest, b. Conover.....	0
Flimer, run out.....	6	b. Clarke.....	12
J. R. Moore, b. Clarke.....	4	A. C. Rutherford, b. Morgan.....	17
Clotte, c. A. Stevens, b. Clarke.....	1	b. Conover.....	0
Stevens, c. Henry, b. Clarke.....	0	b. Conover.....	0
G. Giles, Jr., b. Conover.....	2	c. Henry, b. Clarke.....	16
H. Brown, b. Conover.....	0	Lawson, b. Clarke.....	1
Moir, b. Clarke.....	0	not out.....	0
Jones, b. Conover.....	0	absent.....	0
G. Giles, Jr., not out.....	0	c. Conover, b. Morgan.....	4
Bye, 1.....	1	b. Clarke.....	0
		b. Yces, 1; wides, 5.....	9
Total.....	29	Total.....	50

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

First Innings. Second Innings.

G. H. Clarke, b. Clotte.....	9	Conover, c. Clotte.....	19
Conover, c. Clotte.....	10	not out.....	3
Morgan, b. Clotte.....	0	Wright, b. Phillips.....	1
De Forest, b. G. Giles, Jr.....	4	Keweenaw, c. Pierce, b. Hubbard.....	0
Mamet, b. G. Giles, Jr.....	0	Wright, b. Phillips.....	1
Barnes, b. G. Giles, Jr.....	0	Wright, b. Phillips.....	1
A. Stevens, run out.....	2	Wright, b. Phillips.....	1
Lawson, c. Westfield, b. Clotte.....	1	Wright, b. Phillips.....	1
Rutherford, not out.....	0	not out.....	3
Henry, run out.....	3	b. Clotte.....	14
Bye, 1; leg byes, 4.....	5	b. Clotte, 2; leg byes, 1; wide, 1.....	1
Total.....	41	Total.....	40

Umpires—St. Georges, G. E. Moore; Columbia College, Alworth.

LONGWOOD vs. HARVARD COLLEGE.—On Saturday, May 8th, these clubs met and played their second match of the season. The first game was won by the Longwood in one innings with a score of 143 to 41, and in this match they were also successful, although the Harvard eleven was assisted by the well-known George Wright. Pierce kept wicket well for the Longwood, and Fearing for the College fielded perfectly. The following is the score:—

LONGWOOD.

Jones, c. Snodgrass, b. Wright.....	2	Meserby, b. Wright.....	0
Tyler, c. Dickey, b. Wright.....	7	Dickey, c. Dutton, b. Hubbard.....	3
Hubbard, c. and b. Wright.....	20	Kane, c. Pierce, b. Hubbard.....	0
Phillips, c. and b. Sturges.....	4	Wright, b. Phillips.....	1
Dutton, b. Wright.....	14	Keweenaw, c. Pierce, b. Phillips.....	2
Pierce, c. Gilling, b. Wright.....	0	Weston, c. Pierce, b. Hubbard.....	0
Snodgrass, c. and b. Wright.....	1	Gilling, c. Phillips.....	0
Fay, c. and b. Wright.....	1	Fearing, b. Phillips.....	2
Rixby, b. Wright.....	0	Sturges, b. Hubbard.....	0
Train, not out.....	0	Gilling, c. Phillips.....	0
Byes, 3; wide, 1.....	4	Puller, not out.....	0
Total.....	67	Total.....	37

Harvard College.

Wright.....	75	Runs.....	8
Sturges.....	62	31	0
Snodgrass.....	43	9	0

LONGWOOD.

Phillips.....	68	17	3	4
Hubbard.....	66	17	3	6

MANHATTAN vs. COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—The third match of the collegiates was played at Prospect Park, on Saturday last, against the redoubtable eleven of the old Manhattan Club. Clear weather, a fair wicket, and the smart fielding of the college team gave to the match a snap that did much to make the game interesting to the spectators and exciting to the contestants. The home team

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

Balls.	Runs.	Maint. chs.	Wickets.
Wright.....	75	34	8
Sturges.....	62	31	0
Snodgrass.....	43	9	0

LONGWOOD.

Phillips.....	68	17	3	4
Hubbard.....	66	17	3	6

MANHATTAN vs. COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—The third match of the collegiates was played at Prospect Park, on Saturday last, against the redoubtable eleven of the old Manhattan Club. Clear weather, a fair wicket, and the smart fielding of the college team gave to the match a snap that did much to make the game interesting to the spectators and exciting to the contestants. The home team

presented an unusually strong eleven, even being the club's old stand-bys; and the addition of James Norley, brother of the St. George's old professional, Fred, did much to give the side an invulnerable look before the game commenced. However, the visitors began in a plucky way and nearly avoided a defeat, which resulted only by twelve runs. In batting, the collegiates have much to learn, as only two of their number were acquainted with the game before last season, but they shine out in their fielding, and both Clarke and Conover are first-class bowlers. Norley fell to the first ball in the first innings, but gave a sample of the orthodox English professional style, in the second. His cutting was sound and clean, and his defense admirable. Morris, behind the wicket, was in splendid form, and Torrey, in same position, showed that he is in the right place. We can only reiterate the opinion which we have frequently expressed—that the system of training and handling his men is not only a credit to himself, but to the cricketers of New York. Before passing to the score, we must mention the superb fielding of Lawson, on the college team, the patient batting of Emmet, and the finished style of both Morris and Clarke:—

MANHATTAN.		Second Innings.	
Hulbert, c. and b. Conover.	7	c. Barnes, b. Clarke.	0
Makin, b. Clarke.	3	b. Conover.	7
Conover, c. Hooper.	3	b. Conover.	7
Hooper, b. Clarke.	2	run out.	4
Forbes, c. b. Clarke.	3	b. b. Hooper.	2
Forbes, c. b. Clarke.	3	not out.	27
Jackson, c. Conover.	4	c. Conover.	0
Nidderland, c. Clarke.	0	c. Clarke.	0
Lowe, b. Conover.	0	c. Emmet, b. Clarke.	0
Vint, not out.	3	b. Clarke.	10
Glavin, c. Towbridge, b. Hooper.	0	c. Morgan, b. Clarke.	7
Byes, 5.	5	Byes, 3.	3
Total.	50	Total.	73

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.		Second Innings.	
Hyde, Clarke, c. Jackson, b. Norley.	4	c. Vint, b. Jackson.	19
Conover, c. Hooper, b. Norley.	7	c. Hooper, b. Norley.	5
Morgan, b. Norley.	0	b. Jenkins.	12
Forbes, b. Norley.	12	b. b. Hooper.	20
Barnes, c. b. Hooper.	0	c. Clarke.	0
Henry, run out.	0	c. Clarke.	0
Lowe, b. Hooper.	0	c. Hulbert, b. Hooper.	0
Van Schalk, not out.	1	run out.	4
Worley, b. Norley.	0	c. Makin, b. Hooper.	2
Towbridge, b. Hooper.	0	b. Hooper.	0
Byes, 3.	3	Byes, 2; leg-byes, 2; wides, 5.	9
Total.	30	Total.	51

FALL OF WICKETS.	
MANHATTAN.	
First Innings.	0, 23, 25, 25, 35, 42, 42, 42, 50, 50
Second Innings.	0, 13, 13, 26, 36, 38, 40, 45, 45, 73, 73
COLUMBIA.	
First Innings.	0, 10, 18, 23, 27, 28, 28, 28, 29, 30
Second Innings.	36, 32, 34, 37, 45, 49, 77, 77, 80, 81-81

ANALYSIS OF COLLEGE.	
COLUMBIA COLLEGE.	
Balls.	Maidens.
Clarke.	79
Conover.	74
Second Innings.	
Clarke.	79
Conover.	72
MANHATTAN.	
First Innings.	
Norley.	64
Hooper.	61
Second Innings.	
Norley.	78
Jackson.	50
Hooper.	56
Jenkins.	24

Umpires: White, for Manhattan; Giles, Jr., for Columbia.

—The Morion Cricket Club, of Ardmore, entered the contract for their new club-house on May 3d. The architectural designs, in the old English style, which we have had the pleasure of inspecting, are the most perfect of the kind we have ever seen. The club-house will have a front of 72ft., and will be one of the most picturesque cricket buildings in America.

—A new club was formed at Napanee, Ont., May 1st, Mr. W. W. Daly, Secretary. There were over fifty cricketers present at the meeting, and considerable enthusiasm was manifested.

—The Newark Cricket Club, of New Jersey, has begun to chirp. It has secured a splendid location for a ground, and is erecting a club house on it. There are a number of excellent players ready to take hold of the game. JOHN MILLS, Secretary.

—The Orange Cricket Club, of New Jersey, held its annual meeting on April 29th, and elected officers for the season as follows: President, George Payne; Vice-President, A. F. Irving; Treasurer, W. Vandell; Secretary, W. Wilkinson. The Center street grounds are being put in thorough order.

—The St. Mary's Cricket Club, of Canada, was reorganized on May 1st, Mr. H. B. Morphy, Secretary. The club will present a strong eleven this season.

BELMONT CRICKET CLUB.—One year ago this rising and well-managed organization, of West Philadelphia, opened the season of 1879, with a list of active members numbering 50; contributing members, 20; juniors, 30; to-day the club commences the season of 1880 with a total membership of 569, as follows: senior members, 24; juniors, 30; and a male-door club of 155 members. Such is the grand increase, when tact is shown and good work accomplished by a capable management.

The result of last season shows that the Belmont Club played nine first eleven and nine second eleven, besides several third and junior matches, of which, unfortunately, there has been no record preserved. Of the first two were won, Philadelphia and Chestnut Hill, and seven lost, Germantown, two matches, Morion, Young America, Staten Island, Haverfordians and Girard. It is only fair to say, however, that a determined fight was made against the Young America Club, the score standing 113 to 130. Although the Belmonts contributed more runs of the bat, their fielding lost them the match. With the Girard they played a close game, 102 to 105, and were defeated by only three runs. The return match with the Germantown Club was both interesting and close, the rapid falling of that club's wickets in the second innings marking the excellence of the Belmont's bowlers. Had they more time the result might have been different.

The second eleven played nine matches, winning six and losing four; playing even games with the Morion and Philadelphia, beating Chester City twice, losing against the Dorian and Germantown, and winning against Young America. There were a few third eleven matches played, and these were a source of satisfaction to many of the younger members. The juniors were a terror to the juniors of other clubs, and carried all before them.

They won every match. We quote from a very pleasant and chatty letter, received from a prominent member of the club, on this subject and on the prospects for the coming season: "Our juniors, toward the close of the season, could not get up a match with any other club, without first promising to bar some of their best players. We heard that several of the clubs objected to the state of our juniors, and even presumed to question their age. As to their stature, we confess to the soft impeachment, they are large (the captain is over six feet in his stockings), but we cannot help it. As to their age, we kept a careful record, but if a junior should reach the age of sixteen during the playing season, we have decided that he may play as a junior during the remainder of that year. In reviewing the past season, the fact our first eleven was very often beaten is not to be overlooked, but if any cricket club should therefore have an idea that we intend to give up, they will make a great mistake. We mean to go it again, though like the man in the rhyme, who 'jumped into the Bramble bush,' we came out with a badly damaged record; we mean this coming season to jump right in again, and try if we cannot scratch some winning scores back again."

The officers recently elected are: President, John P. Green; Vice-President, Wm. N. West; Treasurer, Harrison Townsend; Secretary, Oscar A. Knipe, address, No. 213 South Fourth street, Philadelphia; Committee: The President, ex-officio, George Morgan; Clarence North, Wm. W. Porter and Chas. H. Yarnall.

The club held its opening day on May 6th, when over 500 members were present. The committee has already arranged for twelve fixtures, and shortly all the blank dates will be filled.

—Princeton College has a new cricket club.

—We have received from Wright & Ditson, of Boston, a copy of their eighth page "Journal of American Pastimes and Price List," which will be mailed free on application. See advertisement in another column.

—During the afternoon of the Staten Island Columbia College match, sneak thieves entered the club house and stole two gold watches, a pocket-book, and other articles belonging to the visitors. These robberies are becoming very common on our cricket grounds, and show the advisability of having proper notices of warning posted in every club house.

—The Young America ground has a two-ton roller. We may look for large scoring there this season.

YOUNG AMERICA (Milwaukee) vs. DAY VIEW.—The opening game of the season was played by these clubs on May 1st at Day View. Only one innings each was played, the victory resulting in favor of the former by a score of 62 to 27.

—The Toronto Cricket Club held a special meeting on May 11th, with J. O. Howard, Esq., in the chair. There was a large attendance, and after much discussion it was resolved to join the Ontario Cricket Association.

—The Longwood Cricket Club, of Boston, is entering upon its fourth season with a much better eleven than ever before. It probably will make a tour through Canada early in July.

—The Girard Club, of Philadelphia, has leased an excellent ground on the Frankfort road. The members of the club intend to turn out an eleven that will trouble the best teams of Philadelphia.

—The Fall River Club, of Massachusetts, has elected a large number of new members, among whom are several excellent players. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing season: President, Chas. West; Vice-President, Wm. Burgess; Treasurer, Nathan Crabtree; Financial Secretary, Wm. H. Travis; Corresponding Secretary, Alfred Clark; Captain, John Nightengale; Committee, W. Wood, Geo. Watters, George Sharpe and John Nightengale.

—The Ottawa Cricket Club opened on the 8th inst. match between Old Country and Canadians. The former won by a score of 131 against 59 in an old-time match. The Marquis of Lorne, having injured his arm playing at rackets could not captain his side.

—The Stouffville Cricket Club, of Canada, has organized with Mr. E. O'Brien, Secretary.

—The Hastings Cricket Club, of Canada, has elected officers, with Mr. H. P. Sharp as Secretary.

AN OLD NEW YORK CRICKETER.—New York, April 29th.—A few days ago, while taking a stroll through the pathways of Central Park, my attention was drawn to the notable difference between the turf bordering the west side of the big North Meadow and that by the rest of the pathways. So great and marked was the difference in keeping, that I came to inquire of a Park policeman to whom the Park Commissioners owed the extreme neatness and finish of keep; when I learned, to my astonishment, that it was due to Uncle Ben Bates, an old-time St. George's Cricket Club ground-keeper, of the days of '53, when the club had its grounds at the Red House, Harlem. Uncle Ben and Sam Wright for years kept the grounds in order, and these two favorites are as well known to the old members of the St. George's Cricket Club as the FOREST AND STREAM is to its readers. Well knowing the deep interest taken in Uncle Ben, I will give, for the benefit of your readers, a few items in his eventful life. Uncle Ben Bates was a well-to-do Englishman by birth and education and was a member of the "Red House" club, kept by Charles Brooks, at that time a great resort of the sporting gentry of the day. Here was always to be found the wealthy backer of the St. George's, Mr. Sam Nichols, who on all match occasions would tolerate no person but Uncle Ben Bates and Sam Wright to put the grounds in order. In after years Uncle Ben met with misfortunes, and his friends had him placed on the police in his honest days. In this capacity he faithfully performed his duties for the period of thirteen years, arresting in his time the noted thieves Dan Noble, Wm. Allen and Mosher and Douglas for piracy on Capt. McVoy's vessel. The last year of Uncle Ben's police life was spent at the Harlem Bridge at Third avenue, where he recovered no less than twenty-three stolen horses passing from the Westchester side en route to the New York marts. Uncle Ben met with a severe accident while in the act of arresting a noted thief at the bridge, when he had his hips crushed, and has since been employed in the Park. Here the old veteran will be pleased to have a chat with any and all cricketers, but especially the gentlemen forming the St. George's.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

May 20—Portland Y. C. Challenge Cup.
May 22 to Dec. 4—Y. C. C. Regatta. See V. & S. issue May 13.
May 22 to Dec. 4—Y. C. C. Regatta. See V. & S. issue May 13.
May 22—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to England.
May 24—Montreal Y. C. Opening Cruise.
May 25—Southern Y. C. Professional Race.
May 25—Oshkosh Y. C. Commodore's Cruise.
May 26—Eastern Y. C. Cruise to Eastward.
May 27—Southern Y. C. Professional Race.
May 27—South Canada Y. C. Professional Regatta.
May 29—Portland Y. C. Spring Cruise.
May 29—Fall River Open Regatta.
May 29—South Boston Y. C. Open Regatta.
May 31—Sawannah Y. C. Opening Cruise.
May 31—Quaker City Y. C. Spring Regatta.
May 31—Bridgewater Y. C. Annual Regatta.
May 31—Atlantic Y. C. Opening Cruise.
June 3—Empire Y. C. Dowling Challenge Cup.
June 4—Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 7—Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 7—Southern Y. C. Corinthian Regatta.
June 9—Atlantic Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 10—New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 10—Southern Y. C. Corinthian Regatta.
June 12—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
June 12—Sawannah Corinthian Matches.
June 12—Salisbury Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 14—Quaker City Y. C. Commodore's Regatta.
June 14—Southwest Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 15—Long Island Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 17—Boston Y. C. Union Regatta.
June 17—Marblehead Regatta.
June 17—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
June 17—Buffalo Y. C. Regatta.
June 19—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Hal' Moon Bay.
June 20—Dorchester Y. C. Regatta.
June 20—Washington Village Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 27—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
July 3—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Nahant.
July 3—Quaker City Y. C. Open Regatta.
July 4—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Napa.
July 5—Quaker City Y. C. Pennsboro Regatta.
July 5—Cleveland Y. C. Championship Regatta.
July 5—Provincetown Y. C. Annual Cruise.
July 5—Sawannah Y. C. Corinthian Cruise.
July 14—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
July 16—San Francisco Y. C. Annual Cruise.
July 17—San Francisco Y. C. Annual Cruise.
July 17—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
July 18—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
July 18—Buffalo Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 3—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Swampscott.
Aug. 3—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 4—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 4—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 4—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 4—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
Aug. 4—New York Y. C. Open Regatta.
Aug. 12—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
Aug. 14 or 21—Beverly Y. C. Open Regatta, Swampscott.
Aug. 15—Washington Y. C. Open Regatta.
Aug. 15—Quaker City Y. C. Annual Cruise.
Aug. 15—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 15—Buffalo Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 20—Quincy Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 23—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Beverly.
Aug. 24—Boston Y. C. Annual Regatta.
Sept. 2—Provincetown Y. C. Fall Regatta.
Sept. 10—Quincy Y. C. Fall Regatta.
Sept. 11—Dorchester Y. C. Open Matches.
Sept. 11—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
Sept. 13—Quaker City Y. C. Fall Regatta.
Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C. Fall Regatta.
Sept. 23—Beverly Y. C. Special, Cotuit.
Sept. 23—Quaker City Y. C. Closing Cruise.
Oct. 9—Washington Village Y. C. Fall Regatta.

FIXTURES.—Our list of fixtures for the season is the most complete published. As already the dates of several clubs have been found to clash, we call attention to the growing necessity of so arranging dates that they will not interfere with one another. The increase in "union" or "open" matches will be so great the coming season that it will be worth while to give owners an opportunity of talking their own case during their rounds. A little attention to this in time will save much annoyance and make wholesale racing as popular as it ought to have become long ago. Liberal purses and combined action will produce all the entries wanted, without resorting to the old woman's cure of handicaps.

YACHTING NEWS.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—At the May monthly meeting some very sensible rules were adopted. Yachts are divided into two classes—over 55ft. mean length and under 35ft. Races are to be sailed in the latter part of June, July and August; the Regatta Committee to have entire control. This is as it should be. Judges, referees and the like ought to have any existence in yacht clubs. The committee should entertain all appeals, and their decision be final, except an appeal to the Executive Committee of the N. Y. A. The start will be a flying one, at the second gun; no keey allowed for the slow-coaches or lagards, which is another good point. The new club-house is 20x24ft., one story, with balcony; finished in Eastlake style. The following new members were elected: P. H. Ordner, 384t. sloop now building; A. Lehnardt and D. T. Nicholson. Besides the above, three new yachts are building—one for J. S. Provost, one for E. P. Frank, and the third for P. H. Briggs, of Dunkirk. An active season is anticipated.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.—The annual meeting was held May 8th. It was proposed to move the club house to the island owing to the encroachment of the railroads. The following officers were elected: Commodore, A. R. Boswell; Vice-Commodore John Leys; Captain, J. D. G. Hagarty; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Grasset; Auditors, George Bethune and John McNabb; Committee, Messrs. R. P. Stevens, A. M. of Sprague, W. G. Bains, J. H. Ferguson, S. B. Hurman, J. E. Robertson, O. F. Harman, W. Hope and H. Sprague. There were yacht races of 7 tons held for the Commodore's Cup, won by the "Hesperus" of 7 tons 10 cwt. The 10-ton yawl recently built by Cutbush, of Trenton, has given excellent satisfaction, and does well to windward, for she draws 5ft., although a center-board boat. From South Bay to Port Hope she averaged 10 miles per hour, equal to about 8 knots.

R. C. Y. C.

MONTREAL YACHT CLUB.—The fourth annual meeting of our flourishing club was held at the club house, Longueuil, May 8th, which has recently been refitted and supplied with the yachting journals of England and the FOREST AND STREAM of America. We now have 14 sailing yachts from 3 to 15 tons, 4 steamers and 18 members. Opening cruise, May 21th. The following are the officers for the year: Commodore, Dr. Chas. Brewster; Vice-Commodore, Angus J. McIntosh; Secretary, P. W. Evans; Treasurer, Henry McIntosh; Committee, A. A. Tracy, C. P. O'Connor, Z. LeFebvre, J. Lesperance and D. Easty. I send you copy of one club book.

LONGUEUIL.

MASSACHUSETTS YACHTING ASSOCIATION.—There appears to be a cloud already on the horizon of the Massachusetts Y. A., as the

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

—Anyone desiring to elevate water for house or other purposes would do well to consult advertisement of windmills in this week's issue.

HOW TO INVEST.—The Democrat, Goshen, N. Y., says: "It may not be improper here to add that health is accumulated, the sick made well, and a large interest of comfort and happiness secured, by investing in 'Warner's Safe Remedies.'"

clubs mentioned in your notice of the Association sent only an unofficial representative to the committee meeting held last week, who complained bitterly about the way things were carried on, and rules made by one or two clubs, without any consideration whatever being made for their opinion.

In settling the question of something besides a length measurement, I am surprised that the tonnage measurement should meet with so much opposition. I think that the main trouble is that it is so little understood, and I do not doubt in the least that some of those who have so much to say in opposition to it because they do not understand it, and because it is something different from what they have been accustomed to. M.

Salem, May 10th.

COOPER'S POINT YACHT CLUB.—Our regatta came off to-day, May 17th, and was a grand success. Wind very heavy from south, southwest. Started from a lee shore. Ten boats entered, but only eight lived through it. The *Cohill* started fifth, and after a ten-mile run, when off the Block House, she took the lead, followed by *Schuck* and *Springer*. Rounded Chester buoy at 1:02 (two hours from time of starting) followed by *Schuck*, 1:02; *Springer*, 1:03; *Fitch*, 1:04. *Cohill* still led coming home, and crossed the line at Cooper's Point at 3:32; *Veronesi*, 3:37; *Schuck*, 3:37; *Fitch*, 3:37; *Kramer*, 3:38; *Giang*, 3:38. The distance run was about thirty miles. This is the fourth time the *Cohill* has won the champion flag of the Cooper's Point Y. C.; also three other champion flags in other regattas. She was sailed by Capt. "Swallow" Martin. C. M. C. C.

QUINCY YACHT CLUB.—The opening race was sailed May 15th off Quincy Point. Course for second class nine miles, for third class six miles. First and second prize in each class. Wind moderate from East. Judges: Jas. T. Pennington, Nap. B. Furdnall and Samuel Hass. Summary as under—

SECOND CLASS.

Name and Owner.	Length. ft.	Actual Time. H. M. S.	Corrected Time. H. M. S.
Glance, Murray Knight.....	10	2 33	1 56
Topsy, Charles E. Kent.....	9	2 30	1 56
Wildfire, H. A. Keith.....	2	Time not taken.	

THIRD CLASS.

Dandelion, J. Q. Adams.....	17	5 34	4 09
Elmer, P. Chubbuck.....	17	5 33	4 12
Holly Varden, A. B. Cleverly.....	16	5 43	4 02
W. W. Morton.....	16	5 43	4 02
Adm. G. C. Adams.....	16	10	Time not taken.

EMPIRE YACHT CLUB.—The race for the Duvelling Challenge Cup was sailed on the Harlem, May 17th. Course, Eighty-ninth street to One Hundred and Sixteenth street; start and finish off the club-house at One Hundred and Fourth street. Sail over five times. Entries limited to twenty-three feet length. Only two started, *Sophia-Emma*, Jacob Varian, twenty-one feet nine inches long, and *Comet*, Van Decker, eighteen feet three inches long. The latter was overmatched, and *Sophia-Emma* won easily. The cup must be won three times to become property.

ONKOSH YACHT CLUB.—Annual cruise of our club will commence Wednesday, May 26th, and a large turnout of the fleet is expected. The Commodore will have command. The rendezvous will be at Morley's Point, where we expect to meet the Fond du Lac fleet, and sail in company to Island Park, and there fall in with the Neenah Squadron. After this a daily programme will be lived up to. The *Madaline* has been recently launched. A party of fresh water mariners got a cold bath, as they capsized their yacht in true lubbers' fashion during a run across from the eastern shore, but all hands were fished out. Yachting here is very lively. C. M. C. C.

NEW HARBOR YACHT CLUB.—A new sloop has been built by Mr. F. C. Smith for his own use. Length, 33ft.; beam, 12ft.; hold 4ft.; draft, 4ft., 8in. of which is due to keel, besides which she has a 12ft. center-board. Two state-rooms and 15ft. house. Mast, 35ft., deck to cap; topmast, 20ft., including 4ft. doublings. boom, 20ft.; gaff, 20ft.; bowsprit outboard, 17ft.; jib on foot, 25ft.

NEW JERSEY YACHT CLUB was organized 1871, and incorporated 1878. Club signal, a swallow tail, red field and white diamond in center; Commodore and Vice-Commodore, a blue and red anchor in the diamond. We are in receipt of the club book for 1880, a neat little pamphlet replete with information.

The Undine Yachting Club, of San Francisco, Cal., recently elected the following officers: President, Fred C. Farmer; Vice-President, Walter R. Eastman; Secretary, William Mitchell; Treasurer, Robert J. Coates; Captain, Thomas Robinson; Lieutenant, Charles Fuller; Board of Directors, W. R. Eastman, Harry Carlton and Horace Serle.

WARWICK YACHT CLUB.—The following officers have been elected; Andrew Tolson, of Fall River, Commodore; F. P. Stiles, of New Bedford, Vice-Commodore; Messrs. T. Parsons, Jr., Wm. H. Ballard, Albert F. Dow and Wm. B. Lowell were elected members. Rooms will be occupied in Fall River, overlooking Mount Hope Bay.

HAVERHILL YACHT CLUB.—We are informed that the H. Y. C. is not responsible for the challenge cup race which has previously figured in our fixtures. It is a private enterprise.

BUFFALO YACHT CLUB.—Official permission to build our club-house inside the Government breakwater has just been received. The *Pleaching* has been off on a two-days' cruise, and the rest of the fleet are all fitting out.

PENNA.

NEW SLOOPS.—For good substantial work commend us to the new sloop just finished by Samuel Ayers, of 744 Water street, for Mr. R. K. McMurray and others of St. Ignace. Her model was furnished by Mr. Steuler, and she will prove an excellent craft, for she is of good draft, full 4ft., without drag. Had she been cut a little more forward, and received the fashionable drag, the draft would have exceeded 5ft. In body she is a trifle full forward, but her run is long and clear on the section lines. The work on her is all of the most substantial kind, and a pleasing contrast to the gingerbread constructions which have given our race the reputation for being a "flea-fair." Length on keel, 36ft.; on w. l., 38ft. 4in.; on deck, 43ft.; beam, 15ft.; hold, 5ft. She has a raking stem, and a "fan tail" of handsome mould aft. She has without spars, weighs 13 tons, and she will take some 7 tons inside iron and lead cast to 6t; keel, white oak, 5x18in.; keelsons, pitch pine, running clear fore and aft, fayed against the trunk logs of the center-board box, each 5x5in. Frames, double, white oak and hackmatack, each 3x18in. beam and 3x34 at planksheer, spaced 18in. between centers. Deck beams, 4x34, pitch pine. Mast beams 6x7, in wake of house every other one is 8in. sided, the beams below them with 1in. galvanized iron. House beams, 2x12in. Ceiling, 1in., yellow pine. Floorboards and strops, three of the latter each top, 2x8in.; clamps 7x2 in., and an oak shelf 2in. thick, worked on top. All the beams forward of house have lodge knees and hanging knees at either end of the house. Plank from sheer to turn of bilge of 2in. oak, as well as the garboards, the rest 1in. cedar, most of it in one length. Deck 1in. square, white pine; bulwarks, 11in., tongued and

grooved. Planksheer, white oak, 2x8in. Center-board, 16ft. long, trunk 21in. thick, and 4ft. above transom. Post of same are 8x13in. oak. The inside is sheathed with 18oz. composition. The board is 21in. thick and 14ft. long, bolted with 1in. galvanized iron. House, 19ft. 9in. long, 2ft. 4in. high, of 21in. white pine, the top of 1x13in. tongued and grooved pine, and covered with canvas. Rudder, 3ft. face, well-steering gear. All fittings of mahogany. Skylight square, so that it can be turned either way and the sashes opened at willships so as to catch the breeze when at anchor. Cabin 14in. 7 to 8 ft. long, 10ft. 30in. long; stateroom on starboard side with double berth, 7x11ft. On port side is the ice box, w. c. and pantry, the water tank being placed over the forward half of the center-board trunk. Forecabin has two berths and galley. There is 6ft. 3in. head room under the house. Spars, mast, 47ft. long with 4ft. doublings; diameter at partners 12in. Bowsprit, 25ft. long, 10in. diameter at stem. Boom, 45ft. 5in. diameter; gaff, 25 ft., 10in. diameter. Topmast 31ft. Now 31ft. is something of a stick, but the owners take the right view of things, "when we want a topmast we have got one that amounts to something, whereas by the bye, we have no sticks at all together." The days of the scaly looking broomsticks afloat, copied from the oyster digger, are numbered, and it is gradually being understood that a yacht should be rigged differently from the smack. Mr. Ayers has turned out a strong, healthy job in the new *Edna*, and if other craft may surpass her in trimmings and trappings, none can beat her on sound, staunch work, and we would like to see more of the kind afloat. Blocks are supplied by the Providence Tool Co., who seem to be capturing the whole of the yachting trade with their patent anti-friction bearings. They are much to be preferred to the roller bushing arrangements, which give out when least expected.

LAUREL.—Saturday last, from the yard of E. Young, Greenpoint, was a new boat, built for Governor Kortright, N. Y. Y. C. Group model, by J. H. Allen, New York. Length on keel, 43ft.; length on w. l., 43ft.; beam, 17ft.; depth, 6ft. She resembles the *Elephant* in general type, and will be a flyer. Her internal accommodations are very roomy. A fine main cabin, 32ft. long, with 7ft. foot, is finished in mahogany and handsomely decorated. Stateroom on starboard side; pantry, closets, lockers on port side. Two berths in forecabin and a Pacific No. 6 for galley. Round frames fore and aft, a good deal of drag, fore foot cut up, overhauling stem, and 13ft. board with about 5ft. draft. Will take in the neighborhood of 100 tons of iron ballast. Cible contents calculated to official measurement, 420ft. 3in. Head, 40ft.; jib, 20ft. foot. She has been named *Wizard*. Also, the same day, from foot of Kent street, Greenpoint, a fine steam yacht for Mr. D. S. Hines, Brooklyn Y. C., built by Sam'l Pine, before noticed. She is called *Emma*, will carry no rig and is 81x18x11 with 7ft. w. l. Draft, 4ft.; cylinders, 10x13; 200 turns with 125 lbs. working pressure. Screw, 5ft. diam., 8ft. pitch. A smaller craft is also ready for launching. She is built for Mr. A. O. Wilson, of Greenpoint, and is 40ft. over all, 55ft. w. l., 8ft. 4in. beam, and 3ft. 4in. deep. Cylinders 8in. diam., 10in. stroke. Boiler 5ft. long, 41in. diam., locomotive type. Screw 5ft. diam. and 8ft. pitch. Engines by Quinard Iron Works.

A CRUISE TO THE SOUTH SEAS.—Dr. Samuel Merritt, of Oakland, Cal., will visit the San Francisco Club flag among the islands in the South Pacific this summer at the head of his fine schooner *Casco*. He expects to be gone some six months, and will take a small party of friends, among them some ladies. The Doctor's sister is of the party. The yacht is two years old, and last summer cruised south on the California coast some 500 miles as far south as San Diego, and then north to Puget Sound, Washington Territory. She is a copper keel schooner 66ft. long, with lead keel, and lead cast to fit between timbers low down inside. She is fitted to carry two topsails, staysail, square-sail, flying jib and jib topsail, and a 100 lb. sail and leg-of-mutton mainmast both, the latter for use on the windy California coast, where it has done good service. She will carry the gaff in running in the northeast trades. The Doctor modeled his own yacht and supervised her construction. It is interesting to note that she was sparred and canvassed in accordance with the results of experiments made with a small model, built on a half-inch scale from the working model. This little model was tested with the spars in different positions. After thorough experiment, the large yacht was spars and spars put on accordingly, keel, length, position, etc., agreeing with model. The Doctor has proven a first-class sea boat, fast and handy. She steers as easily as possible, being well-balanced in every respect. She is very neatly fitted with all modern conveniences. The Doctor had the lumber selected and worked up at his own mills up the coast, and brought down in one of his vessels. Everything was of the best material. The yacht cost upwards of \$30,000. She will leave San Francisco about the 10th of May, and will proceed first to the Sandwich Islands, afterwards visiting the other groups.

Y.

A SAD RELAPSE.—Only a week ago we were congratulating ourselves upon having conquered the only contemporary that deep yachts can pull out as fast as the light draft fraternity, and now our good friend perpetrates the following about Mr. Frauge's new sloop *Fantia*: "She is a deep center-board sloop, and therefore will not sail fast." Too bad; but let it go on record, and our estimate of the same vessel as well, and the future will decide. We unhesitatingly affirm that the *Fantia* can out sail anything of her length in America, because she is more than a sloop; she is a boat with draft, weight, power, sail and very easy lines, any way you look at her. Last year's *Elephant* ought to have opened our eyes to the contemporary of the sloop, but the assertions made in these columns that big-headed boat is proper and modest, and out sail the skimming dish any day, any weather, besides being infinitely preferable as a cruiser. The *Fantia* is practically uncapsizable, she is a virtue for American yachts can boast of, and though we should for rough water cruising prefer less beam more depth and lower ballast, our preferences do not blind us to the good points of other people's yachts. The *Fantia* has the room in her of most sloops twice her tonnage, and she will show the light-tons when they are beating her. A 12ft. sloop that cowering a 60ft. spar to her good is near perfection in the sloop line, and that sloop can be expected. And by this we are willing to stand or fall. At the end of the season our contemporary will be thoroughly cured of flat-iron proclivities, and Elsworth will have gained laurels by the cargo for not fighting shy of depth, in deference to the sloopish reasoning and accidental fashions of the unprofessional masses.

NEW STEAM YACHT.—The flush-deck iron steamer, which the Pioneer Iron Works of Marcus Hook, Pa., are building for Mr. C. Taylor Jackson, of Philadelphia, will be a handsome craft. She is being built from the plans of Mr. Sam'l Holmes, 122 Front street, New York, who will also superintend the work. She is to be full schooner-rigged, with full spread of canvas, commodore's tandem engines, with four cylinders, in pairs, after the White Star pattern, and will have large power. The bunkers carry 40 tons, or enough for eight days' fair steaming. She will have four

bulwarks, ample quarters for crew forward, and aft there will be a main saloon 14x33ft., two state-rooms and captain's room; bath-room, etc., on each side of the companion. There will be 28 lights a side. Length, 120ft.; beam, 15ft.; hold, 9ft.

CRUISING ABOARD.—It is becoming more and more the fashion. *Clyde* and *Regina* went foreign this spring. Mr. James Stillman leaves in the schooner *Waverler* for the Chesapeake shortly. The schooner *Resolute*, chartered by Mr. Charles G. Franklyn, will cruise in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; the *Casco*, of San Francisco, sails for the South Seas; the *Via* for the North Pacific; and we hear of others on the berth for distant climes. Philadelphia has also ordered a genuine flush deck sailing steam yacht, 135x15x5, to be built at Marcus Hook. This, besides the other big steamers building, will form the nucleus of a seagoing fleet whose ambition lies beyond the muddy waters of the Sound.

THE LATEST ENGLISH CUTTER.—They make them awfully narrow. The rule of the Y. H. A. does it and nothing else. Here are the dimensions of the new 20-ton *Prada*, taken from *Boat's Life*: Length for tonnage, on w. l., 49ft.; beam, 9ft. 9in.; draught of water, 9ft.; weight of lead keel, 37 tons 15 cwt.; tonnage, 20 tons. Spars, mast, deck to heads, 34ft.; topmast, 31ft. to sheave-hole, 30ft.; gaff, extreme length, 29ft.; boom, 43ft.; bowsprit, outboard, 32ft. 6in.; gaff topsail yards, 40ft.; boom, 2ft.; spinnaker boom 49ft. Area of canvas in square feet: Mainsail 1,860ft.; foresail 290ft., first jib 535 ft., second jib 330ft., big topsail 550 ft., second topsail 450ft.

HOW INTREPID SAILS.—From the *World*: "The schooner-yacht *Intrepid*, N. Y. C. M. Lloyd Phoenix, having completed her fitting at the foot of Twenty-sixth street, went down the bay Saturday preparatory to sailing for Europe. All of her racing spars and canvas has been shipped per steamer, her owner's intention being to race her in all the regattas to which she is eligible, and to accept any and all matches which may be offered him. Unless it be the *America*, Ben Butler's yacht, the *Intrepid* is the fastest keel-schooner to windward that has yet been built in this country, and her career on the other side will be watched with interest."

THE FIRST VICTIM.—Light-draft sends hundreds to an untimely grave every year in America. Here is the first deluded subject of the season. By the captain of the "pleasure yacht" at City Island, N. Y., May 7th, Oliver J. Halsey was drowned, and four others narrowly escaped the same fate. Query, how much water did that mantray draw?

NEW YACHT.—The new sloop building for Frank H. Ordner Buffalo Y. C. is now receiving her rig. She is 31ft. 3in. on deck, 12ft. 4in. beam, 4ft. 2in. deep, draws 3ft. aft and 20in. forward. Is to have 25ft. 9in. deadrise to 6ft. foot; mast steps 11ft. from bow. She is to receive a racing rig and will be in all the hunts on Lake Erie.

ANOTHER COMPROMISE CUTTER.—We have seen the sail plan for Mr. Cassat's new yacht, built by Alonzo Smith at Islip, and before noticed. She is to have 31ft. 6in. beam, 30ft. gaff, 15ft. foremast, 10ft. on foot, and jib same; topmast, 24ft., fitted to house.

ENGLISH SAILS.—The *Murid* is to have a genuine Laphorn suit, imported expressly. The foot of her mainsail will not be laced the boom, and the tack can be triced up by a line after the English fashion.

CALIFORNIA, TOO!—The yawl *Sappho* has received a double head rig and a lofty house topmast in San Francisco, and the *Olympian* remarks that more will follow.

BLACK ISLAND CABLE.—Yachtsmen in these waters will be glad to know that the Black Island cable is in working order.

THE MURIEL.—This cutter has had her fore-foot and keel rounded up more, an 8in. mast substituted for the heavier one and stepped further aft. Some small portion of the lead on the keel has been shifted to the inside, and new inferior work inside. Her owner, in order to give his cutter a fair trial this year, has engaged an English skipper and crew of two. The captain, Harlow, was at one time timoneer of the famous British schooner *Egeria*, and was sent over by Mr. Harvey at the request of Mr. Stillman to put the *Murid* through in English fashion. She now has a race on with Mr. Hitchcock's *Volante*—a match which will be watched with keen interest.

THE FROLIC.—Alonzo Smith has been overhauling this schooner for some time past at Philadelphia. She has received "all lead" ballast and a larger rig. Foremast, 46ft.; mainmast, 45ft.; main boom, 38ft.; gaff, 23ft.; fore boom, 15ft. and gaff, 14ft.; bowsprit outboard, 15ft.; flying jibboom, 12ft.; main topmast, 24ft.; foot of mast, 29ft. This is a new 60 large for her, and *Frolic* will sail more speedily. The trouble with her at that score is that she is too big a boat for her length.

THE WAVE.—This smart sloop (Dr. Barron) is coming out with a stylish rig, in which there are several commendable features. A very tall topmast of about 24ft. above the cap, fitted to house, of course. This is a big stick for a sloop 40ft. w. l., and the crew ought to be drilled into sending it up and down as easily as the burgee at the masthead. Hoist of mainsail, only 30ft.; boom, 11ft., and a long gaff, 27ft. This is a much better cut than the narrow-headed, lofty abracorns copied from the courtiered rig of the smacks built up mud creeks. The jib is 30ft. on foot.

THE ROSALIE.—Albertson Brothers, of Kensington, Philadelphia, well known as having built *White Cap*, *Vizen*, *Midcap* and the steamer *Edna*, have recently launched a sloop 53ft. long, 11ft. beam, 6ft. hold, similar in model to Bob Fish's famous *Vizen*, for Messrs. George and Henry Corson, of Philadelphia. She will receive eight hundred yards of canvas.

GWENDOLEN-HECTOR.—Commodore Stone, East Boston Yacht Club, is very anxious to try on the *Gwendolen* with his smart sloop. As the latter has hardly bent sails, and is not in mofog trim, the match is not likely to come to anything unless Mr. Loveloy proposes taking a liberal risk.

THE IDA.—This little iron cutter, only 18ft. w. l., belonging to Mr. C. J. Faxon, has received a new cabin and outfit at Roberts' shop, in Harlem. Her rig is to be full cutter, 11ft. hoist to main-sail, 15ft. boom, 14ft. head, fore staysail and jib, 8ft. on foot each.

THE MYSTIC.—Vice-Com. Norton, Atlantic Y. C., has bought the schooner *Mythic* from Mr. Hall. She will receive an overhaul at Piegar's yard, Greenpoint, and possibly a larger rig. Capt. Baker, last year in the *Acetic*, will look the skippering.

THE LILLIE.—This well-known sloop, lately of Lynn, Mass., has lost the fashion. She comes out with a keel, Hutchins & Pryor did the work. She is to have five tons of ballast and a snug rig for cruising.

THE INTREPID.—This schooner (Mr. Lloyd Phoenix) will shortly leave for foreign parts, and while in English waters may take on a match or two with some of our cousin's big ones.

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Babylon, 8.35 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 5.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.
Col. Pt. & Whitestone, 7.35, 8.45, 10, 11.35 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 6, 6.35, 7, 7.35, 9.15, 10.45 P.M., 12.15 night.
Sundays, 9.25, 10.25 A.M., 1.35, 5.25, 7, 10 P.M.
Brooklyn, 6.25, 7.35, 8.45, 10, 11.35 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 6, 6.35, 7, 7.35, 9.15, 10.45 P.M., 12.15 night.
Sundays, 9.25, 10.25 A.M., 1.35, 3, 5.25, 7, 10 P.M.
Rockaway Beach, 8.35, 9.15, 10.45, 4.35, 5.35, 7 P.M. Rockaway Beach, 11 A.M., 4.35, 5.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M. and 6.35 P.M.
Coram, 6.25, 7.35, 11.35 A.M., 4.35, 5.35, 6.35 P.M. Saturdays nights, 12.15. Sundays, 9.35 A.M., 5.35 P.M. Garden City, Queens and Hempstead, 8, 10 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 6.35, 7 P.M. From Flatbush av. daily, except Sunday, and from Hunter's Point Monday, Wed., Fri. and Saturday, 12.15 night, Wednesdays and Sundays only from Flatbush av. 10 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M., 4.35, 6.35 P.M.
Glen Cove, Locust Valley, Glen Head and Roseton, 8.35, 9.15, 10.45, 4.35, 5.35, 6.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 4.35 A.M., 6.35 P.M.
Greenport and Sag Harbor, 8 A.M., 3.35 P.M. Huntington and Northport, 8, 10 A.M., 4.35, 6.35 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M., 6.35 P.M.
Lakeland and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 3.35, 5.35 P.M. Patchogue, 8.35 A.M., 4.35, 5.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.
Richmond Hill, Glenade, 8.35, 11 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 7 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 12.15. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6.35 P.M. Greenvale, 8, 10 A.M., 4.35 P.M., Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, commencing January 1st.
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Richmond, Va.

Medical.

MISTAKES AND PREJUDICES OF RELIGIOUS AND TEMPERANCE JOURNALS.

Some good Religious and Temperance Journals are making the mistake of declining to advertise a most valuable and anti-intoxicating medicine, simply because it is called "Hitters," while the same journals are making a greater mistake by advertising some drunken whisky stuff, or nostrum, because it has some nice fancy descriptive name, ending with "cure," "tine," printed on its label, when the bottle is filled with destruction, drunkenness, death, and the good journals would take the trouble to ascertain how many overworked clergymen have had their lost nerve-force, brains and flagging energies restored by the use of Hop Bitters, enabling them to perform their arduous pastoral duties and preach the good message that they should have been totally unable to do but for this valuable medicine, and did these journals but know of the host of good Christian Temperance women who rely on them for their family medicine, and how many invalid homes they could make happy and healthy, and which they would send to every neighborhood by publishing the merits of Hop Bitters, they would advertise them with a happy and wider effect. And did these journals but know how many have been and may be saved from forming intemperate habits by doctors prescribing Hop Bitters, instead of beer, where the use of hops is needed (there being more actual hop strength in one bottle of Hop Bitters than in any quantity of beer), they would lay aside their fear and prejudice against the word "Hitters."

A few of the many witnesses from religious and temperance sources are given below, who use, recommend and advertise Hop Bitters. The President and Manager of Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. is a veteran Temperance advocate and worker of forty-eight years' service; every man in the Company is an actual teetotaler, and the Company spends thousands of dollars annually in Temperance and Christian work.

What the Religious Press Says.

Chicago, Nov. 18th, 1878.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen—We do not allow anything in the line of Bitters to enter our paper that contains alcohol, but we are satisfied that Hop Bitters are free from that ingredient. We feel responsible for the good or bad that may be done to the families of our subscribers who are affected by our advertisements. Therefore our discrimination in your favor, and we trust that our very low rates will meet your approval, and that we may hear from you.

"THE LIVING CHURCH."

Temperance clergymen, lawyers, ladies and doctors use Hop Bitters, as they do not intoxicate, but restore the system, and are waste.—*Temperance Times, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Not a Beverage.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with a most pure and pleasant taste, and containing no poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. They give more hope, than is more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and restores many more lives than any other medicine."—*Rochester Evening Express, on Hop Bitters.*

We are not in the habit of making editorial mention of patent medicines, but in case of Hop Bitters, feel free to do so, because their merits deserve to be known.—*New York Independent.*

Northwestern Christian Advocate, N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle, N. Y. Evangelical Messenger, Cleveland, Ohio.

National Baptist, Philadelphia, Pa. Pilot, Boston, Mass. Christian Standard, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Home Journal, Detroit, Mich. Methodist, Baltimore, Md. Southwestern Christian Advocate, New Orleans, La.

Christian Mirror, Portland, Me. And over a hundred more Religious and Temperance papers.

Pittsford, Mass., Sept. 28th, 1878.
Sir—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as they are very beneficial.

Mrs. J. W. TUTTLE,
See'y Women's Christian Temperance Union.

A MEDICINE, NOT A DRINK

High Authority.
Hop Bitters is not, in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold, for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal bitters.

U. S. Com'r Internal Rev.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 4th, 1879.
Dear Sir—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters. He is a wonderful cure. He is well known in Rochester, N. Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York, and in fact, all over the country, as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his cure would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your Bitters.

J. A. W.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of some of the best physicians in the city, who gave her various names, but no relief, and now she is restored to her good health by the use of Hop Bitters. We are in good health by the use of Hop Bitters. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we have suffered, but that they will get a good medicine as Hop Bitters."

"The Parents—Good Templars."

Atlanta, Del., Feb. 10th, 1880.
Having used Hop Bitters, the total remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitancy in saying that it is one of the best and most valuable medicines I have used, and I would recommend it to any one as a truly tonic medicine.

Rev. J. H. ELLGOOD.

I decided to insert your advertisement of Hop Bitters last year, because I then thought they might not be promotive of the cause of Temperance, but that they are, and a

happily myself and my wife have been greatly benefited by them, and I take great pleasure in making them known.

Rev. JOHN SEAMAN,
Editor *Home Sentinel*, Atton, N. Y.

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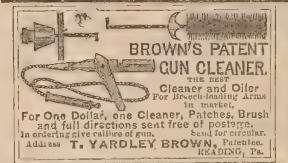
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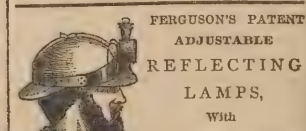


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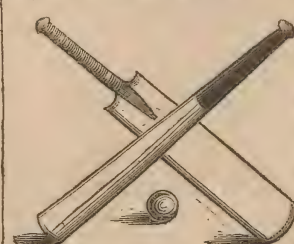
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My Fishing on the Nepigon.

CHICAGO LAWYERS IN THE BRITISH WILDERNESS.

NO. II.

WE are becoming sated with trout fishing. When we can capture a three or four-pound trout as surely as a boy can take a six-ounce perch from the Government Breakwater, and quietly drop back into the water fish which would constitute the *piece de resistance* on the choicest table in Chicago, we plan greater variety for our sport. Bonfield and myself did not give up the sport until Tuesday afternoon, fishing from a point of rocks just below the camp, in the edge of the whirl of water from the rapids opposite. Standing on the farthest rock, we could easily see the trout in six or eight feet of water in front of us, and after the first few had been caught, we established the rule that the one who stood on the point should, as soon as he struck a fish, tow it up into the stiller water, and give the place on the point to the other, who, in turn, stepped back when he had hooked his fish. Each used the landing net for the other's fish, and thus the fun proceeded in regular rotation. Occasionally both would have a fish at the same time, which made some confusion. They ordinarily weighed from two to three pounds, a few overrunning the latter figure, and some falling below the former. As we already had in camp all the fish we could eat, we handled each new captive gently, carefully weighed him, and dropped him quietly into the water again, watching him strike out for the lowest rocks. But these trout did not seem to understand their favored position; that they were not to be thrown in a heap on the shore, nor handed over to the ravenous Indian, but were being caught strictly in the interest of science, that we might obtain the fair average weight of the fish in this stream. Several times I attempted to explain to some poor, deluded trout, who was struggling manfully with adversity at the end of a line, that we meant him no harm, and if he would come up quietly and like a gentleman, and be weighed, he would be allowed forthwith to depart in peace. But these explanations never seemed to give satisfaction, and the game creatures fought for liberty as determinedly as though fearing their destination was the frying-pan. Like the victims in De Quincey's "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," they really had the temerity to object to their proposed fate.

TROUT CORRALS.

We have things better arranged now. We have established three corrals; one at the camp, and one on each of the fishing points below. By moving a few rocks at the edge of the water, and building a semi-circular breakwater outside, we have a pond several feet in diameter, and twelve or fifteen inches deep, through which the cold river water runs as fresh and pure as in the main current; and there our happy family lie as quietly and peacefully as their ardent natures will permit. We have about thirty dammed no; and unless some party should come by who are short of trout and will promise to use and not waste them, we shall, on breaking camp, open the rocky barriers, and enjoy the sight of the vanishing tails taking an unceremonious departure. The Indians take turns with us in going down to the camp corral to watch and play with these temporary captives. Some of these are already quite tame, and make no objection to being quietly stroked and petted, though at any sudden motion the whole party unite in making the water boil with their frantic struggles, while the surface is cut with their high dorsal fins. We are all becoming adepts in the science of

FISH PATHOLOGY.

for when one of them is so unfortunate as to be caught at a considerable distance from the corral, he does not seem to relish the necessary aerial transportation, and on his arrival does not immediately display his customary high spirits. The science of pathology requires that he should then be gently held by the hand in his natural position, or with his mouth toward the entering stream of water. If he does not then appear to revive rapidly enough, a few mild shakes in the water will assist him, and, unless he is like Cassio, "past all surgery," he will begin to show his appreciation of your efforts by the movements of his mouth and fins. Last evening High and Pratt brought in five handsome fish in a comatose condition, all of which lay on their sides without making any more of an effort than could have been expected of the late respected Mrs. Donbey. The proper manipulation, however, began to have its effect at once; as soon as they were turned upright, they began to move, and in a few moments all but one were swimming about handsomely. That one, a four-pounder, seemed almost human in his desire for life. After having been once placed with his back up, he used every endeavor to remain so, and, whenever he fell over on to his side, he would look up and turn his head toward me in a sort of mute appeal to be righted; and when assisted, he held his own as long as possible; and on feeling himself sinking again on to his side, he would make a desperate effort to regain his true fishy position. And so all the evening he hovered between life and death. But his wound proved like Mercutio's, and in the morning we found him lying like a dead fish. I set only jump clean him bare, and also to individualize the trout, and so recognize them accordingly. They are as different as the sheep in a flock, every one of whom the shepherd can distinguish. One has a long, slender head; another, a peculiar coloring to the fins; a third has his dorsal fin tipped with white; a fourth, a peculiarly brilliant red belly; a fifth, the markings on his back so clear and fine that they seem almost continuous; and one of our Indians, though small, has zigzag stripes broader than others of three times his weight.

LANDING TROUT.

If I were to say that these trout were game I would be saying simply what every one knows to be true of all trout. The correct statement is that these show more vigor and determination after a few moments than when first hooked. The acquaintance with an eight-ounce rod seems to develop a wonderful amount of latent energy, and I have had a three-pounder make a run of over fifty feet after playing him for half an hour, and then repeat the same process a few moments later. The smaller trout on the Brule and many other streams do not only jump clean out of water in striking the hook, but afterwards do the same and shake themselves in the air after the manner of black bass, in hope to get the hook out of their mouths. These larger fish, however, seldom rise clear of the water in striking, and the heavier ones frequently do not show a single fin; and as they choose the rougher water the first evidence of his size is the rapid running of the line from the reel, and the quick proof of his persistence in striking, and the bottom and refuses to display his proportions. In the pool at the foot of the Falls yesterday one good fish threw himself clean out of water six times, each time shaking himself in mid-air vigorously, but in vain; but as a rule not one fish in ten will come near the surface for a light rod until really tired. For an Indian's rod, however, the case is different. As we were having some fine sport a few miles below one of our Indians seemed anxious to participate, and fastening about ten feet of stout line to the end of a setting pole he baited with a piece of bacon, and at the first bite a three-pound trout went sailing through the air in a manner as laughable to us as it must have been surprising to the trout.

Let some doubting Thomas, accustomed to the little hooks and diminutive trout of the Alleghenies, may sus-

pect that these three, four and five pounders belong to some different species and are not the genuine brook trout, I will add that it is a well-established and undoubted fact among all experienced men familiar with these Nepigon fish, that they are precisely the same as the trout of New England and the Adirondacks—the genuine *Salvelinus fontinalis* of the naturalist.

LAKE NEPIGON.

Yesterday we organized an expedition to Lake Nepigon, which lies beyond the domain of whoever does not chance to have the eye of the tourist or the artist. The fisherman's paradise ends at these Victoria Falls. A fairer paradise lies beyond, and a touch of its beauty seemed even to fall upon the unromantic Indian. Bonfield, King and myself, in our character of excursionists, bid farewell to High and Pratt, who had assumed the literary character—so far at least as one of Trollope's novels and a magazine would admit—and started northward. If these Falls are to be considered as the gateways of the paradise on either side, they are deserving of mention as such, and also for their intrinsic beauty. The broad expanse of Lake Nepigon is suddenly contracted through a wedge of islands and shot over a ledge of rocks between two points not two hundred feet apart. The dark purple cast, which I do not remember to have seen in other waters, forms a striking contrast with the dazzling silver whiteness of the spray into which all seems to be converted, and one ever-opening, ever-closing gulf of foam seems yawning for more water to grind upon its lowest rocks and throw up in silver drops for the rainbow, which spans the horizon above the seething torrent. Below all is turmoil; above all is peace.

Below the fierce current boils and rages through the narrow channel and around the wide rock-bound pool, from which it escapes only to form two lesser rapids just below. Above are islands, widening shores, the unruined surface of the lake and perfect solitude. For two miles our canoe glided between islands, gradually opening wider views and revealing more distant capes and peaks, until on rounding a little point the fair lake opened before us—not one vast unbroken expanse like Michigan, but showing at one point only her waters meeting the sky, leaving a hundred islands equal honor in the beauty of the scene. Right in the center of our line of furthest view rose an island ship. Her solitary pine tree stood as the towering mainmast, with sails spread to the breeze. Two smaller birches furnished other masts, yards and sails, while the bare body of the rock rose just high enough to complete a well-proportioned vessel. Nature could furnish no better one, and man has not yet built upon these waters any other to dispute her supremacy.

After the first burst of enthusiasm we lay enchanted with the scene. Before us the open lake; to our right the main land, gradually receding and rising to the height of several hundred feet; to our left a forest of tall, thin trees small, as natural in this high latitude. But upon one range of hills, at least five miles away, one great tree rose majestic against the sky, as though to re-assert the dignity of richer soil and more southern climes. At our left island succeeded island, until in the distance they seemed a mainland, though our guides told us that the furthest land we could see was island and island.

Slowly we paddled out toward the island ship. It was a rock-anchored and rock-encircled, as though to laugh to scorn a thousand Atlantic storms; and three massive stones showed that her prow was pointed toward the north to meet and brave the roughest winds sweeping from the Pole. The rock ship was all massive trap, and the treasure which she seemed to bear was one great granite boulder, worn round and smelt in ages ago in its perilsous journey with the icebergs, perhaps down from the Arctic zone, and now rejoicing in its haven of refuge on the safest spot in this rock-ribbed island.

Our Indians at once turned their attention to a pair of loons swimming opposite another island half a mile to our right, and borrowing Bonfield's gun one of them hid behind the rocks at the point, and the other commenced calling them up by imitating their well-known cry. The loons answered and commenced swimming toward us, and in ten minutes were within a hundred yards of the gunner; but they wisely declined to come nearer and soon sailed away, still uttering their plaintive canonic cry.

VIEW OF THE LAKE.

To the right of the entrance to the lake rose a sugar-loaf hill, evidently commanding a good view of the surrounding country. From a series of observations we convinced ourselves that it was less than a mile from the water, while on the lake side it displayed a rocky bluff, which told us that in ascending it we should not be treated as other ambitious tourists have been who have climbed high hills only to find them so thickly wooded on summit as well as side, as to furnish no point for a view. Drawing up the canoe on a gravelly beach—a rare thing here—we started inward and upward sometimes through rough woods and tangled underbrush, sometimes sinking ankle deep in the yielding moss.

The first view over the lake was exquisite; the second was rapturous admiration. Our party gathered

on the topmost cliff and gazed in unbounded wonder and delight. We stood probably six hundred feet above the water and in the clear atmosphere overlooked the whole lower end of the lake; the islands which had been united to our eyes before, now stood each in its separate setting of water, blue and beautiful as the ocean itself. The seventeen which lay at our feet were grouped in perfect harmony, and though many new ones had arisen in the west, beyond which there seemed to be a ridge of hills making the shores, our guide William, brought up on the lake, still told us that these were other islands and that the lake extended far beyond. In some places the water, sheltered from the lightest breeze, reflected the island shores as from a mirror of burnished steel, and carried the clouds suspended in its liquid depths, and slowly moving in glorious procession. In some places clear as crystal, in others with a waving rippling appearance as though the ice-king had surprised a summer breeze upon its surface; and again there were those broken lines and narrow angular crevices peculiar to a sheet of ice newly broken in the upheaving spring, and shining lines of water at the cracks. To the north the noble lake still refused to disclose to our searching gaze any boundary save the sky to her horizon. To the south stretched the unbroken wilderness, except at a single point where the river stole out from behind a range of hills, soon losing herself again in the forest. The sky was worthy of Italy, with the add d inspiration of its northern character. To add to the impressiveness of the scene, we knew that every shore washed by these waters was still as designed by nature; that no woodman's axe had ever resounded in these forests; that no electric whistle had ever broken their solitude; that no path leads through them, except the trail of the Hudson Bay Company and the Indian; that no keel has ever plowed through these waters; and no sail held by a white man has ever been unfurled upon their waves. Finding on our standing place no evidence of previous visitations, King suggested that it should be named; and as the event, which to us had been a pleasant and boundless enthusiasm entitled him to the honor. So "King's Peak" it was named, and one of Bonfield's empty cartridges in the center of a mound of stones contains the record of its christening. Each of the party standing with a boulder at his feet, at the edge of the rock, rolled it over the cliff, at the signal given, after the manner of the Titans of old on Mount Olympus, and all gave three cheers for the place. The commander of ceremonies then commanded that silence should be observed until the last echoes had died away, and fired a salvo of Bonfield's artillery toward the north. Each island took up the sound, and every shore repeated the reverberation, until rolling along the shore of the Nepigon it died away in the distance.

Since sighting Thunder Cape, towering majestically nearly 1,400 feet of solid rock above Lake Superior we have been constantly reminded of the rough volcanic origin which geology ascribes to these regions, and so long as we remained on the lake, the islands, however wooded, showed along every shore a narrow strip of trap, the armament of the forest against the waves when lashed by the storm. But gazing from this peak the fringe of rocks had apparently withdrawn into the forest or sunk beneath the quiet water, and all was harmony, confidence and peace. The grandeur of our vision was not a broken outline or a rough shore, save at one island headland, far in the distance, which rose boldly from the water, and showed a part of its side rough and bare as though unwilling that the rigors of this latitude should be wholly forgotten even under the bewitching influences of a perfect summer's day.

One essential part of the ceremony was lacking still. Blue fannel having usurped so large a place in our apparel we could not produce the white flag which it should be planted, as a memorial, on the spot, and it would be presumption in foreigners to plant a colored flag within Her Majesty's Dominions; so we were preparing sadly to return, when a movement of one of our guides attracted our attention, and William having, in this moment of inspiration, torn out part of the lining of his coat, and Baptiste producing a pole, we planted the appropriate flag at its best. Beyond doubt, Frederick I. should travel as widely over other continents as over our own. I never expect to gaze upon another scene which will more ardently call upon the sentiment of love for the beautiful, than this day vision of looking northward over the pure waters of the Nepigon, untouched by commerce and undisturbed by man.

JOSIAH H. BISSELL.

Victoria Falls, Head of Nepigon River, Aug. 28th, 1879.
[To be concluded.]

THE ROUTE TO GRAND FALLS.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, May 13th.
WITH all deference to "Salmo Fontinalis" and his very excellent letter in *Forest and Stream* for May 6th, which I eagerly read, I beg to offer a few supplementary remarks about what he has probably inadvertently omitted. I went over the route planned by him in the autumn of '77, and would suggest to those who intend taking his good advice to leave their visit until late in September or early in October, when the scenery on St. John River is at its best. Beyond doubt, Frederick I. should travel as widely over other continents as over our own. I never expect to gaze upon another scene which will more ardently call upon the sentiment of love for the beautiful, than this day vision of looking northward over the pure waters of the Nepigon, untouched by commerce and undisturbed by man.

The beautiful little settlements are the gems of the scenery as the steamer shortens the eighty-four miles to Fredericton. No time is lost in exfoliating freight cars, the smaller stations; a skillfully managed boat comes alongside, while the steamer keeps on her course; a small ladder is let down on either side by which passengers, etc., are transferred and they part. I wondered how those poor little villages struggled under the unpronounceable Indian names that I saw printed on the mail-

bags; but the syllables harmonize so nicely that after having heard them called out I thought pronunciation the easiest part of them.

If the traveler is not a very enthusiastic sportsman he can enjoy some 'good grouse shooting in the immediate vicinity of Fredericton. To be sure "Salmo Fontinalis" must have noticed the quaint old ferry boats between Fredericton and the Nashwan. I imagine they are after the style of the very ancient New Yorkers; they run well ashore at one end and have a pole stuck in the mud to oppose the current at the other. From this up your correspondent's description is better than anything I could attempt. My visit was slightly varied by driving about fifteen miles in consequence of the railway being unfinished; otherwise I enjoyed all the pleasures which he has experienced.

JOSEPHUS.

Natural History.

Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

SPRING NOTES FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

April, 1890.

April 1st.—32°, 48°, 41°. Melted but little during the day. New arrivals noted were killdeer plovers, loggerhead shrike, herring gull, golden-winged woodpeckers and a Wilson snipe. Found first the shore lark's (*Eremophila alpestris*) nest to-day. It was on a sandy ridge in the prairie, and contained four eggs, which were fresh. It must have been built about March 20th or 27th, immediately upon the disappearance of the snow of the 23th. Many ducks flying.

April 2d.—33°, 48°, 37°. Saw a sharp-shinned hawk and striped sparrowhawk (*Spermophilus tridecemlineatus*). The "gopher" had just opened his hole, and was airing himself at the entrance after his long winter sleep. Song sparrows have become numerous. Some poplar and willow catkins are bursting their covering.

April 3d.—30°, 51°, 40°. Rusty blackbirds. Gadwall ducks. A small flock of Northern waxwings (*A. garrulus*) has been about the yard all day, the attraction being a quantity of rotten apples that I placed as a bait for them. They are very fond of this kind of food, and will regularly frequent a place where it is to be obtained. The flock would alight on the ground, and feed eagerly and rapidly, until each bird was full, fairly to the mouth, when they would ascend by easy stages to the top of an oak tree standing close by. Here a brief period was spent in cleaning and arranging their plumage, and in quiet repose, while the food they had eaten digested with astonishing rapidity. Soon they would begin to bestir themselves again, and drop one by one onto the ground to again gorge themselves, and then re-ascend to the tree-top as before. This was continued all day with but little interruption. A shot or any sudden noise would scare them off only for a short time, when they would return apparently as hungry as ever. The soft, unsubstantial character of the food, and consequent rapid digestion, is probably the explanation of the gluttony displayed, though the waxwings are in general very hearty eaters, let the food be what it may. An attempt at feeding them on orange failed; they would not touch it.

April 4th.—34°, 45°, 34°. A cold, windy day. A second shore lark's nest, containing three eggs slightly incubated. Contrary to the usual custom, the female in this instance showed much anxiety for the safety of her nest, keeping close at hand and going into the nest whenever opportunity offered. The coldness of the day may have had some influence. The waxwings remained about until they had eaten all the apples.

April 5th.—31°, 40°. A cold day, with light flurries of snow. Visited a small lake near the city in which the fish have died from some cause unknown. Hundreds upon hundreds of dead fish of eight species, together with many frogs, lay all around the shore or floated in the water. Some of them were of large size; pickered three feet long, black bass eighteen inches in length, and suckers two feet or more. They had been dead some time, as was evident from their appearance; but as they were in various stages of decomposition it was evident they did not all die at the same time. The lake is of small dimensions, lies in a meadow, and is rather shallow around the edges, but deepens abruptly and is said to be forty feet deep in the middle. It is fed by springs, and has a small outlet, which, however, is often dry of late years. The water is always clear as crystal, and stagnation can hardly be advanced as an explanation. Whatever the cause, it must have been something very vital to kill not only all the fish indiscriminately, but even frogs and turtles. The dead fish consisted of the following species, named about in the order of their abundance: Sunfish (*Eupomotis aureus*), common sucker (*Catostomus commersoni*), yellow perch, golden shiner (*Notemisthus chrysops*), black bass (*M. pallidus*), catfish (*Ameiurus vulgaris*), pickered (*E. lucius*), and dogfish (*A. calva*). If anyone who may read this can, from such brief data, offer any explanation of such wholesale destruction of the inhabitants of a lake, it will be received with interest by many persons here.

April 6th.—31°, 28°, 37°.

April 7th.—24°, 40°, 27°. Saw a flock of fifteen or

eighteen evening grosbeaks on Nicolet Island, a locality near the heart of the city where these birds are accustomed to appear. These are the first that I have seen this winter, though several were reported at different times during March.

April 8th.—38°, 51°, 43°. A winter wren, a bittern and two loons. Heard the frogs croaking for the first time. Fox-colored sparrows have become numerous.

April 9th.—48°, 74, 55°. Alder (*Alnus incana*) in bloom and pollen ripe. Some slight signs of starting vegetation in the woods, but the ground, in most places, still frozen hard.

April 10th.—32°, 42°, 31°. A purple martin. Ice about all out of the larger lakes.

April 11th.—32°, 45°, 33°. Soft maples in bloom. Spent some time watching evening grosbeaks on Nicolet Island. Their principal food at present is the last year's seed of the sugar maple. The island is timbered in part with maple trees, and on the ground are quantities of the keys, which are now swelling and beginning to sprout. These the grosbeaks seek for, and, taking out the kernel, remove the dry, brown covering, and have a fresh green morsel, which they seem greatly to relish. They are also very fond of the keys of the box-elder, and during winter, when the snow is on the ground, make this a regular article of diet, for as the seeds remain hanging on the trees in bunches, they are easily obtained. With the sharp, overlapping edges of their powerful beak they clip the dry keys in two as neatly as it could be done with a pair of scissors, and then with the same instrument, clumsy looking as it is, manipulate the parts and remove the small, slender kernel.

April 12th.—40°, 70°, 51°.—The first yellow-rump warbler and a grass finch. Saw the Bohemian waxwings. A trumpeter swan was shot to-day on the Minnesota River, about ten miles from Minneapolis, by Mr. G. Van Ess.

The first pasque flowers (*Anemone patens*, var. *Nuttalliana*) in blossom.

April 13th.—53°, 74°, 43°. Several martins.

April 14th.—51°, 64°, 31°. Wind blew very heavy all day, hot and exhausting in the morning, the thermometer reaching 77°; then turned cooler, and by evening was freezing. Red-headed duck shot. Saw many yellow-rumps, ruby-crowned wrens, white-bellied swallows and the evening grosbeaks and Bohemian waxwings on Nicolet Island. (The waxwings left us about this date, as this was the last time they were seen.)

April 15th.—28°, 50°, 38°.

April 16th.—38°, 60°, 45°.

April 17th.—48°, 68°, 52°.

April 18th.—46°, 72°, 64°.

April 19th.—33°, 38°, 37°. Snow.

April 20th.—40°, 60°, 48°. Ground white with snow that fell last night. Two unfinished loggerhead shrikes' nests. Meadow larks paired. Early crowfoot (*Ranunculus rhomboides*) in bloom.

April 21st.—54°, 78°, 45°. White-throated sparrows. A phoebe bird's nest containing one egg. Bank swallows in great numbers excavating their holes. A small flock of Lapland longspurs. Liver-leaf (*Hepatica acutiloba*), bloodroot (*Sanguinaria canadensis*) and *Isopogon bifloratus* in bloom. Ground plum (*Astragalus glycyphyllos*) in bud.

April 22d.—43°, 60°, 48°.

April 23d.—44°, 52°, 47°.

April 24th.—30°, 45°, 43°. Large number of Wilson's snipe.

April 25th.—43°, 50°, 39°. Bonaparte's gulls. A crow blackbird building its nest behind a water pipe under the eaves of a house located in the central part of the city. Two bluejays' nests, one with one egg. English sparrow nesting about City Hall. These sparrows are increasing quite rapidly here, and will without doubt become a great nuisance before many years.

April 26th.—39°, 45°, 42°. *Geums triflorum* and *Antennaria plantaginifolia* in bloom.

April 27th.—41°, 64°, 50°. Brown thrushes.

April 28th.—50°, 64°, 44°. A chipping sparrow. A golden-winged woodpecker nesting. A bluejay's nest containing three eggs.

Dutchman's breeches (*Dicentra Cucullaria*) and small-flowered crowfoot (*Ranunculus abortivus*) in bloom. Dog's-tooth violet (*Erythronium albidum*) in a very favorable spot nearly in bloom.

April 29th.—39°, 51°, 41°. A few flakes of snow in the afternoon. Box elders and cotton-woods in full bloom.

April 30th.—40°, 60°, 52°. Ice nearly a fourth of an inch thick formed last night. Black-throated green warbler, yellow red-poll warblers and yellow-headed blackbirds noted.

THOS. S. ROBERTS.

BATS AND BEDBUGS.—Conway Farm, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, May 12th.—"W. P. M." of Boston, Mass., in your issue of 6th instant, supposes that the swallows repair to basswood forests and become infested with bedbugs, etc. Then he goes on to say that the basswood trees in Iowa were often infested by them. An Indian cured a cancer by tying his patient and burning out the fungi—declaring after the operation that anyone can cure a burn. I propose to shift the clinch from the swallow to the common leather-wing bat. "W. P. M." may kill one of these animals when he chooses, and he will be very apt to find it covered with these vermin.

When I was a lad in Virginia thousands of bats used to make the roof and upper room, or "debtor's prison," their roosting places, and the prisoners were fairly covered with chinchies. I have observed in Texas that the leather-wing bat frequently hung in shady forests upon trees in long festoons, and also upon fences which were sequestered. When this is the case the bedding will ever be found under the bark, and in the interstices of both trees and rails. In 1867 the writer built him a residence, and the leather-wings took possession before he did. Bats roosted in one or two of the rooms, and when the house was occupied by the writer and his family, there was unceasing warfare upon the rest-breakers for nearly two years before we were the victors. "W. P. M." may rest assured that the "barn," "hasswood forests," "a house," etc., of which he writes, were first infested by being the resort of the leather-wing bats. I reason this way. It is well known that bats are never covered with these pests, and, so far as I know, swallows are not; therefore, it is reasonable to infer, the places where the swallows build their home had been the dwelling place of the bat. It seems to me just possible that the bats got the chinchies from dwellings, to which they are at once attracted by lights, and then they breed upon them, and feed to their heart's content, so far as I know, unmolested upon the countless numbers which flock together.

R. M. CONWAY.

WHEN BEARS BRING FORTH.—Nashville, May 12th.—For some time passed I have noticed a number of articles in the FOREST AND STREAM upon the subject as to what season of the year bears give birth to their young. Perhaps one or two facts on the subject may throw the desired light. Five or six years ago Viscount Parker returned to New York from Florida during the month of May; he brought with him a cub which could not have been more than two months old. This would fix March as the month he was born in, but in Mississippi the fall of the year is when cubs are commonly offered for sale; and the first bear I ever killed was one I should judge was about six months old, that had been captured by my father's huntsman, but was found too old to tame. He broke the chain by which he had been attached, and finding it impossible to induce him to descend from a high tree in our yard, which he had climbed, it was decided that I should have the honor of shooting him. My impression is that there is no regular month for their bringing forth in our Southern country. It was in November when the above occurred. J. D. H.

ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 26th.—1 chain snake (*Ophiobolus ophioides*), 2 king snakes (*Ophiobolus ophioides*), 1 brown thrush (*Turdus migratorius*), 2 horned larks (*P. montana*), 1 alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), 1 snapper terrapin (*Chelydra serpentina*). All presented. 2 Gillespie's hair seals (*Zalophus elatipes*), 1 Rocky Mountain sheep (*Ovis montana*), 4 howling monkeys (*Myiodes palmarum*), 1 black-headed spider-monkey (*Ateles melanochir*). All purchased. 1 Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*) and 1 llama (*Lama peruviana*). Born in the garden.

Fish Culture.

Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION AT BERLIN.

NO. III.—FISHING TACKLE.

THE show of fish tackle used in angling is confined entirely to three countries—Germany, England and the United States—the others neither making nor using it to any great extent. In the collection of German rods, the angler can detect many of English and American make, usually of the lower priced kinds, cheap rods, machine made, and well adapted to the wants of the juvenile angler, or of those of more mature years, who would like to own a jointed rod which is not too expensive, and are not at all critical as to taper, weight, direction of grain, distribution of strain, and the other qualities which the finished angler requires to be contained in a fly-rod. Within the past ten years angling, as an art, has been most assiduously cultivated by a few enthusiasts in Germany, until upon the dark ground of a map of the Empire a few white spots could be made, each showing a center from which the light of angling science is diffused for a short distance, and then is absorbed in the darkness of that piscatory night which envelopes many rural districts in America where the popular idea of angling is to obtain the greatest number of fish in the least possible time. The German has never, until within the time named, looked at angling save as a means of getting fish; but, thanks to the enthusiastic fishers which have sprung up within a few years, there are quite a number of good anglers now in the country, and their numbers must increase. From this it will be seen that the best tackle is not in general use here, the demand for it being so limited that it is entirely supplied from foreign sources. Some light rods of native manufacture are shown which have an spike in the butt, which can be inserted in a bank or log, so that the flies may fish away while the angler seeks other recreation, and a novelty is a bell attached to a light bait-rod, which strikes an alarm when the bait was disturbed, and so arouses the attention, should it chance to be fixed upon some other object—a capital thing for boys who fish off New York wharves and sleep in the sun between bites.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBIT.

The American Exhibit is the most complete in all articles pertaining to fishing with a hook and line, the fine

collection of the National Museum serving to illustrate the gradual development of this mode of fishing, and contains a series of articles ranging from the wooden hooks of the savage to the bent and glued bamboo rod of the dainty angler of to-day. In the room devoted to the display of these articles, it is interesting to observe how the implements of the savage man have, by contact with his civilized brother, gradually approached the form approved by the latter as far as the materials of which they are made will allow. Thus, from the northeast coast of America there are hooks of wood, of bone, and of both materials combined in one; but the wooden ones are of necessity the largest and most clumsy, although when bent from one piece they are lighter than seems consistent with the strength required to capture the large fishes which the Esquimaux usually seeks, and the same may be said of the implements from Alaska and the northwest coast down to California. Often the wooden hooks are of two pieces, joined at the bottom in a V-shaped arrangement, bound with some vegetable fiber, but the combination of bone and wood affords the best chance for the addition of a barb or beard, which is utilized in a manner which is quite effective; but wherever the iron or steel of the white man has been obtainable, its value over all other material has been quickly appreciated, and the most primitive use of iron for fish hooks is shown in those obtained from the Wallapai Indians, which is a pipe-shaped wooden hook with a nail for a barb, while other tribes have drilled a hole in a flat bone, and inserted a nail or a bit of steel in a sort of barbless hook. Combinations of bone and steel also enter into the heads of harpoons and harpoon-arrows, while some of the Indians of the northwest coast were fortunate enough to own iron enough to make the entire hook, which closely followed the patterns in use by the white fishermen. Even an eel spear is shown made entirely of iron by the natives. The lines which accompany these hooks are of grass, seaweed or kelp, whalebone, and skin of seal or walrus, the latter for the heavy lines used in the capture of large fish and for harpoon lines. A very interesting trawl line of sea-weed and whalebone is shown, and also a serviceable looking grass rope, which is attached to a sealskin buoy, and is evidently a harpoon line.

Not only the angler and the fisherman are interested in comparing the rude machinery of the savage with those of civilized man which are close beside them, and which give a complete history of the improvements in the mode of catching fish by man in his natural state to supply his daily food—man as a trading animal who catches to exchange for money or produce, and man, who having no pressing needs to fill, fishes for his amusement—but it also furnishes a field of study for the ethnologist as well. Following the line of development here shadowed, the next case contains hooks of various sizes and patterns, made by the "American Hook and Needle Company," from that used for fly-tying and minnow catching up to those required for the great halibut, and an enormous hook, with a chain attachment, which might serve as a killock for a light yacht, intended for the largest shark, together with steel wire, illustrating the ten processes through which the material goes before being turned out a perfect fish-hook; bluefish squids of bone and metal, others covered with eel skin or cloth; bluefish drails; pearl minnows for angling, etc., in great variety. Next come the spoons and other spinning baits of Buel, Chapman, James, Mann, and Trowbridge, as well as those abominable inventions known as spring hooks or "scoodolagers," which, like fish poisons, it should be made a felony to use or have in possession.

Among the fishing lines can be seen heavy quarter-inch tarred cotton shroud-laid lines for fishing in twenty-five or more fathoms of water, as well as raw cotton lines, both shroud and hawser-laid; trawl lines; lines of linen for angling; horse-hair lines; braided silk, both raw and waterproof; silk lines with a horse-hair worked in to prevent kinking. In fact, everything adapted to the taking of a fish, from a shark to a trout of four ounces, or even a minnow; "pickler traps" for showing when a bait is struck while fishing through the fog, and silk worm gut of all sizes. In the collection of the National Museum may be found many artificial flies from the stores of Abbey & Imbrie, Conroy, Bisset & Malleson, Bradford & Anthony, as well as a case of those made by the skillful Miss McBride, while the patterns of reels seem to puzzle the uninitiated as to their object and mode of use. The light rubber reel, the perforated nickel reel of Orvis; and celluloid, brass and wooden reels.

DISEASED FISH IN KENTUCKY.—Versailles, Ky., May 10th, 1890.—Professor Spencer P. Baird, U. S. Commissioner Fish and Fisheries.—Dear sir:—Because of the very great interest you have shown in the propagation of fish, I take the liberty to ask of you information that is earnestly desired by this community.

Two years ago a company of gentlemen built a lake one mile from town, which covers thirteen acres of ground; it was well stocked with bass and new light. They increased rapidly, and last season we had splendid sport. For two weeks they have been dying, and as yet we are unable to find the cause of the fatality. I have examined a large number of them, and will tell you as briefly and plainly as I can how they die, and what I have found upon examination. They will swim around with their heads to the surface of the water, then after

jumping up once or twice, they die very quickly. I have found the whole lining membrane of the stomach inflamed, but that of the intestine only in patches similar to inflammation of the intestinal glands of man in typhoid fever. From time to time we have caught bream from the lake, but as none were intentionally put there, we have supposed that there were fifty newlights to one bream. Yet out of about two thousand dead fish, all are bream except about one hundred newlights and twenty bass. This inclines us to believe that the bream are peculiarly susceptible to the disease. The post mortem condition differs so in the two varieties (the newlight and bream) that I will give them separately. In the bream the inflammation is more destructive—in some instances there were perforations of the bowel—the stomach and bowels were always empty. In the newlight the inflammation was not so extensive—the stomach nearly always contained food, and some fecal matter in the bowel. The lake is fed by a large, never-failing spring of pure water.

Any information will place an entire community under obligations to you; therefore I hope to hear from you soon.

J. WARREN STITT, M. D.

P. S.—I failed to state that some suspected poisoning from the fish-berry, but I could find no evidence of this; not even with the microscope.

Professor Baird sends us the above, that its publication in our columns may elicit suggestions as to the cause and remedy of the disease.

OREGON.—The Astorian, of Astoria, Oregon, gives the following interesting account of the work of the United States Fish Commissioners in that State:—

Messrs. Jordan and Gilbert, of the United States Fish Commission, left Astoria Monday morning, by way of Kelama for the Sound. Their movements in Astoria were so quiet that many people were not aware of their presence here. Their business here was to collect statistics and information in regard to fisheries, for use of the census bureau; to collect specimens of every species of fish inhabiting or entering Columbia River, especially of the salmonidae; to ascertain the number of species, and the habits and ranges of each. Of course a work of this magnitude cannot be completed in a few days, or even months, and it is thought that we may see them here occasionally for several years. Their next visit will be sometime in July. They have prepared and sent away several specimens of spring salmon, *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*, of blue-back *O. hypsigran*; of steel-head *Salmo tshawytscha*; and three species of sturgeon. In regard to the *Salmo tshawytscha* a very curious question is raised. It was first described as a trout by Sir John Richardson, in 1836; and from that time until a few years ago, no specimen had ever been sent to Washington, though hundreds of every other trout had been received, and but for the reputation of the eminent naturalist who described it, its existence would have been doubted. In 1878 Mr. Livingston sent a fine specimen, a foot long, from the Clackamas Stone. Now that Prof. Jordan has examined the steel-head he thinks it probable that it is the *Salmo tshawytscha* of Richardson; and the question is whether it is a sea-going fish, or only an immense river trout. From the class of fishes to which by its structure it belongs, the latter should be the case. The fish known as pike, chub, sucker, etc., is a true chub; allied to the European fish of that name. The commissioners have not succeeded in getting many trout from our streams, as yet; only five from Jim Crow creek were shown them. One was the *Salmo trutta*, or Pacific brook trout; the other four were *Salmo clarki* or Clark's trout, named in honor of the explorer. An idea was left at the Kinney cannery and arrangements made to have several hundred trout preserved for inspection on their return. Readers of the Astorian may remember the description of a particular spotted trout, caught at Oak Point last fall by Mr. Fred Kendall. This was preserved, and proves to be the Pacific red-spotted trout, common on the headwaters of the Columbia, but never seen so low down as Oak Point before. The fish found upon the sand on the beach are new to science, and specimens are very much wanted. Prof. Baird was mistaken in calling it *Heterostichus rostratus*, which is an altogether different fish. The fish reported as shad a year ago, proves to be shad without a doubt.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN MAY.

Trout, <i>Salvelinus fontinalis</i> .	Salmon Trout, <i>Salmo confinis</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Shad, <i>Alosa</i> .
	Land-locked Salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; Means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

BISBY CLUB.—Mr. H. H. Thompson, of this city, Vice President of the Bisby Club, left this city last week for the club's headquarters, Bisby Park, Moose River Tract, Herkimer County. He was to have been joined at Utica by Messrs. F. W. Snow, of Ramapo, Robert B. and Frank Cable, of Elmira; A. Rockwell, artist, of Buffalo, and Chas. A. Walbradt, of Theresa. We need not wish the party "good luck," for they know how to catch their own fish and how to enjoy their days in the woods.

TROTTERING IN THE CATSKILLS.—New York, May 20th.—We have just returned from a two weeks' trip among the Catskills. Mr. A. Whitney and wife, of Brooklyn, and myself and wife, left Grand Central Depot morning of

May 5th for Shandaken, on the Ulster and Delaware R. R.; fare \$2.90. We stopped at La Men's Hotel; fished the Notch, Pine Hollow, Broad Street Hollow, Fox Hollow, Big Indian, and other streams in that locality; found fish plenty, but very small, and certainly a disgrace for any sportsman to take home. Tired of this location, we took the train and got off at Arkville; hired a team—price \$4—and drove to farm house of Mr. De Silvie, Grant's Mills, Delaware County, fifteen miles from railroad; fished Millbrook in Ulster County, and met with good success. Mr. Whitney and myself are sportsmen to the backbone, and will walk with any one thirty miles if necessary to catch two good sized trout, but when you come to small ones we will always put them back, and if every sportsman and one lover of trout would do the same we would have better fishing in a short time. We fished Millbrook four days, catching only enough to supply our table. The last day Mr. Whitney and myself caught one hundred and sixty and brought most of them home, and they were beauties, all good size. Boy-like, coming down on the railroad we had to open our basket to look at them, and they were admired by more than one passenger. We were very pleased with our trip, and I can say to our friends that there are good sized trout left yet, if you go in the right direction. Law is not up in Delaware County until June 1st or 10th. H. C. W.

VIRGINIA.—Mt. Airy, N. C., May 15th.—Our "little" party, tired of the "Sunny South," went to the mountains of Patrick County, Va., a few days ago on a trouting, for a little recreation. The waters of the Dan are good right now. We hooked upward of three hundred in two days; also, with our guns bagged three large wild turkeys, two gophers and one hen, besides pheasants, squirrels, rabbits, partridges, robins, doves, snakes, etc. The snakes were shot on our hunt in the mountains, rattlesnakes, adders, and black snakes. We seldom kill a black snake, unless he gets saucy. In our party was a deaf mute, one of the Siamese Twins' sons, Bunker. He enjoyed the trip hugely—full of life and fun. T. M. B.

BASS IN TEXAS.—Waxahachie, Texas, May 17th.—I have before me your issue of May 6th, in which appears a communication from Willis, Texas, over the signature "C. L. J.," in which the writer describes his preparations for a campaign against the black bass. I am afraid, however, that if the gentleman confines his piscatorial pursuits to the killing of black bass in Texas, he will, in the language of the poet, "get left." I have fished all the principal rivers and best fishing grounds in the State, and killed every variety of fish known to exist in Texas fresh waters, but have never yet met with the black bass. What is known as the black bass here is rock bass proper, called in the northern States variously rock bass, striped bass, river bass, etc., according to the locality, and universally known as trout among natives of the Southern States. If "C. L. J." will carefully examine the basses of "Cin and Kan," he will find there such a variety of fish in regard to black bass and rock bass as will forever settle in his own mind which of the two varieties abound in Texas waters; and he will never again be guilty of mistaking our gamy and toothsome favorite for the unwieldy but voracious black bass. Perhaps "C. L. J." will kindly furnish the readers of FOREST AND STREAM with an account of the first or opening battle of his campaign. I, for one, shall look with great interest for a record of his success with flies in capturing "Texas trout." C. S. W.

THE RICHARDSON-RANGELEY LAKES.—The travel to this celebrated lake region has already commenced, and quite a large number of people are scattered about between Errol Dam, Umbagog Lake, and the Upper Dam, on the Richardson Lakes. At present writing the fishing on the Magalloway and Diamond rivers is first rate, and large strings are also being taken at Middle Dam, Upper Dam, head of the Upper Pond, Lake, Beaver Ponds, Richardson Ponds, and Mill Brook.

The two most direct routes, by Bryant's Pond and Andover, and by Bethel and Upton, seem to be the favorites at present, and most of the people who are visiting the lakes this spring go by one or the other. Later in the season, however, the "Dixville Notch Route" must become the favorite on account of the wonderful scenery along its way.

An unusually large number of round trip excursion tickets have been issued by the different railroads this spring, and tourists and sportsmen cannot complain for lack of diversity in routes. Some go in by Bryant's Pond and Andover, and back the same way, and others back by way of Upton and Bethel. The Dixville Notch tickets read various ways; some to North Stratford and Colebrook, by way of the Grand Trunk Railway, others by way of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad. From Colebrook you go down through Dixville Notch to Errol Dam, where connection is made with the elegant little steamer *Parnachenee*, a new boat, built this spring, expressly for this route. She runs daily to all points on Umbagog Lake, and up the Magalloway every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. She connects at the Berlin Mills House (Brown's) with the Grand Trunk Railway, and at Angles Falls at Sunday Cove, with trains for the Middle Dam (Angler's Retreat); and at Upton with daily stages for Bethel, running through Grafton Notch, a romantic pass in the mountains.

Through the kindness of Chas. A. J. Farrar, Esq., author of "Richardson and Rangeley Lakes Illustrated," I am able to give from advance proof sheets of his book the following list of excursions to Dixville Notch and the Rangeley Lakes, and I have no doubt but many of your readers will be glad to learn at this early day the expense of tickets to the lakes, and the different routes:—

Boston to South Arm Richardson-Rangeley Lakes and return, via Bryant's Pond and Andover, \$12.00.
Boston to Middle Dam and return, via Bryant's Pond and Andover, \$13.00.
Boston to Middle Dam and return, via Bethel and Upton, \$14.50.
Boston to Upper Dam and return, via Bryant's Pond and Andover, \$14.00.
Boston to Upper Dam and return, via Bethel and Upton, \$16.00.
Boston to Upper Dam via Bryant's Pond and Andover, return via Bethel and Upton, \$15.00.

Boston to Upper Dam, via Bryant's Pond and Andover, return via Dixville Notch and Colebrook, \$17.75.

Boston to Upper Dam, via Bryant's Pond and Andover, return via Dixville Notch, Colebrook and the White Mountains, \$20.00.

Boston to Indian Rock, via Bryant's Pond and Andover, return via Phillips and Farmington, \$15.25.

Boston to Berlin Mills House, Magalloway River and return, via Bethel and Upton, \$14.50.
Boston to Berlin Mills House, Magalloway River and return, via Bryant's Pond and Andover, \$16.50.

Boston to Dixville Notch and return, via Bethel and Upton, \$15.00.
Boston to Dixville Notch, via Bethel and Upton, return via Colebrook and North Stratford, \$15.25.

Boston to Lake Umbagog and return, via Bethel, \$11.00.
Boston to Errol Dam and return, via Boston, Concord and Montreal R. R., \$19.00.

These tickets may be procured in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and other large places, at all the general ticket offices. A new steamer has also been built for the Richardson Lakes, and will ply this summer between South Arm, Middle Dam, Upper Dam and all points on the lake.

The roads from Andover to the South Arm of the lower Richardson Lake, and from the Middle Dam to Lake Umbagog, have both been laid out as county roads, and will be in first-rate condition this summer. RAMBLER.

THE OLD SCOUT GOES FISHING.

A FRIEND of mine was out a fishin', together with me, a few days ago after trout in the Adirondacks, your paper of Thursday, March 18th. In that you has a article tellin' how as to ketch trouts on April fish. Now you must have been a April foolin', and didn't think as how we would recollect 'twas the 1st of April, seeing as how you says grizzlys kings and perfessers and spiders coopers and sich. Now I don't know much of them flys, but I'll tell you—as you asks it that folks send you accounts of the flys, and trout, and such, and such, and such, just what kind of luck them perfessers had up here in Montanny last week. Well, we went a fishin'—two officers and a citizen, a New Yorker, and me; and them officers and that citizen they was just fixed up with rods as looked like a long whip, and wasn't to my eye half as strong, but they said them rods would yank out any trout as I showed 'em. Well, when we got inter the mountains, and went a fishin' they puts on rooster hackles and pintail grouse feathers, as they called gray perfessers. I told 'em it weren't no use, but they laffed and said all right, you just watch. Well, I couldn't beleeve as sensible fellows would calkater in ketchin' trouts with them feathers, and laffed to myself; but at it they went, sneekin up through the briars and brush, and showin' heaps of spunk, for they didn't mind the cold water as much as I did, and just tried like any durned fool to ketch them tats. But it weren't no use, and they just cum up and took a look around and went off, and never no more thought of bein' fooled by fethers than I would of bein' by a Crow squaw for a Sioux buck. Then they tried black parmers and brown ibises and red parmers, and a hull better book full; but it weren't no more use than the perfessers. I told 'em them trouts hadn't ever been slook in the collected water, and they didn't know the perfessers. That kinder riled 'em, but they laffed and began tryin grasshoppers made of gum, and black tumble bugs and tater bugs, and the Lord only knows that they had more of them bugs than ever growed in Montanny; and I kep' on a laffin. Well, now, don't you know, all the time as them three fellers was a playin' at fishin' with them things, I was a fishin'. I was a ketchin' fish. Now you write a fishin' paper, and you know when a man goes aited of you fishin', a foolin' about and wadin' threw the water, 'taint much of a chance of a man what comes behind a ketchin' much fish; but them trouts weren't fooled by no sich fether things. Them trouts was just hungry for something to eat, and fethers is mighty poor eatin'; so I come along behind 'em, and throwed my line. Now I had a hook—a real old Limerick hook with a twine on it—and I had a chunk of deer meat, and the way them trouts cum up and took that meat were a caution. They was just as hungry as they could be, and sometimes a big fellow would git the meat and not git caught on the hook; and when I put on another piece of meat he just had had taste enuff of that meat to go for the next piece with a jump and get kitched, you bet. Well, I had heaps of fun. I kitched fish and laffed at them fellows till I cried, and they was just tired, and swearin' they didn't beleeve as them fish was trouts. Well, now, that was sort of mren, I thought, and told 'em so; and I said 'taint no use, gentlemen, these trouts ain't been to college, and you better take some of my deer meat. Well, they didn't kind of like to do it, and said that weren't no kind of fishin'; but as they was there, and couldn't ketch 'em any other way, they'd try it just to settle the time. So they put deer meat on top of their fethers, and tried again. Well, don't you know they just missed more nor half their fish; then they was sort of mad, cause I didn't miss mine. Well, after awhile I looked at their hooks, and blamed if they didn't have hooks as didn't have any twist on 'em. Well, I told 'em them hooks were no count, and they said they was the very best of hooks—that they was Sprote's. Well, now, I don't know. Sprote may make good hooks, but he better make 'em with a twist. Well, don't you know if they ain't got a twist. Well, I got a whole big string—more than all three of them—and then we went to camp and cooked sum and dried the rest of 'em to take home. Now, I have seen city fellows ketch lots of 'em out here in the summer with fethers, but 'taint no use when they is reel hungry; in the spring they want meat. Now I say they is educated, for they take their desert after they gets a good dinner, and they eat desert on a empty stomach. THE OLD SCOUT.

CONNECTICUT.—Norwich, May 10th.—A number of gentlemen interested in glass ball shooting met on Friday evening and organized a shooting club. A constitution and by-laws were adopted, and the following officers elected: President, A. S. Childs; Secretary, C. W. Scott; Treasurer, E. A. Tracy. The club meets twice weekly for practice. C. W. S.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

—Mr. Charles Lincoln, the superintendent of the late show, has returned home; his address, in the future, will be care of Gillman Brothers, Detroit, Mich. It would be a great oversight on our part if we failed to compliment Mr. Lincoln on his supervision during his stay in New York. On the days of the show he exhibited more than ever that wonderful executive ability to conduct everything to everyone's satisfaction. We did not hear one murmur.

DEPARTURE OF THE ENGLISH JUDGES.—The steamer *City of Richmond*, which sailed from this port on Saturday last, had on board both of the English judges, Mr. Dalziel and Dr. Stables. Their stay here had been unavoidably protracted to a much longer period than anticipated when they left Liverpool, on April 13th, and neither were sorry that the time had come for their return home. Since their arrival on the 24th ult. their spare moments were employed in visiting the places of interest in the metropolis and in trips to the neighboring cities. Dr. Stables having made two visits to Philadelphia and also going on to Baltimore and Washington; while Mr. Dalziel had been to Boston and made Niagara Falls a flying visit. As the doggy views of these gentlemen may be interesting to our readers, we are pleased to be able to give in a brief way the impressions gained from several conversations held since the exhibition. Mr. Dalziel, in speaking of the show, said: "Regarding the sporting classes, especially the setters, they were remarkably good; but the natives, in such a large class as shown, exhibited too much variety, which careful selection in breeding will only reduce. The pointers, although excellent, generally speaking, were not as good as the setters. For practical use there seemed to me to be a disposition to breed the dogs too fine and small. From conversation, with shooting men as to the lay of the country inhabited by game, I would judge the old Spanish breed of pointers would prove the most useful. I was greatly surprised to see such a strong interest taken in shooting natters, and I trust to be able to come back again some time in the autumn and take a trip to the Western prairies."

Compared with like exhibitions in England, I deemed the building very well adapted to the show—in fact, could not be excelled; it was far better than that in which the show is held in Birmingham, and equal in attractions to the Alexandra Palace and more spacious. Doubtless from inexperience, resulting from shows of the kind being young in America, many exhibitors did not take beating with that silence that they do in England, and would not have expressed themselves as they did had they remembered the terms on which they made their voluntary entries. The general class of exhibitors as a whole was very nice to do with, and the above remarks apply only to a few. I was pleased to see two American gentlemen have such large and excellent kennels as those of Mr. Moore and Mr. Godeffroy, and I trust to hear of more of the same kind before many years have passed away. In England large kennels are continually cropping up and dying out, and it is not always in the most extensive that the finest specimens are to be found. There are many small breeders with only three or four dogs who turn out the finest kind of animals. The general condition in which the dogs were shown was excellent, although there were many cases which required the attention of a veterinary surgeon, and a large number still whose general appearance would have been greatly improved by judicious grooming. Exhibitors of non-sporting dogs especially were lacking in the art of showing their dogs in the blooming condition that they are at home. The non-sporting classes were very variable in character, and I was surprised to hear that many of the dogs shown before me had been imported from England at the extravagant prices told me. In the toy-classes there were a number of very good specimens, but there were the exception; and I am astonished that there were no Blenheim or King Charles spaniels shown, which are beyond doubt the most beautiful and pleasing of all drawing-room pets. The benching and comfort of the dogs were admirably seen to by the Superintendent, Mr. Lincoln, and there was little delay in presenting them for the judging. I was agreeably pleased to see that the dogs were fed on Spratt's patent fibine biscuits. These are ubiquitous, as I see them used at German and French as well as at all our best English shows."

Dr. Stables said: "I heartily indorse these comments of Mr. Dalziel, and I too was very much disappointed with the non-sporting classes, with the exception of the skye and toy dogs. The fox-terriers were wretchedly bad, but I was very much delighted with the setters, the Irish in particular, which we cannot beat in England. The show arrangements were very good, but the pens compared with English benches were too heavy, and would recommend the sides to be of all-work or wire netting, either of which affords more ventilation, and besides, less expensive. I trust to return at some future

will show. The bowling of the victors was completely collared, and 23 was the result in the Young America's innings. In the Wakefield's second Jarvis was making a good stand when rain prevented the continuance of the game at 5.40 P.M.; the home team winning by 233 runs on first innings scores—

WAKEFIELD.		Second Innings.	
W. Wilson, b. D. S. Newhall.....	2	b. Clark.....	4
F. Cross, c. Van, b. D. S. Newhall.....	1	c. Clarke, b. D. S. Newhall.....	23
B. Scanlan, b. Clark.....	15	c. G. b. C. A. Newhall.....	0
J. Brathwaite, b. Clark.....	12	c. G. b. C. A. Newhall.....	0
W. Jarvis, b. D. S. Newhall.....	3	c. G. b. C. A. Newhall.....	0
N. Neville, c. Clark, b. C. A. Newhall.....	7	not out.....	37
A. Kind, b. W. D. S. Newhall.....	1	not out.....	4
W. West, l. b. W. D. S. Newhall.....	0	not out.....	4
W. Pyffer, c. and b. D. S. Newhall.....	12	not out.....	4
F. Herkeshimer, b. D. S. Newhall.....	1	not out.....	4
C. Banner, not out.....	1	not out.....	4
Leg bye.....	1	not out.....	4
Total.....	50	Total.....	70

YOUNG AMERICA.		First Innings.	
George M. Newhall, c. Scanlan, b. Banner.....	32	Robert S. Newhall, c. Wilson, b. Banner.....	19
C. A. Newhall, b. Banner.....	19	Van Rensselaer, b. Jarvis.....	67
R. W. Clark, b. Scanlan.....	22	J. L. Baird, c. Herkeshimer, b. Scanlan.....	0
D. S. Newhall, not out.....	0	D. S. Newhall, not out.....	0
H. L. Brown, l. b. w. b. Jarvis.....	0	H. L. Brown, l. b. w. b. Jarvis.....	0
B. Scanlan, b. Jarvis.....	0	J. Jarvis, b. Jarvis.....	0
J. Jarvis, b. Jarvis.....	0	A. P. Brown, Jr., b. Jarvis.....	0
A. P. Brown, Jr., b. Jarvis.....	0	Wides, 4; byes, 3; leg-byes, 1.....	14
Total.....	282	Total.....	282

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.		WAKEFIELD.	
First Innings.....	3	3	33
Second Innings.....	10	10	49
YOUNG AMERICA.	49	62	125
First Innings.....	49	62	125
Second Innings.....	211	211	263

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.		WAKEFIELD.	
Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	Maidens.
Jarvis.....	102	92	2
Scanlan.....	102	92	2
Banner.....	63	46	3
Brathwaite.....	120	120	0
YOUNG AMERICA.		First Innings.	
Clark.....	42	13	2
D. S. Newhall.....	33	33	6
C. A. Newhall.....	43	12	2
Second Innings.		First Innings.	
Clark.....	54	11	2
D. S. Newhall.....	43	33	1
C. A. Newhall.....	63	33	1

CHESTNUT HILL vs. GERMANTOWN.—Played at Nicetown, May 23d, and won by former in one innings' game by 14 runs. This match was witnessed by a large number of Philadelphia cricketers, as it was the first appearance of the two new English professionals, Bromhead and Tyers. The former is a medium-paced, round-arm bowler, with good break and work. Tyers is much faster, and a remarkably strong bat. Bromhead fell to a beauty from Patterson, his second ball. The following is the full score—

CHESTNUT HILL.		Second Innings.	
J. Pearson, l. b. w. b. Bromhead.....	3	c. "Williams," b. Bromhead.....	7
J. C. Groome, c. Brown, b. Bromhead.....	42	c. Haines, b. "Williams".....	15
B. Bromhead, c. Williams, b. Bromhead.....	0	b. Bromhead.....	0
J. J. Thompson, b. "Williams".....	0	b. Bromhead.....	0
T. J. Brewster, b. "Williams".....	0	b. Bromhead.....	0
A. W. Biddle, b. Bromhead.....	13	c. Wister, b. "Williams".....	31
H. L. Corie, c. Haines, b. Bromhead.....	2	b. Brown.....	0
B. Bromhead.....	0	c. Bromhead, b. Brown.....	8
P. Sartori, run out.....	4	c. Capitt, b. Brown.....	13
C. Parrum, not out.....	3	c. Perot, b. Capitt.....	1
E. Page, b. Bromhead.....	8	Byes, 3; no ball, 1.....	1
Total.....	67	Total.....	88

GERMANTOWN—FIRST INNINGS.		Second Innings.	
T. J. Capitt, run out.....	13	T. J. Capitt, run out.....	13
J. B. Jones, c. Thompson, b. Tyers.....	10	J. B. Jones, c. Thompson, b. Tyers.....	10
R. G. Brewster, b. Tyers.....	10	R. G. Brewster, b. Tyers.....	10
Bromhead, b. Patterson.....	10	Bromhead, b. Patterson.....	10
I. W. Wister, run out.....	2	I. W. Wister, run out.....	2
H. W. Brown, c. Tyers, b. Patterson.....	0	H. W. Brown, c. Tyers, b. Patterson.....	0
H. W. Brown, c. Tyers, b. Patterson.....	0	H. W. Brown, c. Tyers, b. Patterson.....	0
W. H. Haines, c. Groome Patterson.....	1	W. H. Haines, c. Groome Patterson.....	1
P. Perot, b. Tyers.....	5	P. Perot, b. Tyers.....	5
C. B. Warden, not out.....	3	C. B. Warden, not out.....	3
H. Sharp, b. Tyers.....	3	H. Sharp, b. Tyers.....	3
Byes, 1; leg byes, 2.....	0	Byes, 1; leg byes, 2.....	0
Total.....	43	Total.....	43

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.		GERMANTOWN—FIRST INNINGS.	
Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.
Bromhead.....	102	34	3
Bromhead.....	102	34	3
Second Innings.		Second Innings.	
"Williams".....	66	27	3
Bromhead.....	71	33	4
Brown.....	28	22	0
Capitt.....	30	12	1
No ball—Capitt, 1.....	0	0	0

CHESTNUT HILL.		First Innings.	
Tyers.....	63	14	4
Patterson.....	69	53	4
DORIAN vs. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Played at Havford, Pa., May 23d, resulting in favor of former by seven wickets. Score—			

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Curley, c. Montgomery, b. Clark.....	34	Curley, c. Montgomery, b. Clark.....	34
Hartshorne, b. Clark.....	4	Hartshorne, b. Clark.....	4
A. P. Corbett, l. b. w. b. J. B. Jones.....	0	A. P. Corbett, l. b. w. b. J. B. Jones.....	0
J. B. Jones, l. b. w. b. Clark.....	3	J. B. Jones, l. b. w. b. Clark.....	3
Mason, b. J. B. Jones.....	11	Mason, b. J. B. Jones.....	11
Shoemaker, c. Roberts, b. Montgomery.....	8	Shoemaker, c. Roberts, b. Montgomery.....	8
S. J. Clark, c. Montgomery, b. Clark.....	0	S. J. Clark, c. Montgomery, b. Clark.....	0
Thomas, c. Johnson, b. Clark.....	0	Thomas, c. Johnson, b. Clark.....	0
D. Corbett, c. Thayer, b. Clark.....	0	D. Corbett, c. Thayer, b. Clark.....	0
Winstow, run out.....	13	Winstow, run out.....	13
Pratt, not out.....	4	Pratt, not out.....	4
Byes, 2; leg-byes, 1; wides, 4.....	1	Byes, 2; leg-byes, 1; wides, 4.....	1
Total.....	91	Total.....	91

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.		Second Innings.	
Montgomery, c. Thayer.....	14	b. Shiple.....	0
Johnson, b. Shiple.....	4	c. Jones, b. Thomas.....	5
J. B. Thayer, Jr., b. Shiple.....	2	b. Shiple.....	0
C. A. Corbett, b. Jones.....	5	C. A. Corbett, b. Jones.....	5
Murphy, b. Jones.....	2	D. Corbett, b. Winslow.....	2
G. C. Thayer, b. Winslow.....	18	C. Thomas, b. Shiple.....	22
Robins, b. Shiple.....	1	C. Mason, b. Shiple.....	8
Cowperthwaite, c. and b. Shiple.....	2	b. Thomas.....	11
Thiemann, c. Winslow.....	2	b. Thomas.....	1
Johnson, b. Shiple.....	0	b. Shiple.....	7
Adams, not out.....	0	Leg-byes, 2; wide, 1.....	2
Bye, c; leg-byes, 2; wide, 1.....	0	Leg-byes, 1; wide, 1.....	2
Total.....	61	Total.....	76

ONTARIO CRICKET ASSOCIATION.—The following clubs have up to the present joined the Ontario Cricket Association: Toronto, Berrie, Hamilton, Chatham, Paris, Brantford, Sarnia, Port Hope, Cobourg, Carleton, Toronto; Guelph, Wanderers, Toronto; St. Mary's, Peterboro. The following names of gentlemen willing to serve on committee have been received: Henry Totten and William Lowery, Toronto; R. Kennedy and R. K. Hope, Hamilton; J. N. Kirchhoff, Port Hope; J. H. D. Munson, Cobourg; and John J. Bray, M.D., Chatham.

MENTION (2d), YOUNG AMERICA (2d).—Played at Ardmore, Pa., May 23d, when the former won by 11 runs. Score—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Smith, c. and b. Wister.....	6	Smith, c. and b. Wister.....	6
Chase, b. Gowen.....	11	Chase, b. Gowen.....	11
Lowry, b. Gowen.....	15	Lowry, b. Gowen.....	15
Williams, b. Gowen.....	10	Williams, b. Gowen.....	10
Bells, b. Wister.....	10	Bells, b. Wister.....	10
Lewis, b. Gowen.....	16	Lewis, b. Gowen.....	16
Bailey, c. Wister, b. Brown.....	6	Bailey, c. Wister, b. Brown.....	6
Bells, b. Wister.....	4	Bells, b. Wister.....	4
Mauls, c. Woolston, b. Brown.....	4	Mauls, c. Woolston, b. Brown.....	4
Scott, not out.....	3	Scott, not out.....	3
Byes, 7; leg-byes, 2; wides, 2.....	11	Byes, 7; leg-byes, 2; wides, 2.....	11
Total.....	86	Total.....	86

YOUNG AMERICA SECOND ELEVEN.		First Innings.	
H. Brown, b. Bailey.....	35	C. Beale, b. Lowry.....	9
W. W. Noble, b. Bailey.....	23	b. Maris.....	3
R. Wister, b. Williams.....	5	R. Wister, b. Williams.....	5
S. Potter, b. Williams.....	0	did not bat.....	14
F. Henderson, b. Williams.....	0	not out.....	5
R. Woolston, b. Bailey.....	0	c. H. Smith, b. Lowry.....	10
R. Gowen, b. Bailey.....	0	c. and b. Williams.....	10
A. Mellor, b. Williams.....	0	b. Maris.....	0
W. E. Moore, not out.....	0	W. E. Moore, not out.....	0
J. O. Pease, Jr., absent.....	0	St. Williams, b. Bailey.....	51
Byes.....	9	Byes, 1; leg-byes, 1.....	2
Total.....	75	Total.....	105

Mr. W. G. GRACE'S CRICKET CAREER.—The presentation to Mr. W. G. Grace, in July last, at Lord's, of a costly testimonial in recognition of his marvelous work as an all round cricketer, was a worthy tribute of admiration of his play, subscribed for, as it had been, by all classes of players. It is now generally understood that we shall see but little of him in the future, except, perhaps, in County and Gentlemen vs. Players matches, and the following statistics of the career of the most famous cricketer that ever lived will be perused with interest.

The appended table show at a glance Mr. Grace's performances as summarized at the close of each season since his debut—

Year.	Inning.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs per Inning.	Runs. Average.
1864.....	7	402	57	37.4	2,139
1865.....	13	319	21	15.2	1,653
1866.....	15	410	42	19.3	3,221
1867.....	5	154	30	14.3	62.18
1868.....	9	538	65	37.1	59.31
1869.....	27	1,187	87	14.7	29.14
1870.....	31	1,308	54	16.7	35.5
1871.....	32	2,429	78	9.9	59.92
1872.....	29	1,485	57	14.5	30.42
Total.....	425	18,818	1,319	13.128	3.74

This in fifteen successive seasons Mr. W. G. Grace has bowled in 425 innings in first-class matches, and obtained 1,319 wickets at an average cost of 13 runs per wicket, and on an average three wickets have fallen to him in each inning in which he has bowled. In all Mr. W. G. Grace has played 51 completed innings of three figures in first-class matches, giving an aggregate of 9,411 runs, and an average per inning of 184.27—*Lillywhite's Companion*.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

W. H. T.—For shell write to Desmond, 37 Peck slip, New York.

JONAS—Your dog has the mange. Try Glover's imperial cure, advertised in another column.

W. W. Philadelphia.—You will find papers on boat building scattered through vols. 8, 9 and 10.

L. W. S.—Your dog has internal cancer of the ear; treat in same manner as is recommended J. W. B. in issue of May 6th.

TAXIDERMIST—Manton's "Taxidermy Without a Teacher," noticed in our issue of May 6th, is for sale at this office. Sent postpaid for fifty cents.

O. D. H. Chatham, N. J.—Your dog is evidently out of condition. Worms do not cause rumbling in bowels. Give several purges of castor oil—one every other day for a week.

FOR SALE—Write to Mr. E. B. Goldsmith, whose advertisement you will find in another column, and he will give you all the information you require regarding the importation of dogs.

C. C. M. Oskosh.—See advertisement of Mr. E. B. Goldsmith, Custom House and Forwarding Agent, in another column. He will give you all information regarding the importation of dogs.

E. A. S. Westfield, Mass.—Your dog is afflicted with worms. Administer two doses of santonicin, five grains to a dose, one at night and one next morning, followed by castor oil. The dog should be kept at least twenty hours previous to giving medicine.

J. J. K.—The owner of the bull-terrier Tarquin is Sir William Vermer, Bart., 53 Eaton square, London, England. Champion Tarquin and his son Superbus have gone home, and are now in London. Read FOREST AND STREAM of May 20th; it tells about them.

H. H. Hollidaysburg.—You say that your dog's eyes are inflamed, and have been so for six months, waiting during that time. If such had been the case, they would have discharged a mucous-purulent matter. You had better cleanse them with warm water, and twice a day use the following wash: Two grains of alum, dissolved in an ounce of water.

H. N. Brunswick, N. J.—The constant losing of coat by your setter can probably be prevented by giving her a teaspoonful of sulphur once a day for four or five days, and occasionally after, small doses from time. It would also be well to give her a dose of sulphate of magnesia twice a week, which treatment at this season of the year is beneficial to most dogs.

J. L. A. Jit, Boston, Mass.—Your friend's puppy is out of condition; probably distemper may follow. We would advise you to give her at once small doses of sulphur, say once a day for four days, and twice during the week a teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia. Should the little bitch continue in poor spirit, then give two grains of quinine three times a day for two or three weeks. Keep her warm and dry.

O. J. T.—Depth of 18ft. boat about 2ft., though much depends upon the model. If flat on the floor, less will do, but if round or with much dead rise, a little more. Mast, 19ft. above rail, stepped 3ft. 6in. from bow; use spritsail 9ft. on luff, 11ft. foot, 7ft. 6in. head. About 40 deg. rise to the head and 18 deg. rise to foot. The sprit ships into a grummet on the mast 2ft. 9in. above foot of sail, and the other end into rope or cord eye at the peak.

INQUIRER, Fairport.—For waterproofing tent, take half pound sugar of lead and half pound powdered alum, dissolve them in a bucket of pure water; pour off into another vessel, and steep the tent in it; soak thoroughly; hang up to dry, but do not rinse. Ketchikan, "Yacht and Boat Sailing," price \$2 for new edition; Neilson's "Boat Building," \$1.25; can obtain either. For rigging model yachts see "Model Yacht Building," by Biddle, \$1, or Walton's "Model Yachts," \$1.50.

Mrs. S. A. B. North Woburn, Mass.—You are correct in your idea that this puppy is afflicted with St. Vitus' dance, or chorea, as this purely nervous affection is more often called. The probabilities are that the dog has had the distemper, possibly in a mild form. You must be sure to feed it on strong meat broths, Give doses of quinine two grains, nux vomica one-eighth grain, three times a day, and continue for three weeks. Moderate exercise when possible and fresh air will aid toward effecting cure.

W. J. Percival, Palo, Mich.—I send you with this the head, wing and leg of a bird killed on a small marshy lake here. These give name of it. I think from what I have read and the picture in Webster's Dictionary, that it is probably a gallinule. Does Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer" treat of the different kinds of birds? Ans. Your bird is not a gallinule, but a different common sort (*Porzana carolina*). The "Sportsman's Gazetteer" treats of the different kinds of game birds—this among the number.

G. E. J.—The Creedmoor rules do not in general provide for the settlement of a tie where a badge is given to be taken by the winner on the greatest number of matches, and generally a special provision is made in the conditions of the match. The most common way, as in the case of the Champions-Lackmen's match at Creedmoor, is: "In case of a tie to the highest aggregate score of all the competitors participated in up to that time to decide." Or it may be better to shoot off the tie on some particular day.

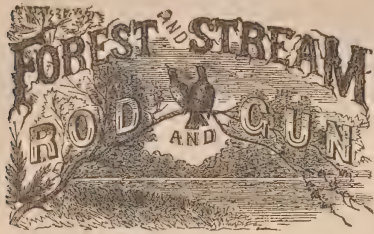
St. L. R. C.—The cup can only be won according to the conditions attached. No one has a right to claim it after winning it three times, unless such condition was distinctly expressed in the deed or resolution offering the cup. If, as you say, "it was to be rowed for annually," it remains an annual challenge cup and cannot become the possession of club any longer; it is idle to hold it from year to year. If a club refuses to row it is idle to have three times the cup reverts, of course, to the Mississippi Valley Rowing Association. Offering challenge cups which can never become property is, however, to be deprecated.

CANVAS CANOE—Give the canoe plenty of floor for sailing, and 10ft. deep amidsides will be enough, although you can go up to 12in. Neilson's "Boat Building" is about the best published. You had better await the new edition, revised by Dixon Kemp. Prices about \$1.50 at Manning's Yacht Agency, 53 Beaver street, New York. "The grooves into which the canvas is laid" has reference to the rabbet in stem and stern post. The canvas is fast across the keelson, must be cut in the center at each end, so as to bring it up on each side of the stem and post, where it is tacked down into the grooves mentioned. Experiment is the best teacher.

J. L. H. Milwaukee.—My puppy's right fore shoulder, leg and foot seem partially paralyzed, with constant twitching of the muscles of the shoulder and leg. In running or jumping he cannot control his actions, causing him to frequently fall over, but he does not suffer pain. Is there any remedy? Ans. Time and a tonic combined with good food and moderate exercise, may bring him all right. When the fore-quarters are affected in this way, there is more chance of a speedy cure than if the trouble was located in the hinder parts. Give doses of quinine, two grains, three times a day, and continue for three weeks. Write result of treatment.

J. G. Toronto.—Your center-board is much too small to be effective. As you say the boat is now well balanced, increase the length of the board at each end, making it five to six feet long. Straddle the mainmast over the trunk. If objectionable, increase the board two feet at forward end, and give it the full depth of the boat on the after end. A keel would, however, be the simplest remedy, as you can add to it or cut away until effective and well balanced. About eight to ten inches deep amidships and cut up forward, with the heel taken off aft. Most suitable "drop" of the board is obtained from observation, and will vary with wind, weather and course.

CANONIER, Boston, Mass.—Please describe to me the difference between the eggs of the bank swallow and those of the white breasted swallow, and also give proper names of latter. Ans. Size and color of the pewee's eggs. Is "pewee" the proper name of the above bird? Ans. No. The pewee's eggs run. Ans. The eggs of the bank swallow (*Ochtho riparia*) and the white-bellied swallow (*Archipetia leucorhoa*) are pure white, unmarked by spots. Those of the former species measure .50in. by .50in.; those of the latter .50in. by .50in. The eggs of the pewee (*Sayornis fuscus*) measure about .75in. by .62in. They are white, with sometimes a few dots of light reddish brown at the larger end. They are very common.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND RETRY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

*We cannot be responsible for deletion of material, or if money remitted to us is lost.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE AND READING ROOM.—We announce with pleasure that there will shortly be opened in Madison Square, in this city, an institution destined to occupy a field of great and permanent usefulness. We refer to the International Exchange and Reading Room, projected by Mr. C. A. O'Rourke, proprietor of the New York City Press Association. The new enterprise is broad and varied in its scope, but its objects are defined with unmistakable clearness, and the executive ability and thorough experience of its projector give assurances that every feature of the new institution will be put in perfect working order. In the Exchange, which will be open from 8 A.M. till midnight, will be found all the leading journals of the principal cities of the globe. This feature will probably be more complete than in any reading room in the world, for the latest issues receivable by mail will always be at hand. Not only newspapers, but the leading reviews and magazines and the latest publications dealing with business interests of all kinds will be found at the Exchange. Current general news of the day, stock, mining and produce quotations will be received there by telegraph, and promptly bulletined. Parties desiring to speculate, and at the same time avoid the turmoil of Wall street, can do so by special wires through responsible brokers. The arrival of Sandy Hook of all incoming steamers will be announced at the Exchange. Railroad, ocean steamer and steamboat directions for travelers will be furnished, and tickets sold at regular rates. Not only subscribers resident in this country, but travelers from all parts of the globe will find in the new institution facilities hitherto unattainable in New York. An agent of the Exchange will go on board all incoming steamers. Guides and interpreters will be furnished to travelers. In brief, the Exchange and Reading Room will be an important and valuable feature among the institutions of New York. The business men of the metropolis have been quick to show their appreciation of this fact, for the success of the new enterprise has been assured even on a Metropolitan clientele.

—The twenty-third annual shooting festival of the New York Schuetzen Corps, Capt. George Aery, will be held at Union Hill, June 7th, 8th, and 9th. The society always offers its guests a superior entertainment. The annual shooting tournament is one of the most important events in the metropolis.

THE TEAM SELECTION.

THE Board of Directors are making a pretty kettle of fish out of the selection of the team to go to Ireland, and a great deal of dissatisfaction has grown up in consequence. Never was a simpler problem presented to the Board; but the same blundering policy which has made Creedmoor a continuous and expensive subsistence on State pap, and left it to-day more helpless and with less prospect of being self-supporting than it was five years ago, cropped out in the choice of the team; and as a result there goes—if it goes—a team to Ireland composed of men whom accident has given an elevation which a sober second thought does not approve.

The circular issued with such great do to on the 20th ult. has proven to be but a snare and a delusion, and has not been lived up to except in the most airy fashion. The result is that a gentleman representing one of the most influential clubs of the rifle shooting world, and who in his private capacity gave the first medal ever offered in a match at Creedmoor, receives a rebuff, which he very properly resents by declaring himself free from the entire crew of gun agents who go to represent America in Europe, and of the blunderers who manage them. A bit of brief history will explain. The circular, as published in *FOREST AND STREAM* April 22d last—and which issue, by the way, represented the circular as it was passed by the Board, before the fingers of the meddlers were seen in amendments for their own purposes—provided that any club could send such representatives as were proper to go on the team and were acceptable to the committee. Dr. Clark was so selected by the Empire Rifle Club without competition. Dr. S. I. Scott, of Washington, went through a brilliant series of contests, and won the honor of representing the Columbia Rifle Association. Capt. L. C. Bruce was selected as the representative of the Amateur Rifle Club, of New York, in a competition of two days' duration, where he defeated such marksmen as Jackson, Farrow and Fisher. The Amateur Club were prepared to furnish the financial backing to Capt. Bruce, and he himself had contributed handsomely. These three gentlemen—Clark, Scott and Bruce—were the only representatives of clubs selected for the team.

The Massachusetts Rifle Association made a great pother at first; but, with a ready excuse to cover up their retreat, saw with Yankee shrewdness a readier way of getting on to the team. Then came the selection of three men at large from the National Rifle Association. The best three in four scores were to count; but only two scores were made by Messrs. Farrow, Fisher and Rathbone, and by some hocus pocus they reported as the choice of the N. R. A., on Tuesday, the 18th, when club men were expected to be present. Then, having been defeated in the Amateur Club, and again in the open contest of the N. R. A., Capt. Jackson appears as a free lance. He, with associate marksmen from the Hub, were not the representatives of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, for that fact they were very positive in asserting. They surely had not won any right to recognition according to the circular, and with only three rightful claimants to places on the team, or six, if the quasi rights of the N. R. A. representatives were to be regarded, it was the duty of the Board of Directors to fill the place vacant. In place of this, there was a three days' noisy shoot at Creedmoor. Capt. Bruce, with important business interests in town, and with a positive assurance that his rights were to be protected, did not appear to shoot beside men whom he had already defeated. Some brilliant shooting was done, with some fortunate days to do it on, and then, with the friskiness of a young colt, Capt. Bodine seemed to go back on his title of "Old Reliable," and in a sort of star chamber proceeding at Creedmoor a team was made up; a scurry was made by its members to get their names attached to a paper in which they promised to go to Ireland—they thinking, perhaps, that the paper would carry some weight in case of trouble. The rights of Capt. Bruce were quietly overlooked in the grab game of that Friday evening at Creedmoor, and the next morning's papers made public the insult which had been flung at Capt. Bruce, and through him at the club which in 1878 accepted the challenge of the Irish riflemen, and brought about pretty much all there is of long-range shooting in America.

Then came the confession of the blunder in the clumsy attempts to patch up the trouble, and in a meeting called on Tuesday afternoon last, after hatching in star chamber confab for some hours the following:—

Whereas, In accordance with the condition of the circular of April 20th, issued by this Association "to the riflemen of America," asking their cooperation in getting up a team to shoot a return match in Ireland next month, Col. John Bodine has been appointed captain, and Messrs. Brown, Scott, Clark, Farrow, Rathbone, Fisher and Jackson have justly earned their several positions as members of the team and one reserve; and

Whereas, Unforeseen circumstances have prevented several of the best marksmen from complying with the requirements for positions upon the team; and

Whereas, By the conditions of said circular more than one reserve can be appointed to accompany said team; therefore

Resolved, That Messrs. Bruce and Rockwell be added to the number to compose said team and reserve.

This issue of prevarication did not help the broil, into

which the selection had drifted, in the least. Capt. Bruce, when the sop was presented to him, promptly and properly rejected it. He had won a place on the team, and did not need any apologetic resolutions to give him his own. Mr. Rockwell had distinctly said that he could not go over, and therefore seemed a fit blank to keep Capt. Bruce company on the flag end of the resolution. The representatives of the Amateur Club had acted from the start in a manner entirely in accordance with the spirit which should govern the selection of a body of experts to represent American riflemen. His absence is a real loss to the team, for while it is pretty certain to win in any case, it is difficult to get up enthusiasm over a group of marksmen where at any moment the drummer instinct may break out, and a price list switched from the pocket be thrust in the face of our host on the other side.

It was a stinging commentary on this chapter of team selection when the chairman of the Finance Committee rose in the Board, and speaking of the financial accounts of the Board, said: "I defy any man to make head or tail out of them, and any firm working with such a system of keeping its accounts would go to the wall very soon."

PROFESSIONAL RIFLEMEN.—The question of a plan for barring out professional riflemen is a growing one in rifle circles, and Col. Sanford, in the last session of the Board of Directors, proposed the following sapient rule, which of course means nothing, as the gate money is in all cases taken possession of by the Association controlling the range. There is not money enough offered as prizes in the whole country to tempt the best marksman to its capture as a means of livelihood, and no rifle-making firm will bar off its agents from the ranges by confessing them as paid to shoot the arm. The resolutions read:—

All matches of this Association hereafter shall be open only to amateur riflemen, unless otherwise specified; and amateurs only shall be allowed to compete for places on the American International or Inter-State teams and be organized by this Association. An amateur in rifle shooting is one who has never entered into a competition for gate money, or who has never pursued match shooting with the rifle as a means of livelihood, or who has never been paid by any rifle manufacturing firm or dealers in rifles to use said rifles in matches for the purpose of advertising or selling them.

We invite discussion of this question.

NTYPES OF ANGLERS.—Many people are just beginning to find out that angling is one of the most artistic sports in the world. Its own inherent gentleness makes it the most refined, and although gentlemen add by their presence to its charms, yet it does not require, as do most sports, their restraining and refining influence. "Its innocence is a feature that has commended it in all ages."

The angler has most of the cardinal virtues. He possesses the rare quality of taking the luck as it comes, good naturedly. Difficulties and disappointments stimulate instead of depressing him, for like virtue patience is its own reward. It was an angling enthusiast who said: "I did not have a positive bite but I had a glorious nibble."

The fisherman's life is made up of one grand series of disappointments. He has more of them to the season than any other person. Most of them, however, are happy ones; only enough of the miserable ones happen along to season the rest. Every sign which the angler studies, the seething clouds, the ripple on the water, the direction of the wind, may all indicate good sport, and yet as he starts out, buoyant with hope, building high his castles in the air, he is conscious of a delightful uncertainty, which is the condiment of his recreation and increasing its attractions.

There is an element of chance about it more fascinating than the absolute certainty, but whatever comes he is never discontented with the actual. No evidence of disappointment ever lurks in his face. He has a well regulated tongue, and is never guilty of committing an assault on the English language, no matter how great the provocation or how much of a thinking he may keep up. Still, in spite of this undercurrent of uncertainty, he is a man of sublime faith. He never steps into a stream without trying to make himself believe that it is one of his lucky days! And well he needs more than a grain of faith, for oftentimes the result of his day's wading will not turn the scale at a grain or less, but he is, under every condition, a philosopher. If he cannot always command success he will at least deserve it.

We mean the fly fisherman, one who uses the lightest rod and fittest line. There are anglers who employ hooks and lines coarse enough to draw out leviathans, but they are mere fishing machines, whose legitimate business should be hauling a seine, and who have little of the spirit of the fair play that betokens the gentleman, who scorns to take any unfair advantage, but is willing to give the fish some chance for his lives.

Anglers are very much like their tackle, coarse and fine. It is the latter who has some object in going to the trout stream besides filling his creel. He likes the vigorous rise and strike, but that is not all in all. There are surrounding associations from which he derives pleasure. He is an observer, and is continually making mental note of the beauties and deformities of the ever changing

pictures before him. He is a student who studies not alone to catch the fish, but also to learn their habits and characteristics. He loves to hear the merry ripple of the stream bubbling along in playful melody. He hears the choicest arias and solos and choruses from a thousand tiny throats pulsating the air. He hears the mountains echoing back the weird cry of the loon; he hears the cheerful chirp of the crickets beating time against their horny sides; the whirr of the ruffed grouse; the sleepy whispering of the leaves, and this is harmony. He sees the earth gay with the spring flowers; the blue-eyed violet in its simple beauty and coquettish grace budding and blossoming at his feet, and peeping upward through the grasses at the golden buttercups, the purple pansies, the trumpet of the wild honey-suckles, the ferns growing on the silver-gray rocks, the May apple laughing in its rosy beauty, and all these are to him perfect types of loveliness.

In looking up through nature he recognizes the wonderful and beautiful creations with which the world is adorned, and basking under their influence is quickened into a devout reverence to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift." To all these the mere fishing machine gives no heed. The boulders, cushioned with moss, the rugged cliffs, seamed and serrated, grim old monarchs of the forest, cloud capped mountains, ferns nor flowers, all tokens of divine goodness, are for him neither ennobling nor harmonizing.

MILLARD.

BEAVER RIVER CLUB.—The field day of the Beaver River Club, at Pittsfield, Mass., May 21st, was a very enjoyable affair. Some twenty members were present, and the afternoon was pleasantly passed in rifle practice and glass ball shooting at the range of the Riverside Club, at Pittsburg, who kindly gave the visitors permission to occupy the range, which is beautifully situated on the shore of Silver Lake, a short distance from the center.

In the evening a trout supper at the Burbank House ended the day's sport, which was much enjoyed by all present. The club voted to repeat the field day, Oct. 13th. Pittsfield is one of the most beautiful of Massachusetts towns, surrounded by mountains interspersed with beautiful lakes and an air invigorating and health-giving. The sportsmen of Pittsburg and the surrounding towns of Adams and North Adams are gentlemen in every sense of the word, and any sportsman who goes there will be sure of a hearty welcome. The President of the club, Mr. A. L. Phillips, was unfortunately detained by sickness in his family, much to the regret of the other members. Eleven new members were admitted, making now thirty-five in all.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

OUR WESTERN LETTER.

DENVER, COL., May 11th.

PLEASANT as the interior of the traveling coaches are which bring one out to these regions, the outside furnishes its due share of pleasure. As the minor in his digging sinks down through successive strata of rocks, so the journey overland from New York presents in turn its different phases of land, life and character. Each phase is a surprise and a matter of interest, especially if the traveler has never been before far west from the Atlantic coast. One's sensations, indeed, are very peculiar in this respect. The Eastern man has heard and read a great deal about the "Far West" and the "Great West," and has gained an idea that there is a great deal to the country beyond what can be seen east of the Alleghany range, and he understands very well that the overland route to the Rocky Mountains is not far short of the distance to Liverpool, and so he may think that he has an idea of the West. But he will find, when he tries the journey, that his ideas have been very small compared with the reality. It is difficult enough to get a notion of the vastness of the ocean, without actually crossing it. It is still harder to realize what a vastness you are going into when you start out overland across the plains. After one has been aboard the train for forty-eight hours, in constant motion, the feeling is that it is about time to come to salt water again; yet the traveler will then have got merely to Iowa. It is a strange feeling, which one can not shake off, that the country is large beyond all proportion, and that the United States still has a future before it.

But if the mere distance produces this effect, the varied richness of the country through which one passes impresses one still more strongly. Across New Jersey, rich in her market-gardening, her mines and her large manufactories, and dotted with the mixed tints of suburban villages—an extension at arm's length, as it were, of the wealth of the metropolis—until it reaches these finger-ends of suburban towns, and drops off and enriches the spots where it falls. Across New Jersey, with these sources of wealth and these adornments, one strikes a new money center, the point of entrance to fresh wealth of nature and new fields of industry. Pennsylvania is certainly a State by herself. You can't help knowing when you enter Pennsylvania, and when you leave it. Rugged and burrowed with mines—that is the impression one gets of Pennsylvania. "Nothing can be

more interesting than the railroad ride which takes the traveler over the mountains. Around the famous Horseshoe Bend is a view both of nature and of engineering, which rivals the Semmering. Down the grade on the other side we fly with a speed that nothing but the best of tracks and road-beds could stand. Down into valleys, dashing around curves, leaving brown clayey banks on one hand and sloping hillsides on the other, rattling over switches, swimming past mining stations with their jeering boys, one gets down at last upon the entrance to the famous city of smoke, almost before one is aware that the mountains have been left behind. It must be admitted that Pittsburg is unrivalled for smoke; "but there is money in it," and that is enough for the American; and it is the province of the tourist and the sightseer; indeed, if he will get a just and true idea of the places he visits, to look through this veil, whether it be of smoke, as at Pittsburg, or of barrenness, desolate surroundings, dust, unhandsome buildings, or what not, a veil that surrounds many a place where the happiness and well-being of mankind is being contributed to by mining, milling, agriculture, and by keeping in supplies the tough men who have moved West and gradually added States to the Union. It is well if the tourist's eye can pierce to the substance of these places; and if it does, he will see a beautiful face behind the disguising veil, and he will come to rank places with forbidding aspects among the fair and good things of the earth, because they are doing good. A good deal of the beauty of Western places is of this sort. The station may look lonely, and perhaps you would not like to be dropped there to get your living. But all about, and between such stations, there is plenty of evidence that there is a productive earth, and here the energy man has bent over the earth and made it yield and add to the riches of the States. These uninviting, sparsely settled places, have brought comfort and plenty to many a home where there has been pinching and want before. So the West has its beauty, even where it is rough.

But I would be far from holding out that the West is without beauty that cannot be seen readily by the eye, and has to be studied out and reflected upon before it becomes apparent to the mind. The beauty of the West is, if I may say so, in general wider than the beauty which belongs to the landscapes of the East. Through Ohio one passes over long, rolling reaches of mellow-looking fields—fields which afford a long, even horizon for the sun to set behind. There is nothing to narrow the scene; there are no sides to the stage at which you are looking. So in Illinois, only more level. Vast rich flats make the view. As one draws into Iowa the soil gets to looking blacker, the ground rolls more, and rather startling round hills of loam, with no sign of rock, rise up, stay a few minutes, and fall away, as we go speeding on. Wet places appear and disappear; the soil is black; wild birds are seen in large numbers; ducks go scurrying away across the patches of water from an advancing train, and geese keep up a steady flight somewhat whither off in the sky. The quantity of game is something of a sight to the Eastern sportsman.

But the most startling revelation is reserved for him who goes West beyond Omaha. Once across the Missouri, the great plains are struck. Everybody in the East has heard of "crossing the plains," but I doubt if anyone without seeing them can form an idea of the plains, or what it is (or rather was) to cross them. The want of fences is one of the first things that the Eastern man feels. Where are they gone to? Are we never coming to one? Surely there must be a limit to this field. Yes, there is—two or three days' travel beyond this—a month's travel in the old days, before steam went over the plains. Where is the owner? Oh, he may be fifty miles away from here, on no man's land, rounding up his cattle for the spring branding! Perhaps, though, that is he! Where? Why, coming horseback down the hill over yonder. But I see no man nor horse. Right here! Oh, that black speck, you mean? I didn't know that was a man on horseback. Why, I didn't think that hill was so far away, but I see now it is a good deal further than it looks; and now I can see the black speck moving, and see it go up and down, on the canter! So the "Tenderfoot" thinks (but, if he is wise, does not utter), and watches and watches the undulating black speck cantering nearer and nearer, but never near enough to distinguish man from horse, until the train has finally left behind, out of view, the solitary horseman, with his hopes and purposes and wishes—much as one sees at sea a sail rise over the horizon, hang there awhile, and disappear—half awe-inspiring in its unknown mission.

LEX.

PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIALS.—At the meeting of the Pennsylvania State Association at New Brighton, Pa., next Tuesday, it is proposed to discuss the plan of holding a State field trial of dogs. It is to be hoped that this project will meet the favor it certainly deserves. Local trials bring out into the field a great many dogs which do not and cannot appear at the large, distant trials of the same character. They are influential in developing and directing the taste for field sports, and in demonstrating a right understanding of the good points in a dog.

Game Bag and Gun.

MAY IS A CLOSE MONTH FOR GAME.

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory to Game and Fish Resorts, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE STATE CONVENTION.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., May 26th.

THE twenty-second annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held last evening at Daniel's Hall, Horace Silsby, President, in the chair. The delegates were welcomed by Mr. J. D. Pollard, of the Seneca Gun Club, whose speech was received with great applause. The following clubs were represented: Adirondack Club, of Adams; Audubon Club, of Rochester; Central City, of Syracuse; Corning Club, of Corning; Dansville Club, of Dansville; East Buffalo Shooting Club, of Forrester Club, of Buffalo; Farmers' Village Club, of Genesee Club, of Irondequoit; Jordan Club, of Jordan; Jefferson Sportsman's Club, of Watertown; Leatherstocking Club, of Oswego; Lewis County Club, of Lowville; Leroy Club, of Leroy; Monroe Club, of Rochester; Cazenovia Club, of Niagara Falls Club; Ontario County Club, of Clifton Springs; Onondaga County Club, of Syracuse; Phoenix Club, of Seneca Falls; Skaneateles Club, of Seneca Gun Club, of Seneca Falls; Steuben Club, of Wayland; Wayne County Club, of Clyde; Waterloo Club, of Waterloo; Onondaga County Fishing Club, of Syracuse; Rome Club, of Rome; Spencer Club, of Lyons; Forrester Club, of Penn Yan; Forest and Stream, of Akron; Dean Richmond Club, of Batavia; Queen City, of Buffalo; Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn; Brooklyn Gun Club; Long Island Club, of Brooklyn.

Applications were received from the following clubs for admission to the convention: Garden City Club, of Hempstead; Forest City Shooting Club, of Ithaca; Fulton Gun Club, of New York; Washington Gun Club, of Brooklyn; Phoenix Gun Club, of Brooklyn; Nonpareil Sporting Club, of Brooklyn; Nassau Gun Club, of Jamaica, Long Island; Forrester Club, of Brooklyn; Long Island Sportsmen's Association; Rochester Gun Club, of Rochester. All the clubs nominated were elected members of the Association.

It was decided to hold the convention of 1881 at Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Long Island Sportsmen's Association. The following officers were elected:—

President, Abel Crook, of Brooklyn; First Vice-President, Charles W. Havemeyer, of Hempstead; Second Vice-President, G. T. Case, of Seneca Falls (Phoenix Club); Recording Secretary, John B. Sage, of Buffalo; Corresponding Secretary, Nathaniel B. Cook, of Brooklyn; Treasurer, W. J. Babcock, of Rochester.

The programme of the shooting to-day was as follows:—Contest No. 1. At 8 o'clock A.M. sharp, each shoot 10 single birds; entrance fee \$5. Contest No. 2, at 2 o'clock sharp P.M., each shoot 10 single birds. In the first contest Peter Tompkins, of the Dean Richmond Club, won the first prize by killing 15 birds straight. The second prize was won by Edward Hudson of the Onondaga Club of Syracuse, by killing 19 out of 20. R. J. Richardson, of the Jefferson County Club, of Watertown, took the third with a score of 18 out of 20. Peter Hines, of the Audubon Club, of Buffalo, took the fourth, the score being 18 out of 20. The general score includes the ties, and 110 men stepped to the front in this contest. The birds were all wild, and good flyers. The second contest commenced at 3.30 o'clock this afternoon. The main score was completed and the first tie shot off before dark, Hiram Twist, of the Seneca Gun Club, winning the first prize. The balance of the ties will be shot off in the morning.

MASSACHUSETTS—Chelsea, May 15th.—The Suffolk Sportsman Club has been formed with the following officers: President, John K. Hodgdon; Vice-Presidents, Charles E. Barse and Wilbur L. Slade; Secretary, William R. Swan; Treasurer, Noah Blanchard. Executive Committee—Joseph B. Fenwick, Joseph S. Hatch, Wesley Abbott and Frank A. Magee. The club proposes to have a building and shooting grounds at the rear of Powderhorn Hill.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.—Wilkesbarre, Pa., May 15th.—I desire to call the attention of the sportsmen of Pennsylvania to the fact that on June 1st, 1880, "The Pennsylvania State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish," will hold its next annual meeting at New Brighton, Pa. At this meeting the matter of holding a State field trial will be taken under consideration. Clubs are invited to send delegates, and it is hoped they will do so. There will, on the following day, be a shoot for a club medal, also one individual prize for best score. Open only to teams from clubs belonging to the State Association.

B. F. DORRANCE, President.

ALABAMA STATE ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting held at the rooms of the Gulf City Gun Club, May 14th, a State Sportsmen's Association was organized, having, for its

THE NEW HARBOR.—The Atlantic Y.C. is displaying something like the enterprise we like to see. It is alive and kicking. Not a mere outline organization, like many another large club, sufficient to themselves in their sleepy seclusion. The fleet lying in the white and red diagonal is growing. The members are the smartest of their tongue, and nearly all of a size out of which sport of the real sort can be had. The new club house, with surrounding grounds and the breakwater, are now in the hands of contractors, and the work will be pushed. The property is located at the foot of Fifty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, and has a water front of 375 feet, extending back to First avenue, about the same distance and 1,500 feet wide. The water is deep, the anchorage good, and the pier will be built 600 feet from shore, affording a fine sheltered harbor for smaller craft, with excellent holding ground. The Bay Ridge ferry and the cars from the Brooklyn side afford communication. There is little doubt but what the neighborhood of Bay Ridge Pier will be chosen for the moorings of the greater yacht fleets of the future, as New York Bay is very poorly fitted for either harbor or anchorage. The contractors are now at work, and the pier is as thick as they are off. The crows, and the sun cannot be seen for their number, and the skippers have to hunt for their craft in the crowd, then will the Atlantics reap their reward, and gather under their colors what may become the finest and largest fleet of yachts that ever owed allegiance to one set of flag officers. They have the chance, let us see if they know how to take it. The wisdom of resolving themselves into a jolly good spree, and another has been making rather faint-hearted efforts at securing a club house or beach quarters, and

third has almost ceased to exist, members of the A. Y. C. clapped a stopper on talk, and lent a hand and a dollar to win the lead they have taken, and they richly deserve the success that for years lay at the feet of others too fair-named to bend their backs to the seas to beance around to the fall wind which has blown so often in their favor.

FOURTEEN COMMODORES.—There are plenty of them around, because they don't know their business; but the San Francisco Y. C. has not got one of that sort. During the April cruise sundry members disregarded the Commodore's instructions and signals, whereupon the latter promptly tendered his resignation. Good flag officers being extremely rare, the club requested Commodore Harrison to reconsider his intentions. Should he order his swallow tail lowered, it would be a serious loss to the club.

THE ISABEL.—This little "cat-yawl," belonging to Mr. J. Buchanan Henry, Stonington, Conn., has been found to work exceedingly well under all three sails, as a cat under mainsail only, under jib and mizzen, and with the mainsail stowed. She is a modification of the San Francisco yawl.

LANCASHIRE WITCH.—The steam yacht, *Lancashire Witch*, on which Sir Thomas Heskell is making an extended cruise around the world, has left San Francisco and gone to Puget Sound, thence to Victoria, British Columbia. After a cruise on those waters, the yacht will take the inside passage to the north, and cruise along the Alaskan coast for a time. Sir Thomas will return to San Francisco by the end of July, so as to join the San Francisco Yacht Club fleet, on its southern coast cruise in August. They are going to Santa Cruz, Monterey, etc., in squadron for a week or so, and the *Lancashire Witch* will join company. With their steam power, she will be handy to have along in case of calms.

KRIS NO ROGER WATER.—The schooner yacht *Pearl*, of the San Francisco Yacht Club, has had her centerboard removed, and a keel substituted. She has been overhauled and coppered, preparatory to a voyage to Nicaragua, Central America, with her new owner and family on board. She came off the ways on the 1st of May, and as soon as her supplies are on board will be ready for sea. So even San Francisco bows to the keel.

YACHTING ON THE PACIFIC.—Our correspondent sends us the following: The schooner yacht *Ariel*, formerly of New York, and brought to the Pacific for Capt. Wilcox, was sold last summer to Edgar Mills, Esq., of the San Francisco Yacht Club. Mr. Mills being about to leave California for a time, has sold the *Ariel* to W. S. Floyd, Esq., who is a member of the E. Y. C. The yacht has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted during the winter, and is one of the handsomest in San Francisco Bay. A new schooner yacht, *Kitt*, long, called the *Daphne*, has been lately launched for Mr. W. H. Martonstein, a member of the S. F. Y. C. George Farmer, a boat builder on Oakland Creek, has turned over to Mr. Billings, of San Francisco, a 35ft. cabin sloop called the *Gaviola* (sea-rig). She is a dandy little yacht, and will be the smallest of the S. F. Y. C. fleet when her owner joins the club, as he proposes to do. The *Gaviola* has proved very fast. The 35ft. cabin sloop *Myrtle*, built by William Stone last fall, has been purchased by two young gentlemen, who will soon fly the S. F. Y. C. burgee at the masthead. She is a good deep boat, with head room in cabin, plenty of freeboard, and is altogether a fine, weathery little craft. The little Bermuda sloop *Lively*, the champion of the smaller yachts of the S. F. Y. C., has changed hands. She now belongs to Mr. Penne, a member of the club, her former owner, Mr. Williams, having taken so kindly to salt water as to have gone cruising to the Sandwich Islands on a deep-water vessel.

LAUNCHED.—From the yard of Piegras, Greenpoint, May 18th, the steam yacht *Jule*, for Edward Balbach, of Newark. The model was furnished by the builder. Her midship section is of the "peg-top" variety, clean run, but rather full forward. She is fitted with the usual cabin and pilot houses on deck, has a raking stem, stump bowsprit and a cutter stern, and is rigged as a schooner. Length 27ft., beam 3ft., depth 4ft. She has been engineered by Clute Bros. & Co., Schenectady, N. Y., and they have guaranteed 14 knots. Compound engines 18 and 14 in., cylinders 10 in. stroke, boilers 16 in. diam., and 4 ft. 6 in. long, of the local massive type, 150 lbs. working pressure. Propeller 4ft. 6 in. diam., and 8ft. pitch, from which it is evident that the engineers have departed from ordinary practice, as the pitch is excessive compared to the diameter. In England experiment has shown that small pitch and high velocity of engine is best adapted for great speed. It remains to be seen whether the new experiment will be successful. We trust that faith in this yacht's speed will not be lost should she fall with her present wheel, but that other wheels be tried in succession. That there is some particular wheel best adapted to every form of hull is now universally accepted among engineers, and as much as 25 per cent. may be lost or gained on this score.

SIDE-WHEEL STEAM YACHT.—What we believe to be the first bona fide side-wheel steam yacht in America was launched last week from Piegras' yard, Greenpoint. She has been built for special service in the shoal waters of Great South Bay for Mr. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, and for a shoal boat is quite slightly. Length 64ft. on deck, beam 12ft., depth 4ft., draft 2ft. The engines are of the inclined direct acting type, cylinder 16 in. diam., 20 in. long, vertical boiler. Wholes 8 ft. diam. We hear that other similar vessels will soon be put in hand, as there is quite a demand for light draft steam yachts on many of the shoal bays which afford good fishing and shooting in this latitude, as well as in some of the inland reaches of the Southern coast and Florida.

THE COMFORT.—Mr. Lord's new compromise cutter is rapidly approaching completion at Gorman's shop, foot of Court street, South Brooklyn. The natives don't like her; she is not enough of a clam shell to suit their mud-sailing propensities, but the *Comfort* will be an excellent craft for all that, and a safe one into the bargain. She was designed by Com. Hyslop, owner of the smart little *Rever*, and like the latter, is a perfect specimen of wire-line design, both in areas and water-lines. She is 35ft. long, 12ft. beam, 5ft. 1 1/2 in. deep. Ballast, one ton iron on keel and four inside.

CRUISING SOUTH.—The *Magie*, Francis M. Weld, has been on an extended cruise in Chesapeake Bay and adjacent waters. She was in Washington during the Courtney-Hanlan race.

COMING WEST.—We hope the report that the New Bedford Y. C. proposes sailing in squadron to New York will prove true. They will meet with a hearty reception from the N. Y. Y. C., Atlantic Y. C., and Seawandaway Y. C. Mr. Thomas Lord has presented the N. B. Y. C. with a cup to be sailed for at their annual regatta some time in July.

FOR CUNA.—Smedley is building a 25ft. racing boat for parties in Cuba. It will be the twenty-fifth boat he has sent to those parts.

THE INTERVUE.—This schooner, Mr. Lloyd Phoenix, N. Y. Y. C., sailed May 20th for Cowes, Isle of Wight, by the Sound.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—At the meeting of the club, May 20th, the following fixtures were decided upon: Brenton's fleet

Challenge Cup, June 29; Cape May Race, Sept. 9; Bennett Schooner and Sloop Cups, June 10th, during the regular annual regatta, and the annual cruise will commence Aug. 11th from Glen Cove, the Eastern Y. C. being invited to join.

THE NEW STEAM YACHTS.—Great secrecy has been maintained about the two big steam yachts building at Cramp's yard, Kensington, Philadelphia, and nothing has been published about them beyond what has appeared in these columns. Recently, however, a *World* man was equal to the occasion, and climbed over the fence after the following: The yachts are named *Corsair* and *Stranger*, both alike in model, the former belonging to Mr. Charles J. Osborn, lately owner of the *Dreadnaught*, and the latter belonging to Mr. George A. Osagood, formerly of the *Fleetwing*. They are said to have full midship bodies (probably judged from the warped standard of our shallow river steam yachts) and fine ends. Length over all, 185ft.; on deck, 170ft. 6 in.; on keel, 160ft.; beam, 23ft.; hold, 12ft.; draft forward, 7ft., and aft, 10ft. Finish decks, mahogany clombings, etc.; schooner rig, with lug sails to brail up and down the masts. The latter are 60ft. deck to hounds, with 20ft. topmasts holed to truck; gaffs, 23ft. Engine and boiler space inclosed in iron bulkheads. Saloon, 18x50ft. 6 in., a long passageway from aft leading into it. On one side of this passage is the owner's suite of rooms, 22ft. long, 11ft. 6 in. wide, divided into sleeping cabin and sitting-room, with bath and toilet rooms attached. On the port side of the passage are staterooms for guests, all of course fitted up in the most luxurious and tasty manner with electric bells and other conveniences, mirrors, sideboards, etc., of a costly kind. Forward of the engines is the officers' mess-room, galley, pantry, etc., and a roomy veranda for the crew, besides four staterooms for the officers. On deck is a pilot-house, chart-room, and smoking-room forward of the smokestack. These yachts will measure 450 tons, C. H. Engines compound, direct acting, surface condensing; cylinders, 42 and 24 in. diam., with 24 in. stroke, to turn up to 150; shaft, 10 in. diam.; propeller, 9ft. diam.; 13ft. pitch; expected speed, 10 knots; two tubular boilers, 10ft. 6 in. long, 11ft. diam.; each boiler has 148 sq. tubes 7ft. long, and two furnaces aft, 9 in. diam., 10 ft. 6 in. heating surface; the shells are 12 of an inch thick, 90 lbs. working pressure; smoke-stack, 24ft. high, 4ft. diam.; bunkers carry 40 tons, enough for only four days when steaming full power. The *Stranger* has a stump bowsprit, with an eagle for figure-head, and the *Corsair* has her rail and stem carried out into a "built-up" bowsprit after the usual pattern. Each yacht is said to cost about \$100,000. There is also some probability of a third vessel of the kind being laid down soon for Mr. E. S. Jeffery of this city.

QUAKER CITY YACHT CLUB.—The spring regatta of this live club will be called May 31st. We acknowledge receipt of tickets and sailing rules. Commodore Bancroft's General orders No. 1 might be studied to advantage by New York clubs. The Q. C. Y. C. has no less than a dozen fixtures for the season. It is a club in fact as well as in name.

SEAWANAWAY YACHT CLUB.—Fleet Captain W. Howard Mitchell has issued his orders for the opening cruise May 31st. Yachts will meet off Tompkinsville, S. I., and at 10.30 A.M. will get underway on signal from the Commodore, passing next in line under his lee. The fleet will round the Southwest Spit, and returning drop anchor off Pavilion Hotel, New Brighton, S. I., where dinner will be served. If this proves poor harbor for the weather, yachts will be signalled to anchor off Tompkinsville, where conveyance to the Pavilion Hotel can be procured. Yacht owners should send notice to the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. F. O. de Lutz, 18 South William street, of the number of guests expected. The sailing rules for the Corinthian matches can be obtained from the Secretary, O. M. Cromwell, 31 Liberty street.

THE LAKE FLEET.—A correspondent writes from Toronto: We had a launch in this neighborhood on the 8th inst. of a 17-ton cutter, built for Mr. James, of this city. She is built for cruising, and draws over six feet. Two years ago we had only one cutter here, the imported iron *River*, 17 tons, and this summer there will be four. Evidently people are coming to their senses again, though slowly.

NONPAREIL YACHTS.—Mr. Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., has just finished a 22ft. cat boat, "nonpareil" model, drawing only 12 in., and rig for parties on the "Grand Old" Water. He will use the keels of several more of the same kind shortly. These light draft boats seem to supply a demand felt in shallow waters better than the ordinary jib and mainsails, and they are said to be fast and serviceable, as well as low in price. Mr. Clapham has also introduced several novel features in the rig of these boats, the reef points being attached to a light battin running across the sail.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—We are in receipt of "Lloyd's Yacht Register," "Kemp's Yacht and Boat Sailing," "U. S. Report on the Herreshoff Yacht," "Walton's Model Yachts," "Mines of Malaga," "Steamship of the English Channel and Coast," "Mines of Malaga," by Capt. L. A. Beardslee; "Nautical Magazine," "Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine," "S. W. Silver's 'South Africa,' S. W. Silver's 'Australian Grazier's Guide,'" and others, which will be reviewed at earliest opportunity.

PORTLAND YACHT CLUB.—Our annual regatta was sailed May 20th in a variable wind and fog, which somewhat affected the number of entries, but for all that, there was a fair proportion of the fleet at the line. Fifteen minutes were allowed for crossing the line. No starters in the first class, the cup for which is now in possession of the club, the *Vixen*, which held it last, having been absent. In the second class schooner *Nellie* held the cup, the second class sloop cup had been twice won by *Twilight*, the cup for the third class being offered for the first time this year, the course for second class, 8 miles; third class, 13 miles. Time of sailing, for second class, 8 hours; for third class, 6 hours. Cups to be won three times to become property. Entries, second class schooners: *Nellie*, John E. Bradford, 2nd. w. l. and *Uladine*, E. H. Chase, 24ft. 4 in. w. l. Won by the latter in 4th. 3m. 18 s. Entries, second class schooners: *Tampus*, W. W. Wren, 2nd. 3rd. w. l.; *Marie*, T. L. Clark, 1st. 1st. w. l.; *Twilight*, W. A. Charlton, 2nd. 2nd. w. l.; *W. Bailey*, 2nd. 3rd. w. l.; *Idler*, George C. Ames, 2nd. 2nd. w. l.; *Clarence*, B. W. Jones, —, 1st. w. l. Won by Mary C. Entries, third class schooners: *Allie*, A. L. Johnson, and *Caro*. Won by the former, with 8m. 24 s. to spare. Regatta Committee, T. K. Jones, G. W. Rich, J. T. Wyer, F. L. Mosely.

LAUNCHED.—From the yard of D. O. Richmond, Mystic, Conn., a fine schooner for Mr. Chas. H. Mallory, of New York. Length 90 ft., beam 22ft., hold 7ft. She has been built in accord with Mr. Mallory's own ideas, and is cut away very sharp. Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Mallory owned the *Richmond*, a sloop 45ft. long, well remembered by older members of the N. Y. Y. C. Subsequently he became a member of the N. Y. Y. C., now belonging to Mr. Mallory, of Putnam, R. I., next the *Ketchikan*, and *Quare*, all of which were considered very successful craft in their class. The new schooner is expected to show speed, although comfort

and safety as a cruiser have been overlooked. Also, last Monday, a new schooner, the *Southern Cross*, from the yard of Mr. Decker, foot of Twenty-first street, South Brooklyn, built for ex-Com. John A. Monnell, Atlantic Y. C. As she went off the ways, Miss Annie M. Monnell, the owner's daughter, successfully christened the new vessel. She is 33ft. over all, 65ft. w. l., 18 ft. 6 in. beam, 7ft. 6 in. depth, 11 ft. 6 in. draft, a most commendable quality, being more than customary. Spars; mainmast, dock to hounds, 24ft.; forecast 22ft., topmast, heel to truck 38 and 33ft., a good deal loftier than usual, and another good point for the new yacht, as they are rigged to house. Main boom 43ft., gaff 20ft., fore boom 21ft., gaff same. Bowsprit 43ft., of which 33ft. is outboard, the head booms being all in one. The *Cross* being still in form will take only six tons of iron inside. The forward end of the boat will be a paddling deck, with mast and cherry. At the foot of the companion aft is a stateroom on each side of the main saloon. Forward of the main saloon on the starboard side is the owner's room, on the port side two other staterooms and the usual pantry, ice-box, galley, etc. A tank of 100 gals. has been built over the forward half of the center-board trunk to supply water to the lavatories, etc., and a second tank, of 80 gals., beneath the floor.

CANOE CONGRESS REGATTA.—The canoe offered by Rushton as a prize is now on exhibition at H. C. Squires' store, No. 1 Cortlandt street. Conditions are:—

- First—It is to be a paddling race.
- Second—Open to all canoes and canoeists.
- Third—Single or double paddle.
- Fourth—Must be twenty starters. She is a beauty, and worth paddling for.

PROVINCETOWN YACHT CLUB.—The following officers were elected for the year 1890: Commodore, George H. Holmes; Vice-Commodore, A. P. Hannum; Secretary and Treasurer, H. H. Sylvestre; Trustees, N. D. Freeman, Joshua Snow, J. H. Dyer; Regatta Committee, E. N. Young, Alexander McKenzie, Thomas Lowe, Joseph A. West, James A. Small; Measurer, Joseph S. Atwood. The Union regatta, open to all yacht clubs, will take place about Aug. 1. Many new members have joined the club, and the season of 1890 will be a lively one.

NEW YORK BAY REGATTA.

An annual match in New York bay open to all comers, at least the first year, seems now to be an assured fact, as the management of affairs has been placed in efficient hands. New York seems finally to be waking up in this matter, and a public race for the Eastern style will henceforth be among our fixtures. The date of the race has been set down for Monday, Aug. 9th. Open to all; entrance money \$100, and \$200, \$5; for yachts under 30ft., \$3. Course in the lower bay, not yet settled upon. The committee are desirous of receiving entries at an early date, so that a definite list of prizes can be announced beforehand. They will all be in cash. Entries, until further notice, should be made at the committee rooms, Monday evenings, in the bank building, corner Eighth avenue and Thirty-fourth street, where further information is to be had, or they may be addressed to Post-Office Box 4970, or to Mr. V. Freeman, H. R. Y. C.; Treasurer, H. R. Rogers, N. Y. Y. C.; Secretary, Henry Woods, J. H. Kreymer, P. Y. C.; Andrew Brush, E. Y. C.; J. A. Weaver, C. Y. C.; A. J. Prime, Y. Y. C.

THE CANOE REGATTAS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I notice in your paper of May 6th a letter from a Canadian canoeist commenting on the definition of a canoe, and urging that it not only shall not be a clinker built, but shall conform as closely as possible to the "birch-bark" model. It seems to me that this would really be "Hamlet" with the Prince's part left out, as it would exclude exactly the boats which have made canoeing popular in England and America, viz., a decked boat with keel and some sheer, and usually clinker built.

The writer is evidently unaware that modern canoeing, as understood in the United States and England, is carried on almost entirely in such craft, the open canoe being almost unknown in England and but little used in the United States, except for sporting purposes. As to the birch-bark model, it is entirely unsuited to our requirements of a fast-sailing canoe for rough or smooth water, and should the writer visit Lake George next summer he will see the models we prefer.

As to clinker-built, nearly all the wooden canoes in the United States are lapstrake, over three-fourths of the boats of the New York Canoe Club being of that build; and while there may be a mode of construction, there undoubtedly are many who are able to sit well to windward to the lapstrake, until it is positively decided which if any of the other modes is better.

Respectfully,
Rohrney, N. J., May 20th.

W. P. STREPHENS, N. Y. C. C.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB'S OPENING CRUISE.

THE opening of the season "at San Francisco was celebrated by the San Francisco Yacht Club on April 24th, in a very satisfactory manner. The guests assembled at the club house, New Sausalito, at 2 P.M., the fleet being anchored in front, all decked out with their new sets of signals. There were some 400 guests present, who amused themselves during the afternoon in dancing, visiting the yachts, etc. After a late lunch had been served, signal was made for the yachts to "prepare to get under way." Flags were hauled down and mainsails set. The guests, who returned to the city by the ferry, all assembled to see the start for Mare Island, some thirty miles up the bay. The fleet looked very pretty as they got under way and stood off for Bay. The steamer went out of her course through Raccoon Straits, behind Angel Island, and passed among the yachts.

Owing to "calm streaks" on the way up, the yachts arrived all hours at Mare Island, some getting up at 11 P.M., and others not till 3 in the morning. The *Annie* arrived up first.

At 1 P.M., on the following day, preparations were made for the 120 start for a boat race to Mare Island, this being the interesting part of the cruise. The New York sloop, *Annie*, was expected to beat the California yachts, and she and the new sloop *Nellie* had never been with the fleet before.

The fleet was composed of the following yachts: *Frolic* (flagship), *Consuelo*, *Chippa*, *Annie*, *Clara*, *Nellie*, *Starling*, *Fawn*, *Lolita*, *Virgin*, *Lively*, *Gaviola*, *Magie*, *Mollie*, *Edna*, *Flapier*, *De Luz*, *Myrtle*, and *Laura*. Several of the yachts of the club had not been seen since the opening of the season, and the weather of the previous few weeks, keeping back painting, etc., had been

At 1 P.M. the signal gun was fired, and the yachts went off in a bunch. For about a mile, on Mare Island Straits, the wind is

them, with the usual trades, but on rounding the lighthouse the yachts have a dead-on-beat through San Pablo Bay for fifteen miles, till the Sisters' light is reached, and from there one tack will bring them to San Francisco, some twelve miles further. It is in the beat down Pablo that the best racing is done, for the bay is large and wind-swept, and is seldom smooth. Tubber coats and oil-skins are usually in order. A good fresh breeze was met on Pablo, bringing all the yachts full-to, and the race down was very exciting. The *Chiepa*, built by Capt. Turner, the measurer of the San Francisco Yacht Club, arrived home first, followed closely by the *Consuelo*, another one of Turner's models. The *Annie* came next, having cracked on very hard, and still lost her to the *Chiepa*. After her came the *Nellie*, and then the *Clara*, followed by those of the fleet which did not turn off through Raccoon Straits for the club house.

An interesting incident of the race down, was a little stop to botom the *Consuelo* and *Con*. It will be recollected that these two yachts made a match last summer for \$1,000, as when the *O'Connor* was the winner. The owners of *Consuelo* had judiciously taken out several tons of ballast previous to the race, counting on light weather, but it blew very hard, and she couldn't be "kept on her feet." She had been champion on the bay for some time, till that race. The *O'Connor* does not belong to the club, but came up and joined the fleet at Mare Island, after an expressed intention by her owner to lead the whole fleet down, and the *Consuelo* in particular. The latter, however, was in her usual trim, and the *O'Connor* caught a Tartar. She singled out the *Consuelo*, and they went it tack and tack, the *O'Connor* setting her stayail in the fresh breeze in the endeavor to lead. The *Consuelo* beat her handsomely and fairly, much to the delight of the members of the club. The *Chiepa* beat her also. There is now a prospect of a match between these three yachts, which are all of equal size—60 feet.

The fleet used their new Signal Code for the first time on the opening cruise, the *Consuelo* giving his orders with flags. The code is a very extended one, carefully prepared, and has already been found very useful.

SAUCLETO.

THE SCHOONER CAROLINE.

AS THIS schooner represents a type of craft now quite popular in Boston, the following details we have obtained concerning her construction will prove interesting: She was built for Boston owners by Wm. L. Dolbear, Fort Hill Wharf, Boston, from model and specifications furnished by Dr. J. Lawlor, the well-known naval architect of Chelsea. Length over all, 56 ft.; w. l., 45 ft.; beam, 15 ft.; draft, 11 ft.; draft, 6 ft. 9 in.; least freeboard, 8 ft. to top of rail. Straight stem, elliptic counter, rocker keel, with fore-foot completely cut away; bold run side, slight hollow to garboards; 11 timbers all the way forward, plumb stern post with clean entrance and run. Frames of hackmatack and oak, double, each 5 in. sided and 7 in. moulded; strongly bolted together; spaced 12 in. between centers amidships and gradually spread to 16 in. at the ends. Keel of oak, 9 in. sided amidships, 5 in. at the ends, tapering down to 6 in. at the bottom, where the iron casting or shoe underneath meets it. This shoe weighs 4,620 lbs., and is 1 in. casting, 38 ft. long, 6 in. thick at top and 2 in. at bottom; about 15 in. deep in its center. It is secured by 1 in. galvanized screw bolts, with 7 heads, spaced about 16 in. apart. Besides this *Caroline* takes 43 tons lead inside, cast to fit. We would have liked her better if she had been given more displacement, and believed her designer thinks favorably of the suggestion.

The frames are "plumb and Y fastened" to the keel, three bolts in each floor. Stem and stern post sided 6 in. of oak with oak deadwood and knees, securely and closely fastened with 1 in. iron bolts. Floorboard strakes, one each side, 9 x 12 in., riveted to floors. Bilge strakes double, each 9 x 12 in., likewise through riveted.

Miscellaneous.

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Special attention is called to Horsman's STRAIN WAX-BACON
Balls and foot pads, which are the only ones of the kind in the
world and for which Horsman's Archery & Lawn Tennis
is the sole agent.

E. I. HORMAN,

30 & 82 William Street, New York.

Sole Agent for Brownell's Archery Score Book and Score Cards

Clamps 18x2 in. double, riveted in every frame, and a shelf worked on top 9x2 in., bolted down into the clamps and through each frame with tin galvanized bolts; heads clinched on washers. Beams 6 to 8 in. x 4 in.; the trunk beams of oak 3 in. sided, secured to shelf by two 5/16 in. bolts and to frame by one 1 in. bolt. Plank, hard pine 1 1/2 in. thick, wales 1x4 in., water ways 3 in. thick, let in over all stanchions and fastened with 4 in. spikes. Deck of selected white pine 2x12 in., worked in a single length fore and aft, fastened with 2 1/2 in. nails. Rails of white oak 4x12 in., worked also in single length and secured to stanchions with tin galvanized iron.

The bulwarks are 9 in. high amidships; the cabin trunk is 15 in. high and 8 ft. wide, with oak sides bent down forward in a solid piece; the beams dovetailing into it. Skylights 5x12 in., over cabin, the other over staterooms; the forecastle hatch leads down the forward end of the house. The cockpit is finished in oak. There is not a brush of paint about the deck; everything is kept "bright," and very stylish and orthodox it looks, a great improvement over the yellow and blue hues so liberally daubed over our craft to their damage in appearance. The *Caroline* has an Edison windlass and an Edison steering gear. The latter we certainly do not admire. It is lopsided and more than is required for the tonnage. The deadlights, or ports in the side of the cabin house are of circular ground glass in brass setting, and are far handsomer than the barn windows disfiguring most yachts. They are made by T. D. Vanuxem & Co., and ought to come into favor for their ship-shape appearance, if nothing else. There is aft spread to the shrouds, the chain plates being 1x2 in. galvanized iron and reaching well down the side.

Below, this craft shows up a big lot of room. A spacious main saloon aft, 13 ft. long, with 7 ft. door and no center-board to split it up into narrow gangways either. Four berths out in the wings, ample locker room and transoms 20 in. wide. Amidships is a large stateroom on the starboard side, with a berth 3 ft. wide and a 3 ft. floor, wash basin, lockers, etc., all tastily and practically arranged. On the port side is the pantry, w. c., ice-box, linen and wine lockers; and in a roomy forecabin an Atlantic range No. 0., two berths, pump, sink and lockers. As the bulkhead is abut the forward end of the house, standing height is afforded, and the crew get a chance at some of the air ports. In this respect the *Caroline* is second to none, and certainly superior to New York yachts of her size. The water-tank is underneath the floor aft and holds eighty gallons. The cabin is finished in oak and pine paneling, with chairs and oak table and settee on deck, there is not a brush of paint below, forward or aft.

Spars: Mainmast, 42 ft. deck to cap; 9 in. diam. at partners. Foremast, 41 ft. deck to cap; 9 in. diam. at partners. Mastheads, 4 ft. Topmasts, housing, 18 ft. long. Bovepost outboard, 15 ft., 3 in. diam. at stem. Flying jibboom, 6 ft. beyond, with a 1 ft. pole. Foremast, 9 ft. 6 in. from forward end of l. w. l. and 16 ft. 6 in. drift between it and the mainmast. Mainboom 40 ft., gaff 18 ft. 6 in., foreboom 15 ft. 8 in., and gaff same. Masts of masts, 1 in. to the foot.

Sails: Mainmast 34 ft. luff, 17 ft. head, 37 ft. foot, 43 leech. Foremast 30 ft. luff, 14 ft. foot and head. Fly 38 ft. luff, 31 leech, 25 foot. Flying jib 44 ft. luff, 24 leech, 19 foot. Working jib topsail 52 ft. luff, 23 leech, 30 ft. foot. Storm staysail set up on its own luff 3 ft. outboard, 13 foot and 21 leech. Main gaff topsail 24 ft. luff, with a 19 ft. club and 19 ft. yard. For racing a lug foresail will be used 23 ft. on the foot. Also main mast staysail 17 head, 14 luff, 23 foot and 30 leech; balloon jib topsail 52 ft. luff, 64 leech and 43 foot.

The *Caroline* will carry two waist boats 12 and 14 ft. long, and need an outfit made up through their company and their agents as for racing. In many respects she is a decided advance upon the "common run." She will have runners to her lower masts, whips in the standing part of all her gear, and topmasts are fitted to house.

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DRASS.		
Plain, with Screw Socket.....	150	
Folding Once, Screw Socket.....	200	
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Perforated, with folding Spring.....	150	
Complete, with Short Handle and Net.....	250	
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STEEL.		
Collapsing, with Screw Socket.....	250	
Collapsing, Extra Fine.....	400	
WHALEBONE, ALL COLLAPSING.		
Trout..... \$9.00 Black Bass..... \$10.50 Salmon..... \$15.00		

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48 Maiden Lane, New York.

For Sale.

FOR SALE—Light draft schooner-yacht "Witch," recently overhauled, sound and ready for sea, 71 feet w. l., 23-foot beam, 5-foot draft; extra large inventory; steam launch if desired. Apply to H. WALSH, 45 Beacon Street, Boston.

HOBBS' NEW WALL TENT AND STOVE.

SEE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN for May 1st, and end for Circular. WM. A. PERCY, Plattsburgh, N. Y.

FOR SALE,

An Earthly Paradise
PLEASURE, HEALTH, HAPPINESS.

Address BOX 97, CAMBRIDGE, Md. may 15/80

For Sale,

An Orange County farm, with rare water facilities for propagating trout or other fish, 120 acres; good buildings; nicely located, half mile from "Twelve miles" on main line of Erie Railway, at 40 ft. of Shawangunk Mountain, 70 miles from New York; two pure cold spring water trout streams, with gravelly bottoms, flow through the farm; one red pond; any number of ponds can be easily made. Will sell at bargain. Send for description. Address owner, A. V. BOAK, Middletown, N. Y. may 27/80

For Sale.

FOR SALE—ONE NEW REMINGTON Creedmoor Rifle with all appliances, cheap. Address W. H. CARL, Fort Henry, N. Y. May 13/80.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A sailboat, jib and main sail open boat, 15 feet 6 inches long, ready for use, built by the late Capt. J. H. QUINN, of New York City. Apply to JOHN D. BULLOCK, Yacht Builder, corner Franklin and Clay streets, Greenpoint, L. I. May 25/80.

J. D. DOUGALL highest quality 12-bore pigeon gun. Taper lever down, Damascus barrels, extra close, 24-inch chamber, 31 lbs., 31-inch barrels; length-stock, 41 in.; drop, 2 in.; covered used; bargain. J. PALMER OXLEY & CO., 68 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. may 27/80

FOR SALE cheap—An oyster sloop, 14 tons, also a 5-ton sloop yacht; for particulars inquire of O. KISSAM, at Centrepot, L. I., where both vessels can be seen. may 27/80

The Kennel.

FOR SALE—Bengle puppies, Ex-Diana, by Bradbury's Major. POTTINGER DOISEY, New Market, Frederick County, Md. May 27/80

FOR SALE—Imported Gordon Setter bitch, Nellie, full pedigree; brought to this country in company with champion pointer, T. H. Scott, Esq., of England. She has a good nose, staunch, broken, and a good retriever. Due to which in July by imported Gordon Setter, she is a thoroughly broken, first-class field dog. Apply to FRED. A. TATE, Dedham, Mass. May 27/80

FIXTURES.

May 22 to Dec. 4—J. C. G. Regatta. See P. & S. issue May 13.
May 22 to Dec. 4—N. Y. C. G. Regatta. See P. & S. issue May 13.
May 24—Eastern Y. C. Cruise Eastward.
May 27—Southern Y. C. Professional Race.
May 27—South Coast Y. C. Spring Regatta.
May 29—Portland Y. C. Spring Regatta.
May 31—Fall River Open Regatta.
May 2—South Boston Y. C. Union Regatta.
May 31—Seawanhaka Y. C. Opening Cruise.
May 31—Quaker City Y. C. Spring Regatta.
May 31—Knickerbocker Y. C. Annual Regatta.
May 31—Atlantic Y. C. Opening Cruise.
June 3—Empire Y. C. Dowling Challenge Cup.
June 4—Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 5—Harris Challenge Cup, Haverhill, Mass.
June 7—Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 7—Southern Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 9—Atlantic Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 10—N. Y. Y. C. Bennett Cups for schooners and sloops.
June 10—New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 10—Southern Y. C. Corinthian Regatta.
June 12—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
June 12—Seawanhaka Corinthian Matches.
June 12—Salisbury Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 14—Quaker City Y. C. Chester Regatta.
June 14—Southwark Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 14—Empire Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 15—Long Island Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 17—Boston Y. C. Union Regatta.
June 17—Marblehead Regatta.
June 18—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
June 19—Buffalo Y. C. Regatta.
June 19—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Half Moon Bay.
June 20—Dorchester Y. C. Regatta.
June 20—Washington Village Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 27—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
June 29—N. Y. Y. C. Bennett's Reef Challenge Cup.
July 3—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Nahant.
July 3—Quaker City Y. C. Spring Cruise.
July 4—San Francisco Y. C. Annual Regatta.
July 5—Quaker City Y. C. Pennsboro Regatta.
July 5—Cleveland Y. Assoc. Open Regatta.
July 6—Provincetown Y. C. Annual Regatta.
July 7—Seawanhaka Y. C. Corinthian Cruise.
July 14—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
July 16—San Francisco Y. C. Annual Regatta.
July 17—San Francisco Y. C. Annual Regatta.
July 17—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
July 18—Quaker City Y. C. Annual Regatta.
July 21—Salem Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.
July 21—Buffalo Y. C. Regatta.
July 21—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Swampscott.
Aug. 1—Provincetown Y. C. Union Regatta.
Aug. 3—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 4—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 5—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 6—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 8—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
Aug. 9—New York Bay Regatta.
Aug. 11—N. Y. Y. C. Annual Cruise Eastward.
Aug. 15—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
Aug. 16 or 17—Beverly Y. C. Open Regatta, Swampscott.
Aug. 17—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 18—Quaker City Y. C. Annual Cruise.
Aug. 17—Salem Bay Y. C. Fall Regatta.
Aug. 18—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 19—Buffalo Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 20—Quincy Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 23—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Beverly.
Sept. 4—Boston Y. C. Annual Regatta.
Sept. 9—Provincetown Y. C. Fall Regatta.
Sept. 10—Quincy Y. C. Fall Regatta.
Sept. 11—Dorchester Y. C. Opening Races.
Sept. 11—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
Sept. 13—Quaker City Y. C. Fall Regatta.
Sept. 13—Beverly Y. C. Championship Regatta.
Sept. 13—Beverly Y. C. Special, Cotuit.
Sept. 29—Quaker City Y. C. Closing Cruise.
Sept. 29—N. Y. Y. C. Annual Cruise cup.
Oct. 9—Washington Village Y. C. Fall Regatta.

SHORT WHIST.—The Harpers publish a little manual containing Laws and Regulations of Short Whist. Adopted by the Washington Club, of Paris. The rules here given are mostly compiled from Deschamps, who for over forty years made this game a study. We commend the book to novices and experienced players.

NETS.

HAND-MADE MINNOW DIP NETS.

	\$0.35	50	65	80	\$1.00	\$1.15	\$1.40	\$1.65	\$2.00	\$2.40
Colton.....	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	125	145
Inches deep.....	6	12	14	16	18	20	24	30	36	48

HAND-MADE LANDING NETS.

	\$0.40	50	65	75	85	\$1.00	\$1.10
Colton.....	20	35	50	60	70	80	90
Inches deep.....	14	20	24	25	28	30	36
Colton.....	10	15	20	25	30	35	40
Inches deep.....	12	16	20	24	28	32	36

The Kennel.

SENSATION IN THE STUD.—Fee for approved bitches, \$30. Bitches to sell at owner's risk to W. K. C. KENNELS, Babylon, L. I. may 27/80

FOR SALE—May, litter sister to Mann's white; Jess-Sensation; Daisy 1 live; and white; one dead. Address SECRETARY W. K. C., 250 Broadway. may 27/80

FOR SALE—Four colley pups, out of best dogs in this country. For particulars apply to M. KATHBUN, 453 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. may 27/80

FOR SALE—On account of room, a pair of dark red Irish setter dogs; got V. H. C. at the New York Bitch Show; born Sept. 7th, 1879, by Lincoln & Hellyar's Arlington out of Phe. H. PAPE, 230 Washington street, cor. Park may 27/80

CHOICE IRISH STOCK at a sacrifice. Red Grouse, Erwin, Quail III, and puppies for sale. Address EDWARD LOHMAN, 11 East 87th street. may 27/80

WANTED—A well-trained, thoroughbred, black and tan foxhound bitch; must be in weight by thoroughbred and well-trained dog of same color. Address living age, pedigree and price. May 27/80

LOCK-BOX 16, Rome, Ga. may 27/80

50 Fulton street. N. Y.

J. THOMAS ALDRED'S Yew Bow, \$2.50; \$3.75. RICHARD DAPT'S Cricket Goods, J. B. CROOK'S Hexagonal Bamboo Fly Rods, Solid Steel Plate, \$20. J. H. CROOK'S Lanceswood and Lemnwood Bows, \$7.50. J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rods, suitable for Trolling and still Baiting for all kinds of Fish, \$1.50. Send 25 cents for Illustrated Catalogue for 1880, giving Hints on Archery and Rifle Shooting and the Rules of Cricket, Foot Ball, Lawn Tennis, Glass Ball Shooting and a Synopsis of Fishing, giving a description of Fishing, when to go and want Tackle to use.

It is impossible to remain long sick when Hop Bitters are used, so perfect are they in their operation. For Weakness and General Debility, and as a preventive and cure for Fever and Ague, nothing equals it.

The Kennel.

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address.

Sept 18-If
L^d ROY Z. COLLINS,
Lancaster, Mass., U. S. A.

MOUNT PLEASANT KENNEL.—For Sale—Four full-blooded Gordon setter dogs; pups; very handsome; perfect black and tan; sire, Dash, the great prize-winner; dam, Maud; full pedigree on both sides: a rare chance for a good dog. CHAS. T. BROWNELL, P. O. Box 350, New Bedford, Mass. Apr 29, 3mos.

BERKLEY-RHINE

I HAVE FOR SALE some very fine all red Irish setter puppies out of my Rhue, by champion Berkley, whelped March 14th, 1880.
For further particulars address

May 13, 1mo. 218 Broadway Square, Chelsea, Mass.

MANCE.

SCRATCHES.
GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE CURE is warranted to cure all kinds and conditions of mange.

or skin diseases of any nature on dogs or cattle without injury to the animal. One application is usually all that is necessary. For SCALDS AND

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"RUSH."
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Rush is lemon and white, and winner at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Louisville Shows. He is an excellent field dog: fine

EDMUND ORGILL,

Fee \$25. Jan. 22-11.

MICKE'S
Never Failing Dog Distemper Cure

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For sale by all Druggists at 25 Cents each.

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DINE LODGE KENNELS, Jan. 1900.

I prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work

the dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices, \$50 and \$75, according to length of time I keep the dog with

WINTER, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia.
Oct 2, 19

FOR SALE—Eight Gordon setter puppies when six weeks of age, by Doan's Tom, out of my Bess. For particulars address

May 20-21. GEORGE S. THOMPSON,
Box 163, Foxboro, Mass.

Llewellyn setter, Rattler, in the stud. Rattler is a handsome blue belton, black points, win-

Laverack's Fred, out of Slatter's Phoebe, founder of the field trial strain, winner of five English field trials, out of pure Laverack imported bitch

two firsts and three championships, out of Llewellyn's Lill II.; no better blood in America. Will come black at \$35. Litter expected Jan.

breeding to father the following bitches:—
Mell, a beautiful blue belton, black points, sire
Jack, dam Spot, winner of first and second

1879 In native classes; Fly, a very fine roan bel-
ton bitch, sire Shot, dam imported Fannie; Pat,
orange and white, out of Belle, by Royal George.

Cheap. Address, with stamp, L. F. WHITMAN,
Detroit, Mich. Decoll, tr.

The Kennel.

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TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND,
Author of the
"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," &c.
begs to inform Ladies and Gentlemen in America
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N. B.—A bad dog never left the Doctor's Ken-
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I KEEP ONLY COCKERS of the finest strains.
I sell only young stock. I guarantee satis-
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These beautiful and intelligent dogs cannot be
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will get prices, pedigrees, circulars, testimo-
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stream out the place, and daily access to best
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By mail—K 9 MANGE CUR, 50c; K 9 WORM
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KENNELS one mile from Dover, Del. Address

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USE DR. AL. WATTS' FLEA SOAP,
a safe and efficacious remedy and preventive
for fleas and all eruptions of the skin pro-
duced by them. It cleanses the hair of all im-
purities, purges it of all disagreeable odors, and
possesses the most perfect disinfecting prop-
erties. It is impossible for fleas to live where it
is used. Price, 25 cents per cake. For sale by all
druggists. Wholesale depot, 161 Lincoln street,
Boston. Dr. Watts offers for sale the largest
assortment in America of dogs of all breeds. All
diseases of dogs safely treated. Medicines with
full instruction, sent to any address upon
receipt of one dollar. The fact that Dr. Watts
has for four consecutive years been appointed
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sufficiently guarantees of reliability. All com-
munications and orders will receive prompt at-
tention. Address—DR. AL. WATTS,
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DOGS FOR SALE.—One Cocker Spaniel
bitch, and one Cocker spaniel dog, eight
months old; very handsome; Rector's stock; price
of bitch, \$25; dog, \$30; full pedigree given.
Also one black setter dog (Gordon red Irish),
twenty months old, imported stock, well broken
on woodcock, and has been hunted a little on
fox and partridge. Also one black and white
Irish pointer, imported stock, well broken on
woodcock; splendid retriever, and is very
strong and good, and will make a splendid dog
when through the discipline; price, \$100. Ad-
dress G. E. OSBORN, Box 673, New Haven, Conn.
May20th

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion
Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest
as well as one of the best and best bred
Irish setter dogs in the United States. Winner
of the first prize at New York, 1877; also at same
show in special prize for \$250 cup, competing
against the crack dogs, male and female, English,
Irish and Gordon setters and pointers, imported
and native. The judges tied on Rory O'More
and Paris. Also winner of the champion prize
at Hudson, 1879. Also winner of champion
prize at New York, 1879, also winner of the
gold necklace (competing against setters and
pointers, male and female) at New York, 1880.
Thoroughbred pure for several years. Also
of Queen Bess, Lottio and Magenta. For ped-
igree and particulars, address W. N. CAL-
ENDER, Albany, N. Y. May20th

Neversink Lodge Kennels.

The following celebrated Dogs are in
the stud.

DOGS:

St. Bernard dog "Marco," rough coated, two
years old; a magnificent animal—Rev. J. Cun-
ningham Macdonald's stock—prizes Hanover
Show and Rochester.
Newfoundland dog "Keeper," four years old;
first prize Westminster Kennel Show, 1879.
Pointer dog, "Croxeth," liver and white; one
and a half years old; out of Lord Seton's re-
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in the United States. Second prize in the Han-
over International Show.
Blue belton setter, "Deimal Dash," eighteen
months old; sired by Llewellyn's celebrated
"Dash"—a magnificent stud dog—never exhib-
ited.
Irish setter, "Hozer II," pure red; one of Mac-
donald's champion "Hozer," never exhibited,
English setter, "Hanger II," pure red; one of
Macdonald's champion "Hozer," never exhib-
ited. His get won first at Grand Paris show, and
second at Puppy Stakes in Eastern Field Trials
1879.
Stud fee, \$25.00.

For Sale.

The get of the following thoroughbred
Bitches.
St. Bernard "Braunfels," rough coated, out of
Prince Selva's celebrated stock; a magnificent
bitch, in whelp to "Marco." As prizes in Han-
over and Rochester show.
Pointer "Queen," liver and white, 1st Westmin-
ster Kennel show 1879, whelp to "Croxeth."
Gordon setter "Beauty," 1st Boston Show 1879,
and New York show 1879.
Pointer "Dora," liver and white, out of
"Queen" and "Sancho."
Blue belton setter, "Deimal Dash," 18 months
old, sired by Llewellyn's celebrated "Dash."
Irish setter "Moza," out of Col. Hilliard's
"Palmerston," in whelp to "Hozer II."
English setter, "Hanger II," pure red and lemon.
Pups can be secured by mail and application.
Besides I offer for sale pointers and setters of
superior quality, but of good, thoroughbred stock;
full pedigree. Also, several puppies of cham-
pion "Queen," by champion "Sensation."
Having engaged the services of Macdonald's re-
nowned field trial breaker I am prepared to book
order for thoroughly broken dogs, deliverable
within 1880. Particulars and prices can be had
on application to
A. E. GODEFREY,
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OCEAN HOUSE, Speonk, L. I.—First-
class board; near bay and ocean, forest and
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J. V. TUTTILL, Proprietor.

HO! for TROUT FISHING.

THE FAR-FAMED waters of the Mag-
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Toronto and the outside world, and are still re-
markable for the abundance of trout. We have erected a large
and comfortable hotel in Magnetewan Village,
and are prepared to offer every facility to our
sporting friends by way of canoes and guides to
the trout lakes and streams tributary to the Mag-
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within a mile of our hotel; they have local and
facilities for packing fish, so that they can be taken
fresh to any part of the Northern Shore of Lake
Macdonald and the journey shortened by
half a day, so that parties leaving Toronto can
get here in one and half days. Come up and
see us. IRWIN & CLARK, Proprietors.
Magnetewan Post-Office, Ontario, Canada.

DAVIS HOUSE,

Weldon, N. C.
J. R. DAVIS Proprietor,
Always twenty minutes for Dinner.

THIS HOUSE has been opened by Col.
J. R. DAVIS, long and favorably known as
the proprietor of the Purcell House, Wilming-
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thoroughly renovated throughout. The rooms
are elegantly furnished with black walnut mar-
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comfortable resting place, (a long-felt want sup-
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comfort, elegant table and attentive service.
This is the Dinner House coming South or going
North. The best Hotel of its kind on the route
to Florida. Rates—\$2.00 and \$2.50 per day.

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GO TO THE
BAY VIEW HOUSE
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Where you will find
PLENTY OF HIDE,
GOOD GUIDES,
COMPLETE OUTFIT OF DECAYS,
BATTERIES, etc.
As well as good accommodations and a sub-
stantial bill of fare.

Take Long Island Railroad for Good
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P. O. Address, Good Ground, Long Island, N. Y.

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PRINCETON, MAINE. Only two
GOOD Ponds and Pickers Fishing. Only two
hours' ride or sail from Grand Lake, so
famous for its salmon and trout. Passengers by
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The Pullman Car Company

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Shortest Route.

BOSTON

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BANGOR,
ST. JOHN,
HALIFAX,
WHITE MOUNTAINS,

Rangley Lakes,
Moosehead Lakes,
And all the sporting grounds of

Maine and the Provinces.

EXCURSION TICKETS
Are now on sale at the Company's Office, 306
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Boston to Rangley and return.....	\$12.50
" " Middle Dam and return.....	25.00
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" " Indian Lake and return.....	25.25
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For Rangley, leave Boston 7.30 A. M.
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PULLMAN PARLOR OR SLEEPING CARS ON
ALL THROUGH TRAINS.

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G. P. & T. Agt.

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RAILROAD.

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RANGELEY'S and
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FROM ALL IMPROVED POINTS, avoid the diffi-
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without failure of any.

THE LINES OF
Pennsylvania Railroad Company
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GUNNING AND FISHING

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SQUAN, and points on the NEW JERSEY COAST
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ULE, taking effect March 14th, 1880.—LEAVE
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earlier) for
Babylon, 3.35 A.M., 3.45, 5.35, 6.35 P.M. Sundays,
9 A.M.
2.35, 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 6.35, 7.35, 9.15, 10.45 P.M.,
12.15 night.
Sundays, 9.25, 10.35 A.M., 1.35, 5.35, 7.35 P.M.
Flushing, 6.30, 7.35, 8.45, 11.35 A.M., 1.35, 3.35,
4.35, 5.35, 6.35, 7.35, 9.15, 10.45 P.M., 12.15 night.
Sundays, 9.25, 10.35 A.M., 1.35, 5.35, 7.35 P.M.
Far Rockaway, 5.35, 11 A.M., 4.35, 7.35 P.M.
Rockaway Beach, 11 A.M., 4.35, 7.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.
and 6.35 P.M.
Glen Neck, 4.30, 7.35, 11.35 A.M., 4.35, 6.35, 9.35 P.M.
Saturday nights, 12.15. Sundays, 9.35 A.M., 6.35 P.M.
Garden City, Queens and Hempstead, 8, 10 A.M.,
1.35, 3.35, 4.35, 5.35, 6.35 P.M. From Flatbush ad-
dual, except Sunday, and from Hunter's Point
Monday, Wed., Fri. and Saturday, 12.15 night.
Wednesday and Sunday only from Flatbush av.
10 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M., 1.35, 6.35 P.M.
Glen Head, Locust Valley, Glen Head and Ros-
lyn, 8, 10 A.M., 3.35, 4.35, 6.35 P.M. Sundays, 9
A.M., 6.35 P.M.
Greenport and Sag Harbor, 8 A.M., 3.35 P.M.
Sag Harbor and Northport, 3, 10 A.M., 6.35
P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6.35 P.M.
Litchfield and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 3.35, 6.35 P.M.
Port Jefferson, 10 A.M., 1.35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.
Patchogue, 8.35 A.M., 4.35, 6.35 P.M. Sunday, 9
A.M.
Richmond Hill, Glendale, 8.35, 11 A.M., 3.25, 4.35,
5.35, 6.7 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and
Saturday nights, 12.15. Sundays, 9 A.M., 6.35 P.M.
Crescenton, 3, 10 A.M., 1.35 P.M. Tuesdays, Wed-
nesdays and Saturdays, commencing April 3d.
HUNTER'S P. & WALL ST. ANNEX—Leave
Hunter's P. 10.45, 11.35 A.M., 4.35, 7.35 P.M.,
10.30, 11.30 A.M., 3.10, 4.10, 5.10, 6.10 P.M. For fur-
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W. M. LAFFAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

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Grand Rapids & Indiana R.R.
Mackinaw, Grand Rapids and Cincinnati Short Line

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Trout, Grayling, and Black Bass Fisheries,
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NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

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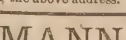
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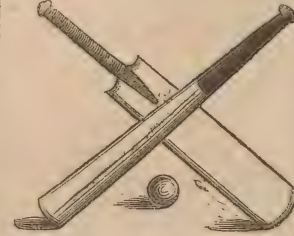
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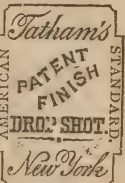
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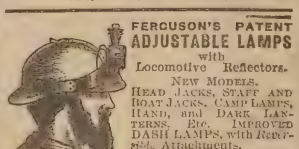
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ROD AND GUN

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Fly Fishing on the Nepigon.

CHICAGO LAWYERS IN THE BRITISH WILDERNESS.

(Concluded.)

THE chief product of this region is rock—not soft sandstone or thin layers of limestone, but original primeval trap. It is trap dykes which form the bold headlands overlooking the north shore of Lake Superior; trap which forms the bed of the Nepigon from its head to its mouth; trap which constitutes the high cliffs and palisades extending half its length; trap which towers so abruptly over its bed that not even the pine can find a foothold in its crevices; huge trap boulders, hard and smooth, which show their sides along our course; trap columns which stand erect like pillars in the Giant's Causeway; trap battlements which frown upon us from gigantic trap castles; and trap bulwarks which, like the high poop of a seventy-four gun ship, overhang the river, and then, doubly impressive, are repeated from the deep, clear water beneath.

Granite and sienite we find occasionally as stray boulders, and quartz and sandstone pebbles on the beach on Lake Nepigon. But granite and quartz are never common near red rock.

The forests are not the magnificent growth of Michigan and Wisconsin, but stunted, like the soil on which they grow. Of the valuable hard woods, such as oak, beech, maple, hickory and ash, I have not seen a single tree. The pine, though plenty, is of a size and quality which a lumberman would scorn to touch. Cedar, hemlock, spruce, tamarack and poplar are abundant, and in the foliage the mountain ash shows its brilliant berries, to relieve the continuity of green. And as though the land were destined forever for the Indian, from every hillside is displayed the bright silver bark of the birch, ever ready to build the frail canoe, the same in shape, size and construction to-day as when Columbus or Vesputius first turned their vessels toward the West.

Game is more plenty and varied than we had been led to expect. Black bear are by no means scarce, and caribou are often found, though great perseverance and skill are required to hunt them successfully. At Red Rock we saw the head and antlers of one recently killed, the antlers being two feet three inches across, and from their tip to the point of the nose measuring four feet eight inches. No deer are found along this shore, there being no opportunity for southern migration at the approach of winter. Pigeons and partridges can be found almost

every day. Mink, beaver, lynx, martin, otter, fox and fisher are trapped by the Indians in winter, and their furs sold to the agents of the Hudson Bay Company, the controlling spirit of this region. Last evening one of our Indians shot a couple of muskrats, and though their skins are worthless at this season, their bodies were

speciously consigned to the same kettle which a few hours before had sung the requiem of six rabbits, which furnished a famous stew. It was a notable procession, these six Indians, two carrying a pole on which was strung the cauldron of mysterious contents, the others following in solemn file from the fire to a convenient nook behind the birches. We could just make out through the bushes six heads brought into a contracted circle. The kettle returned empty, the Indians happy.

The snare set for these rabbits is a very ingenious contrivance. Over a run-way the Indian places a twig in a semi-circle, and then bends down a small sapling, fastening the end by a cord with a half hitch to the middle of the semi-circle, just within which he extends the noose, which drops from the end of the sapling. The noose is held in its place by bits of twigs, with which all passage outside the run-way is closed. Then a slight barrier is formed in the run-way on each side of the snare, so that the rabbit will land in the noose with a spring, and the snare is complete. The rabbit is peacefully and quietly visiting his accustomed haunts, when he finds himself carried into mid-air, and there suspended, until in the morning his captor makes the tour of his snares, finding probably two or three rabbits for every ten snares which he has set. The fur of these rabbits is now gray, but in the winter they are snow-white.

We have not seen many birds, except an occasional crow, hawk, snipe, loon or osprey, and two eagles—one perched on a high tree, the other soaring in true republican style. There is an eagle's nest on the palisades below Split Rock, and our Indians endeavored to get an answer from the young eagle in it, but without success. Ducks and geese are said to be plenty in season, but we have seen scarcely a dozen. Of songsters I have heard none, save a fine chick-a-dee, which sang as merrily as though there were upon him the responsibility of filling this solitude with melody.

In fish Bonfield is the variety man of the party, having captured a whitefish, a perch and a sucker. Pratt secured a fair sized lake trout, which, contrary to the accepted notion as to its habits, jumped clean out of the water for his fly.

The woods furnish a great variety and abundance of berries: whortleberries—here called blue-berries—red raspberries, currants, both red and black, gooseberries, cherries, small red, and, consisting almost exclusively of pit and skin, black haws, and what the Indians call elderberries, which are in reality a small species of cranberry. I have seen some elegant mushrooms, but as the Indians do not use them, we did not care to eat them upon our own judgment. There are a few strawberry plants, apparently producing in season berries about the size of a small currant.

Of nuts I have seen no indications, except some hazel-bushes at one of the portages, and two little squirrels looked as if uncertain of proper support.

The rose bushes on some of the hillsides show that at another season some of their present barrenness must have been concealed.

We met a detachment from a surveying party, prospecting for the Canadian Pacific Railway, by the aid of which the Canadians hope to free their territory from paying tribute to "The States"; but, if the other sections are given up as exclusively as this to the production of rock for the quarry, and timber, little of which is fit even for firewood, whence will their resources be derived?

So thin and gravelly is the soil that although we have not yet had a frost, the woods along the side hills are already clothed in their fall colors of yellow and red, ready to shed their exhausted leaves.

We have found no gnats or black flies, and a judicious selection of camping grounds has removed us from the few lingering mosquitoes, and placed us each night within hearing of the music of a rapid or waterfall. Previous experience has rendered us forgetful of the inconveniences of camp life and thoughtful of its amenities. No drawing-room ever saw an act of more graceful and considerate politeness than when, in making a long portage, Pierre, one of our guides, leading the way, carried a stick in his hand which he invariably had far better the grass on both sides of the trail.

Though the fishing has been good at each of the well-known pools, we have always found better wherever the low stage of water had exposed a riffle where ordinarily the water would be smooth. In the swift water above a rapid or fall, we have usually done better than in the more regularly fished pool below; and, whenever following our own judgment, and casting according to the indications of the water, we have invariably had far better success than in fishing the places pointed out by the guides. The trout here are not as some have argued, a salmon trout, or anything different from the regular speckled brook trout, growing, under favorable circumstances, to a large size.

One circumstance seems strange, that at each point where one day we find especially choice fishing, we can hardly get a bite the next. High and Pratt, standing on a single log, caught ten elegant trout in water so shallow that they could see every movement of every fish, which did not seem to be in the least disturbed by the gyrations of their companions, as one after another was drawn out; but each fish seemed to be waiting his turn, and rose to the fly accordingly. Naturally they tried that log again, but not a trout would respond to their most skillful casts.

Generally, when we can see the most trout, the fewest will rise to the fly. Often, when one is hooked, several others will follow it about, even to within a few feet of the boat, and if the captive is a small one, the attentions of the larks ones assume a character by no means encouraging. When a half pound trout, expecting to regale himself upon a dainty fly, suddenly finds himself dragged one way by a remorseless line, and attacked from behind by an equally remorseless monster, who is no respecter of his own species, it is a busy day for the little fellow. One of these pursuers was nearly captured in the landing net.

The water of the lake and river, though naturally not so cold as some of the streams which flow into them, is beautifully clear, and one can easily see the trout swimming about among the rocks, eight, ten, or even twelve feet below the surface, and on taking a sounding in the lake, I found that I could see a white pebble, one inch in diameter, on the bottom at a depth of 234 feet.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Friday morning we turned our faces homeward. Our enthusiasm had never forsaken us, nor our spirits flagged, but the feeling seemed to pervade the party that our descent of the river should be as easy as that of Avernus. The point seemed to have been reached at which we could return with dignity and satisfaction.

The water was struck, and as the supplies were placed in the canoes, no one could fail to notice how rapidly they had diminished under our sharpened appetites. The last ceremony was to free the trout in the camp corral, where they seemed to have become quite happy and contented. Of course every one gathered at the edge of the water, and as a few stones were removed on the outer side, the trout clustered nearer the land. They seemed to move toward us, rather than toward the freedom now offered them. So far, the scene was a failure. Then we tore out a dozen more stones, but the prisoners of our watery Chillon were still unwilling to depart. So Pratt commenced driving them forward with a landing net; it was some time before he succeeded in getting a single one into the open river. Several times he got one of them half way through the now broken barrier, when it crashed and forced its way back. And each one, when finally driven out into the river, only moved a few feet; and there we left them close together in the river, not ten feet from their three days' prison, accepting liberty as reluctantly as did Kinglake's gazelle in its native Arabian desert.

What animal it was that prowled around our camp that night, is purely a matter of conjecture. It would sound well to set it down as a bear, but that would not be the truth. But as the cook was getting supper, he saw a bear swim the river from the point below.

In the morning Michel brought in three partridges, which he had stowed on the hill back of the camp. Bonfield had cached his ammunition train with Pratt's keg of pickles, and the reserve of pork, flour and bacon, at a portage half way down the river, so he confessed no jealousy of the Indians' prowess.

At Flat Portage we met an Indian family on their travels. The man wore two feathers in his hat; in which respect only was his dress suggestive of the Indian. The squaw had a large, flat face, and what the Scotch would call an "open countenance." The papoose sat quietly by the rough contrivance which serves as a cradle at night, and on a journey is strapped to the mother's back, papoose and all. A wooden bow, fastened at right angles to the board, makes the whole resemble a miniature Russian winter traveling sled. The maiden, Minnehaha, lacked somewhat of the beauty and grace attributed to her in poetry and legend. Her traveling outfit was emphatically light, and we have seen handsomer blankets. There were only live dogs visible at any one time. How many more belonged in the family is uncertain. Those five cottony little monster, one complete tail; a porcupine which seems to be about the average along the north shore. Through the interpretation of our guides, we learnt that since our departure two steamers had been in at Red Rock, though what were the present prospects of the presidential candidates, and what progress Sir Garnet Wolsey was making with the Zulus, and what base-ball club is now ahead for the championship, we failed to learn; and as we offered us no late papers, we could not pursue the investigation on our own account. On the whole, we are quite as well satisfied, for there is a delightful sensation in being lost to the world for two or three weeks, and knowing nothing, absolutely nothing, of what has taken place beyond the Nepigon River. If a canoe had been upset anywhere in the river we should

have known all about it; but if Chicago and New York had both been burned, we should be still in blissful ignorance of the fact.

Bonfield has introduced a new method of catching trout—with an axe. The process is simple. He wanders along the river bank, casting for another five-pounder, and on the back cast lands his fly in the top of a good sized birch, and there fastens it securely. With a downcast air he slips back to camp, and has one of the guides come down with an axe and cut him out.

Sunday was a very quiet day. We moved three or four miles down the river, and then all the circulating library of the party, which had hitherto lain in the most neglected recesses of the carpet-camp, was brought out, toilets were made, partly in camp, partly before the mirror which proved so unfortunate for Narcissus, and the only episode was a little excursion to a point which commanded a fine view of the falls below the camp. We commenced congratulating Pratt on the approach of the storm which he has been constantly predicting, but unfortunately a fine, double rainbow appeared on the hill opposite, and that was all there was of the storm.

We are waiting for some one to fall out of a canoe, or slide off from some slippery stone. Thus far, not enough of an accident has befallen any one to furnish chaffing stock for the others, though we had a reasonable supply in the performances of that architectural curiosity sold as a trout rod to the overconfident King.

Thus far the discipline of the party, as to using the fly of the artist and abjuring the bait of the pot-fisher, has been well maintained; but King, advancing the theory that on the home trail some allowance should be made, threatens to drop a frog into a deep hole which he has discovered, and extract a six-pound trout. His fear is less of the wandering king or pickered will take hold—he now despises all less aristocratic fish than trout—or less high, as a true representative of fly-fishing, shall furnish his disappointment on any method less artistic.

It is equally extraordinary in repose and in action. It gives way at every conceivable point, and of course at the most critical, and finally it became a serious question whenever he attempted to make a cast how many sections would follow the fly into the water. His muffled good nature, through so many trials, so worked upon the admiration of his comrades that he was soon equipped with a good rod, and now is happy.

INDIAN LIFE.

Bonfield having declined to repeat his last Sunday evening's lecture on "The Hen," the conversation around the camp-fire gravitated toward the Indians, and our guide William was addressed, a very intelligent half-breed, whose Scotch father, an officer for forty-five years in the Hudson Bay Company's service, and now retired on a pension, still lives near Red Rock. He explained the absence of old Indians by saying that most of the men, as soon as they passed middle life, became consumptive and died, and that the women, having nearly as much exposure, lived little longer.

"Do you know, William," asked one of the party, "what that family of Indians we met at the portage are going to do at Lake Nepigon?"

"They are going to the Hudson Bay Company's port there, and as soon as cold weather comes are going trapping, and will sell the furs to the company in the spring."

"But how will they live in the meantime?"

"The man is an old hunter, and probably the company will let him get in debt for a little flour, and he can generally catch some fish."

"But won't he have pork, or bacon, or salt?"

"Oh, no. Except salt; but he will set three or four stands of snares, and his wife will tend them, and if they have good luck they will catch rabbits enough to live on, and when they begin to get scarce at one place they will move to another."

"But if they don't happen to catch any rabbits what will they live on then?"

"Then they will have to go hungry, unless the man catches some fish in the net, which he probably has with him to set near the ice. Sometimes in a storm these people can't get anything for three or four days, and I tell you these trapping Indians have a pretty hard time of it. In summer they can always get along, but the hard time is in winter."

"What do the women do?"

"They do as much as the men, and some of them are just as good hunters and fishers. They make the clothes and moccasins, and a chance one is just as strong as her husband."

"Were those traps you saw all that that family have?"

"The blankets I could easily have carried on one arm and all the rest of the household articles on the other."

"To be sure. That is as much as most Indians have. Of course he has a skin of twine to make rabbit snares with."

"Do all the Indians about here trap for the Hudson Bay Company?"

"That's the only way they have of making anything, except when they go out with anglers in the summer. The best fixed and the healthiest Indians are the Esquimaux, who come down here sometimes to trade. You could not get one of them to go into a house to stay if you were to give him gold. He would rather go down into the river and make a snow hut, and make his clothes dressed all in furs, warm and fine, and make his boots out of seal skin, with the fur inside. They are short, stout and fat, and don't make their canoes as we do; but make them longer and narrower, and then cover them all up except a hole in the middle large enough to sit in. Then his family crawls into the boat and lies down underneath. When he draws a cloth around his body and ties it tight so that not a drop of water can get into his canoe, and goes out into any sea, and the waves wash over it but can't get in and can't hurt him. He has a long paddle, broad at both ends, so that he can use it either way, and is not afraid of anything."

"But suppose he gets capsized or runs against the ice?" suggests Pratt.

"No danger of that," answered William. "He is very expert with his paddle."

"But suppose the waves swamp him, or anything happens to his boat, then the whole family would be drowned?" insists Pratt, who has read about these aborigines, and saw one of their canoes at the Centennial, and is bound to drown off at least one family.

"No danger at all!" still insists William, in his confi-

dence in the skill of his more Northern brother. "The Esquimaux is very expert with his paddle."

We have three or four methods of communicating with our Indians. English will do very well with William, and will answer with one or two others to the limited extent necessary for camp life. French does rather better, as this country was originally settled by that nation, whose language is still quite generally spoken. The Indian dialect none of us are very proficient in, and the only new phrase thus far mastered is rendered phonetically, "Ow-Wow, Way-Wahy," or, freely translated, "Go-ahead, hurry up." When everything else fails we fall back on pantomime, perhaps the most successful of all methods, as it certainly is the most vivid and entertaining.

Although our guides knew every foot of the river, and had traveled it all their lives, we could not get any two of them to agree as to the names of any of the well-known rapids except Hamilton's, or, freely translated, of them called Cameron's Pool at first. Which was Cameron's Pool none of them seemed to know positively, though we finally satisfied ourselves in other ways; nor have they any idea of distance as measured by miles. Their only standard seems to be for short distances, at what time they must start to get there by dinner-time, or before night; and for long distances, how many days it takes to make the trip. Hamilton's Pool is a series of rapids, five miles of bad river and two or three portages standing as the equivalent of twenty or thirty miles of good river, as the case may be. Whenever pressed to give distances in miles, their answers were always evidently, and sometimes absurdly, inaccurate. Their ideas of time are also extremely vague and uncertain.

Along the north shore of Lake Superior there remain now probably less than 2,000 Indians, mostly Chippewas, and many of these travel 150 or 200 miles every year to draw the \$4 a year which the Government pays them on account of the cession of their lands. This money is, of course, mostly captured at once by the traders who follow the Government agent, but who are not allowed to supply them with liquor.

Some of the Indian legends are very amusing and interesting, as their account of the creation of the world, the deluge, of the formation of Isle Royal by their god, Nana-Bijoo, out of a pebble which he threw behind him when the Chippewas were fleeing across Lake Superior in their canoes before the warlike Mohawks, though their belief in them seems now to have been much shaken.

Monday morning we made the long Pine Tree Portage, and it was astonishing to see how heavy a weight each Indian would carry on his back and shoulders, the pack being so arranged that the greatest strain would fall upon the forehead, which is covered by the broad part of the canvas strap. Louis once complained that this made his head hurt him, so he kicked up his heels and stood on his head for awhile, and then went on apparently satisfied and relieved.

PORCUPINE STEW.

While making a short portage, the guides treed a porcupine. Down went canoes and packs in an instant, and there was shouting and whooping, and a loud cry peculiar to the Indians, while the river bank furnished stores for a regular bombardment of the poor rodent. After carrying on their sport until all were satisfied, they cut down the tree, and quickly dispatched poor porcupine with a club. Then John the Baptist, who, being unable to speak a word of English, had been expressing his desires, his hopes and his feelings, in the most excited manner and the most vigorous pantomime, was commissioned to prepare the stew. First he scorched it over the camp-fire, then took it to the river and cleaned it, then cut it, head, skin and all, into small pieces, which without delay were consigned to the kettle, for which the supply of rabbits happened to be short that day. We watched the proceedings with great interest, but did not manifest a strong desire to partake of "pot-luck."

Toward evening the trout rose steadily to the fly and encouraged us to delay putting up the rods, with using which our hands and wrists were tired and sore.

VALE BENEDICTE.

Tuesday evening our last camp was made, and the guides entertained us for a long time around the fire with accounts of their life in the trapping life, of their work with various wild animals, and of their labors and duties when in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. The black bear and the lynx, here called king, naturally played a prominent part in these recitals. Directly they resumed their Indian dialect, and Michel, their leader, gave a vivid description, accompanied by most expressive gestures and action, of what High rightly divined to be the running of a dangerous rapids. Wednesday morning King, who had delayed the execution of his threat of drawing out Leviathan with a hook, secured the desired rod, and launched him into the foaming waters at Camp Alexander. He will never cease to regret that it was a pike which he secured, and not the handsome trout which first rose to the imported battrachian. Bonfield and myself, fishing along the bank with hard work and corresponding success, put up our rods without a regret, and at the last waterfall on the river joined the others, to find that High and Pratt had encased the rods which had served them so well.

The wind, which heretofore with its well-known perversity had blown down stream when we were going up, and up stream as we came down, now changed to the west, and our Indians, rigging their blankets on their poles, spread them to the now favoring breeze, and home onward by wind and current along the winding river, through Lake Helen, and down the last rapids, they steered our frail flotilla to its journey's end. The Nell was waiting to receive us, and no steamer ever carried from that port a party more happy and contented.

JOSIAH H. BISSELL.

On Lake Superior, September 4th, 1870.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

MIRACULOUS.—The Herald and Globe, Rutland, Vt., is the journal from which the following is clipped: "The cheapest, most successful tricks we know of are now being practiced, and the miraculous cures now being effected in diseases such as Bright's Disease and Diabetes, by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

—The Fish Bait Co., of Galveston, Texas, advertise a new fish bait, manufactured from a paste made of the shrimp. Try it. See page 32—[Litt.]

—Any gentleman desiring a good shirt at a moderate price should consult the adv. of The Keuper Manufacturing Co.—[Adv.]

Natural History.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

A BONE OF CONTENTION.—A somewhat amusing incident took place at one of our clubs in the city a short time ago, which illustrates the fact that even a "bone sharp," or to speak more by the card, an osteologist, may be of some practical use in the affairs of every day life.

A group of gentlemen were gathered in a club, which is situated something less than ten miles from the corner Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, and had been discussing the affairs of the world in general and of this Republic in particular. These trifles having been exhausted, and a pause ensuing, one of the party drew from his pocket a somewhat cylindrical bone about two and a half inches long and placed it on the table, remarking, as he did so, that it had passed through his mouth in eating, and that he believed that no one present could tell what it was. A careful examination of the specimen (which had been somewhat obscured by having one end sawed off) ensued, and many conjectures as to its nature were hazarded by those present. Several guessed duck, one rabbit, two or three pigeon, others curlew and partridge. At last, emboldened by the many failures, the owner of the bone offered to wager a dinner for those present that no one could tell what it was, and for a while it seemed that no one would accept his offer. At last, however, a well known banker bethought him of a friend of his whose knowledge of bones is not small, and accepted the wager, stipulating, however, that he should have three days' time for consideration. This having been agreed to, he at once wrote to his osteological friend, inclosing the specimen, relating the circumstances and begging his assistance in the matter.

The letter was mailed in the evening, and the next morning the banker was made happy by the receipt of the following dispatch:—

"Letter received. Your specimen is right shin bone of big bullfrog. BONESHARK."

So he won his dinner.

A KIND FOSTER MOTHER.—Littleton, N. H., May 15th. Mr. H. D. Bishop felled a tree about the 1st of May that had four young red squirrels in it, two of which he took to his house and put them into a half-barrel with three kittens that were ten days old. Old puss soon came in, and Mr. Bishop expected to see his pets devoured instantly, but to his surprise, the old cat kindly acted as foster-mother, and has up to this day. I have just been to see them; they were taking their nourishment and seemed to be experts, for when removed would again take their position at once. They are nearly half grown, and are as frolicsome as the kittens, often seizing them by the paw, and holding it as they would a rat.

JOSEPH IDE.

We once tried an experiment somewhat similar to this, which was successful up to a certain point. We caught two young levers (young of the common brown rabbit) and put them in a box with a cat that had been deprived of all her kittens except one. The old cat nursed them kindly, but the kitten was too old when they were added to the family. For a week all went well, but at the end of that time one of the rabbits disappeared, and the next day we caught the kitten in the very act of running off with his remaining foster-brother in his mouth.

HABITS OF QUAIL.—In Maryland in dry fall weather these birds, during the day, generally remain in the woods or underbrush instead of being found, as might be expected, on the stubble fields and along the hedgerows. An inquiry into the cause of this by our correspondent, Mr. Joseph K. Bramble, leads him to believe that the birds resort to the woods for shelter from the hot sun, and as evidence of this, he cites the fact that, as soon as the weather becomes clear and cold, the birds are found, some distance from the brush, in the open fields.

NESTING OF ICTERUS SPURIUS IN A SPRUCE TREE.—A few days ago my attention was called to a nest which was situated in a spruce tree, and upon ascending the tree I found it to be the nest of the orchard oriole. The nest was built about ten or fifteen feet up from the ground, and was composed chiefly of grass, and was just finished. Do these birds often build in a spruce tree?

SEYM. R. INGERSOLL.

We have never met with a similar case, and should be glad to learn if any of our readers have done so.

SPRING NOTES FOR APRIL.—Cleveland, Ohio, May 17th. —April 1st.—Noticed a wood pewee.
—April 2d.—Saw first cliff swallows to-day. Robins beginning to build.
—April 4th.—First chipping sparrows around.
—April 10th.—Saw barn swallows, grasshopper and brown creepers to-day, for the first time this spring.
—April 14th.—Wood thrush and house wrens have arrived.
—April 22d.—Noticed chimney swifts to-day; snowbirds still around.
—April 28th.—Saw the following birds for the first time this spring: Baltimore Orioles, cardinals, yellow warblers, brown thrushes, Maryland yellow-throats and kingbirds.
—April 27th.—Saw a scarlet tanager to-day.
—April 30th.—Saw first purple martin.

SEYM. R. INGERSOLL.

from a mixture of the juices of several plants belonging to different genera, and it differs much in color, hardness and its solubility.

At the bottom of this sea, mixed with clay, ooze, sand and sea-weeds, are now heaps of amber formed from generations of trees which once flourished where the waters now roll, the stems of which have rotted while the imperishable resin lives to tell that it was once part of the life blood of the vanished vegetation which perished by the sinking of the ground and the influx of the water, and the old manner of gathering the amber was to pick up what was washed ashore by the storms, but the material so obtained was never equal to the demand and the harvest was uncertain and not remunerative. Now they wait until the wind is in the right direction and of sufficient strength to wash the amber which may be among the submerged sea-weed or other floating matter which is not far from shore, and men are stationed to watch its approach and signal to the town below the appearance of the harvest, upon which they hasten with rakes and nets and rush into the sea to bring the tangled mass on shore while the women search it for prizes. Beside this there is also a system of clear water fishing, in which the bottom sea and masses of sea-weed are dredged up with rakes into nets and so taken on shore. These systems were the only ones known until about the middle of the sixteenth century, when the physician of the Markgraf Albrecht made an attempt to dig amber from the bottom, he rightly concluding that there must be much of this valuable substance hidden in the sand and clay, and in the year 1555, during the reign of George Frederic, there was much taken on the shore of the estate of Lochstein, yet the work seemed of no great value and shortly after stopped and was never resumed until 1781, when it received a new impetus, and by the approval of Staats Minister of Ileinitz permission was granted to open a "mine" of amber which was carried on for twenty-four years with great success. All these undertakings, however, faded away before the development of the amber beds which were found in great bunches without any mixture of blue earth, and in 1811 private persons were allowed to establish diggings on their own coasts, and this has in these later days developed into the great establishment of Messrs. Stantien & Becker at Koenigsberg, who have a fleet of fifteen steam dredging machines and carry on the business on a large scale.

The exhibition of Messrs. Stantien & Becker in the International Fishery Exhibition, is a splendid one, exhibiting one sea cases full of small pieces of amber in the rough, from the size of a pea to that of a walnut, suited for the lacquer trade, and then larger pieces, with here and there a bit which has one face polished to show its grain and coloration. Green, violet and red are the rare colors, and are therefore highly prized, the former being exceedingly rare, although very fine specimens are here exhibited among the cabinet specimens as well as curious forms and patterns, and a great number of specimens containing leaves, bark and insects, the latter of which are very interesting, the animal life being represented by the families and genera, Blattina, Hyppocline, Ptenolepis, Lasius, Termites, Hymenoptera, Coleoptera, Diptera, Lepidoptera, Arachnoidea, Polycentropus, Orthoptera, Neuroptera, Rhynchota and others, with their larval forms making the most interesting study.

The model of the amber fishes belonging to the firm named shows the steam dredging machines in position with an endless belt of buckets which drag the bottom and bring up the mud, which is then washed for the gems; as well as the boats, nets, houses of the fishers, etc., together with glass cases showing how the amber lies in the sand, the blue sand and the sea-weed.

As the fisher in the inland fishes for pearls in the sea, and the miner seeks for precious ore in the mine, so is amber, the beautiful child of the sun, sought and fished for along the coasts of East Prussia, and it is impossible to quarrel with the learned Professor Hasse, who, in his enthusiastic account of the amber fisheries at the close of the past century, declared that the finding of amber was

"the discovered Eridanus, the fruit of the tree which the earth produces in the highest age, nor with its associating the amber with the apples of Hesperides, with the tree in Paradise, nor with his following this train of thought until it led him to the belief that his beloved gem was not only the fruit of which he spoke, but that its presence in such quantities plainly showed that East Prussia was in fact the exact location of Paradise."

These thoughts are indeed poetry, and if the apples of the Hesperides in passing through those mills whose slowness is only equalled by the exceeding fineness of the pulp, as we proverbially learn, were made into cider of such purity that it solidified into the subject of our story, then we know that horticulture has retrograded, and that it cannot be done with the Newton pippins and greenings of to-day, plant we never so wisely.

BLACK BASS FOR INLAND WATERS.

THE black bass is peculiarly adapted in every respect for stocking inland waters, and there is no fish that will give more abundant and satisfactory returns for the slight labor and expense attending its introduction.

As a food fish, there are very few more palatable fresh water fishes, its flesh being firm, white and flaky, and when cooked, nutty, tender and juicy; it has few bones, little oil, and as a pan-fish is unexcelled. Its game qualities are of the highest order, and it will thrive in waters where the *Salmoides* cannot exist.

There are few fish more prolific than the black bass, while there are none more hardy, healthy and better able to take care of itself, and none that protects or cares more tenderly for its young; consequently, there is no limit to its production and increase in suitable waters, save a lack of natural food.

In view, then, of the good qualities, there is no fish more worthy of cultivation, none that can be so easily transplanted, and none that is so well adapted to the various waters of our country—for there is none that has such an extensive original habitat. Every attempt that has been made to stock suitable waters with the black bass has been crowned with signal success.

Both species of the black bass, *Micropterus salmoides* (Lacépède) Gill and the small-mouthed bass, and *Micropterus pallidus* (Rafinesque) Gill and Jordan, the large-mouthed black bass (Osage bass), are remarkably active, muscular and voracious, with large, hard and tough mouths,

are very bold in biting, and when hooked exhibit gameness and endurance second to no other fish. In the opinion of the writer, both species are equally "game," and equally good for the table; they generally inhabit the same waters, and there is a slight diversity of habits where they co-exist together.

Naturally, the small-mouthed bass prefers rocky streams, or the gravelly shoals and bottom spruces of lakes and ponds, while the large-mouthed bass lurks about submerged roots of trees or sunken logs in rivers, and delights in the beds of rushes and other aquatic plants of lacustrine waters; but both species readily adapt themselves to waters of various conditions, when transplanted, easily accommodating themselves to their surroundings, and have a happy faculty of making themselves at home wherever placed, so that in some localities their habits are as anomalous as their colors, which may be of any shade of black, green, or yellow.

As before stated, black bass are very prolific, the females yielding fully one-fourth of their weight in spawn. The period of spawning extends from early spring until midsummer, according to the section of country or temperature of water; in the South, occurring as early as March, and in the North and West, from the middle of May until the middle of July, always earlier in shallow waters, and somewhat later in those of great depth.

The bass leave their winter quarters, in deep water, about a month or six weeks previous to the spawning season, at which times they can be seen running up streams and in the shallow portions of lakes in great numbers. Soon afterward the males and females pair off, and prepare for breeding. They select suitable spots for their nest, usually upon a gravelly or sandy bottom, or on rocky ledges, in water from eighteen inches to three feet deep in rivers, and from three to six feet deep in lakes and ponds; and, if possible, adjacent to deep water or patches of aquatic plants, to which the parent fish retire if disturbed.

The nests are circular, saucer-like depressions, varying from one to three feet (usually about twice the length of the fish) in diameter, which are formed by the constant turning and scouring from the pebbles all the sand, silt and vegetable debris by means of their tails and fins, and by removing large obstacles with their mouths; this gives the beds a bright, clean and white appearance, which, in clear water, can be seen for a hundred yards or more. Sometimes the nests are formed upon a muddy bottom, with a pavement or foundation of small sticks and leaves, from which they always have been found to be constructed; and as this often seems to be a matter of choice—there being beds upon gravelly situations in the same waters—the writer has sometimes thought that this discrimination in the location of the nest might be owing to some difference of habits in this respect in the two species of bass, but of this he is by no means sure.

The females deposit their eggs upon the bottom of the nests, usually in rows, and are attended by the males, and become glued to the pebbles and sticks contained therein. The eggs are hatched in from one to two weeks, depending on the temperature of the water, but usually in from eight to twelve days. When hatched, the young bass are almost perfectly formed, from one-fourth to one-half of an inch in length, and cover the entire bed, where they can be easily detected by their constant motion. After hatching, the young fry remain over the beds from two to seven days, usually three or four, when they scatter into the deep water, or take refuge in the weeds, under stones, logs, or other hiding places.

During the period of incubation the nests are carefully guarded by the parent fish, who remains over them fanning the eggs with her fins, creating a current which washes away all sediment. But after the eggs are hatched, and while the young remain on the nests, her vigilance becomes increased and increasing, and all suspicious and predating intruders are driven away.

After the young bass leave the spawning beds their food at first consists of animalcules, larva, insects and the ova of other fish; as they grow older and larger they devour worms, tadpoles, small fish, etc., and in later life they vary their diet, taking frogs, muskies and water snakes. Where food is plentiful the young bass, reaching a length of two inches in a few months after hatching, and at a year old will measure at least four inches. At two years of age they will be found from eight to twelve inches in length, weighing about a pound, and will grow nearly or quite a pound a year thereafter until they reach their maximum weight. They arrive at maturity in from two to seven years, according as the conditions for their growth are favorable or otherwise.

Black bass grow with wonderful rapidity where an equable temperature of water and an abundance of food obtain, and will increase in weight, as before stated, about a pound a year; but under adverse circumstances or unfavorable conditions their growth is much slower, therefore no rule of general application can be established from any single instance, or the result of any exclusively local test or experience. Their growth is affected not only by the supply of food and temperature of water, but also by the extent of range. Bass in small ponds do not thrive so well nor grow so fast; the smaller the extent of their range the slower will be their growth; and, indeed, this is true of any other fish, for it is a well-known fact that fish confined in aquaria, in springs or wells, grow so very slowly that their increase in size is hardly appreciable from year to year, even though the supply of food be abundant. An equally well-attested fact, that the largest bass are found in the largest bodies of water, or where the range is extensive; extreme depth of water seeming to be more favorable to their growth than mere extent of surface.

From the foregoing account of the breeding and growth of the black bass it will readily be seen that there are no reasons for restricting its introduction in the manner practiced with the salmon, trout, or shad; nor would the method be successful, for reasons well known to fish culturists. The black bass, being hatched with but a small or rudimentary umbilical vesicle or yolk-sac, needs the fostering care and attention of the parent fish, who teaches it how and where to find its food, and protects it from its enemies, in the same way that a hen cares for her brood.

All that is required to stock a stream or pond with black bass is to procure a small number of fish, at least a year old, and place them in the waters. If the water is

of a suitable character, and possesses a sufficient supply of food, the bass will propagate naturally, and rapidly increase in number. The Potomac River and its tributaries, which now swarm with this desirable game fish, were originally stocked with less than thirty young bass from Wheeling Creek, West Virginia.

The only considerations to be looked after are the character and condition of the waters to be stocked, and the supply of food contained in them. It is useless to attempt to stock very small and confined ponds of less than three acres in extent, for in such ponds, without communication with running water, the bass will not increase beyond a certain limited number, which will usually be the number of fish originally planted; for the supply of natural food will soon become exhausted, and the old fish will prey upon the young ones, should any be hatched, until a certain average, proportionate to the supply of food, is established and maintained. In the case of newly formed ponds, they should be well stocked with minnows, crustacea, frogs, etc., at least a year before the bass are introduced. It is also necessary that there should be deep holes in all ponds of not less than twelve feet in depth, to which the bass can retire in very hot weather, and where they can also hibernate.

In some waters one species of black bass may prosper better than the other; for instance, in large ponds or shallow lakes, with a sluggish current, muddy bottom, and abounding in fresh water algae, the large-mouthed bass will thrive better perhaps than the small-mouthed species; but in streams and ponds with a good supply of running water, either or both species may be introduced. Both species of black bass are natural to the waters of Ohio, and originally existed in all the streams, those emptying into the Ohio River as well as those flowing into Lake Erie.—DR. J. A. HENSALL, in Ohio Report.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

FRESH WATER.

Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Muskellunge, <i>Esox nubilus</i> .
Brook Salmon, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Sea-run Pike-perch, <i>Esox lucius</i> .
Salmon Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .
Land-locked Salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .	

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, <i>Centropomus atrarius</i> .	Bluefish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
Sheepshead, <i>Ariolichthys jayakari</i> .	Spanish Mackerel, <i>Scomber maculatus</i> .
Striped Bass, <i>Morone saxatilis</i> .	Striped Bass, <i>Morone saxatilis</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Honito, <i>Sargus pinnatus</i> .
Weakfish, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .	Kingfish, <i>Morone chrysops</i> .

GAME AND FISH DIRECTORY.

In sending reports for the FOREST AND STREAM Directory of Game and Fish Reports, our correspondents are requested to give the following particulars, with such other information as they may deem of value: State, Town, County; Means of access; Hotel and other accommodations; Game and its Season; Fish and its Season; Boats, Guides, etc.; Name of person to address.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FLY-FISHING FOR BLACK BASS.

SECOND PAPER.

CLICK REELS.

THE black bass angler who has confined himself entirely to bait fishing and a multiplying reel, and has had no opportunities for knowing anything of fly-fishing and its implements, must understand that a click reel is indispensable in fly-fishing. As the two methods of angling differ so essentially, they require reels of widely different functions.

The multiplying reel must be very rapid in its action so as to deliver the bait as far as possible at a single cast, the thumb, meanwhile, controlling the rapid reeling of the line so as to prevent back lashing of the spool; but in fly-fishing the line is lengthened gradually, a few feet being taken from the reel by the hand before each subsequent cast, while the click offers the necessary resistance to the reeling of the line to permit this to be done without the casting arm coming over the head.

As the multiplying reel is made wide so as to allow for the thumbing of the spool, and as this necessity is not required in the click reel, the latter is made quite narrow, thus permitting the line to be reeled without bunching and at the same time allow of its being reeled rapidly enough for all practical purposes without a multiplying action; for the main object of a multiplying reel is for rapidity of action in casting and not in retrieving the line, as is often erroneously supposed.

After a fish is hooked a click reel answers the purpose of playing and landing it as well as the best triple or quadruple multiplier made—if not better; for after a fish is reeled in by main strength with a rapid multiplier and an attempt made to land it before it has been killed in the rod, thus curtailing the real sport of angling and at a great risk to the angler's tackle. I speak of this now, for I have heard anglers praising a rapid working quadruple multiplying reel because they could reel in a fish "so fast," basing all of its merits upon this one quality; the desire to get possession of the fish seeming to be paramount to the real sport of hooking and playing it.

Click reels are all constructed upon the same general principle, but are of various patterns and composed of various materials, being made of hard rubber, celluloid, brass, bronze and German silver; their weight depends on the material used, and the angler has a large assortment of styles and prices to select from. Any good trout click reel is suitable for black bass fly-fishing, and can be furnished by any of the first-class dealers who advertise in FOREST AND STREAM.

The "click" reel answers as well as any; it is simple, durable and inexpensive; is extremely narrow and takes up line rapidly, while the perforations render it light and assist in drying the line and in freeing it from sand and grit.

Abbey & Imbrie make a superb reel, the "Abbey," composed of hard rubber, with German silver spool, rim and fittings; it is extremely light and has a protected handle to prevent fouling of the line in casting, and is first class

in every respect. Nos. 3 and 4, the latter being the smaller, are the proper sizes. The "Imbria" reel, also made by this firm, although a multiplier—and a most excellent one, by the way—does not have the adjustable click which allows of its being used also for fly-fishing. And the angler who is the fortunate possessor of one of these reels can use it in black bass fishing for either his minnow rod or fly-rod.

Wm. Mills & Son's reels are unexcelled, either brass, German silver or rubber; they are fitted with protecting bands to prevent the line from catching on the handle. The 100 and forty yards reels are the correct sizes for black bass fly-fishing.

The "Leonard reel" is probably the lightest metal click reel manufactured, and holds a great deal of line for its size, being of good width. It also has a flush handle to prevent fouling of the line; and two and a half inch diameter is the preferred size for black bass angling.

Conroy, Bissett & Malleson, of New York, A. B. Shipley & Son, of Philadelphia, and Bradford & Anthony, of Boston, also furnish the reel. As the click regulates the rendering of the line, and as the narrowness of the reel obviates the necessity for guiding the line in reeling, it is placed out of the way, at the extreme butt, and "where it will do the most good." A reel should always be placed underneath the rod, and not on top, as is often done.

FLY-LINES.

The reel line for fly-fishing must necessarily be heavier than the line for spinning, the greater weight of the former being required to cast objects so light and delicate as artificial flies, while in the case of the small and light bait-line, the minnow, swivel and sinker give the required weight for casting. Increased weight is obtained by increase of the caliber of the line; so a fly-line is consequently of a larger size than a bait-line.

Formerly, the twisted or plaited hair, and hair and silk lines, were employed together by the best anglers (or fly-fishers), but they have been uniformly superseded by the really elegant tapered and enameled waterproof braided silk line. The latter is the line *par excellence* for all kinds of fly-fishing, being smooth, round, polished and perfectly waterproof, and is just stiff and heavy enough to favor a perfectly straight cast, without looping or kinking, qualities that are peculiarly essential to this kind of angling. Those who have used the old-fashioned fly-line, and are prepared to speak feelingly and appreciatively concerning the great superiority and excellence of this line.

They are made in several sizes for salmon, black bass and trout fishing; are very strong and serviceable, and can be purchased in lengths of from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty yards. They are fashioned with a regular and gradual taper from the reel end to the fly-end, the fly-end being only one-half the caliber of the reel-end; salmon lines usually taper but we have found the middle. They are usually stained of a greenish-lime hue, which harmonizes well with the tints of the waters, sky and foliage. From twenty-five to thirty yards is the right length, and the size should be either E or F, which correspond with Nos. 3 and 4, some dealers designating the sizes by letters, others by numerals.

The silk and hair line is still used to some extent, but it is open to many objections. At best it is a weak line, and soon rots and becomes worthless by use, even with good care. The ends of the hairs become frayed and separate after a time, and are a constant source of annoyance by sticking out at various places on the line, preventing it from working smoothly and freely through the rings of the rod. When used for black bass angling, the size of the line for trout fly will answer, and the length should be about thirty yards.

Next best to the tapered enameled silk line, is the oiled braided silk line; though this is not tapered it is a good, strong and useful line, and is used by many anglers in preference to all others. It is tinted of a similar shade to the enameled line, and altogether is a very satisfactory fly-line, being heavy enough, and withal, cheaper than the tapered line. Letters E and F, or Nos. 3 and 4, are suitable sizes.

Next in order is the braided linen line, either waterproof or plain. Where economy in price is a necessary object, this is the best line to select, though the angler should bear in mind that the best is the cheapest, for he knows full well that to no other class of goods does this maxim apply with more force than to fishing tackle. This line is strong, firm and round, and is capable of long and hard service, if proper care is taken to dry it thoroughly always after using. It is well adapted for making a nice, straight cast, and will not curl or kink. It is usually stained a light shade of slate, or a grayish drab. Letter E, or No. 3, is about the right size.

Some fly-fishers use the ordinary braided raw, or boiled silk lines, which, while being the very best lines for bait fishing, are not so well adapted for fly-fishing on account of the light weight; the medium sizes, however, answer tolerably well. Letter E, or No. 3, is the correct size, when used for black bass fly-fishing.

All fishing lines that are not absolutely waterproof should be carefully dried after use; and even waterproof lines would be much benefited by an airing previous to putting away. Even the best lines become weak and brittle through want of proper and judicious treatment. It is impossible to make a line that is indestructible, or waterproof against mildew or rot, though many anglers seem to think to the contrary, judging from the shiftless and reprehensible manner in which they use them; then, when the line fails, they blame the manufacturer.

LEADERS.

Black bass leaders should be six feet long, and composed of the best single Spanish silk-worm gut, heavy and strong, and not so much twisted as the trout leader. It should be perfectly clear and sound, quite smooth, and without irregularities or rough places. The rod-end of the leader should be composed of a large-sized gut, the next length a trifle smaller, and so diminish by a gradual taper to the fly-end. The

several lengths should be neatly and firmly knotted together by what is technically known as the double water-knot. The ends should be cut off closely; or, if the single water-knot is used, the ends should be first wrapped with silk, waxed and varnished, and then cut off neatly and closely.

It should be remembered that it is necessary to soak and soften the ends of the gut-lengths previous to tying. The water-knot, if correctly tied, can be easily slipped apart and the snell of a fly inserted, when it is to be securely drawn together again, the snell having a knot tied on the end to prevent its pulling out; but more of this anon.

Some leaders are now made with loops for attaching the flies, which is a very convenient and expeditious way, but the old method is still much in vogue, and both plans have their advocates.

Too much care cannot be exercised in selecting the leader, for upon its soundness and excellence depend much of the pleasure and success of fly-fishing. It should be carefully examined in every inch of its length, and the knots closely inspected. The leader should always be stained some suitable neutral tint; either a slightly greenish, grayish or smoky hue will answer. Strong green tea, diluted black ink, or a weak solution of indigo, make good stains. The leader should have a loop at each end, for attaching the reel line and stretch-ly.

I will not enter into the details of making leaders, as they can now be purchased so cheaply, and of such superior excellence, that the amateur can hardly hope to equal them, even were it necessary. The leaders known as "mist-colored" are all that can be desired, and the angler can have them sent by mail from any first-class dealer, who will select them "upon honor." I will only add, beware of double or twisted leaders; they are an abomination to the black bass fly-fisher.

J. A. HENSHALL.

Cynthiana, Ky., May 25th.

MAINE—Lincoln, May 26th.—In the town of Topsfield, forty miles east from here, is a small lake nearly two miles long by about fifty rods wide, which is one large boiling spring, having no visible inlet and but one small stream running from it, in which are the gamiest land-locked salmon and salmon trout it has ever been my good fortune to struggle with. Prof. Mills and I made a hurried visit to it the other day, fishing from 5 to 9 o'clock A.M. We caught, after most exciting sport, ten beauties, the smallest of which weighed two and a half pounds.

F. C.

MAINE TROUTING.—Mr. D. J. Flanders, Gen. Pass. Agent of the Boston and Maine Railroad, is a disciple of Izak Walton and an expert fisherman. He captured on the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes, last fall a trout weighing 61 lbs. Under Mr. Flanders' supervision the angling tourist is always well treated on the Boston and Maine road, which is the favorite route among those who have once been over it. The rates of excursion tickets from Boston and return, as now issued, are: To Andover, \$9; South Am., \$13; Middle Lake via S.; Upper Dam, \$14; Indian Rock, \$15.25; Upton, \$11; Greenville (Rangeley Lakes), \$12.50; Indian Rock (Rangeley outlet), \$13.75; Indian Rock (in via Phillips, out via Andover, or vice versa), \$15.25; Forks of the Kennebec, \$13; Mt. Kineo House, \$15.

MAINE TROUTING.—Newport, Me., May 24th.—Have just returned from a trout fishing trip to Kingsbury Stream, which empties into the Piscataquis at Abbot Village, on the Moosehead Lake road. The water is a little too high yet for first-class fishing, and is still discolored by surplus water from the swamps. No trout in eddies or deep holes, but all on the ripples, feeding on winged ants, of which I saw their throats were full, and even in corners where we were so long in finding them. A liberal supply of green tar and sweet oil, mixed in proportion of three parts of the latter to one of the former; it is by far the best preparation made to keep off flies, lasting four times as long as oil of pennyroyal or peppermint. It is also excellent for improving the complexions of those whose occupations keep them within doors, as a single day's application will give them a color which would cause a Hute to blush with envy. PENOBSCOT.

BLUE FISHING.—Riverside House, Forked River, N. J., May 29th.—Plenty of bluefish now in the bay near the Riverside House, catches of twenty-five or thirty being the average per boat the past week. They run from two to four pounds and make fine sport. Weather warm, and we look for good fishing of all kinds from this time.

SHAD AND FLY.—Plainfield, N. J., May 25th.—It has long been a question of veracity on the part of the disciples of Izak Walton, especially in this section, as to the possibility of catching shad with hook and line. That question is, however, settled at last in the affirmative. Last Friday, three gentlemen, members of the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, visited the Raritan River, in the vicinity of the dam below Bound Brook, with two purposes in mind. One to see that the law was being obeyed regarding the hauling of nets at that point, and another to whip the stream with flies for dace, perch and sunfish. While enjoying the latter sport, the writer was so fortunate as to land and strike the lead fly, and after a tussle of some fifteen minutes succeeded in securing the fish, which weighed 34 pounds. The rod used was a nine ounce Orvis. Although much heavier black bass have been killed by this rod, in season, we must say that this shad possessed great strength, and gave more sport and excitement in its capture. Keep the nets out of the river and rare sport is in store for the anglers.

PENNSYLVANIA—Greenville, May 25th.—The Shenango River abounds with black bass, and the fishermen are preparing themselves for the 1st of June, for then it is legal to catch.

The Kennel.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE BEAGLE JUDGING.

THAT we have printed the below communications in full, in spite of their very outspoken criticisms of the late bench show judging, is the best evidence we can offer that it is our aim to afford the largest liberty to our correspondents consistent with the limits of our space, when they do not themselves overstep the limits of propriety. In our mind, no healthy subject can be injured by proper ventilation, but at the same time the true object of such airings must not be lost sight of. While it is the universal impression that the animals at the late show were to be judged by Stonehenge's points, we have been told that all the judges did not construe Rule 8 as a direction so to do. The rule in question reads as follows:—

The scales of points given in the third edition of the "Dogs of the British Islands," by J. H. Walsh (Stonehenge), will be used by the judges, when necessary, in judging the dogs.

Therefore, cannot it with justice be claimed that in the majority of cases the judges did not deem it necessary to use said points?

Whatever may be the adjustment of the differences of opinion in the past, it is patent to us that a reform must at once be adopted for governing the proper judging of dogs in the future. We believe the time has come when there can be no difficulty in instituting a proper standard of points, and upon finding plenty of good judges, "those to the manor born," to see that the rule of judging by this standard is carried out. We have always been opposed to three judges, and to English judges; where there is only one, he is very careful, for he cannot lay the blame on anybody but himself. Therefore, in the future let us have American judges—let them be specialists, and let each one be detailed to judge his own individual classes. This will narrow the matter down, and in the future we will have our own countrymen to pick to pieces, and thus save our guests—the foreign judges—from the abuse that is always heaped upon their heads by unthinking people the moment their backs are turned upon our shores.

Turning now to the subject in question, we may say that the standard of perfection of the beagle thirty-five years ago was considered to be from ten to eleven inches, and the latter was the maximum height. Stonehenge advises that they should not be bred under 9 inches, and Mr. Dalziel, in his admirable book, "British Dogs," gives the measurements of two good dogs, one 14½ inches and the other 15 inches. The former authority states that it is said in the time of the Virgin Queen, Bess herself possessed a pack so diminutive that they could be carried in a man's glove. This statement, of course, must be taken *cum grano salis*. Had we been told, however, that a pack of beagles had been wont to repose, in the time of the Roundheads, in the hat of Oliver Cromwell, the one now shown in the armory of Stirling Castle, we would have believed it beyond all question. But it is not in this crude way must we size the merry little bound spoken of by Oppian as one of the kind of dogs peculiar to the ancient Britons?—

There is a kind of dog of mighty name

For hunting, worthy of a fairer fame;

By painted Britons brave in war they're bred,

Are beagles called, and to the chase are led,

Their bodies small, and of so mean a shape,

You'd think them curs that under table gape.

It is a mere question of inches—in our opinion we want a practical dog of about 12 to 15 inches for our rough, stony hill-sides, and when they exceed that measurement exhibitors should furnish the judge with a pair of far-seeing glasses, so as to reduce in size the animals before him and spy out in the future his impending fate.

GRANBY, CONN., May 24th.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

By the request of several prominent breeders of beagles I took notes and measurements of entries in that class—prize winners in particular—and am compelled to say that such unaccountable judging as was shown in the award of prizes in that class it has never been my misfortune to witness before.

An overgrown animal, measuring 16 inches high at shoulder, was given first prize.

The second prize was captured by another oversized specimen, standing 16½ at shoulder, and I should judge would turn the scales at 26 pounds. Head had a snipy, whittled-out look that was anything but hound-like in expression, and ears were short in leather and set high.

The giving of third prize to a dog standing over 19 inches high at shoulder, and that must have weighed 30 pounds, is what I wish to say most about. We have read in the works of Stonehenge, Herbert, and many others, that a beagle is a diminutive hound; in fact, a "pocket edition of the old Southern hound," and should have the long ears "that sweep away the morning dew," and according to that high authority, *The Fowler's Gazette*, should not exceed 15 inches in height; but the honorable judges did not consider size any barrier to success, and gave prizes to oversized animals that would ruin the reputation of any breeder who should send them out as beagles.

Two beagles recently imported by the Essex County

Hunk were not splendid, as they measured 16 inches high, and were very justly considered oversized by the club.

Why the judge should overlook such dogs as Rambler, Lottie (winner of first at New York in 1879) and Charley (second at New York in 1879) is a mystery to us, that we hope the judge will kindly explain, and if dogs 19 inches high and weighing at least thirty pounds are beagles, we hope the judge will tell us what a harrier is.

N. ELMORE.

MONTECLAIR, N. J., May 24th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I wish to call the attention of the several breeders of pure beagles to the fact that the standard of excellence is going up a peg in size. According to the awards at the 14th bench show the winners were from 15 inches up. It used to be from 12 to 15, but not one of the prize winners in the above class were less than 15. The third prize was awarded to a dog that I know was 16½ inches high at shoulders. The others I did not measure, but someone else did. The Essex County Hunt Club has imported two splendid hitches. They arrived about three weeks ago, in good condition, so I had a bench show of my own to decide which I should take to the show. The late arrivals, however, lost the chance of seeing Madison Square Garden just because they measured full 15 inches at the shoulders; but they are beauties, for all that.

One of the judges in last year's show censured me for taking a bitch into the ring that measured 15½ inches. I tried to rub the half inch off her feet with sandpaper, but I couldn't fetch it. He (the judge) said she was no "bagle." I thought of selling the dog onto him, but he gave me third prize with another dog, and so I let up on him and promised to be more careful in my selection for future bench shows, and I was, for instead of taking a couple of 15 inch beagles, I took one 12 inch and one 13 inches, and got beaten with two 11 inch ones. I believe, Mr. Editor, that if I had taken a couple of 18 inch hounds I should have got first and second, sure. On meeting the aforesaid judge in the building, I asked him what he called a beagle? He looked at me and said, "What did I tell you last year?" Of course I forgot, but I hadn't, so I took him around to the kennels and asked him to point out the best two. Well, he just sat and showed me my own two. He said the others were "duffers," oversized, and that he never saw a "bagle" over 15 inches; but, alas, I had to stand it when the prizes were given, although I did get honorable mention, and the dogs that took first and second last year did not get a smell. The above gentleman was not a judge this year, so I had the wrong man, that's all. I would like to see him again, and the dogs next year, so that I can be ready for him. I will try and ring in the right ones if I can find out.

II, II.

THE COCKER JUDGING AT THE SHOW.—*Buffalo, N. Y., May 24th.*—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—I had a breeder of cocker spaniels at my house. I have visited several bench shows, but saw few specimens that I fancied better than my own. In securing my original stock I was always very careful to avoid curly coats, or dogs with topknots. At an expense of upward of \$50 I visited the late New York Dog Show, principally to view the prize winners in the cocker classes, and compare my ideas of a standard dog with those of the judges. I saw a fine specimen of a cocker spaniel, which first was awarded a prize in the dog class to the poorest specimen in the show. It could boast of a topknot very similar that of Mr. Holbrook's champion Irish water spaniel dog Barney. When I saw this dog, previous to the judging (I wondered how a person could be foolish enough to enter such a specimen in the cocker class. Now this award looked to me as if the judge knew very little of what constituted a cocker spaniel. I heard it stated that he claimed that there was not a genuine cocker spaniel in the show. For argument's sake we will concede this, or that there is not one in the United States; and I presume he will admit, that such a cocker is a rarity, even in England—the original home of the breed. But that there were several specimens in the dog class which were greatly superior and came much nearer the standard of Stonehenge than the dog he gave first prize will admit who them. Of what use is it to expend money in trying to breed cockers to a standard that bench shows advertise the dogs are to be judged by, when prizes are awarded to such miserable specimens as the one in question. I am not a disappointed exhibitor. The only dog that I owned an interest in at the show was awarded first prize in his class, with, I believe, eight competitors.

COCKER.

THE TILESTON MEMORIAL FUND.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—*New York, May 28th.*—The undersigned, a committee appointed by the Eastern Field Trials Club, to receive subscriptions to the Memorial Fund, to accompany the resolutions of sympathy to the family of the late Wm. M. Tileston, Esq., of this city, respectfully solicit your cordial and earnest cooperation in this laudable undertaking.

In addition to your own contribution, we would ask you to secure from sportsmen, naturalists, lovers of aquatic and all outdoor sports, and from all who sympathize in the bereavement and sorrow occasioned by the recent calamity at Madison Square Garden, as liberal and prompt subscriptions to this fund as their feelings may prompt them to make, under all the well-known circumstances.

This fund is a positive and greatly needed benefit, and all who join in creating it may feel assured of doing a good deed.

We inclose blanks for subscriptions, which please present to the attention of all likely to be interested, and return with the amounts subscribed, at as early a date as possible, to the Treasurer of this fund, P. H. Morris, 22 Duane street, New York City, or to the Secretary, Fred. N. Hall, P. O. Box 1263, New York. All subscriptions received will be duly acknowledged through the sportsman's newspapers throughout the United States.

P. H. MORRIS, Secretary. FRED. N. HALL, Treasurer.

—*French Show scoring cards, with complete table of points, by Edward J. Forster, Secretary Massachusetts Kennel Club.* By the table, the value of any particular point of any breed, according to Stonehenge, can be seen at a glance. Twenty-five cents per package, or five packages for \$1, postpaid. Send currency or stamps. Address Edward J. Forster, Charlestown, Mass.

Yachting and Canoeing.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FIXTURES.

June 3—Empire Y. C. Doyling Challenge Cup.
June 4—Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 5—Harris Challenge Cup, Haverhill, Mass.
June 7—Philadelphia Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 7—Southern Ocean Club, Charleston Regatta.
June 8—Atlantic Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 10—N. Y. Y. C. Bonnet Cup, regatta for schooners and sloops.
June 10—Salem Bay Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 10—New York Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 11—Southern Y. C. Corinthian Regatta.
June 11—N. Y. Y. C. Secretary's Handicap.
June 12—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
June 12—Sewanhaka Corinthian Matches.
June 12—Sullivan Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 14—Quaker City Y. C. Chester Regatta.
June 14—Southwick Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 14—Empire Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
June 15—Long Island Y. C. Annual Regatta.
June 17—Deston Y. C. Union Regatta.
June 17—Marblehead Regatta.
June 17—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
June 18—Buffalo Y. C. Regatta.
June 19—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Half Moon Bay.
June 20—Dorchester Y. C. Regatta.
June 21—Washington Village Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 27—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
June 29—N. Y. Y. C. Breston's Reef Challenge Cup.

YACHTING NEWS.

NOTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.—The yawl *Emerald*, which was for so many years one of the shells in San Francisco Bay as a Bermudian sloop, has been thoroughly overhauled. She has a new deck and her spars have been reset. Her cabin has been raised to give standing room. She was an old-style yacht, with low freeboard and very low cabin. She has been fitted up handsomely. The *Emerald* can still crowd some of the larger yachts. Mr. J. Clem Usher, for many years a leading member of the San Francisco Yacht Club, and an enthusiastic yachtsman, has gone to New York to live. Mr. Usher was owner of the yawl *Emerald*. His fellow members of the club, and him greatly, as he has taken very great interest in building up the organization, and is a genial, pleasant companion. The sloop *Clara*, which was brought from New York to San Francisco on a vessel's deck two years ago for Jabez Hoves, Esq., is now the property of Jno. Isaac Hamilton, of the San Francisco Yacht Club. Mr. Hamilton has refitted her and put her in first-rate shape. Her cabin has been raised to give head room, and her interior fittings are now very handsome. She has had 1,000 pounds of lead put in her keel, which makes her stand up very much better. Before Mr. Hoves sold her he had her stem remodeled and lengthened, so she is now, with the new improvements, very much better adapted to San Francisco waters than when she arrived. Mr. Hamilton has her jibs arranged so as to set a small one flying, English fashion, in strong breezes. The yawl *Sappho* has been thoroughly overhauled this winter and has just been launched in a greatly improved condition. She has been lengthened eight feet, and is now forty-one feet water line. Her cabin has also been raised and lengthened, the additional length giving two state-rooms. She has now an enormous sliding topmast, the second and third masts in San Francisco Bay, the first one having been put on the little yawl *End* some three years ago. Her topmast has as much hoist within ten feet as the mainmast. Her driver, or "jigger," has been changed from a graft to top of mutton, and she is now fitted with a flying jib. Wm. Stone, the builder, made a very neat job in lengthening the *Sappho*. Her name, by the way, has been changed to the *Lolita*. With the yawl rig and big sliding topmast the *Lolita* can carry a very large and very small amount of sail, the change being made very quickly and readily, and the vessel is very well adapted to San Francisco waters, where the winds are strong in the afternoons and light in the mornings. The sloop yacht *Annie*, formerly of New York, and brought on the ship *Three Brothers* to San Francisco for Jabez Hoves, Esq., last fall, has been very much improved since her arrival at the latter port. She fairly glitters with brass work, etc., now. Her cabin has been thoroughly overhauled, new cushions, new carpets, new paint, etc. Oil paintings have been put on the panels, mirrors added, convenient dress lockers, signal lockers, etc., put in. Her rig is now iron work and rigging have been replaced, and she is now in cock-pit; and in fact she does not look like the same yacht. Although she carries very much less sail than she did in New York on the race down from Mare Island on the first cruise of the San Francisco Yacht Club this season, she came in third, the California boats *Chipsa* and *Consuelo* alone beating her.

A PRETTY MODEL.—Mr. Rushton, of Canton, N. Y., has sent us a beautiful model of his traveling canoe. It is about 4 ft. long, regularly built up, and shows all the rivets and details of a full-sized canoe.

A HANDICAP MATCH.—The Secretary of the New York Y. C., Mr. Chas. A. Minton, has offered a cup, to be sailed for by yachts of the club, upon a handicap measurement, as under:—

The race will be sailed on Friday, June 11th, over the regular club course, for a cup valued at \$250, presented by the Secretary for competition by schooners and sloops of the club. Yachts will not be restricted as to sails, or in the time of making the race. It has been decided to adopt, as the most fair and simple method of handicapping the various classes and rigs, the scale annexed. Time allowances will be made according to the usual rule of the N. Y. Y. C., and the race will be sailed, with the exception noted, according to the sailing regulations.

Entries should be made in writing to the Secretary of this committee, Mr. W. Lindsay Blatch, at the club house, before 8 p.m. on June 9th. To cover the expenses of the committee boat, an entrance fee of \$20 will be required from each yacht entering. Any excess will be returned.

Owners of yachts entering can procure three tickets each from Mr. F. W. S. Hurst, 69 Broadway, for the committee boat, which will leave the Battery at 9:30 A.M. precisely on the morning of the race, and the Ferry Landing at Stapleton at 10 o'clock, stopping at the same points returning.

In the event of the Annual Regatta of the club being postponed until the 11th, this race will be sailed on Monday, the 14th. Committee—F. W. J. Hurst, J. Fred'k Rams, W. Lindsay Blatch.

In calculating time allowances, the following percentage of cubic contents of each yacht will be taken as her measurement: First-class keel schooners, 60 per cent.; first-class center-board schooners, 65 per cent.; second-class keel schooners, 70 per cent.; second-class center-board schooners, 75 per cent.; first-class keel sloops, 50 per cent.; first-class center-board sloops, 55 per cent.; second-class keel sloops, 60 per cent.; second-class center-board sloops, 65 per cent.

Entries to be made to Mr. W. Lindsay Blatch, at the club house, before 8 p.m. June 9th. Sailing rules can be obtained from the

same source. Start, flying, off Stapleton, S. I.; ten minutes allowed to cross the line. Course, to and around buoy No. 10 on S. W. Spit, keeping it on port hand, thence to and around Sandy Hook Light Ship, keeping it on starboard hand, and under the same course, to and around buoy No. 11 and 12 on West Bank, to the southward of 84 on S. W. Spit and outside 54 on the Hook, going and returning. Finish between committee boat and buoy No. 15 on West Bank.

SEAWANAHKA YACHT CLUB.—The following members have been added to the club list: Messrs. James Clinch Smith, Fred. Gebhard, Geo. E. Chiselm, S. Nelson White. The club has been decided to join the N. Y. A. for the present. The annual cruise has been fixed for July 13th, rendezvous at Glen Cove. For the Corinthian matches, June 12th, the following rules will be observed:—

The race will be open to yachts of the New York, Atlantic, Eastern and New Bedford Yacht Clubs, and will be governed by the sailing regulations and time allowances, and under the direction of the regatta committee of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club.

Five prizes are offered; one in each class in which two or more yachts start; and personal prizes to each member of the winning crews.

Classification.—Schooners.—Second class; all whose area is 1,950 square feet or less. Value of prize, \$100. Cabin Sloops.—First class; those whose area is greater than 900 square feet. Value of prize, \$100. Second class; those whose area is 900 square feet or less, and greater than 600 square feet. Value of prize, \$100. Third class; those whose area is 600 square feet or less, and greater than 450 square feet. Value of prize, \$85. Fourth class; those whose area is 450 square feet or less. Value of prize, \$65.

Rules for Measurement.—Add the length over all to the length on the water line, and divide the sum so obtained by two; this will give the "mean length" of the yacht. Multiply the mean length and the extreme beam together, and the result will give the "area" in square feet. Length over all will be measured from the after end of the plankstee at the middle of the stern, to a point perpendicular to the forward end of the load water line at the upper line of the plankstee, or a point corresponding thereto, if the plankstee does not extend so far.

Entries must be made in writing, addressed to the Regatta Committee, and filed with the Secretary of the club, O. E. Cromwell, 34 Liberty street, Room 4, by 3 o'clock, P.M., on June 10th, accompanied by the measurement of the yacht entered, according to Seawanhaka rules, certified to by the measurer of the club from which she enters, or by her owner, together with a list of the proposed crew, their several occupations and addresses.

Every yacht-owner winning a prize shall allow the measurer to take off the lines of his yacht. The fee for this will be \$15, and the lines will be returned to him with full claim to the prize. The measurer cannot deliver a prize until this rule is complied with. No copies of these lines will be allowed without consent of the owner.

CREWS.—One man for every five feet of length on deck, and one for any additional part of five feet, will be allowed, not including the owner.

Yachts in Corinthian races must be manned by amateurs exclusively. The sailing master, cook and steward, if carried, shall remain below, and not appear on deck; and none of them shall in any way direct or assist in the management or working of the yacht. Any infringement of this rule will forfeit all claim to the prize. Every yacht sailing in any match or regatta shall have on board during such race a member of the club. Each yacht shall be sailed and, as far as possible, steered by her owner or by a member of the club to which she belongs. Schooners will be restricted to headsails, mainsail, working-gaff-topmast and spinnaker. No two headsails of the same name shall be carried at the same time. Balleon jibs will not be allowed. A working-gaff-topmast is a jib-headed-topmast that does not extend above the truck nor beyond the gaff end.

Flying start at 11 A.M., at second whistle from club steamer. Ten minutes allowed to cross the line. Course for all but fourth class, from line between steamer and Fort Wadsworth around buoy 10 on Southwest Spit, keeping it on port hand, thence around Sandy Hook Lightship, keeping it on starboard hand, and return over same course. Fourth class will round Cuddeys Channel buoy, keeping it on starboard hand, instead of Lightship. Keep to eastward of buoys 9, 11, 13, and outside 54. Finish at starting line. Regatta Committee, James H. Elliot, G. Wyllis Betts, Louis P. Bayard, Robert Carter, Grand Foster.

LIVIN YACHT CLUB.—The officers for 1880 are: Commodore, E. C. Neal; Vice-Commodore, E. G. Southey; Fleet Captain, H. Dennis; Secretary, C. G. Viall; Treasurer, C. H. Clifford; Measurer, C. H. Taylor.

JEFFRIES YACHT CLUB.—The officers for 1880 are as follows: Commodore, William McCormick; yacht *Gael*; Vice-Commodore, Frank H. Blaney; yacht *Empire*; Fleet Captain, George P. Tenney; Treasurer and Secretary for the summer, the Commodore, George A. Palmer, of yacht *W. B. Ford*. The club has seventy-eight members, and owns a club-house at Jeffries Point, East Boston.

SALEM BAY YACHT CLUB.—The club now numbers among its fleet some of the finest yachts on the coast. There are forty entered in the club, and new ones are constantly being added. Four of the yachts measure over 10 ft. in length, and twenty are 30 ft. and over. The new club-house will be supplied with a slightly tower, with balconies on the first and second floors, affording an ample view of regattas. A library of yachting and nautical literature will be one of its attractions. The landing facilities and the arrangements for the care of yachts will be very complete. Mooring buoys for club and visiting yachts will be conveniently located. Arrangements will also be made for the laying-up of yachts and boats in winter. The club has now about one hundred members. An application for membership for Gen. B. F. Butler's schooner *America* has been received.

MORE LEAD.—The *Vision*, of Boston, has had a heavy lead keel added, and the cat boat *Lolita* has received an iron one.

CRUISE OF THE CARCO.—Dr. Merritt left San Francisco May 8th, in his schooner *Carco*, for a protracted cruise in the South Seas. We have a photograph of her, showing her to be a fine, longhose looking craft. She was built in 1873, at Oakland Creek. Length over all, 81 ft.; w. l., 8 ft.; draft, 11 ft.; beam, 22 ft.; with a lead keel. The party on board consisted of five ladies and three gentlemen in the cabin, and a sailing-master, cook and steward and four hands below the mast.

TO EUROPE IN A KUT-SHELL.—Two young men from New York State, George P. Thomas and Fred Norman, are having a little boat built, long built at Gloucester, in which they intend crossing the Atlantic and visiting many of the leading European ports. They will start about June 1st. It is the smallest boat that has ever made the attempt. The craft will be named *Little Western*.

science has sustained so great a loss.

"Recent Literature and General Notes" occupy twenty-five pages of the *Bulletin*, and are as full as usual of interesting news.

—Under the title "The Modern Archery," Mr. John Wilkinson of Chicago, publishes an attractive circular, which will be found useful to our Western archery readers.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

THE NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.

THE Twenty-second Annual Convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, which met at Seneca Falls, on Monday, May 24th, was a perfect ovation of success. The Long Island Sportsmen's Association, which was only represented by the Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, last year, this year sent fifty-five delegates from the various clubs, a number which was unparalleled. They were enthusiastic and generous in every respect, and asked the Convention to come East for once and see what the Eastern sportsmen were composed of; also, they thought great benefit could be derived in having a thorough understanding in relation to game laws and fisheries by having their inland friends fully appreciate what was needed on the coast, and seeing for themselves during a brief visit to that section. The Long Island delegation went to Seneca Falls in two Wagner cars, especially chartered for the occasion, which were as well equipped as any hotel in the country, by their everlastingly caterer, Mr. Harry Miller, of Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn. Nothing was wanting in the shape of edibles, even to frogs' legs, well broiled; drinkables, cigars, etc. The party had a splendid run up, and were received at the depot by delegations from the Seneca Gun Club and the Phoenix Club, of Seneca Falls, with a good band of music, and escorted to their hotel, the Hoag House, whose proprietor, Milton Hoag, is one of the best shots in the State, as well as one of the most genial landlords. Upon their arrival, the delegation immediately took possession of the main parlor, and invited all in attendance to join them at their festive board in celebrating the occasion. The music in front of the house of course attracted the crowd, and every one was well provided for. The proprietor remarked that the gentlemen from Long Island were on a par with the rest of the gentlemen represented, and were entitled to every consideration. Every delegation arriving was cordially received in the same manner, and every courtesy extended by both the home clubs. The Seneca and Phoenix both had their club-room doors wide open for their guests, everything was free and equal in all respects, and a finer set of gentlemen could not be selected than the numerous club delegates from all sections of the State.

At the meeting on Monday evening everything was

harmonious, and after routine business had been disposed of and motion made for locating the next meeting, it was unanimously passed by acclamation that the Long Island Association should have it. This was a new feature in the Convention, as it has for the past twenty years been hotly contested for by ballot, and in many instances carried over until the second evening before the question could be settled. Of course our Long Island friends felt good. Why shouldn't they? Such a solid vote was never before heard during the many years of existence of the Association. After the adjournment, an elegant banquet was served, and after that the Long Island clubs did their part in the parlors of their hotel. Of the reception by the clubs neither could claim a superiority. The Seneca Club did well, and the Phoenix Club more than well under the circumstances under which they were situated, and we were pleased to see that no personal rivalry existed in entertaining their guests. No matter which room was entered, the doors were open and a cordial hand ready to greet one.

Of the field we must say a few words. The tents were neatly arranged, and well provided with edibles free to all. The Spencer Club, of Lyons, had quite a large tent, well arranged with camp coats, etc. The Forester Club, of Buffalo, had their handsome striped tent well stocked, as usual. The Adirondack, Jefferson and Lewis County clubs had their usual tent well furnished with every comfort. The Dean Richmond tent was always open and free to all. The Queen City Club, of Buffalo, had a large tent, well equipped, and the old Monroe County Club, of Rochester, had their usual large tent well supplied with everything, and the usual pile of straw on one side, where an overworked or tired man could take a good nap during the day. The Audubon Club, of Buffalo, extended their hospitalities as usual, and all friends were welcome. The tent of the Seneca Gun Club was an open house for all, like the rest. But the largest tent on the ground, with the highest flag-pole and largest flag, was that of the Long Island Association. This, like the rest, was never empty and never dry. Moisture was no name for it, and after they once let down the sides, everybody was welcome. The Onondaga County Club, of Syracuse, had the square, large tent that had become so well known in previous years. Besides these, there were numerous small tents for private purposes on the grounds.

Of the birds we can say, that a finer lot were seldom seen; they were all wild, in good condition, and good flyers. With the management no fault could be found, and everything passed off rapidly and pleasantly. Of the gentlemen present, it would take a whole paper to put in their names. We especially wish to remember our old friends from all sections who have been present for years and know their own names, but among the new comers we should not fail to name Mr. George A. Chapell, of Brooklyn, a veteran sportsman, and deeply identified with the fishing interests of the State; also, Mr. Henry Altenbrand, of Brooklyn, who organized a club especially to be a partner to this occasion, and when once there could not tear himself away. There are many others of the same type, but they have yet to learn what a New York State shoot is. Last, but not least, we cannot forget Mr. Chas. E. Fisk, of Brooklyn, who acted the part of a nobleman, and we were delighted to see that he was made referee in the first important contest.

During the entire week not a bet was made as to results in any contest.

Our Brooklyn friends ought to feel pretty well satisfied, as they have won some of the most valuable prizes. In the first place they won the Convention without a dissenting voice; then Mr. MacMaster's valuable picture, the Pierce Diamond Badge, the Dean Richmond Trophy, the Wadsworth Cup—and the broom.

The Standing Committee for the ensuing year consists of Robert Robinson, Brooklyn; James F. Williams, Dansville; Jacob M. Witmer, Niagara Falls; Henry H. Morse, Rochester.

FIRE ARM FRAUDS.—By reference to our rifle columns it will be seen that the postal authorities have issued an order withholding all money orders addressed to the "Chichester Rifle Company," of Jersey City, N. J., on the ground that the company is a fraud, and the business conducted by it a swindle. We have repeatedly warned our readers against this concern, and are rejoiced to see its operations finally broken up. The "Chichester rifle" was extensively advertised all over the country as a "great bargain, equal to any rifle in the world," etc., and over the advertisement was placed a cut of a sportsman shooting deer and of a settler defending himself against Indians. This was to deceive the reader as to the nature of the arm. The rifles were advertised at the low price of \$4.50, and the advertisement was a magnificent one. The arm in reality, which the purchaser would receive, if he sent his money, was a small caliber (pocket pistol size), cheap made revolver, with a small stock added; in fact, only a toy.

This is but one, however, of many similar articles at present being pushed before the public. Large advertisements, attractively worded, are constantly appearing of some great bargains in fire arms—of revolvers, rifles or

guns being sold at less than cost, or than regular dealers can furnish. The advertisements describe immense productions—of wonderful demands from all parts of the country and inform the reader that for only a short time can they be obtained at the prices named.

It seems strange that an ordinary mortal can swallow so much and not "see through it." There is no reason why new firms, unheard of before, should spring up and be able to sell good articles cheaper than old established houses; and certainly he is a fool who trusts at all to these advertisements, and a still greater fool if he sends his money. We have lately seen a revolver, shown by a friend, who bought one, and we have read the advertisement accompanying it. It was represented to be equal to Smith & Wesson's beautiful high grade revolvers in workmanship and quality, and to be the handsomest revolver ever seen in America! The price was \$2.75. It was said to be worth really \$10, and a story was told of their being made for a Russian order, who failed to take them. The real truth is, they are cheap quality; poorly engraved little revolvers, costing less than \$2 to make, and of course the Russian contract story is too ridiculous. We would not put our head behind one of these dangerous little tools. Life and limb are too precious to be risked by the blowing up of \$2 worth of poor metal. The very best makes of guns do occasionally burst, but such an accident is exceedingly rare. Cheap fire arms often burst; as a rule they are liable to go to pieces.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad, and the madness is sometimes exhibited by the use of cheap, poorly made firearms, which prove the agencies of self destruction.

THE TEAM OFF.

TO-DAY an American team sails for the second time to meet an Irish team on Irish soil. They have gathered together in a quiet sort of a way, not altogether in the wisest manner of selection, as the present sharp discussion on that topic indicates; nor is the team, while beyond question a strong one in its individual components, the unit we should like to see, nor such a team as a sober, calm review of the field would have made up. It is too early yet to judge of Col. Bodine's capabilities as a commander, and even should defeat meet the team on the field at Raheny there is something to be said in mitigation of it. In fact, we are not altogether out of the opinion that a mild dose of defeat at this time would do American rifle shooting a vast deal of good, and we know of no team better able to swallow the bitter pill than this one. There is no doubt a spirit of lethargy in rifle shooting here which a rebuff abroad may be instrumental in dispelling. The team have not had a single day's practice as a team under the eye of its captain, and once on the Irish soil and in the hands of a reception committee, virtually as extensive as the Irish census roll, the team will have hard work in getting any practice of great value on the range there.

With a very good motive, but in a rather cumbrous manner withal, the Board of Directors thoroughly dissipated one phantasm which has been floating about for some days past,—that the team is sent out with a general shooting commission to make a descent upon Ireland in the first instance, and then complete the campaign with a sortie into England. The team has been created and is sent abroad with but a very slender backing, it is true; to do one thing and one thing only—to hold a team match with Irish riflemen. The expression of this idea was aimed at when the directors unanimously resolved "that we consider it inexpedient for our representatives to enter into any team match except the one they are sent to Ireland to shoot." The match over, it is the right of the marksmen to do as they please, but not to enter into international matches as representatives of anything except themselves. Any matches of that sort which may be had, however much they may be thought to advertise this, that or another rifle, are merely "scrub matches," and any attempt to galvanize the fortuitous concourse of atoms, as the team will be when the last shot of the Irish match has been fought, into a living organic team, deserves no encouragement from this side of the ocean. It is not at all creditable to American rifle shooting, and is the one thing which will help to swell the already-rising tide of opposition to professionalism in American rifle shooting, that the Board of Directors are forced to the consideration of such a problem at all. There seems to be wanting on the part of the team, or some of them, or those into whose contact and influence they will come on the other side, that nice sense of propriety which would check them from belittling the match which led to their visit, to meet the convenience of those who have obligations on this side the water yet to meet. It should be understood at Wimbledon that until the Palma is wrested from us and added to the trophies of the exhibition tent on Wimbledon Common, no representative American team can visit that shooting ground, however many "advertising" and so-called American teams may turn up with big pretensions.

The team for Ireland may find a difficult task before it. It has a short task to perform if it confines itself to its errand. It may be that defeat has not been without its fruit of victory on the plucky Irish marksmen. The

Rigby breech-loader is an unknown quality yet as to its merits, and we can only echo to our speeding experts a hearty *bon voyage*.

THE TEAM SELECTION.—Col. John Bodine, who was selected as the captain of the American Team to Ireland, yesterday handed in to the office of the FOREST AND STREAM the following note:—

Editor Forest and Stream:—

It gives me pain that just at this important time, when a team is about to sail to compete in a foreign match, you have committed the indiscretion of publishing an editorial reflecting on me and my team. You had published the conditions of the competitions, and consequently knew their purport. I am not about to discuss the wisdom of the method of selection, nor the personnel of my team, except to say that I think it a strong team, and fully equal to any that may be pitted against them on the Irish ranges. And further, I challenge any man to show anything unfair in the selection, or anything like Star Chamber judgment in my action. I was fully sustained by the Committee and by the Board of Directors, and to have done differently, in any particular, would have been a violation of my instructions. If any one was aggrieved, it was from his own delinquency in not complying with the plainest terms of the circular, and no one regretted this more than myself. This is the view taken in the matter by all riflemen who have become familiar with the circumstances.

It is with the greatest reluctance that I refer to this, but I cannot consent that this presentation of our action should go abroad without my earnest protest.

JOHN BODINE.

Col. Bodine is correct in saying that we had published the conditions, and we are correct in saying that they have not been lived up to. The one reserve which was amply sufficient for the purposes of the team was swelled to an indefinite following. Challenges about "star chamber judgment," whatever that may be, do not remove the fact that three secret meetings were deemed necessary before the present state of dissatisfaction was fully reached. Nobody has denied that the Colonel was sustained by the Board of Directors; but that does not remove the fact that Capt. Bruce was promised Saturday as a day on which to make a score by Col. Bodine, and to his surprise and disgust found the team organized, with himself excluded. We deny the Colonel's assertion about his views being taken by all riflemen, because we know otherwise. Our own reluctance in being compelled to speak of the manner in which the team had been made up is fully as great as that of Col. Bodine in writing his note to shield the action of the managers of the affair.

DECORATION DAY SPORTS.—The growth of out-of-doors sport in the United States is never better illustrated than upon the occasion of a national holiday. Decoration Day, coming as it does at a season of the year when the heat of summer has not yet overcome the inspiring influences of spring, has been adopted by the clubs as an anniversary day in their calendar. Yachting, rowing, athletic games, archery, cricket and rifle shooting comprised the programme of the day last Monday, and the Tuesday morning papers devoted as much space to the records of the previous day's sports, as to the distinctive forms of celebration for which this occasion has been set apart. It is fitting that the yearly commemoration of the nation's dead should thus also become a season of recreation. The arena of manly, generous competition in athletic sports has its place in the development of the nation's citizens.

COACHING.—The annual spring parade of the Coaching Club, last Saturday, was witnessed and applauded by thousands of spectators, and the young gentlemen who handled the ribbons received loud commendations for their rare possession of mind in guiding their fiery steeds through the concourse of vehicles. But how a Rocky Mountain jehu would laugh to scorn this play, and rightly so, too. If one wishes an exhibition of coaching he must go farther west than Manhattan Island to find it; and for a genuine sensation we commend a winter mountain ride through the snow.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

OUR WESTERN LETTER.

DENVER, COL., May 20th.

WHILE the vast plains, stretching from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains, are not without their sentiment, their monotony, their silence, their solitude and their extent, while the sky and the ground have their grand beauty, and the very sense of the desolation has its charm to the traveler, we must not overlook the useful quality in this wild region. The long, creeping lines of fire, which may please the eye with their weird dancing in the blackness of the night far over the plain, may be doing harm as well as good. There is a hay rick or two which may prove an undesigned prey to their beauty, and a ranch or so whose occupants may have to keep the fire at a safe distance. It is difficult not to have some sort of fellow feeling for these scattered inhabitants of the plains. Here they are, many of them, quite way from friends, incurring solitude and separation to amuse some kind of a fortune. The ranch, indeed, is not wholly unoppressing spot to the eye. Probably no one, who has not seen the thing, could easily imagine just how a ranch looks. The word has a kind of lux-

uriance about it which is not found in the object itself. Perhaps the farthest thing from a ranch, and yet of the same general class with it, is a New England farmhouse, glistening white, with its bright green blinds and red chimneys, surrounded with shade trees, with a green grassy yard, and very likely a little brook trickling along by it. At a ranch there is nothing white, nothing green, nothing red; there is no yard and no rushing brook. The yard, indeed, is the great plain, though I should say, that since the introduction of barbed wire fences, one will occasionally see a fence of that sort even west of the Missouri. The ranch is low and flat, perhaps eight feet high in all, built of dirty logging logs, generally placed upright. The flat eaves project, and all that can be seen of a roof is usually earth and rough sod. Rude enough, in looks, this abode is, but I should say it would be far from uncomfortable, either in summer or winter. Here a bachelor could keep his hall well enough. And two or three bachelors, who had something in common between them besides their herd, might snap their fingers for a few years at the East, especially if the herd was doing well and the dollars were steadily piling up. Here one could enjoy books, a pipe and a horseback ride, and nature perhaps. There will be no tree to sit under, nothing but the burning sun (and it gives a bronze and color which even a Harvard oarsman might envy), or the thick roof of the ranch. Then, in the spring, there comes activity, when the round-up for branding calves begins. This, too, is the season of activity for the Ishmaelite herder—the herder who is too active, and goes about branding calves that are not his. These men are to the herdsmen what a claim-jumper is in a mining camp. He may be successful, and get rich faster than his neighbors; and, on the other hand, he may be found cold on the plains, or be "run off" to some other scene of pleasure. Again, when a shipment of stock takes place, there is more rounding-up. Then a pleasing community of action is seen, as an indiscriminate herd is driven up to the railway station, and the herd-owners in that region stand by, and each checks off in his book each animal that passes into the car bearing his mark. One man may thus ship fifty head to his neighbor's five; but it evens itself off in the course of the season. These are the cattle that make the best New York beef. Along or near the Missouri River they are picked up by Iowa and Illinois farmers, who have come or sent West for the purpose. During the winter they are corn-fed, and fattened on the farms of those States, and then are sold to the stock-yard men of Chicago at a handsome profit. So we get in Washington Market the large, fat quarters of Western corn-fed beef. The future promises even better, at least larger beef than we have had hitherto. Considerable short-horn blood is being put into the herds on the plains, and while it may hardly be expected that such heavy-chested cattle will result from this innovation as are raised by extreme culture in England, yet in general and gradually the size and form of the animal should become better. All through Nebraska there is grazing ground. Of course, it is better in some parts of that region than in others, and one should not settle down at any point for herding, without some previous inquiry. Another caution is, that a man who is not used to cattle or herding, as the business is done on the plains, had better serve an employer for a while to get experience, before embarking in the business on his own account; and even then he will have to be patient for a couple of years, before the profits fairly begin. LEX.

SPRING IN ALASKA.

SITKA, April 9th.

OF a dozen of us, who differ and argue upon most anything that will furnish a possible difference of opinion, no two are agreed as to whether the steamer is due now or will be soon. Her schedule time calls for her to arrive on the 7th of each month, or 8th at farthest, that though she has seldom done so we all avoid championing that date, but four distinct sets of us are equally positive that she is due this time on the 10th, the 12th, the 14th and the 16th, and we all base our positiveness upon the same foundation—namely, the assurance of her Captain upon his last visit. The matter is of little importance, except that it enables me to be consistent, and start this letter, as I find by glancing over my files I have about all my letters, with a few remarks about said steamer, and seeing the letters side by side in a scrap book, I find I have been guilty of tautology, for very nearly the same remark opens several of them; but on my word it was accidental, and having been discovered will be in future eliminated; but the fact is, her arrival is our only event, and we can't avoid thinking and writing of her. I'll try to stop, though! I've broken myself of worse habits; for instance, my earlier letters. I gave them the true Alaska stamp by bringing in more or less "hoo-chee-noo," a word introduced to the Eastern World as a typical Alaskan phrase. I even adopted the missionary paper style of speaking of it, and always preceded it with the adjective "vile." How certain adjectives become parts of the simple nouns they qualify and transform them into compounds! Who, in hearing a snake described, or by a lady a rat, has failed to expect and hear the "big?" And who, throwing a fly for a brook trout and

raising a chub, or fishing for codfish and hooking a pollock or dogfish, has failed to attach a prefix to their ejaculation when they named it? So it is with "vile" hoo-chee-noo.

I think the word must have originated in "Greenland's icy mountains," etc., where, however, "only man" merits the epithet, and as I like to be original occasionally, I've dropped it, and I'll drop the steamer.

March has been with us probably the pleasantest one, so far as weather goes, that we have ever experienced out of the tropics, and April so far is following its example.

Although it is popularly supposed that it rains here about all the time, we have in the last forty days had but four or five rainy ones, and we have absolutely longed for it, to wash off the snow, which an unusually severe winter has piled up in an unprecedented accumulation. The miners who are waiting its departure to develop their last year's finds; the prospectors who are anxious to be off among the mountains, and whose stakes, with which, economically used, they hoped to tide over the winter in Sitka, have become impoverished through the earnest efforts in their behalf, made by the purveyors of amusements in the shape of dance halls, grog shops, etc., grumble at the snow, and the slight impression made upon it by our not over warm sunshine, and we are all tired of it. The robins and sparrows and buntings have returned, expecting, evidently, to, as usual at this season, go at once to housekeeping, but they flit around on the leafless trees disconsolate; and the eagles sit for hours motionless, evidently discouraged.

The herring have come in as usual, and are being caught in great numbers by the Indians, who strike into schools with poles armed with sharp nails.

The ducks have nearly all left us; a few old wives still remain faithful and firm, somewhere—we can't find any. The Indians bring in a few mallard. The venison is uneatable, and the trout have not yet put in an appearance. On the whole, this transitory stage is decidedly uncomfortable.

I hear that down about the mouth of the Columbia River the hair sealing season has begun, rather earlier than usual, and that several hundred seal have been captured.

Right here let me again use your columns to urge people to save their and my postal stamps by not writing to me to get their seal skins. They don't come from this neighborhood. I've been here a year and haven't seen a seal. If I had I would have gone hunting for it daily till I got it, for there's nothing else to go for, except perhaps bears, and I'd rather buy them.

To my regret, and that of the Siwash, many of whom got rich out of it last summer, the salmon cannery will not be operated this year; the reason why I cannot tell, but I presume the company know their own business best. I know, on one side, that the fish can be gotten here at a far less cost than further south, but, on the other hand, the season begins down about the Columbia River six or seven weeks earlier, and the rise in tin from \$5 to \$12 per M. makes an item.

Fred Mather writes to ask me to tell you something about the *Thaleichthys pacificus*, or eulachon, or as we call it in Alaska, the candle fish, or as called by the Siwash, the "oolachan." I can't tell you much now, for they don't come here, but are plentiful in Wrangel, and I'll send down a jar with alcohol for specimens, and get up a lot of data by next steamer. In the meantime, *Adieu*. PISCO.

Game Bag and Gun.

JUNE IS A CLOSE MONTH FOR GAME.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

A STRING OF FIELD SCORES.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., May 25th.

I NOTICED in last week's issue of your paper that some of your subscribers thought the killing of two snipe at one shot a very great feat. In fact, it is, but what do you think of this? Several years ago, when I was quite a boy, I made, I think, the best score on record. At Abercrombie's plantation, five miles below Columbus, Ga., on the Alabama side of the Chattahoochee River, I killed and bagged eighteen snipe in thirteen consecutive shots. I shot three at one shot, and two three times; the remainder were single shots. I did not take them as they came (for they did not come), but I went for them as they went. When I killed the three at one shot they were flying (only three) forty yards high, and apparently at the rate of forty miles an hour or more. Two of them were killed stone dead, the other one was wing broken and battered. The double shots were made as they got up before me in range, irrespective of distance from each other, and I repeat that only once were there as many as three together, and I killed them. I do not think this score has ever been beaten, and should any of your readers think I am simply telling a "snipe" story, I would most respectfully say that I have a credible witness, who saw every shot.

If I may not be unkind to say that I am now shooting a little 12 bore gun, and to tell of some of the shots that I have made with it only for the purpose of showing what a gun can do when properly loaded and handled. The gun is a full choke, 14 at the muzzle. Here is what I have done with it, viz.: In the presence of the New Or-

[illegible]

This left but two—Christopher Warner and R. Seldon—both of the Dean Richmond Club, Batavia. Mr. Seldon withdrew, and the first prize was awarded to Mr. Warner.

Ties of 14, 25 and 25: Trucker missed his first, Tallman his second. Lefevor and Miller their third, Neapars his fifth, and Smith, Hudson and Sheridan tied on five each. At 31 yards: Sheridan killed four, and Smith, of the Onondaga Club, and Hudson, of the Audubon, Buffalo, five each, and divided. Ties of 13: There were twenty contestants. It ended in a contest between Henry Jones, C. D. Rodman and Robert Newell, in which the latter, a member of the Forester Gun Club, Buffalo, won the third prize. The ties on 12 was won by H. B. Hooker, of the Monroe County Sportsmen's Club, of Rochester, who took the fourth prize.

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Ties on 17-21 yards.				
H. R. Jones.....	10	10	10	01-4
Ed. Hudson.....	10	10	10	10-4
B. W. West.....	11	11	10	10-

This gave the first prize to B. W. West, of the Long Island Gun Club, of Brooklyn.

Ties on 16-21 yards.				
E. L. Sargent.....	11	19	10	11-6
S. H. Tucker.....	11	11	10	11-7

The second prize to S. H. Tucker, of the Madison County Gun Club, Peterboro. There were four contestants in the ties on fifteen; George Smith, of the Forester Club, Buffalo, winning the third prize. In the ties of thirteen there were eight contestants. H. B. Hooker, of the Monroe County Club, of Rochester, won after a hard fight, the fourth prize.

Fifth Contest—Substituted in place of an amateur shoot: ten single birds, 21 yards:—

Charles Lobb.....	5	O. M. Helmer.....	7
L. Mathewson.....	7	J. A. Dingsen.....	9
G. Archer.....	4	W. J. Allen.....	8

Dr. Drury	6	William Parrish.	6
Thomas Kimberly, Jr.	7	C. J. Heindel.	7
E. F. Gault.	7	W. Gooden.	7
D. M. McPever.	7	M. V. Bayless.	10
P. Carroll.	7	M. B. Campbell.	7
P. Taylor.	7	G. H. Brown.	7
W. J. Babcock.	7	H. H. Morse.	7
W. J. Loder.	7	E. Wakeman.	7
Chas. Green.	7	A. Paul.	7
F. Smith.	7	G. W. Smith.	7
L. H. Andrews.	7	L. T. Lawrence.	7
H. Gault.	7	J. R.	7
W. S. Murray.	7	C. S. Hale.	7
C. F. Morse.	7	A. H. Murray.	7
W. E. Willard.	7	G. Rolling.	7
Dr. Kennedy.	7	Dr. Monroe.	7
E. H. Madison.	7	G. A. Chappell.	7
Frederic Thomsen.	7	G. H. Parsons.	7
F. P. Dennison.	7	Frederic Frazer.	7
William Miller.	7	G. F. Gilderlove.	7
William Payne.	7	S. Eldon.	7
J. A. Niver.	7	H. Twist.	7
Ed. Hudson.	7	A. H. Sheridan.	7
R. Robinson.	7	E. West.	7
G. R. Vine.	7	H. B. Hooker.	7
G. W. Crouch.	7	L. A. Amden.	7
Ed. Crouch.	7	G. B. Luther.	7
J. K. Beckwith.	7	J. D. Burroughs.	7
Walter Helz.	7	A. Denout.	7
J. Sawyer.	7	William Waterbury.	7
J. B. Rufferty.	7	John Wolvin.	7
J. B. Shaw.	7	George Meister.	7
A. D. Lewis.	7	J. Slaway.	7
A. Wutz.	7	J. B.	7
D. Horchless.	7	S. Rosenblatt.	7
W. H. Crutenden.	7	Sheldon Thompson.	7
B. Watts.	7	J. G. Stacey.	7
J. E. McNeil.	7	M. Hoag.	7
C. Warner.	7	B. Hammond.	7
C. G. Jakis.	7	C. H. McKevitt.	7
J. Bellet.	7	A. Nichols.	7
M. W. Thomas.	7	S. A. Tucker.	7
E. M. Ten Eyck.	7	H. Silsby.	7
D. Toisma.	7	J. Whittier.	7
H. R. Jones.	7	R. Newell.	7
W. Hughes.	7	George Smith.	7
L. Sargent.	7	C. G. Morse.	7
Peter Tompkins.	7	M. J. McIntyre.	7
N. J. Richardson.	7	H. Walzer.	7
L. H. Smith.	7	C. T. Barton.	7
P. P. Flower.	7	J. E. McIntosh.	7
E. A. Andrews.	7	F. Chalfee.	7
W. R. Solover.	7	Thomas Cook.	7
F. Day.	7	B. Catchpole.	7
William S. Harris.	7	C. S. Danewood.	7
	7	F. Neumann.	7
	7	C. W. Winger.	7

In ties of ten, W. G. Gavitt, of the Spencer Club, Lyons, killing three birds straight, received first money. Second money was finally won by Peter Tompkins, of the Dean Richmond Club, Batavia. In the ties of nine, Geo. W. Smith, of the Queen City Club, Buffalo, received the purse for the best score, killing all of his five rises. The money for the second best score went to Mr. H. B. Hooker, of Rochester.

Best Average.—The FOREST AND STREAM gold prize medal, valued at \$125, for the best average in five contests, was awarded to Edward Hudson, of the Onondaga County Club, of Syracuse, he winning it by four points.

MATCH FOR THE PIERCE DIAMOND BADGE.

C. Heinz	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	-1-17
C. Taylor	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-18
George Meister	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1-19
H. P. Ficker	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-20
A. C. Sargent	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-21
G. W. Smith	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-22
C. J. Heinhold	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1-23
E. H. Madison	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-24
M. Haytes	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1-25
Frank Thompson	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1-26
J. Kennedy	0	0	0	1	1	dr.	1	0	1	1	1	1-27
G. A. Chappell	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	1-28
B. B. Hooker	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-29
H. T. Brown	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-30
L. Sheridan	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1-31

Second Squad.													
D. M. Lagera.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-13
W. H. Smith.....	1	0	0	0	0	dr.							0-8
J. S. Sclover.....	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1		0-8
W. E. Brown.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		0-8
A. S. Hall.....	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	0		1-11
William Fager.....	0	1	0	0	dr.								
Thomas Kimber.....	1	0	0	0	0	dr.							
I. H. Andrews.....	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1		1-13
Robert Selous.....	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	0		1-13
W. E. Brown.....	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0		1-13
A. F. Compton.....	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0		0-10
J. Brier, Jr.....	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0		0-10
W. E. Brown.....	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0		0-10
S. Damewood.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0		1-14
A. Paul.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0		1-14

[illegible]

Fourth Squad.												
B. Talsman	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	dr.
B. Hammond	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-13
H. Drury	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-14
William Hughes	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	dr.	
Ed. Hudson	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-14
R. S. Pratt	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1-14
W. Weaver	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	dr.

[illegible]

Dean Richmond Trophy Contest—29 birds; 31 yards rise; teams of three men each:—

Monroe County Club, Rochester.....	1	Forester, Buffalo :—.....	1
H. B. Hooker.....	14	Robert Newell.....	1
L. H. Andrews.....	14	H. B. Jones.....	1
L. H. Beckwith.....	15	George Smith.....	1
Total.....	45	Total.....	4
Dean Richmond, Batavia.....	18	Onondaga, Syracuse :—.....	1
Peter Tompkins.....	18	Edward Hudson.....	1
R. Selden.....	17	George Luther.....	1
C. Warner.....	15	P. Lelever.....	1
Total.....	50	Total.....	4
Anderson Club, Buffalo :—.....	1	Seneca Gun, Seneca :—.....	1
B. J. Smith.....	15	Edmund Smith.....	1
P. Heinz.....	15	J. F. Lawrence.....	1
William Christian.....	15	H. Silbey.....	1
Total.....	46	Total.....	5
Onondaga, Buffalo.....	1	Long Island Gun, Brooklyn :—.....	1
T. W. Smith.....	16	G. F. Childersleeve.....	1
E. Taylor.....	15	F. Pike.....	1
B. Baileys.....	15	H. Thompson.....	1
Total.....	48	Total.....	4
Foundation Gun, Brooklyn.....	1		
H. Madison.....	17		
C. W. Wingert.....	17		
M. B. Bayless.....	19		
Total.....	50		

This gave the Dean Richmond trophy to the Fountain Gun Club of Brooklyn. The prize for second best club being between the Seneca Gun Club, of Seneca Falls, and the Dean Richmond Club of Batavia. These two organizations concluded to divide the prize, which consisted of 2,000 shells.

Judges—Wm. Lawrence, of Seneca Falls, and J. A. Hackstra of Buffalo *Herald*. Referee—T. C. Banks, of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Notwithstanding the fact that the sun had nearly gone down, the last contest on the programme, that for the Livingston Sportsmen's Association cup, was commenced. It was finished in almost total darkness, and resulted in a tie between the Onondaga Club, Syracuse, and the Fountain Gun Club, Brooklyn, the shoot-off being won by the latter.

Contest 8—Wadsworth Cup: 15 double rises:—

Fountain Gun Club	23	Onondaga Club, Syracuse	2
G. W. Wingert	23	E. H. Hudson	2
M. Ballis	23	H. P. Gale	2
Total	69	Total	48
Andover, Buffalo	37	Seneca Gun Club, Seneca Falls	3
G. W. Smith	37	H. B. Hays	3
William Christian	37	C. Rosecranz	3
Forester Sportsmen's Club, Buffalo	37	Total	35
H. R. Jones	35	Nathan Gun Club	3
George Smith	35	W. H. Glovers	3
Total	38	L. H. Smith	3
Monroe County Club, Rochester	38	Total	25
H. B. Hooker	38	Long Island G. A.	2
J. W. Andrews	20	Long Island Rev.	2
	20	E. Madison	2
	20	Total	15

The Fly Casting.—The only entries were Chief Engineer Ira Wood, Syracuse, and E. Robbins, all of Syracuse, the latter of the *Standard* staff—and W. C. Jakus, of Buffalo. All of the Syracuse contestants are pupils of the veteran Rubc' Wood, hence he did not bring out his own rod. He did not have the heart to reel out his line over the heads of "my boys," as the champion delights to call his graduates. Mr. Wood, together with H. R. Wood, were chosen judges of the fly casting, and Dr. Fowler of Ithaca, referee. The following was the record of the casting in number of feet of line thrown out:—

Name.	Feet
Ira Wood, of Syracuse	70
C. W. Smith, of Syracuse	70
E. E. Hancock, of Syracuse	70
W. C. Jacus, of Buffalo	66

The judges decided to award Mr. Wood the first prize on account of his superior style and accuracy. The exhibition was, considering the poor weather, very praiseworthy. The other prizes were awarded in the order named.

RIFLE SHOOTING—The distance was 100 yards, off-hand, string measure, the telescope being barred. The judge was Mr. James Rafferty, and the referee, Mr. E. Hill. Mr. Archie Paul, of Cohoes scored 27 7-16, getting first prize; Mr. O. G. Jones, of Syracuse 35 5-16, second prize; Mr. Samuel Jacoby, Seneca Falls, 40 7-16, third prize.

PISTOL PRACTICE.—During the fifth contest the match for pistol shots was called at the rifle range. Ten shots were allowed, string measure, at a distance of fifteen yards. Mr. J. H. Andrews scored 16-26 and took first prize; George J. Marsh, of the Forester Club, Buffalo, 25½ and second prize; O. S. Jones, of Syracuse 25½ and third prize. The other scores were by Mr. G. W. Crouch, of Rochester 20, and Mr. U. B. Hooker also of Rochester 20.

MASSACHUSETTS—Quincy, May 29th.—The Merry Mount Shooting Club glass-ball shoot:—

	Rotary trap.	Double trap.	Total.
George Monk	10	8	18
A. Keating	9	8	17
John Curtis (2d)	9	9	18
T. Curtis	9	9	18
George Beebe	9	9	18
Charles Prescott	9	9	18
W. W. Mitchell	8	6	14
Ed. Hardwick	8	6	14
Henry Studley	7	5	12
Myran Clark	7	5	12
C. C. Badgley	7	5	12
M. J. Hunt	7	3	10
Frank Curtis	3	0	3
Wesley Nightingale	3	0	3

After the above a challenge match took place between Albert Keating and George Monk for the badge held by Monk, with the following result:—

	<i>Rotary.</i>	<i>Double.</i>	<i>Total.</i>
A. Keating.....	9	10	19
G. Monk.....	10	9	19

In shooting off the tie at eleven balls Mr. Keating shot 11 and Mr. Monk 10, making the former winner of the badge.

Natick, May 20th.—Shooting at ten rotary and five double at 18 yards rise. The following shows a gain on their previous shoots:—

	Rotary	Double	Total
1890	10	10	20
1891	12	12	24
1892	14	14	28
1893	16	16	32
1894	18	18	36
1895	20	20	40
1896	22	22	44
1897	24	24	48
1898	26	26	52
1899	28	28	56
1900	30	30	60
1901	32	32	64
1902	34	34	68
1903	36	36	72
1904	38	38	76
1905	40	40	80
1906	42	42	84
1907	44	44	88
1908	46	46	92
1909	48	48	96
1910	50	50	100
1911	52	52	104
1912	54	54	108
1913	56	56	112
1914	58	58	116
1915	60	60	120
1916	62	62	124
1917	64	64	128
1918	66	66	132
1919	68	68	136
1920	70	70	140
1921	72	72	144
1922	74	74	148
1923	76	76	152
1924	78	78	156
1925	80	80	160
1926	82	82	164
1927	84	84	168
1928	86	86	172
1929	88	88	176
1930	90	90	180
1931	92	92	184
1932	94	94	188
1933	96	96	192
1934	98	98	196
1935	100	100	200
1936	102	102	204
1937	104	104	208
1938	106	106	212
1939	108	108	216
1940	110	110	220
1941	112	112	224
1942	114	114	228
1943	116	116	232
1944	118	118	236
1945	120	120	240
1946	122	122	244
1947	124	124	248
1948	126	126	252
1949	128	128	256
1950	130	130	260
1951	132	132	264
1952	134	134	268
1953	136	136	272
1954	138	138	276
1955	140	140	280
1956	142	142	284
1957	144	144	288
1958	146	146	292
1959	148	148	296
1960	150	150	300
1961	152	152	304
1962	154	154	308
1963	156	156	312
1964	158	158	316
1965	160	160	320
1966	162	162	324
1967	164	164	328
1968	166	166	332
1969	168	168	336
1970	170	170	340
1971	172	172	344
1972	174	174	348
1973	176	176	352
1974	178	178	356
1975	180	180	360
1976	182	182	364
1977	184	184	368
1978	186	186	372
1979	188	188	376
1980	190	190	380
1981	192	192	384
1982	194	194	388
1983	196	196	

	County.	Monroe.	Total.
W. W. Clark.....	10	9	19
W. Brigham.....	8	8	16
Dr. J. H. Wright.....	3	7	10
W. C. Gile.....	8	7	15
C. O. Wilson.....	7	8	15
J. Laker.....	9	5	14
D. Hawcett.....	4	8	12
J. Mahan.....	5	5	10
W. Brigham.....	7	7	14
H. Hawes.....	6	6	12
F. Stevens.....	4	4	8

Totals.....	75	71	161
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NEW HAVEN GUN CLUB—New Haven, May 20th.—The New Haven Gun Club held its regular medal shoot to-day. Owing to

WEST VIRGINIA—*Wheeling, May 26th.*—The second match of the series of contests between the Canton Rod and Gun Club, of Collingville, Conn., and the Wheeling Rifle Club, at 200 yards, off-hand, Massachusetts target, came off to-day. Both clubs improved on their first score, and especially the Wheeling team, who rolled up the magnificent total of 503 points. The scores were as follows:—

WHEELING RIFLE CLUB TEAM.												
C. B. Dwight.....	10	12	9	11	9	11	10	12	12	105		
William Cox.....	8	12	11	10	10	12	8	12	9	102		
Otto Jaeger.....	12	10	9	9	11	10	11	7	10	101		
R. George E. Lewis.....	10	6	8	12	12	11	11	6	10	88		
B. H. Babcock.....	8	11	10	11	7	9	10	11	7	97		
Total.....	503											

CANTON ROD AND GUN CLUB TEAM.												
O. B. Hull.....	10	9	10	12	9	11	10	10	9	102		
H. B. Moore.....	10	11	10	11	9	8	12	12	10	102		
J. H. Bidwell.....	11	10	9	11	10	12	10	9	10	100		
J. Laubenstein.....	10	6	8	12	12	11	11	6	10	88		
J. Laubenstein.....	7	7	30	4	9	9	11	7	9	85		
Total.....	487											

On the 27th inst. the long-range team went to Washington, Pa., to shoot a return match with the club of that place. The first match was shot between teams of three men each, on the 8th inst., by telegraph, and resulted in a victory for the Wheeling club by 22 points. The Washington riflemen not feeling satisfied over the result, the Wheeling club decided to go to their range and have another round. The team was received by Mr. James Woods, and conveyed to the range, and the match commenced about 11 o'clock. A young hurricane came along about an hour later, which made everyone on the range seek the shelter of neighboring covered bridges. After the storm had passed the teams resumed firing at their seventh round, and continued until about 4 o'clock, when on counting totals the Wheeling team was found to be 11 points to the front—not so many as in the first match by another eleven, but considering that a very new man was being substituted for Mr. Stewart, who shot before, it was satisfactory. Mr. Dwight did not make another clean score, but came within two points of it, while Mr. Babcock passed him then by one point. The Wheeling team and those who accompanied them had a pleasant trip, and were "glad they went."

The following are the complete scores:—

WHEELING RIFLE CLUB TEAM.												
Dwight.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Babcock.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Jaeger.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Total.....	570											

WASHINGTON RIFLE CLUB TEAM.												
Rothwell.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Enoch.....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Hazlett.....	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Total.....	368											

The shooting was at 500 yards, under rules of N. R. A. The Washington club use Remington rifles, and the Wheeling team Sharps long range, except Jaeger, who shot a Maynard.

The Wheeling Club had anticipated a pleasant long-range match with our neighbors at Pittsburg, Pa., on the 28th, but because of the timid ones concluded that "they did not wish to be put on record in their present state of ignorance of long-range shooting." Too bad; but we are in hopes they will let us know when the ignorance which they claim has taken its departure, and we will be glad to give them the chance to put us on record, even if our names should not be at the top.

LOUISIANA—*New Orleans, May 24th.*—The twelfth individual contest for the Washington Artillery cup came off to-day, at the New Orleans Rifle Park, in the presence of a large number of lovers of the sport. The weather was fair and the wind light enough to add to good scores. A number of riflemen were present at the range, but only eight contested for the cup. The following is the score:—

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	Total.
Dodley Selph.....	19	18	37
J. C. Sport.....	21	17	38
G. W. Chilton.....	20	17	37
M. Manlin.....	21	17	38
P. Mitchell.....	15	12	30
V. Villars.....	15	12	30
V. Despaux.....	14	14	28
Gus Leefe.....	12	13	25

Mr. Selph won the contest, and, this being the fifth time he has won it, the cup becomes his property, and will hereafter be added to the many trophies already in his possession.

THE STATUS OF "PROFESSIONALS."—40 Chestnut street, Boston, May 30th.—To the President and Directors of the N. R. A. Gentlemen:—The resolution offered by Col. Sanford, reflecting upon the integrity of gentlemen who shoot the rifle, who may be receiving or have received favors from rifle dealers, or rifle manufacturers, or dealing in or have dealt in rifles, comes at rather an unfortunate time. The last intended for the backs of some of your friends, and I am afraid that I am afraid that not one of the team are to meet. We are invited to meet an Irish team, armed with the new Rigby breech-loader, and Mr. Rigby is one of that team, and probably others interested in the new arm. Do you wish to be impolite to those gentlemen in showing your dislike to members of the American team? Will not so broad a resolution be either inoperative, or prevent so many from participating in rifle matches at Creedmoor that you had better not have the matches? How many of your board can step to the front with no favors received from the Board? I know that not one of the team of 1877 but what received favors. And all of the teams before and since have received the same probably. Exchanging old rifles not worth a cent for a new one worth \$100 is a very great favor. I have not found, in my life's experience, gentlemen above receiving favors, when it does not come in the shape of a bribe.

The whole cry against the professional comes from those who are jealous of the success of our crack shots. No one would care were these-called professionals poor shots, and easily beaten, were they to the Board in a drop of the whole matter; and to those that cry because they cannot win anything, I would say, Do you deserve what you have not earned? Are you willing to stop smoking, drinking and late hours? Do you love rifle shooting enough to make the sacrifice necessary to become a first-class shot? If you are not willing to do so, keep still and do not throw mud at those who are. Respectfully, W. H. JACKSON.

HOW A "RIFLE" COMPANY DID BUSINESS.—The Chichester Rifle Club has its headquarters on the second floor of the Sterling building, No. 31 Montgomery street, Jersey City. The company was organized last December with an alleged capital of \$10,000. Of Ben. F. Fichtel, J. P. Cottle, of Jersey City, and Charles Monrrell, of Brooklyn, comprise the Board of Directors. Fichtel has the stock, and the other half being divided between Cottle and Monrrell. They have been sending out, principally to country districts, tempting circulars having a cut of a beautifully mounted rifle, which was offered for sale at from \$5 to \$15, according to quality. The company did no business in Jersey City or vicinity

devoting their exclusive attention to country trade, and receiving their orders by mail in the shape of registered letters and money orders. Some time ago Postmaster Gossip, of Jersey City, began to receive complaints against "the rifle" company. Correspondents informed him that instead of receiving the handsome rifle described and illustrated in the circular, they received a pistol with a shoulder-stock comparatively valueless, and of no use whatever for the purpose of a rifle. The complaints finally became so numerous that Postmaster Gossip communicated with the authorities at Washington, and an investigation was ordered. It resulted in an order from the Postmaster-General to Postmaster Gossip to withhold all registered letters and money orders addressed to the Chichester Rifle Company. The company's office was closed yesterday.—N. Y. Times, May 23th.

Archery.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

DECORATION DAY ARCHERY.—Second annual field day of the Brooklyn Archery Club, on their grounds at Prospect Park, Monday, May 25th:—

York Round.
Brooklyn Club—Nash, 30—118; Hoyt, 23—53; Johnson, 18—69; Constable, 16—64; E. A. Stoutenborough, 13—55; Parker, 16—60; Pearsall, 18—61; Miller, 11—41; Nast, 9—23; X. Stoutenborough, 3—11.
Ascham Archers—Brown, 18—73; Chapman, 17—59; Geyer, 21—59; Gerow, 8—30.
New York Archery Club—Roper, 30—121; Autten, 23—112; Frazer, 25—81; McLean, 23—83; Pond, 16—79; Sutton, 16—73; Hill, 15—47; De Luna, 11—33.
Torpholite Club, Dover, N. J.—Hurd, 32—50.
Pequoset Club, Boston, Mass.—A. S. Brownell, President, Eastern Archery Association, 23—114.
American Round.
Brooklyn Club—Hoyt, 33—230; Nash, 60—238; Johnson, 49—180; Pearsall, 47—169; E. A. Stoutenborough, 39—138; Parker, 35—134; Constable, 31—125; Miller, 22—84; Nast, 15—49.
Ascham Archers—Chapman, 55—285; Geyer, 41—170; Brown, 50—164; Gerow, 23—74.
New York Archery Club—McLean, 68—324; Roper, 70—275; Sutton, 50—234; Frazer, 57—223; Autten, 44—164; De Luna, 37—143; Hill, 19—65.
Torpholite Club, Dover, N. J.—Hurd, 54—212.
Pequoset Club, Boston, Mass.—A. S. Brownell, President Eastern Archery Association, 72—330.

Prizes Won.—Mr. Nash wins the badge, total 100 hits. Mr. Nash wins the first bow, best score York Round. Capt. Hoyt wins second bow, best score American Round. A. S. Brownell wins third bow, best gross score, York Round and American Round. Total 444. First gold, Capt. Hoyt.

"How to Train in Archery."—X. Stoutenborough, 3 hits, score 11. Most golds, American Round, L. Chapman, 10 golds. Best score 50 yards—J. K. Hoyt, 21 hits, 111. Best score at 40 yards—A. S. Brownell, 21 hits, score 146. Most reds—A. S. Brownell, 25 reds. Whites at 40 yards, Mr. Brown. Poorest score at American Round, Mr. Fan.

Ladies—30 arrows at 30 yards, Miss Morton, 23—59; Mrs. Andrews, 21—61; Mrs. Dr. De Luna, 25—53; Mrs. Horsman, 11—47; Mrs. Pearsall, 10—30; Miss Horton, 6—24; Mrs. Hill, 10—22; Miss Brett, 7—21; Miss Woodward, 2—10. 30 arrows at 20 yards—Mrs. Dr. De Luna, 28—112; Mrs. Andrews, 29—153; Miss Morton, 29—147; Mrs. Hill, 22—84; Mrs. Horsman, 20—72; Mrs. Pearsall, 15—57; Mrs. Hill, 16—56; Mrs. Peckett, 14—49; Mrs. Horton, 13—47; Mrs. Sturtevant, 8—38; Mrs. Brett, 8—20; Mrs. Woodward, 5—9.

Prizes Won by Ladies.—Best gross score at 20 and 30 yards, Mrs. Dr. De Luna, score 255. Best score at 30 yards, Miss Morton, score 97. Best score at 20 yards, Mrs. Dr. De Luna, score 172. First gold, Miss Morton. Most golds at 30 yards, Mrs. Morton. Most golds at 20 yards, Mrs. Dr. De Luna. Second best gross score at 20 and 30 yards, Miss Morton. Most reds at 20 yards, Mrs. Andrews. Poorest score, Horsman's "Book of Instruction," won by Miss Woodward, who shot for the first time.

—Owing to the absence of several gentlemen, who were to take part in the match between Boston and New York, and want of support from the majority of the New York archers, the match will have to be postponed for the present. W. HOLBERTON.

ORITANI ARCHERS—Hackensack, N. J., May 27th.—Notwithstanding the intense heat yesterday, quite a number of the members of the Oritani archers took part in the first monthly contest for the two badges. Mr. W. Holberton the gentleman's badge on a score of only 283. American Round, 30 yards, H. Moore would have won it easily had he been able to have drawn his score, as he had 254 at the forty and fifty yards ranges. Mrs. Holberton won the ladies' badge with a score of 151, at the Columbia Round. The frightful heat told on the scores and cut them down; but those who attended deserve great credit.

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—The Park Commissioners having notified the club that practice would necessarily have to be discontinued upon the archery lawn in the Central Park until after it rained, the club was unable to hold their annual field meeting Decoration Day, as intended. A number of its members took advantage of this notice, and visited the Brooklyn Archery Club Monday, May 31st, and had a very enjoyable visit. At the meeting held Wednesday, May 26th, six new members were received. The club expects to resume practice again this week.

THOSE CHALLENGES ONCE MORE.—New York, May 25th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—Archery being really a royal game, it seems a pity that envy and jealous feeling should in any manner attack those who practice it. It should escape the bickering and controversy that fall to the lot of most other sports, and which do them no good. It is with this spirit I once more take your space in the notice, and again visited the Brooklyn Archery Club Monday, May 31st, and had a very enjoyable visit. At the meeting held Wednesday, May 26th, six new members were received. The club expects to resume practice again this week.

In answer to Mr. Holberton's courteous letter, I am sorry the necessity arose to agitate the question in print, still the fact is uncontested that the New York Archery Club did accept the challenge of the Oritani Archers with the proviso I stated. Regarding the letter from the person who imagines he hides his identity under the name of "Oritani," it could only have been written through envy, ignorance or design, containing, as it does, false statements from beginning to end. The author may yet find that the New York Club, being organized for the pleasure and physical advancement of its members, who are bent in doing everything in their power to make it a success; to advance the interest of archery, and foster the kindest feelings of good fellowship among neighboring clubs, does pride itself upon its "high moral principles," and that such slurs only react upon their author. The New York Club has never presumed nor at-

tempted "to constitute themselves censors over the membership of other clubs," but they do claim the right of regulating their own membership in whichever manner they may deem best for their interest, and shall exercise it every time, whether it pleases outsiders or not. The overwhelming challenge which closes the communication, unfortunately for the writer, cannot be noticed even if he does "regard it as official," for he may yet live long enough to learn that "official" communications are never anonymous.

In conclusion I want to say, once for all, that our organization siding for the object above stated, we do not propose to enter into newspaper controversies, and that hereafter all communications of the tenor of the one now noticed, will remain unanswered, whatever their origin may be. JAS. W. ALLEN, JR., Secretary New York Archery Club.

New York, June 1st.—Editor Forest and Stream:—Whatever attempts are said to have been made by the New York Archery Club to secure the membership of certain Oritani and Manhattan Archers, spoken of by "Oritani" in your last issue, were by individuals, unofficially, and in accordance with the conditions of our constitution, allowing only the admission of archers connected with another club. S. S. ROPEL, N. Y. Archer.

THE FOREST AND STREAM hopes soon to be able to chronicle some of these differences in the shape of a score which shall determine the relative merits of the two clubs as marksmen. Let us have a friendly recourse to arms.

THE BROWNELL METHOD OF SCORING.—The plan devised by Mr. A. S. Brownell for scoring in archery has been accepted by the Boston archers as an improvement over the old styles formerly in vogue. The chief advantage claimed is that the score is complete with each end, and the time and labor devoted to reckoning up are therefore unnecessary. The method is described as follows:—

DATE, _____

NAME,

August 8, 1879.

1ST END.	21	20	19	18	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	
A. B. G.	30	9	17	30	35	43	43	61	58														
A. B. G.	0	3	1	10	4	5	6	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
A. B. G.	40	4	6	1	25	30	37	47	54														
A. B. G.	50	1	5	19	23	27	32	36	41														

"A space is given for each end, in the upper part of which the value of each hit or miss is recorded. To illustrate: The first end of arrows hit black, white and blue, recorded 3—5, and the total value, 9, is placed in the lower part of the space. The second end of the arrows hit a black, blue and a miss, recorded 3—0. The value of this end, 3, is added to the value of the previous end, 9, and the amount, 12, placed in the lower part of the space for the second end, showing the total value of the two ends. In this way each end is recorded, and its value added to the total of the previous ends, giving the total value of his after each end, and the value of the last end added to the previous total gives the complete score. Columns for colors are given, in which the details of hits and colors can be kept, and by figuring these in the

old way scores may be verified."

of wickets. Blackham was as good as ever behind the sticks, and Jarvis proved himself to be an exceptionally fine cover-point. Altogether, they are said by a correspondent to be a "very likely looking lot," and whatever comparison may hereafter be instituted between Gregory's team of 1878, and the present, Boyle's men will surely render a good account of themselves.—

AUSTRALIANS.

T. U. Groube, b. Mackinnon, 15	J. M. Blackham, c. Hunt, b. Crofton, 8
A. C. Bancroft, c. Gilbert, 3	G. J. Bonner, b. Grace, 2
W. L. Murdoch, c. Bancroft, 3	J. Slight, b. w. b. Crofton, 2
Blundell, 97	G. E. Palmer, c. Hunt, b. Grace 3
P. S. M'Donnell, c. Wallace, b. Grace, 4	P. H. Spofforth, not out, 0
A. H. Jarvis, b. Cassan, 4	15 wide ball, 1
H. F. Boyle, c. Cassan, b. Crofton, 250	

ST. LUKES CLUB.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
W. H. Gilbert, b. Palmer, 0	c. Spofforth, b. Boyle, 29
H. E. Harris, b. Spofforth, 22	st. Blackham, b. Spofforth, 8
C. W. Watts, c. Slight, b. Boyle, 6	b. Spofforth, 1
Capt. B. Henley, b. Spofforth, 2	c. M'Donnell, b. Spofforth, 13
E. H. Crofton, c. Groube, b. Boyle, 6	b. Boyle, 0
G. Duncan, st. Blackham, b. Spofforth, 1	c. Spofforth, by Boyle, 6
R. Bancroft, b. Spofforth, 4	b. Boyle, 1
G. F. Grace, not out, 45	c. Blackham, b. Boyle, 46
Capt. Wallace, c. Slight, b. Boyle, 1	b. Spofforth, 1
M. Hunt, b. Boyle, 1	c. M'Donnell, b. Boyle, 5
Capt. McKinnon, b. Spofforth, 4	b. Spofforth, 0
F. J. Blundell, b. Boyle, 0	c. Spofforth, b. Boyle, 0
E. L. Ede, c. Boyle, b. Spofforth, 3	b. Spofforth, 0
H. J. Hickman, b. Palmer, 1	c. Jarvis, b. Boyle, 0
F. J. Garriek, b. Bonner, 0	c. Murdoch, b. Spofforth, 0
A. M. Hodgson, b. Palmer, 0	not out, 4
E. J. Cassan, b. Spofforth, 0	b. Spofforth, 4
C. T. Penny, b. Spofforth, 0	b. Spofforth, 0
Byes, 4; leg-byes, 3	Leg-byes, 1
Total, 115	Total, 113

TRENTON VS. STATEN ISLAND (20).—Played at Trenton, N. J., on May 29th, and won by the former on first innings score by 67 runs. By boat, rail and bus the aspiring cricket eleven of the Island Club, with Sprague, swooped down into the heart of New Jersey on Saturday and assisted the Trenton Club in inaugurating their new ground. The inclosure of six acres, by the way, promises well for the future, and besides a good wicket it contains a new and well-arranged club-house. On arrival the visitors found a jolly lot of old Staffordshire cricketers, including one Mart, who for three years past was engaged as ground man at Tenthum Park, the duke of Sutherland's estate, and it was not long after he commenced operations with the ball that Capt. Inman wished that he had taken his drey to any other place. As a bowler the ex-provoked one of a cross between Hallis and Jack O'Brien, of Boston. The day was cool, but Mart's analysis "against such good bats" was a hot one, ten wickets for 27 runs.

Despite the drubbing the youngsters got, from the fact that they were overweighed in more ways than one before a ball was bowled, the visitors enjoyed themselves hugely—and an excellent old-fashioned cricket dinner at the Trenton House did much toward deadening the sting of defeat. Mountford showed excellent form, but his thirty-six was not without a slice of luck. Filmer long-stopped in fine style, and Satterthwaite bowled eighty-seven balls for 16 runs and seven wickets. Score:—

TRENTON.	
J. B. Pope, b. Manring, 0	
J. M. Mart, 0	
Manring, b. Satterthwaite, 0	
Mason, st. Inman, b. Satterthwaite, 4	
Wigley, b. Satterthwaite, 4	
Wood, b. Satterthwaite, 0	
Barlow, b. Sprague, 9	
Johnson, c. Blackburn, b. Satterthwaite, 9	
Blake, b. Satterthwaite, 0	
McIntyre, st. Inman, b. Satterthwaite, 30	
J. M. Pope, not out, 3	
Byes, 4; leg-byes, 5; wides, 6; no balls, 2	
Total, 53	

STATEN ISLAND.	Second Innings.
S. Cole, b. Mart, 5	c. McIntyre, a. Mart, 0
Blagham, b. w. b. Mart, 2	not at bat, 2
Sprague, run out, 1	c. J. B. Pope, b. Mart, 2
Satterthwaite, b. Mart, 1	b. Mart, 1
Manring, b. Mart, 13	not out, 13
Inman, c. Mountford, b. Wigley, 0	
W. H. Rich, J. B. Pope, 2	b. Mart, 0
Filmer, not out, 2	not at bat, 2
Roberts, b. Mart, 2	b. Mart, 2
Haines, c. Barclay, w. J. B. Pope, 0	not at bat, 0
Blackburn, b. J. B. Pope, 0	not at bat, 0
Byes, 7; leg-byes, 1	3 Byes, 13; wides, 2
Total, 33	Total, 49

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

TRENTON.	2	9	19	19	52	73	79	95
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STATEN ISLAND.

First Inning.	7	10	12	12	13	14	16	24
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Second Inning.

Umpires—Trenton, Mr. Katzenbach; Staten Island, Mr. Fitz George.	0	5	5	14	16	19	24	49
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CHESTNUT HILL vs. ST. GEORGES.—Played at Hoboken, N. J., May 23th. Former won by 12 runs. On Saturday the gentlemen of the Chestnut Hill Club turned up on the St. Georges' grounds with an excellent eleven, including the old stand-by, "Nelly" Pearson, and Tyres, their new professional. The home club had

banded together an eleven composed of members from the Manhattan, Staten Island, Columbia College and itself, which dovetailed together so nicely that it almost escaped defeat. The wicket was a good one, simply because Giles had looked after it, and not because old Sol had not. The play began at 1:30 a.m., and five good bowlers propelled the ball until the Philadelphians had scored 163, Giles taking the best care of the spot. At 3:15 p.m. St. Georges commenced what looked to be a very up-hill game, but thanks to Bance, who secured an excellent 68 without a chance. Moeran 33, who once found the ground too small for him; Moore, 17 in his usual style, and Giles 11, victory did not hover far out of reach. With Cross, Soutter and Conover it would have been of grass. Let sucking youngsters take our tip and note how the game should be played. "It said those of the hill did field their level best, and toward the close of the game the excitement became so intense that a stoutish gentleman who watched the game through one of the cracks in the fence was seen by an outsider to have several terrific fits. The double B's at last, however, brought the game to a speedy close, as they were too big shot for the home club's tail-end, the last wicket falling for the goodly total of 151. Score:—

CHESTNUT HILL.	
Groomer, b. Giles, 19	
F. Sartori, b. Giles, 3	
Giles, b. w. b. Tyres, 3	
Butcher, c. Herrick, b. Clarke, 19	
Murphy, b. Moeran, 21	
Biddle, c. Westfield, b. Bance, 21	
Boric, b. Moeran, 35	
Thompson, c. Moeran, b. Bance, 35	
Patterson, l. b. w. b. Moeran, 11	
Farnum, not out, 0	
Byes, 3; wide, 1	4
Total, 163	

ST. GEORGES.	
Bance, b. Biddle, 68	
Moore, c. Westfield, b. Patterson, 17	
Westfield, b. Murphy, 17	
Giles, b. w. b. Tyres, 11	
Moeran, b. Biddle, 33	
Clarke, b. Biddle, 0	
Herrick, b. Biddle, 0	
Mostyn, not out, 9	
Herrick, b. Biddle, 4	
Goshocher, b. Biddle, 0	
Emmet, b. Biddle, 0	
Byes, 9; leg-byes, 2; wide, 1; no balls, 2	14
Total, 151	

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

CHESTNUT HILL.	4	37	64	100	105	109	123	163
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Umpires—Chestnut Hill, Mr. Simms; St. Georges, Mr. Allworth.

YOUNG AMERICA vs. GIRAUD.—Played at Stenton, on May 29th won by home club by 32 runs on first innings total. Score:—

C. A. Newhall, b. R. Hargrave,	23	9	b. T. Hargrave,	2
A. F. Bussler, run out,	9	1	c. J. B. H. Hargrave,	3
R. S. Newhall, c. J. B. H. Hargrave,	2	20	b. T. Hargrave,	36
R. H. Hargrave,	26			
R. H. Hargrave, c. H. B. R. Hargrave,	7	0	b. Jarvis,	7
E. W. Clark, Jr., c. T. B. Hargrave,	6		c. Webster, b. H. Hargrave,	15
D. S. Newhall, c. Jarvis, b. H. Hargrave,	16	11	b. T. Hargrave,	11
A. Van Rensselaer, not out,	11	7	not out,	2
H. L. Brown, b. H. Hargrave,	7		b. Jarvis,	0
T. H. Nixon, c. and b. R. Hargrave,	14	8	c. J. B. T. Hargrave,	18
J. A. Wright, Jr., b. R. Hargrave,	18	10	Bye, 1; wide, 1,	2
Byes, 3; leg-byes, 4; wides, 3;				
Total,	119	Total,	76	

GIRAUD.

First Innings.	
R. Hargrave, b. Clark, 11	
W. Hargrave, b. C. A. Newhall, 3	
W. Brooks, b. C. A. Newhall, 3	
J. Hargrave, c. G. M. b. C. A. Newhall, 20	
T. Hargrave, c. Van b. C. A. Newhall, 20	
H. Hargrave, b. C. A. Newhall, 11	
T. Webster, b. C. A. Newhall, 20	
A. Van Rensselaer, b. C. A. Newhall, 20	
E. Gregg, c. R. S. Newhall b. Clark, 7	
N. Tomlin, not out, 7	
G. Blood, b. Clark, 10	
Byes, 5; leg-byes, 5	10
Total, 87	

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

YOUNG AMERICA.	19	23	55	73	73	81	92	107	119
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GIRAUD.

First Innings.	6	12	12	31	41	65	70	80	87
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ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

	Balls.	Runs.	ens.	ets.	Wides
Brooks.....	18	11	0	0	1
R. Hargrave	100	44	2	5	0

Second Innings.

R. Hargrave, 12	2	0	0	1
Jarvis, 48	25	1	1	1
B. Hargrave, 40	25	1	1	1
T. Hargrave, 44	25	1	1	1
G. Gregg, 30	15	1	1	1

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Number.

1	2	3	4	5	6
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—The Staten Island Cricket Club's second eleven will probably visit Philadelphia on June 10th, 17th, 18th and 19th, and play the Merions at Ardmore; Young America at Stenton; Germantowns at Nictown, and Belmonts at West Philadelphia, in order as above dated.

F. W. Clark, 81	4	3	0
C. A. Newhall, 103	11	5	0
D. S. Newhall, 24	31	0	1

BELOMONT vs. MERION.—Played at West Philadelphia, on May 29th. Resulted in favor of home club by 47 runs. Merion was short the services of Thayer and Fox. Score:—

First Innings.	
G. H. Yarnall, c. Haines, b. Lowry, 26	
W. W. Wors, l. b. w. b. Lowry, 1	
W. H. West, st. Haines, b. Lowry, 1	
C. North, b. Lowry, 7	
J. N. Woolman, l. b. w. b. Wally, 59	
L. Scott, c. F. Bally, b. Lowry, 35	
A. Scott, b. Lowry, 15	
H. Townsend, l. b. w. b. Lowry, 15	
A. K. Kline, not out, 21	
W. Foster, c. Ashbridge, b. Lowry, 9	
H. Madeira, b. Wally, 0	
Wide, 1; byes, 3; leg-byes, 7	17
Total, 150	

MERION.

First Innings.	
H. Sayres, c. Townsend, b. Scott, 2	
A. L. Yarnall, c. Townsend, b. L. Scott, 22	
W. Morris, b. Yarnall, 13	
G. Ashbridge, c. Yarnall, b. L. Scott, 13	
S. Law, c. Madeira, b. L. Scott, 18	
G. Ashbridge, c. A. Scott, b. L. Scott, 13	
W. H. Haines, c. Yarnall, b. L. Scott, 11	
W. Stroud, c. Yarnall, b. L. Scott, 11	
J. W. Hoffman, not out, 11	
W. Wally, b. Ashbridge, 1	
W. Lowry, c. North, b. F. Scott, 1	
Bye, 1; leg-byes, 2; wides, 5	8
Total, 123	

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

BELOMONT.	14	21	39	48	57	111	131	143	160	170
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First Innings.

First Innings.	43	49	40	77	88	90	102	122	123
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DORIAN vs. GERMANTOWN.—Played at Havercord on May 29th. Victory for home club by 42 runs on first innings scores. Germantown very short-handed, Brewster, Caldwell and others being absent. Score:—

Germantown.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
Cupitt, c. Carey, b. Winslow, 6	run out, 4	
R. Fisher, b. Shipley, 1	b. Winslow, 4	
Brown, b. Shipley, 10	c. Carey, b. Winslow, 10	
Morgan, Jr., b. Shipley, 3	b. Thomas, 14	
W. H. Haines, c. Chase, b. Thomas, 14		
Thomas, 1	b. Winslow, 19	
F. Verrall, b. Thomas, 3	not out, 1	
H. Corbit, c. Corbit, b. Shipley, 6	c. O. Corbit, b. Winslow, 6	
W. Morgan, 3d, c. Mason, b. Winslow, 0	c. Corbit, b. Thomas, 5	
S. Welsh, not out, 0	c. Horthorne, b. Thomas, 5	
McKean, b. Winslow, b. Shipley, 1	b. Winslow, 3	
A. Cope, c. Price, c. Winslow, 8	c. Price, b. Thomas, 3	
Byes, 3; leg-byes, 4	7 Wide, 0	
Total, 77	Total, 79	

DORIAN.

First Innings.	
Carey, c. Wister, b. Welsh, 44	
A. Corbit, c. Cope, b. Perot, 16	
Chase, b. Brown, 9	
Mason, b. Fisher, 9	
D. Corbit, c. Wister, b. Cupitt, 5	
Price, c. Wister, b. Welsh, 4	
Thomas, c. Haines, b. Cupitt, 1	
Shipley, c. Welsh, b. Brown, 0	
Winslow, not out, 16	
Mott, b. Cupitt, 7	
Byes, 2; leg-byes, 5; no balls, 4	10
Total, 119	

LONGWOOD CRICKET CLUB.—A Married vs. Single club match was played at Longwood, Mass., May 22d, when the Benedicts proved themselves the winners as the score will show:—

SINGLE MEN.

First Innings.	
Jones, c. and b. Phillips, 2	
Phillips, b. Hubbard, b. Dutton, 3	
Hubbard, b. Phillips, 3	
Dutton, not out, 57	
Peabody, c. and b. Phillips, 32	
Peabody, b. Phillips, 32	
Train, b. Phillips, 0	
Pierian, b. Phillips, 0	
Byes, 13; leg-byes, 1	19
Total, 122	

MARRIED MEN.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Phillips, b. Hubbard, b. Dutton, 4	Blair, c. Train, b. Tyler, 4
Condon, b. Hubbard, 17	1. hard, 17
Wright, Jones, b. Hubbard, 13	0 Phillips, not out, 13
Haughton, b. Hubbard, 0	0 Wright, b. Hubbard, 4
Nash, disabled, 0	0 Haughton, c. Pictor, b. Tyler, 0
Dutton, 0	0 Haughton, c. Pictor, b. Tyler, 0
Byes, 2; leg-byes, 1; wide, 1	4
Total, 10	Total, 47

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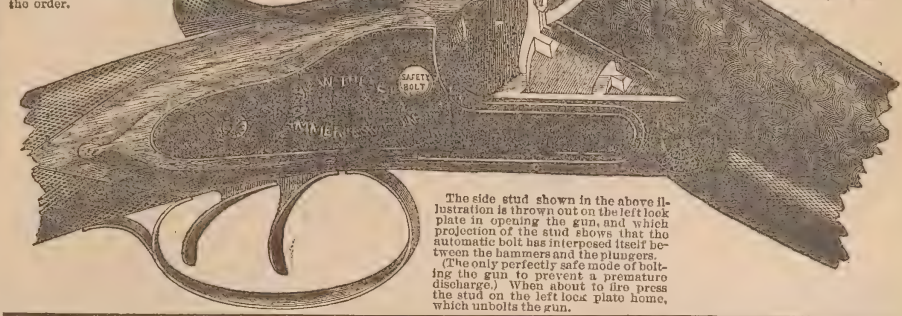
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Nellie, full pedigree; brought to this coun-
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Rakeby Dr. Gaultier's Dan and Laverack's Ruby.
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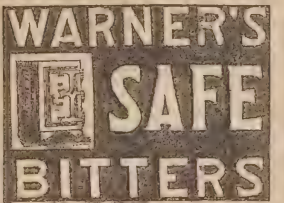
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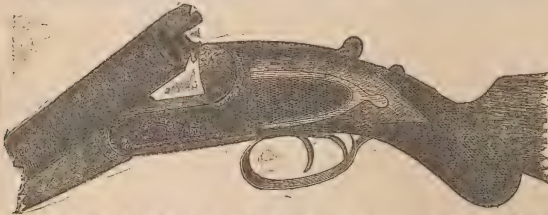
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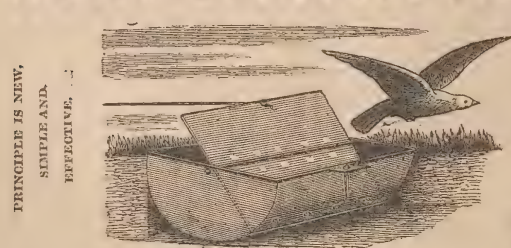
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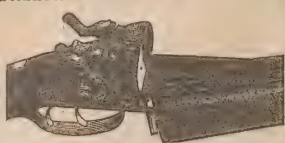
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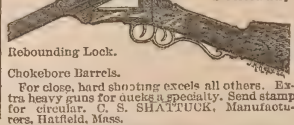
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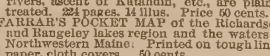
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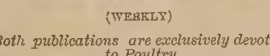
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Wild Turkey Shooting in the South.

CREEK bottoms, black jack ridges, low swales thick with bamboo briars, old sedge fields, with the broom six or seven feet high, pea fields lying contiguous to these—such are the chosen haunts of the wild turkey.

Much has been written and said in sporting books about this bird, most of which is hearsay, for the writers display a most lamentable ignorance of its history and of its habits.

The hardest of all birds to raise in the poultry yard, they are the hardest in a wild state. The old hen will select the driest spot for miles around with an intuitive perception that the season is going to be a rainy one. She will cover this nest up so skillfully that the most practiced eye will fail to discover it. When found, there is something pathetic about the manner in which she tries to hide her round, bright eye, knowing as well as you do that here is her vulnerable point. At such times you may walk up and study her at your leisure, for she does not intend to leave that nest unless you become too familiar, when with a low "chut!" "chut!" of angry remonstrance she flies away.

When first hatched they do not look like domestic turkeys, but have an indescribable, wide-awake look, as if they had inherited from their paternal ancestor, the old gobbler, some *soupcou* of the gulle that so eminently distinguishes that wise and wary old bird. Indeed, when the young turkeys begin to walk about this mundane sphere the young gobblers, not a month old, will unconsciously put on airs and begin to look wise. So strong are inherited traits in birds, or in men! The young hens, on the contrary, are very meek and mild, with a strong tendency to lurk and cry out peevishly for the old hen if they see their father with his majestic and Turk-like beard too near them. So strong is sex in woman or birds!

About the middle of September in our climate they are about two-thirds grown, and then is the time to kill them. Full feathered and strong on the wing, yet their heavy bodies make them fly very slow, and they fall an easy prey to the sportsman. At this time, too, being entirely uneducated, they will come to the call of the

veriest tyro; and, indeed, will come better to a slight whistle, made by the mouth, in imitation of the cry of the young birds, than to any call. Next to the quail, the most social and gregarious of all birds, they seek each other after being scattered, and the plaintive cry of the ambushed hunter leads many a promising young bird to his ruin.

But ah me! what a difference in the same birds three months later! Then the most practiced eye cannot tell a young gobbler from an old one as they rise on the hill above the swamp and sail majestically across the creek, far out of range of any shot gun. They cannot then be approached at all, under any circumstances. Accidentally, as you walk out of the swamp into a pea field, feeding upon the dearly loved pea. Then if you shoot straight at the heads of the crossing gobblers, you have the satisfaction of seeing two fine, fat fellows fall to your aim. It is with a feeling of personal triumph that one kills two wild turkeys in successive shots, nor is it often done; once in a way, or twice, but not often.

But it is chiefly upon strategic movements that the experienced hunter of turkeys relies. I have often thought, while lying in my blind, that the greatest strategist in the world, Napoleon Bonaparte, would have made an accomplished turkey hunter. Absurd! you say. Well I have my reasons for my belief, and I think that you will agree with me when you come to the end of this article. However that may be, there are old gobblers extant, to capture whom would require an amount of patience, energy, woodcraft, knowledge of the habits of your game, and skill, that if exercised in another direction, education taken for granted, would make a good general, *Me judice*.

Yes, there are gobblers in the South who would put to shame Minerva and all her owls. If Mentor, whom we all remember in the *Telenague* as the utterer of the most delightful platitudes, were to attempt to stalk an old gobbler he would make a most ignominious failure, and would find to his amazement and sorrow that it would be easier to rescue a hundred lady-like *Telenagues* from the wiles of a hundred sea-green Calypsoes than to circumvent one wily, veteran old turkey. "Deep sir, deep and devilish tough" would be the praise bestowed upon that bird by Major Bagstock, to whom, in my wrath and vexation, I have often compared an old bird, who obstinately remained just out of gun shot!

Yes, a very knowing bird, indeed is the graduate, who, after being shot at by all the negroes in the neighborhood, with pot metal, double-barreled guns and old army muskets until he knows their range exactly, will strut by the hour just one hundred and fifty yards from the blind, behind which the sable sportsman lies snugly unconcerned, rolling his eyes in eager anticipation of that sharp old bird's coming nearer; an anticipation, it is needless to say, never to be realized. Sometimes, in utter anguish of heart, the wearied and hopeless darkey will fire at him only to hear the derisive gobble of the veteran re-echo the report of his gun.

Wild legends are in circulation among the negroes, anent some old gobblers. How, once upon a time, when old daddy Nero was "settlin' fur turkey," a huge old bird made his appearance behind old Nero's back and gave him a dig with his long sharp beak. Some times, in him a dig with his long sharp beak. Some times, in him a dig, whereupon old daddy Nero, having fired both barrels at the feathered fiend, fainted. A strict examination revealed the fact that Nero had gone hunting with a pint of "pop skull" whiskey in his pocket, that he had fallen on his back among some canes that had been taken up by the cattle, leaving sharp stubs, and that one of these had entered his head. Sometimes, he saw his satanic majesty for all that, in the shape of a turkey.

It is only in the bright, still mornings of early spring that you can shoot the old gobblers. They lose some of that wariness that so distinguishes them at other times. "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove," and, we might truly add, the wise old gobbler.

But let me not enter this. I think to put the "comother" on one of these old birds. He can tell one of their "yelps" just as well as the old turkey hunter can, and refuseth to come to a call, compounded of a grunt, a squeal and a whistle. He incontinently takes to his heels and goeth the other way, with steps quickened by a knowledge that in that way lies safety. Though, for that matter, he might have come to the call with perfect impunity, for not one man of a hundred can kill a turkey after being called to the blind without he have some previous experience.

Suppose some still morning in March, when all the woods in our climate are gay and fragrant with the yellow jasmine, and the snow-white blossoms of the dog-berry contrast vividly with the scarlet flowers of the mayflower, your feet press violets and lady's slippers and "star eyes," crushing perfume at every step; all around is heard the myriad hum of insects that wake to life in early spring; the woods are vocal with the sweet strains of the mocking bird, the cat bird, the thrush, the blackbird and the "rain crow." On such a morning as this, you take down the trusty old gun, put a shell marked

BB in the right barrel and one marked 8 in the left, and soon you are seated behind an old log, with the firm determination that to-day the old gobbler, your favorite aversion, on foot, or wing, shall die, for is not this the third day? By Mercury, the patron of rascally turkeys, it is the fourth!

A full mile from you, sitting on the fence of an old sedge field, is your old foe, the wisest turkey in South Carolina. He is evidently dreaming of tall and like turkey hens whom he has appointed to meet this very morning. He wonders why he does not hear them, as he knows that turkey hens, unlike human beings, are very punctual to their appointments. Hark! borne on the still morning air, comes a plaintive "cluck, cluck!" to his attentively listening ear. How changed in a moment! Now, full four feet high, with majestic beard nearly a foot long, he struts about waiting a repetition of the call. The seconds grow into minutes, the minutes into hours, and he hears nothing more. Just as he is beginning to think that he may have been mistaken: "Cluck, cluck!" Ah! that is the voice of Mary Jane, that tall and graceful young turkey hen to whom he was introduced last week, and with whom he fell in love at first sight. With wings outstretched and head thrown far forward to catch sight of the charmer, he speeds to the chosen trysting place, on the branch near the old pine log. He has run over half the distance, when a deadly fear stops him short in his mad career. What if that mellifluous sound, instead of coming from the beautiful beak of his own Mary Jane, should have been made by a turkey bone? For a long time he stands, drawn up at his full height, watching on every side for the danger, Hark! no turkey bone over threw that enormous, inviting cry upon the scented air. He is now fully satisfied. He pauses no longer, but on the outstretched wings of eager love he hastens forward to the old pine log. One step more, and there rings out the left barrel loaded with the No. 8's, and with head shattered to pieces, the noble bird falls headlong to the earth. Your sable henchman, whom the loud report, just at his ear, has awakened from a sound nap, immediately springs upon the prostrate bird, fully convinced that to him alone is due all the merit of killing "dat smart old gobbler," and with loud yells of joy he shoulders a bird weighing, when dressed, fully twenty-five pounds. The darkey speculates how much will fall to his share when the turkey shall have been roasted, and makes a solemn vow to eat until he cannot walk, if the mistress will allow any such gluttony. Elated, you vend your way homeward, having killed a turkey that was a regular graduate.

Another method of shooting wild turkeys is to dig a trench some two or three feet wide, and then scatter corn in the bottom of it. After a few days the whole flock will come with great regularity to the food. Of course all their heads are in the trench at one time, feeding, and the shooter fires a gun, heavily loaded, down the trench, at their heads. Many are killed at one discharge, and many more are wounded, and escape to die a lingering death. None but the most incurable pot-hunters practice this mode, which is as reprehensible as it is unsportsmanlike. It is the favorite mode with the negroes, who cannot call turkeys, and are passionately fond of eating them.

The is a peculiarity about the wild turkey, and indeed in all gallinaceous birds, that is very curious. When pens or traps are made for them, they are built of small logs, and a hole is dug under the trap large enough to admit a full grown turkey. Corn is scattered for a long distance in the woods, ending in a bountiful supply in the pen. The top of the pen is left open, so that when the birds have eaten up all the corn, or sufficiently gorged themselves, they fly out at the open top. This is repeated for several days, and then the hole is closed and the pen baited as before. The turkeys, never suspecting anything wrong, go into the pen as usual, and when they try to fly out they find the top closed. With a fainty not to be expected from such sharp birds, they never look down for the hole by which they entered, and are captured to a bird.

Quail will do the same thing, and, I believe, all birds of that kind.

There is still another mode of hunting the wild turkey, and that is to "roost" them, or watch them when they go to roost. On moonlight nights, when they roost in trees that are not too tall, by getting the birds between you and the moon some can be killed in this way, by using buckshot in a close shooting gun. So cautious are they of life, that unless they are shot in the brain they often fly in long distances, and fall dead entirely out of reach of the disappointed hunter. This is only another mode of pot-hunting, and is not much in favor with the skillful sportsman.

No. All the pleasure of true sport is not in killing for the sake of slaughter, but an intelligent knowledge of seeing game difficult to kill, and, when killed, eating it well cooked and with their hearts. Ah, how I wish I could look back over the days when, with elastic step and bounding pulse, I could shoot an old gobbler square through at one hundred yards, and on an emergency could kill him on the wing nearly every time, I am re-

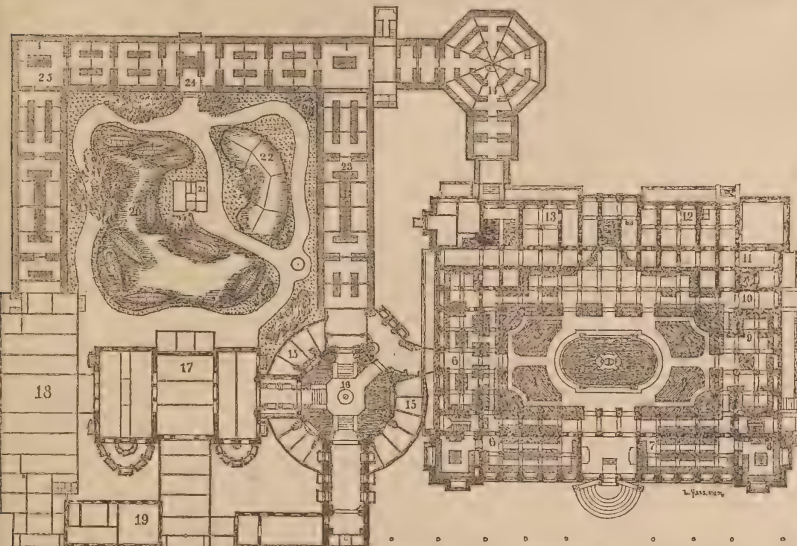
Fish Culture.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

PLAN OF THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION.

WE present to our readers this week a plan of the great "International Fischerei Ausstellung" in Berlin, with the following description:—

- THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING.
1. Fountain of Neptune in the great water basin.
2-5. Collection of water animals, mammals, birds, fishes, amphibians, reptiles, invertebrates, etc., which are beneficial or hurtful to fishes.
6. Italy; South America.
7-9. Japan; China.
10. Annam.
11-13. East India, Farther India, South Sea Islands and Netherlands Colonies.



Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Holland, England, United States and Switzerland.

- ADDITIONS AND EXTENSIONS.
14. Rotunda for fishery productions, fresh fish, etc.
15-16. Cyclorama, with rocky grotto, disclosing views of the Bay of Naples.
17-19. Artificial fish culture.
18. Restaurant.
20. Pond for boats.
21. Smokehouse for fish in operation.
22. Shrubbery and pond for fish.
23-25. The German Department.

The main building is about 230 feet in length by 180 wide, and is built of stone, while the additions are of wood. It has been lately erected for the National Agricultural Museum, but was only finished in time to be opened as the Fishery Exhibition. It is fitted up in most excellent taste, and the whole exhibition is so arranged as to attract thousands who are not in the least interested in the fisheries. This is well shown by the fact that on Whitsunday it was visited by over 24,000 persons.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION AT BERLIN.

V.—LIVING FISHES.

THE display of live fishes here is small in comparison with the other objects and interests, and necessarily so, being perhaps of less importance than most other departments, and few people are interested in making such a show, Germany being the main exhibitor in this line. America sends a few catfish, *Ameiurus catus*, and a hellbender, *Menopoma*, from Mr. E. G. Blackford, of Fulton Market, New York; and in the central basin in the "grotto of Neptune" can be seen the famous Russian sterlet, *Acipenser ruthenus*, which is an inhabitant of the tributaries of the Black Sea, and is so highly esteemed as food. This fish always commands a high price, and in Germany is valued at about a dollar per pound, the fish culturists of this land being anxious to introduce it into their rivers. Three were recently served at a supper given by Dr. Wittmack, custodian of the Agricultural Museum (the building in which the Fishery Exhibition is held), at which were present Prof. G. Brown Goode, Deputy Commissioner from America; Mr. Fred Mather, the fish culturist, and Mr. J. W. True, the custodian of the American collection, who speak of it as a very fine fish, making due allowance for national tastes, cooking, etc., the Germans having a habit of smothering a fish with some sauce or other, which disguises its natural flavor, while we Americans prefer our fish without sauce, cooked like a beefsteak, in its own juices.

One of the most interesting exhibits is that connected with the display of Mr. Schuster, of Freiburg, who has about a dozen California salmon of twelve to fourteen inches in length, and weighing perhaps a pound or more, swimming in a glass tank, apparently none the worse for having been transported in the egg from California two

years ago. These are from the eggs sent to Germany by Prof. Baird in October, 1877; and Mr. Shuster has some a year older in his ponds, but as there were but few eggs received that year, and his portion is necessarily small, he is too careful of them to risk them in the bad water of Berlin. In the aquaria there are many fine fishes and curious ones; among the latter may be classed the display of Dr. Hermes, of the Berlin Aquarium, who has a tank of eels, which are some six inches in length, labeled "male eels," and accompanied by the following description:—

"In the year 1874 Dr. Syrski, of Trieste, succeeded in discovering the secret of the sexual organization of the eel, which had remained a mystery up to this time, it usually being considered as an hermaphrodite.* Three Italian professors published in this same year an account of an extended examination of eels, in which they proved to their own satisfaction that the eel was an hermaphrodite, and it is only by knowing that one sex is represented only by small fish that we can account for the fact that they escaped observation so long, the males not exceeding forty-four centimetres (about sixteen inches) in length, and in addition to this it appears to be the case that all the eels in the waters of the interior are females,

where the crosses are numerous, and, one might add, worthless. The German fish culturist is fond of hybrids, on the ground that they are of quicker growth, while the American breeder has not gone into this question except as an occasional experiment, and perhaps they may be of the opinion of your representative fish culturist here, who, when a gentleman called his attention to a tank of fish bearing the placard, "Bastard von forelle und saibling," by saying, "There, Mr. Mather, are not those fine fish?" answered, "Yes; if one did not know that they were bastards."

Many other unimportant fishes are shown, and, although not living, one cannot fail to be interested in the model pike (Zoo) in tin, which is some fifteen feet long, and is suspended in the grotto, having a brass ring around its neck with a Greek inscription. This is an exaggerated model of an "historical pike," whose painting adorns the wall opposite, and is about eight feet in length. The painting is an old one, and formerly adorned the old covered bridge over the Neckar at Heilbronn, and after the destruction of the bridge the picture was taken to the town hall, where it has since hung, until the opening of the Fishery Exhibition. The inscription says: "This picture is of the natural size of the fish," and is accompanied by the following verse:—

Schau bey Heilbronn, mich recht versteh',
Im Weyer, genannt Bockinger See,
Der in sich hat ein Wasser zwar
Sechs Morgen, doch ist es g'fahr
Welcher ohn' atzulaßen ist.
Was sich zu traugen hat zur Frist.
Als man Tausend vier hundert Jahr
Und neunzig sieben gezeibet war
Nach Christi unser Heylands geburth
Ein solcher Hecht dancn, geygen wurd
Der gestalt ih abgemahlet stelt
In dieser grösse ein lling umh hatt
Von Mös am Hies gewachsen ein
Starck unter den Floss Federn sein
Mit griechischer Schrift so mann allda
Gegraben ein lauter also: Ich bin der Fisch
Welcher in diesen seel ist gehau worden
Von Frederico dem andern drit Namen
Regenten der Welt im Jahr 1230
Den 5ten Octob.

Of which the following may be offered as a free translation: "Look! by Heilbronn, you will understand, there is a lake called the 'Bockinger See,' which is an expanse of the Weyer, and contains about six acres, which cannot be emptied. In the year 1497 such a pike as is here pictured was caught at this place, and of the self-same size. Around his neck, just behind the gills, there was a metal ring with a Greek inscription, as follows: 'I am the fish which was caught in this lake in the time of Frederico, the other of this name, Regent of the world, in the year 1230, the 5th of October.'"

This, as will be seen, leaves a time of 267 years between the times of capture, but gives us no clue to its age or size when first taken. The truthful chronicle further saith, "On the 5th of October, 1230, under the reign of the Emperor Frederick II., a pike was caught, and a metal ring placed upon its neck with a Greek inscription, stating that it was placed in the water by the Emperor's own hand, and that this pike was taken 267 years later, in the year 1497, weighing 350 pounds, and was four yards long. It was then presented to the Emperor Maximilian I."

There is no reason to doubt but what the ring grew also, as it does not seem to have pinched the neck of the fish, and why should it not, having been placed on its neck by the Emperor's own hand? If fish will grow so under these circumstances, it might be well to import a few emperors into America and station one at each fish breeding establishment.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

FRESH WATER.	
Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Muskellunge, <i>Esox nubilus</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> .
Salmon Trout, <i>Salmo confinis</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .
Land-locked Salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .	
SALT WATER.	
Sea Bass, <i>Centropomus undulatus</i> .	Bluefish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
Sheepshead, <i>Achoerodus probatocephalus</i> .	Spanish Mackerel, <i>Scomber maculatus</i> .
Striped Bass, <i>Morone tenebrosa</i> .	Atlantic Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Kingfish, <i>Sterna fuscata</i> .
Weakfish, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .	Menhaden, <i>Brevoortia tyrannus</i> .

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—The bass fishing at Greenwood Lake is reported to be good.

MAP OF THE MAGALLOWAY.—We have received from Lee & Shepard, of Boston, a new map of the Magalloway, compiled by Mr. Chas. L. Adams, which includes the country adjacent to that river, with routes from the Rangleley Lakes.

Lake Megantic is now attracting much attention as a hunting and fishing region, and many sportsmen will go from the Rangleley and Magalloway by the woods. It takes about three days from Farmachenee Lake to Megantic with good guides.

A VETERAN SPORTSMAN.—The Syracuse Standard of the 23d inst. has this pleasant personal mention of Mr. L. H. Redfield, of that city, a gentleman who is well known throughout this State for his earnest efforts in behalf of game protection:—

Mr. L. H. Redfield is quite enthusiastic over his late trip into the North Woods with P. H. Agen, Esq. When we recall the fact that Mr. R. is eighty-seven years old, and when we remember this and the fact that he is the oldest editor and publisher in the State, we are induced to extend our warmest congratulations. The veteran, after arriving at Lake No. 4, took his rod and line and went after the speckled beauties, independent and alone like the younger fisherman. He stood the journey well, ate well, fished well and enjoyed the trip most heartily.

*See Report United States Fish Commission, 1873-4. "Lecture on the Organs of Reproduction and the Fecundity of Fishes, and especially of Eels, by Dr. Syrski." Translation from "Degli organi riproduttori e della fecondazione dei pesci ed in ispecie delle anguille." in Bollettino della società Adriatica di Scienze naturali in Trieste, December, 1874.

If it were not for the fact that the date of Mr. Redfield's birth is down in black and white in the family Bible, we should be inclined to think there was a mistake of some fifty years in his age.

FIRST MUSCULONGE OF THE SEASON.—*New York, June 4th.*—Just received a splendid fish (musculonge) from Clayton, N. Y.; the first of the season; weight, twenty pounds. Caught by Mr. G. M. Skinner on one of his own spoon bait. Sorry we can't invite you all to dinner; have distributed it to many friends in small portions.

ABBET & IMBRIE.

WISCONSIN—Oshkosh, May 24th.—Black bass fishing is reported better than for years past, and indications are that some of the finny tribe will be taken into camp.

C. C. M.

A NEW SALMON RIVER PURCHASED.—A club of New York gentlemen, among whom are Messrs. Vanderbilt, Tiffany, of the well-known jewelers' firm; Mr. Winchester, treasurer of the National Express Company; Messrs. Fearing, Cooper, Lawrence and a score or more of metropolitan Waltonians, have just completed the purchase of a large tract of land and fishing privileges at the junction of the Metapedia and Restigouche rivers, near Campbellton, N. B. This tract was the property of Mr. Frazer, whose hotel has been known for years as the "Fishing tourist resort of the Forest and Stream." The price paid was \$33,000. The salmon fishing here has long been famous. Some of the members of the new club are now on the ground, and tokens of their success with the rod and line have already been received in this city.

CANADA SALMON—EIGHT-INCH TROUT.—*New York, May 17th.*—In reply to Mr. Fay's communication in your paper of the 23d ult. I would say that he was very fortunate in hitting the salmon fishing on the Restigouche and Metapedia so exactly as to be there at the arrival of the first run of salmon, and—in a week—do get such good sport. Such good luck would probably seldom occur. Ordinarily people require a month's absence from the States to be sure of a good score of salmon. That fish arrives in the fresh water streams in Canada at very irregular periods, and seldom so early as the 5th of June. I have waited two weeks in some years before salmon commenced to run freely, so that ordinarily salmon trips are, as I said, very expensive, and anglers may either make up their minds to face the open or public fishing, or instead of one week, or else go home without salmon. So that with rod, flies, lines and other expenses, a person had better multiply Mr. Fay's figures by four to get a total cost, for to my notion it don't pay to go so far and return thence with poor or no luck, merely because one cannot stay at stream only a week—as Mr. Fay did.

But the principal reason for writing you is to say that I am informed that the open or public fishing on the Metapedia has been taken up by a club, and so a friend who has been accustomed to going there says he is shut out. It does seem as though none but governor-generals and the nobility of England could longer afford to go s-fishing for salmon.

While passing laws to prohibit the taking of lobsters under a certain size, why not make a vigorous effort to punish the taking of trout less than eight inches long? I have seen such slaughter of troutlings, hangerlings, such infanticide, that I fear nothing but the brand of the law, added to the scorn of true sportsmen, will stop this murderous work and preserve any trout for decent and merciful anglers. Do urge this subject. Can't we get such a law?

MANHATTAN.

A law prohibiting the capture of trout less than eight inches in length might be acceptable to expert anglers, but it would be both undesirable and impracticable.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES.

THE salmon have again made their appearance in the Merrimack River at this place, two having been seen below Amesock Falls on Friday, May 28th, and one of 10½ lbs. weight was taken from the river at the same place on Monday, which had been killed by the logs; the last of the annual "drive" of lumber being on its way over the falls that day.

The river has been unusually low this spring, and the logs have been very much delayed, but the rains of the last day or two have raised it so as to float them out of the way, and give water enough for the salmon to come up, and a number were reported yesterday as being in and about the falls.

Salmon have also been seen, during the last few days, in the Nashua River, in which they were planted by the Massachusetts Commissioners in 1876, and in which we caused two fishways to be built at Nashua in 1878.

Lamprey eels and alewives have also made their appearance in large numbers at Lawrence and Lowell, and their advance guard has been on its way up Nashua and Manchester. This shows that with proper fishways there is no difficulty in restoring these migratory fish to one river.

The writer took a trip to the Upper Coos country last week, with a lot of "Schoodic salmon," otherwise called land-locked, which latter term is such a misnomer that it ought to be abolished, for whatever may have been the original condition of these fish, or the circumstances under which their ancestors were developed, they are in no sense "land-locked" now in Grand Lake stream, and can go to salt water any warm morning they may fancy the excursion.

These salmon are placed in Great Diamond Pond, in Stewartstown, and although the extreme heat of the 25th and 26th ult., when the trip was made, make large numbers now from six to nine inches long. The writer and his son, who assisted him on this trip, had several hours' good fishing on "Great Diamond," and brought back more pounds of fish than they took up, getting

about sixty, ranging from nine to twelve inches in length, averaging over 4 lb. in weight. This is said to be the normal size of the fish in "Great Diamond," while those of "Little Diamond," which is the upper lake, are said to run up to two pounds. The fish in "Little Diamond" had not begun biting yet, so that we did not see any of them; but I am strongly of the impression that the Great Diamond trout are neither more nor less than the "blue-backed trout," or "*Salmo onquassa*," of the Rangeley Lakes, answering perfectly to their description so far as I could see.

They look more like a mackerel than a brook trout, when taken. The flesh is very deep red and very high-flavored, and altogether they are a superb fish. The trout of "Little Diamond" do not bite till two or three weeks later than those of the lower lake.

Should any of your readers feel like a trip to the upper Connecticut, this month, they will find excellent accommodations at the Pansie Hotel, Colebrook, and an obliging landlord in the proprietor, Mr. E. F. Bailey, and good fishing in every direction.

Besides the lakes above spoken of, there are the Mohawk River, rising in Dixville Notch, and flowing west to Colebrook; Clear Stream, also rising in the Notch, and flowing east to Errol Dam; Sim's Stream, three miles below Colebrook, and brooks in every direction.

The Willard Hotel, at North Stratford, kept by Messrs. Gould & Moses, is another good place for headquarters. I must not forget to mention that we met your correspondent, the well-known guide, Mr. Edward Norton, and enjoyed an hour's chat with him over his moose hunting reminiscences of last fall.

For good fishing, good roads, beautiful scenery, abundant springs of natural ice water, and obliging landlords, commend me to the Upper Coos country.

SAMUEL WEBBER.

Manchester, N. H., June 2d.

THE BLACK BASS OF TEXAS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Since the perusal of the last few numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, I have been convinced of the necessity for a better system of nomenclature for our game fishes. If anglers cannot remember the scientific names, which is the only safe plan, they should agree upon distinctive common names for the different species, which should be applied in all of the States indiscriminately.

As a case in point, the black bass has had more than forty scientific specific names applied by different naturalists at various times, and it is known in the several States by nearly as many vernacular names; it is, therefore, not surprising that anglers find it difficult to make themselves understood when alluding to this genus, even by residents of their own State, as the following may witness:—

In your issue of May 6th is a communication from Willis Texas, signed "C. L. J.," in which he asks for information regarding the black bass, and incidentally alludes to this fish in a way that proves that he knows what he is talking about. In the issue of May 27th, however, "C. S. W.," in a communication from Waxahachie, Texas, takes issue with "C. L. J.," and denies that there is such a fish as the black bass in the whole State of Texas, and uses the following language:—

I have fished all the principal rivers and best fishing grounds in the State, and I know of no fish known to exist in Texas fresh waters, but have never yet run with the black bass. What is known as the black bass here is rock bass proper, called in the Northern States variously rock bass, striped bass, river bass, etc., according to the locality, and universally known as trout among natives of the Southern States. If "C. L. J." will carefully peruse Frank Forester's "Fin and Feather" he will find there such information regarding to black bass and rock bass as will forever settle in his own mind which of the two varieties abound in Texas waters.

Now "C. S. W.," is, no doubt, perfectly serious and honest in this declaration and fully believes every word of it, as viewed from his standpoint; and really the only difference between the two gentlemen consists in their applying different names to the same fish. "C. L. J." properly and correctly calls it black bass, while "C. S. W.," like most Southerners, calls it the trout, which, in this case, are both one and the same fish.

But there are two species of black bass—the small-mouthed bass and the large-mouthed bass—and here is probably where "C. S. W.'s" confusion begins. The large-mouthed black bass (there is no evidence that the small-mouthed species exists in Texas) inhabits all of the fresh waters of the State and it is just the same as the large-mouthed black bass of the North and West, except that it grows to a larger size. Indeed, one of the scientific names of this fish is of Texas origin. Girard called this species, which he first found in the Nueces River, *Dioplitus nuceensis*, and even at the present day it is so called in France. Prof. Leon Vallant of Paris distinguishing this variety as *Micropterus nuceensis* in a work now in press, and correctly classifying it as a Mexican.

"C. S. W.," instead of throwing any light upon this subject, makes "confusion worse confounded" by stating that what is known as the black bass in Texas is really the rock bass, and which he says is known in the North by the various names of rock bass, river bass, striped bass, etc. (names that apply to fishes of wholly different genera). Now, if he had read "C. L. J.'s" article more carefully he would have known that "C. L. J." meant black bass (trout) and nothing else, for he speaks of it as weighing from four to six pounds. The largest rock bass I ever saw weighed but two pounds, and it seldom weighs more than a pound.

The rock bass (*Ambloplites rupestris*) is a fish entirely different from the black bass, being very deep for its length and much compressed, so that a specimen as long as the head would be about as wide and no thicker than the hand; it is also known as "red eye" and "coggle eye." The large-mouthed black bass (*Micropterus salmoides*), as is well known, has more proportional length and width, with an enormous mouth, and an adult fish would have no difficulty in swallowing an ordinary rock bass.

The striped bass (*Morone chrysops*) is a salt water fish of the Atlantic coast, growing often to a weight of seventy-five pounds, and is never taken with rod and line, weighing thirty pounds or more.

There is a fresh water species of this genus, however, in the Great Lakes and a portion of the Mississippi Val-

ley, called the striped lake bass, or white bass (*Morone chrysops*), but its weight seldom exceeds two or three pounds. In the Lower Mississippi and some of its tributaries there is a fish belonging to the same family, but of a different genus—the short striped bass, or brassy bass (*Morone interrupta*), and which grows to about the same size as the last-named species.

The only fish known in the North as "river bass" is the small-mouth d black bass, and is so called in Western New York, in contradistinction to the large-mouthed bass, which is there called "lake bass."

"C. S. W." seems to have got these several fish considerably mixed, and I do not wonder at it if he takes "Frank Forester" as his guide, for it is notorious that "Frank Forester" never caught a black bass in his life, and I doubt if he ever saw a live one, if I may judge from his description of the species in his standard work, "Fish and Fishing."

The illustration of the black bass in said work is a miserable burlesque on this fine game fish, though it professes to have been drawn from nature by the author. The illustration of the rock bass in the same work is not a rock bass at all, but is a very poor cut of an entirely different fish—the "crappie," or calico bass (*Pomoxys nigromaculatus*). Aside from the salmon and the speckled brook trout, "Frank Forester's" ichthyological writings are totally unreliable. His descriptions of most of the species were inaccurate from authors who were in many cases misinformed.

"C. S. W." evidently recognizes but one species of black bass, the small-mouthed (which does not exist in Texas), and ignores the fact that the fresh water "trout" of the Southern States is the large-mouthed black bass. But so it is, and the two species co-exist in many Southern streams, where they are sometimes called "white trout" and "black trout," but often are known by other names.

I will merely say to "C. L. J.," who seems to have the right stuff in him for an angler, that he has gone to work in the right way, and that he will have no difficulty in getting the black bass of Texas to rise to his ties (even if they are of his own tying) if he fishes from sundown until dark, when there is a good rippling breeze, in favorable places of the lake stream, and provided he keeps well out of the sight of the fish. This is the great secret in fly-fishing for black bass.

J. A. HENSHELL.

Cynthiana, Ky., June 3d.

WILLIS, TEXAS, June 1st.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

In your issue of May 27th one "C. S. W.," of Waxahachie, Texas, takes me to task for applying the term "black bass" to a certain variety of fish in our waters commonly called "trout," and although he advises me that the term is misapplied, yet he does not tell me what I should call it.

I have fished ever since I was big enough to pull an angle worm in twain, or since I could take a brass pin between my teeth and crook it into a semblance of a hook, and with a "sout'wood" spruce and out the black bass, white bass, and pollywag, and I have ever been a close observer of every variety of fish and game met with, and I would be utterly afraid to place before a criticising world an effusion upon something I know nothing about. "C. S. W." directs my attention to Forester's "Fin and Feather." I have never read the work, although I have many other books by that versatile author, and he is not a sportsman in America; but I have heard a higher regard for Frank Forester than I do; but this is an age of progress, and although Forester is excellent authority on many things, yet I believe we have more modern writers whom I would regard as authority far above him.

I will take the privilege of calling the attention of "C. S. W." to "Hallock's Gazetteer." Read what he says about black bass; get Gill's opinion, also Dr. Estes, D. S. Jordan, Dr. Henshall's and others, who know more about such things than Forester ever thought of, at least so far as Southern fishes are concerned. Frank Forester never was in Texas, nor did he ever see a fish from this State, hence I can not allow him as authority on that which he never saw, and against the direct experience and study of our first-class native-born naturalists.

I still claim that the term "black bass" is proper. In our waters is the large-mouthed black bass proper. I believe there are two varieties of black bass at the North, the large and small mouth, and I regard our fish as the latter, and one cannot make anything else out of him. I can go in one day's fishing in this county into a circle whose radius is not over one mile, and I will guarantee to kill four different specimens of black bass and lay them all side by side on the ground, and you can not find out every hundred words pronounce them each a separate and distinct variety. I will take two out of our lake, one of which will be a beautiful, glassy, pea-green on the back and head, fading into white on the belly, with an almost imperceptible form and at five running along the side from the gill covers to the tail, where the scales of the back and sides divide with those of the rest of the body. The other is precisely the same fish in every respect, except that the color on the back is a dark olive or subdued lead, fading down as in the other. The third I will take from another lake, whose water is dark amber, clear and deep. (The water of the former lake is a light steel colored.) In this latter lake the fish are all very dark, nearly black on the upper parts and very white below. The fourth I take from a clear, bright, greenish yellow. These bass are all nearly the same size, and all very hard, like steel with a sheen of green and eyes as yellow as gold, whereas those in the lakes have a dark brown or hazel eye. Now take those out of the lakes and put them into the creek, and in two weeks all will be the color of the little four ounce fellows found there, and vice versa. Those taken from the small creek are only smaller because of their age; they have not grown any larger lakes and streams as they attain greater size. Now if "C. S. W." were to see these specimens lying together he would call one a "Texas trout," another "rock bass," another "chub," and the little fellow a "brook trout," as I have known others like him to do before, and leave the "black bass" out, like a "poor boy at a country wedding," meriting a good deal, but having no show.

That which is termed rock bass, strawberry bass, crappie, etc., or the "white perch," or "gasper," in Texas, is a sac-a-lac and thincapin perch in Louisiana, and white, or silver perch, in Alabama and Mississippi.

I shall still insist that the fish commonly called trout in the Southern States is one of the two varieties of black

bass; nor will I be convinced otherwise until I have it from the best authority in this country. However, I am willing to leave it to the FOREST AND STREAM to decide, and you and I go together and take our boats, rods, flies, bobs and the like and kill some of them.

I have not had a thorough trial of the fly on bass yet. The water has been too high, the weather wet and raining all through May. I took one trout and one other day with a fly of my own make, made of feathers—white heron, wood duck, game cock hackle (red), and scarlet ribbon in strips as substitute for ibis. When this bass made a rush for my lure he really frightened me. I was playing, or skittering, near the rush grass, when all at once a splash, a rush, a flying of sparkling drops of water over my boat and me, a singing of the reel (I never heard or saw one before), and the bass out of the water in mid air twenty feet from the strike, and pitching like a mustang pony, all in one-fiftieth of a second, was too much for me; but I recovered in time to attend handsomely to his next rush, and laid him in the boat. Ahem! "C. S. W., if you think these are not black bass if you think they won't rush for a fly, or anything else you may afford them—then you come here and go with me, and I think you will return a better satisfied, if not a wiser man.

When the weather gets in such condition that one can fish, I shall try every method of new and old style fishing, and then I can tell you what I know about fly-fishing. I can get all the bass I want with minnows and cut bait, but I would rather take one "big one" with a fly than kill the biggest old buck in Texas.

I think if "C. S. W." will carefully read Dr. Henshall's papers on fly-fishing for black bass—now appearing in the FOREST AND STREAM—he will be convinced that they will take the fly; at least I have that much confidence in what he shall say, and I trust the Doctor will never stop writing until he has told us all he knows about the subject.

C. L. J.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, June 1st.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I have before you my issue of May 27th in which "C. W. S." asks "C. L. J." to give "an account of the first or opening battle of his campaign" against "Texas trout" with flies.

I, in the past two days, have taken "Texas trout" with flies. On the 30th of May several others and myself fished Barton Creek, near this point, and between six and seven o'clock we took four "Texas trout." On May 31st, in company with Col. A. J. P., I again fished Barton Creek and with flies I captured two more "Texas trout."

HASTINGS.

The Kennel

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

DOGS FOR PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING.

ALGONA, IOWA, May 19th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Sometime since I noticed an article in the FOREST AND STREAM from the pen of an Eastern gentleman giving his experience in hunting Eastern dogs on the Western prairie. His experience is but the experience of most sportsmen when they bring their dogs West to hunt prairie chickens. The training of their dogs is not right for that kind of business. When a dog is trained to work well on prairie chickens that dog will almost always work well on woodcock, partridge, snipe and quail. But a dog that is trained on those birds will seldom work well on prairie chickens. The dog that is being trained wants a large field to work in. He must have room to be independent, room to range. Then he will learn to take the scent high in the wind, where he can breathe. A dog cannot work well with his nose down in the prairie grass. His head must be above the grass to do good work.

A well-trained chicken dog will never work down the wind. They will always work from one side to the other if they wish to get down the wind. Four years ago a gentleman came here from Scotland on his way to a large farm about twenty miles west of this place in Adams County. He owns about 40,000 acres there and in Emmet County. He brought with him three splendid pointer dogs, with pedigrees of eighty years. I told him when he came that his dogs would be of but little use here. He laughed at me; told me what great experience his dogs had had in Scotland. "Why," said he, "your American dogs do not know how to hunt. They are neither big nor curs; they are but little dogs. But I thought I had better look out for a good dog if he wished to have good shooting. He took his dogs out and set them at work. The dogs did not understand their business. Their work had been in too small fields, and when they came to have miles of prairie to work over they were lost. They did not know what to do. The gentleman was very much displeased with the work of his dogs. He knew that they were well-trained to work on some kind of game. He went back to his farmhouse and his man told him to take a setter dog that they had there and he would have no trouble. He did so, and was very much surprised to see how well a dog could work that did not have a pedigree. When he went back to Scotland he took with him a setter dog for which he paid \$100.

I have lived in Northwestern Iowa thirteen years, and I do not believe there is a place in the United States where there are more prairie chickens, or where one has a better chance to judge the work of dogs on those birds. We have hundreds of sportsmen here every year from the East and South who bring with them fine dogs, but few of those dogs work well. They do not understand how to hunt; and again that comes here for a few days' shooting does not want to put in all his time training dogs.

It has been my experience that to have a dog work well he must know something about the game that he is expected to find. To be successful with prairie chickens he must be a great ranger, carry his head high above the grass and have a good nose. It is a common thing to see a dog run fifty to one hundred miles a day when hunting prairie chickens, and a dog that is shut up most of the time cannot expect to range with a dog that is out with a team three days in the week.

I have no wish to run down well-bred dogs, and no man admires them more than I do; but a well-bred dog must have a great range and plenty of game to work well. I always work my dogs from the wagon, and I believe it is the true way to do where one has a chance. The dog that has been taught to putter in the brush is too slow for prairie work.

J. G. SMITH.

TRAINING FOXHOUNDS.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., May 29th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I have taken the FOREST AND STREAM for the last six years, and have been waiting and hoping to see something written on foxhounds all that time, and now that it is started I hope to hear more.

All through northern New England, in every town, are one or two old fox hunters. Not after the Southern style, following the hounds on horseback, as in this hilly and ledgy country it would be impossible; but with one or two good dogs starting sly Reynard, while the frost still lies on the meadows where he has been prowling during the day, and, owned as foxes are, keeping the hearing of the dogs, cut him off at some of his crossing places with an ounce and a quarter of double B shot.

The Southern gentlemen that ride to hounds call that a mean way; but it is no fool of a job to get a shot at an old dog fox that has been run a few times and has had a few shot lodged in his jacket all long range.

I know the bird hunters call foxes vermin, but for us who love the sport, there is nothing like it. I have raised and trained a few hounds, and what "Farmer" says in your issue of the 27th is about right; though I should never dare to let a pup make his first acquaintance with a fox by a bite through the nose. He would have to have good grit to face the next one alone, though he might do some good with a dozen or two more. I have known of several good, likely pups, spoiled by tackling a wounded fox alone. I owned as fine a young dog as ever run, and the first fox I ever shot with him I only broke his fore legs, and when the pup came up, I thought I would let him kill him. Well, Reynard got first grip and hung on, and when the pup got away, he was done with putting his nose very near a fox again, and although he would work an old trail and start his fox in good snags, he never would run very close on the fox; and if a fox was shot at and lay down, he would not kill him a rod. I think it is better not to run a puppy till he is a year or more old, as the work is too hard for one younger than that. But if a man lives on a farm and raises his puppies, if the bitch has pups early in the spring, if they are all allowed their liberty, she will have them all running before fall. I think the best way is to run the young dogs on foxes first. Most of the fox hunters know of a litter of pups, and when the pups are small, they get to be about six months old, take them near the burrow and let them get after the young foxes; they will soon run them in, and after they have had a few runs will, if of good stock, never tumble on rabbits. The best time to begin is before the young foxes get used to going far from their burrow, and the evening is the best time to start, as the scent lays heavy, and the young ones are sure to be out.

Farmer says he never saw the fox that could stand his pack three hours. I suppose the following is better there, for among the granite ledges here I have known the same fox to be run forty-eight hours or more at a time. Now about keeping dogs kennelled. I used to keep mine chained from March 1st to Oct. 1st, only letting them loose for exercise, and used to take pains to cook all the meat for them, feeding once a day. Now I let them run loose all the time and never feed them, as they can go to the slaughter house near by and help themselves to the refuse meat. According to the dog books they ought to die, but I have never had a sick or mangy dog since I gave them their liberty. But they are off about every other morning as soon as the barn is opened and worry the poor fox till they get tired, which is seldom till night, and sometimes they are gone two and three days. This rather ruins the fall hunting, as it gets the young ones in the habit of starting for home as soon as a dog gets after them, and it is rather poor sport to have them run in when you are after them in November, as it is ten times more than they are worth to dig them out, and there ain't any fun in it anyhow.

The kind of hound that cut the best is a rather small-sized dog, that gives tongue steadily all the time after the fox is started, as a fox will run closer to a steady barker than one that only barks every rod or two, and if not hurried too fast he will generally play round some hill or in some swamp rather than leave, as they generally do if the hound has a harsh or squealing voice. My reasons for letting my dogs run through the summer are that they are toughened and ready for work in the fall and do not get foot-sore very easily, as they are apt to if kept tied, especially when they run half the time on the ledges. Hoping to hear more from others in regard to this sport, I am

H. C. N.

CHARCOAL AS A CURE FOR WORMS IN PUPPIES.—West

Boylston, Mass., June 8.—Editor Forest and Stream:—Every one who has bred dogs and raised a litter of puppies has more or less trouble with worms, often losing some and occasionally a whole litter. Now these popular remedies for worms in dogs are injurious to the urinary organs, especially puppies, and I have known instances where pups were permanently injured by over-doses of worm medicines. Often the owner is unused to administering medicine to the dog, and also many do not consider the age and give the pup of a few weeks of age the same quantity as an adult dog. Now these popular remedies—area nut, santaline, turpentine, tin filings, etc.—all tend to inflame the urinary organs and often leave the dog or puppy in a bad state, which takes some time to recover from.

Santoline I acknowledge to be first rate; it does its work, but leaves in a high state of inflammation the urinary organs.

The last three litter of puppies which I have raised I have had good healthy ones, not troubled with worms, and all I have used is charcoal, giving when four or five weeks old a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal twice a day for three days. I have also used it with success on old dogs, cleaning the urinary organs. Farmers and stock raisers use it for the same purpose, and it accomplishes the object, effectually destroying them in cattle.

Charcoal is a purifier and absorbent of putrid gases; it absorbs gases very rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred inches of gaseous ammonia.

When given to a dog, it absorbs or destroys the putrescent gases which are generated in the stomach and alimentary canal. These gases help to generate the worms, and without them the worm cannot live. Charcoal also acts on the digestive organs, increasing their power as well as having a healthy condition of the stomach if any unhealthy condition is the cause that charcoal existing there. Not the least is the fact that charcoal would not inflame the mucous membrane throughout the alimentary canal, and the urinary organs would be in as good condition as before.

PAUL.

TRAINING FOXHOUNDS.—Carthage, Mo., May 18th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—I saw in your issue of May 13th a communication from a subscriber who wants to know how to train foxhounds so as to give them staying qualities. Now, my experience is that it depends more upon the breed than on the training. Of course the training helps, but without the right stock all the training you can give them will not make them first-class foxhounds. The way I train them is this:—I take the puppies, when eight or nine months old, when I have them on and not too fat, and start them with two or three old slow and steady fellows. Once started, call in the old dogs and let the puppies run. They will usually make it warm for Reynard for one or two hours. When they do not run so freely, stop them. Never allow them to run themselves out and stop themselves. Now, when they have rested sufficiently, turn your old dogs loose, and when they have started the fox again, which will not be before long, keep the young dogs in sight, and should they begin to play excite them. You can, in this way, generally keep them running until the old hounds catch the fox, which will be done inside of two hours. This method I have found to work the best in this country, and proved to be the most successful one I have ever tried.

S. H.

HOW TO GIVE PILLS TO DOGS.—Dover, Del., May 11th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—Many persons experience great difficulty in administering pills to dogs—especially large pills, and those having a very unpleasant taste. Sugar-coated, two grain pills are nothing, but when it comes to giving the second quinine pill, minus the sugar coat, in the usual manner, one and sometimes two men have their hands full, causing the dog to struggle and become nervous, greedy to his injury if he be in a debilitated state. This morning I wished to give one of the dogs a dose of quinine; my supply of sugar-coated pills was exhausted, but I had some loose sulphate of quinine in the house. I knew that if I encased it in dough or meat he would chew it, and I also knew that to gag him with a solution would be unwise. A happy thought struck me, and I at once put it to use. I made up the quinine pills, rolled them in dry oat dough, and poured a tablespoonful of cod liver oil into a saucer, and proceeded to the residence of my k-9 friend. After dipping my finger into the oil and letting him lick it, I rolled the two pills in the oil and dropped the first one into his mouth, which he opened to receive my finger. He swallowed it (the pill) in the time it would take to wink. The second pill I placed in the palm of my hand, and he took it greedily. I immediately returned to the house, made a bread pill the size of an ordinary marble, rolled it in the oil and sent it the same road. To be farther convinced of its complete success, I made a small pill of powdered ginger (hot) and a large one of dough, and gave them in the same manner to a four months old puppy with equal success. After giving each dose I allowed the dog to take what remained of the cod liver oil. I hope some of your readers, who have occasion to give large doses of disagreeable medicine, will try it and give their experience.

EVERETT VON CULIN.

COCKERS FOR SALE.—We call attention to the advertisement in another column of Mr. Macdougall's fine kennel of Mr. J. in writing as about them, says: "While thanking you for the favorable notice of my dogs at the late show, I think that they can hardly be called Sussex spaniels. The reason Mr. Dalziel gave for passing over Bijou was that he was not like a Sussex, though why that should be anything against a cocker is more than I can say. Cora is more fairly said to resemble that breed, as I understand their color is golden brown. Her coat is a rich color, but only because it is somewhat faded. When in condition Cora is a dark liver. I am sure these remarks necessary because I advertise my dogs as cockers."

KENNEL NOTES.

DEATHS.—Vetres—Miss Julia Wygan's (of Peelskill, N. Y.), cocker Vetres died on May 25th. The cause was presumed to be cholera. Dingo—Dingo, a black and white dog of Mr. J. C. Higgins, died on May 25th. The poison had evidently been intended for cats, as several dogs had fallen victim to same cause.

ORANGE AND WHITE LIVERBAGS.—We learn from Mr. F. A. Merrick of New Brighton, Pa., that Mr. J. C. Higgins' young Lavender, the only orange and white dog in America, as we were informed, as Mr. M. is the owner of Prince Orange and white. He was one of a litter of eight, whelped June 19th, 1879, by Mr. J. J. Snellenburg's Thunder out of Peers.

DIDO.—Mr. J. O. Donner, of this city, is to be congratulated in having succeeded in purchasing Dido from Mr. Wells of Chatham, Ont. This perfect bitch arrived in New York on Sunday last in that condition. She is to be bred to Mr. J. C. Higgins' Pontiac. Their progeny will be hard to beat. As good as Dido looks upon the bench, we know her to be better in the field, and Mr. Donner can now feel that he owns one of the finest animals ever bred in America.

SALES.—Dido—Mr. W. B. Wells, Jr., of Chatham, Ont., has sold his cocker bitch Dido (Dread-Sail) to Mr. J. O. Donner, of this city. Pluto—Mr. E. A. Godfrey has purchased from Mr. C. K. Keller the white and black pointer dog Pluto. Broom—Mr. C. S. Keller, of Washington, D. C., has purchased from Mr. E. A. Godfrey the Irish setter puppy, Broom (Haver, II-Moyn).

WHEELS.—Lilist—Mr. A. J. Ward's (Boston, Mass.) bitch, Lilist (Rock-Strlight), whelped on May 23rd, seven puppies, six dogs and one bitch, by Mr. Avery W. Gore's Fred.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Boreen*.—Mr. C. S. Keller, of Washington, D. C., claims the name of Boreen for his Irish setter dog puppy by Rover II. out of *Moya*.—*Glenwood*.—Mr. Geo. L. Wilms, of Jersey City, N. J., claims the name of Glenwood for his lemon and white pointer pup by Mr. W. F. Steel's Glenmark (Rush-Romp), out of Mr. R. J. Green's Girl (Tall-Maryland).—*Jockey Club*.—Mr. Geo. L. Wilms claims the name of Jockey Club for his lemon pointer pup, by Mr. E. C. Culver's Duke (Frank-Quail II) out of Mr. P. Lumbrey's Queen (Ben II-Nello).—*Glenade*.—Mr. Geo. Piercey, of Jersey City, claims the name of Glenade for his lemon and white pointer puppy, by Glenmark out of Mr. R. P. Green's Girl (Tall-Maryland).—*Evangeline*.—Mr. B. G. H. Hall, of Portland, Me., claims the name of Evangeline for his red Irish setter bitch puppy by champion Echo out of Meg, Meg by imported Milo out of imported Biddy.

BIRM.—Zest.—*Finnet*.—The St. Louis Kennel Club's Zest to Champion *Paul*.—*Marguerite-Duo*.—The St. Louis Kennel Club's Marguerite, Faust-June, to Champion *Bow*.—*Ouida-Charlie*.—Mr. W. H. Lee's (Boston, Mass.) imported King Charles bitch, Ouida, to Mr. S. C. Hindley's Charlie.—*Gustie-Rory O'More*.—Mr. W. H. Pierce's (Courtland Kennels, Peekskill, N. Y.) red Irish bitch Gustie to champion Rory O'More, on May 8th and 11th. *Jennie-Glen*.—Mr. W. H. Pierce's (Courtland Kennels, Peekskill, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Jennie to Dr. Aten's champion Glen, on May 8th and 11th. *Blanche-Glen*.—Mr. W. H. Pierce's (Courtland Kennels, Peekskill, N. Y.) Gordon setter bitch Blanche to Dr. Aten's champion Glen, on May 8th and 11th. *Dr. Aten's champion Glen*, on May 8th and 11th.

Archery.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING.

THE principal event in the archery season of 1880 to American (toxicophiles is only a little more than a month ahead of us, and every enterprising archer should be shaping his affairs so as to be in attendance. The city of Buffalo, where the meeting is to be held, is located so far East that the greater number of contestants should come from Eastern societies, and it is to be hoped that every member of those societies thus favorably situated will strive to be present, and join in friendly contest with their brethren of the West. Much is to be gained by any archer, whether an expert or novice, by attending and taking part in one of these great public meetings. It is too commonly the idea that one should wait until he has become a fairly good shot before attempting to shoot in public. Nothing is further from truth. It is much better to begin by public shooting, accustoming the nerves to the unusual strain, than to acquire a reputation for good scoring first, to be utterly broken and humiliated by the necessary failure upon a first public appearance.

None of our American archers has had time to become experts. None have grown in the reliability of veterans, and the attempt to name the winners of the ten first prizes at the coming tournament would be worse than the solution of the fifteen block puzzle. Not only would this be difficult from the known similarity in the scoring of many of our most successful archers, but from the further fact that no one can estimate the different effects of the surroundings of a great public meeting upon the scoring of different persons.

Every national meeting in Great Britain witnesses the curious fact that several archers who usually get near 100 points at a Single York Round in private practice, fall below that number at the Double Round in the contest for the medal, while others even exceed their practice scores. In 1878, Mr. H. H. Palms averaged 44 points at the Single York (or 84 at the Double York) in private practice, and in the struggle for the championship at the national meeting scored 93 points. In the other great public match at the Crystal Palace he scored again in excess of his private practice, getting 93 points. On the contrary, Mr. Piers Leigh, who, during the same season, in private practice, averaged 83 points at the Double Round, only succeeded in getting 89 points at the national meeting. Mr. B. Walters, who stood lowest, with one exception, in the second class of the English private practice club, last year won the champion medal. Such examples are not exceptional ones. They are almost the rule. Another element, too little taken into consideration, largely affects the prize-winning at public meetings, and that is the fact that no archer can ever become so completely master of his weapons as to score always up to his standard. Upon one day he may excel himself by continuous steady central shooting, making almost phenomenal scores at all ranges, while upon the very next day, perhaps, he cannot coax or force an arrow to touch the target anywhere near the red or gold. While a national meeting may occur upon one of his best days, it is just as likely to be upon one of his "off" days, and though himself almost a veteran, he is forced to succumb to the "luck," as he will term it, of a mere tyro, who is "making his best score of his life."

The first national meeting at Chicago witnessed many instances of the sort; indeed, they were the rule rather than the exception. One instance, more proper for present mention than any other, was the fact that a member of the Wabash Merry Bowmen, Mr. R. C. Smith, was only induced to shoot at the national meeting by the over persuasion of the balance of his society. He had never touched a bow two months before the meeting; could not score 100 points at forty yards, and was a novice in private practice, and had never shot at a target at a longer distance than sixty yards. Yet he won second place on one day at the one hundred yard range, obtaining the cash prize of \$50 over such "old reliables" as John A. Boot, Theodore McMechan, H. C. Carver, Maurice Thompson, L. L. Piddingsham, W. B. D. Gray and all the many good shots there competing. Another instance might be noted where one archer upon one day at sixty yards scored just three times as many points with thirty arrows as he had with the same number two days previous. It is a curious fact that at national meetings in the same season the average would bring the best bows surely to the front, but no one can tell (at least in archery) what a day may bring forth. For these and many other good reasons no one should let the national meeting go by without contesting for the prizes, not so much for their real value as for the pleasure of such a contest and the many pleasant experiences of the occasion. Buffalo is a pleasant place to visit upon any occasion, and the archery tournament will greatly add to its attractions on the 13th, 14th and 15th of July. From assurances received from Western societies the attendance of Western archers will be much greater than at Chicago last year, and the meeting will be the occasion of the formation of many new and valuable acquaintances and true and lasting friendships. One whole-souled toxicophile, whose home is several hundreds of miles west of the

Mississippi River, writes that his business is such that he "cannot possibly leave it," but that he intends for once to achieve an impossibility by "utterly abandoning it and going any way." Who would grudge a prize to such an archer? The cash prizes will this year most probably be graded from first to twelfth, thus giving double the number offered last year, and the special prizes will be so arranged that no archer shall win more than one special prize. This will enable many archers to bear off something as a trophy of the tourney, and will give much more satisfaction than the faulty arrangement of last year, which resulted in giving too many prizes to the best shots. The Double York Round will be shot through by the gentlemen upon the first two days (a Single York upon each day), and upon the third day there will be some handicap shooting. The ladies will shoot the Double Columbia Round through upon the two first days and handicaps upon the third day. The programme for the meeting will be set out within a fortnight, and will be sent by the Corresponding Secretary to all archers who desire a copy. An effort is now made by the writer, together with other members of the Executive Committee, to admit all archers to contest for all the prizes of the association regardless of the question of membership. Of course the Executive Committee have no power to allow the national medals to be contested for by any archer who is not a member, because of the constitutional provision upon that subject; but if the Executive Committee will admit all archers to compete for the cash and special prizes no doubt many would attend and take part in the meeting who would otherwise be deterred. The annual business meeting of the Association will take place on Monday before the tournament begins, and it is to be hoped that at that meeting the competition for the medals will be also opened to all American archers. We are satisfied that much good would result from such a course, and surely no evil can spring from it. The writer has steadily advocated this idea from the inception of the Association, and at the last annual business meeting tried most earnestly to secure such a result, and he feels sure that the friends of this idea are now in the majority. Let us "gather together from every land and name and tribe," and make our national meeting of archers for 1880 one long to be remembered by the votaries of the bow. The writer begs of each archer who reads this and who is not a member of any society belonging to the National Association, but who will attend and take part in the meeting if this restriction is removed, to send him his other name at once.

WILL H. THOMPSON.

A CHALLENGE.—New York, June 1th.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—We hereby challenge the New York Archery Club to shoot a friendly match with the Oriental Archers—a team of four gentlemen from each club—at either the American or York Round; or, four gentlemen and two ladies, ladies to shoot the Columbia Round—none to take part in the match unless they have been a member of their respective clubs at least thirty days at the date of this challenge. Match to take place any time after July 1st.

W. HOLBROOK, President Oriental Archers.

A MANHATTAN BOWMAN.—New York, June 5th.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—I notice that a slight error has been made in recording the field meeting of the Brooklyn Archery Club, held on Monday last. I am represented as shooting as a member of the New York Archery Club, while the fact is I am an officer of the Manhattan Bowmen, and represented them on that occasion. By making this correction you will oblige, yours very truly,

MALCOLM MCLEAN, President Manhattan Bowmen.

Cricket.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

CRICKET AT TORONTO.—The cricket season of 1880 may be fairly said to have been commenced in Toronto on May 15th. At the University grounds sides were chosen by Messrs. Totten and Townsend, and the wickets looked very pretty. There were several carriages with fair occupants on the ground. Totten's side went in first, and scored 98, of which Irving scored 40, made in good style, with only one chance given. Totten, 16; Sprague, 15; and Brown, 12. Ogden was the most dangerous opponent, and he captured the majority of the wickets. Townsend's side collapsed in a remarkable manner, only scoring 15, owing to the good fielding of Totten's team. Dr. Sprague and Irving made some brilliant catches in the long field off Totten's slows, and the fielding all round was good.

—The Campbellford Cricket Club, of Canada, has reorganized, with J. D. Kennedy as Secretary-Treasurer.

—The season has opened at Haliburton, Can., very auspiciously, with Mr. Niven as President.

—The Parkdale, Can., Union Star Cricket Club are in the field for the season; and also the Dominion Club, of Toronto.

—The Newark Cricket Club, of New Jersey, had its opening game on the 21st ult.

—The Frankford Cricket Club, of Philadelphia, has put its grounds in fine order for the season, and the members are getting in trim for a long series of matches. The Pennsylvania Railroad runs close to the grounds.

ONONDAGA CRICKET CLUB.—This club held a meeting at Bright's restaurant May 31st, for the purpose of reorganizing for the season. The attendance was large, among whom were Alfred Moore G. Pyroft, C. Davies, T. Newick, W. Coppins, C. H. Millward, E. J. Bright, D. P. Phelps, Jr., J. Lighthall, A. N. Smart, J. Gill, J. Holt, H. Russell, R. Hess, S. Taylor.

On motion, Alfred Webb was appointed Chairman, and C. H. Millward Secretary, *pro tem*. On motion of Mr. Pyroft the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. Russell; Vice-President, John Elliott; Treasurer, Luke Collins; Secretary, C. H. Millward; Managers, G. Pyroft, C. Davies, T. Newick, D. P. Phelps, Jr., J. Lighthall, A. N. Smart, E. J. Bright. It was resolved that the club use the grounds at Lakeside Park for matches and practice. The practice days will be Wednesday and Friday of each week, commencing at 4 o'clock sharp. A vote of thanks was extended to Major A. H. Davis and John Elliott for their liberal patronage to the club last season. The managers met Monday, June 7th, to elect new members and arrange a list of games. The Secretary, Mr. Millward, is in correspondence with several clubs in Canada, Oswego Falls, Utica and Albany, and some lively games are expected.

DEFEAT OF TOM DALE, alias JORDAN.—The misfortunes which have befallen to allow the Canadian cricketers from the start must have almost appeared to be infinite when Prosper Dale, the captain of the team, was apprehended when Prosper Dale, England, on Wednesday, for having deserted eight years ago from the Royal Horse Guards. Dale was playing under an

assumed name against the Leicestershire team, but was early in the day recognized by a brother trooper. He was allowed to finish his innings, when the doors of the Leicester "jug" are said to have closed "on the other side of Jordan." If we are not very much mistaken, 365 days at hard labor will be his portion. Oh, where, oh, where is the Reverend T. D.?

BELLEVIEW (ONL) CRICKET CLUB.—This established club is now in possession of one of the finest grounds in Canada. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected for the season: Patron, Alex. Robertson, M. P. P.; President, C. J. Staudler; First Vice-President, N. B. Falkner; Second Vice-President, S. G. Beatty; Third Vice-President, L. P. Reeves; Secretary, W. H. Hagar; Treasurer, R. F. Benjamin; Captain, E. Corby. Committee of Management—Chairman, James Jenkins; W. M. Thomas, Hugh McKinnon, Geo. Maybee, E. W. Davy, A. M. Kemp. Honorary Members—E. R. Benjamin, Jas. Corby, Wm. Pedin, Jas. D. Clarke, A. Bruce.

CANADIANS VS. WEST OF SCOTLAND.—The first match of the Northwestern Team after their arrival was played on May 21st and 22nd at Hamilton Crescent, Glasgow, the visitors winning by 5 wickets. According to the report of the match sent us by our friend, Alexander Jordan (Dale) was accorded the best bowler by the Scotch critics, and Hardman the safest bat. Jordan's 41 and 19 were contributed by hard "lamming," and Pinkney is said to have played well. The fielding of the Canadians is described as being "something too awfully bad." Kearney had the misfortune to break his little finger in fielding in the second innings, and had to retire. Unfortunately the crowded state of our columns will not permit of a lengthy or detailed account of the game. The score:—

WEST OF SCOTLAND.		CANADIANS.	
First Innings.	Second Innings.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
J. H. Cassel, b. Jordan.....	28	b. Jordan.....	14
A. Taylor, b. Gillean.....	10	b. w. b. Hardman.....	16
C. Richards, run out.....	0	c. b. b. Hardman.....	1
R. Shaw, b. Gillean.....	0	c. Gillean, b. Jordan.....	55
T. Chalmers, b. Jordan.....	0	c. Gillean, b. Jordan.....	12
J. H. Russell, b. Jordan.....	0	c. Hardman.....	1
A. D. McKinnon, b. Gillean.....	2	c. Leamon, b. Jordan.....	1
Webster (prof.), b. Kearney.....	6	c. Leamon, b. Jordan.....	21
G. Hunter, b. Jordan.....	11	not out.....	2
P. Warren, b. b. Jordan.....	3	not out.....	2
J. H. Sharp, not out.....	9	b. w. b. Jordan.....	7
Extras.....	9	b. Jordan.....	25
Total.....	69	Total.....	170

CANADIANS.		WEST OF SCOTLAND.	
First Innings.	Second Innings.	First Innings.	Second Innings.
H. Leamon, st. Warren, b. Webster.....	8	b. Webster.....	10
A. S. Trefnor, run out.....	2	st. Warren, b. Taylor.....	12
R. Shaw, run out.....	5	b. w. b. Webster.....	3
T. Jordan, J. Sharp, b. Richards.....	41	st. Warren, b. Webster.....	19
P. Warren, b. b. Webster.....	47	not out.....	11
A. Taylor.....	47	not out.....	11
E. Kearney, b. Russell.....	27	b. Webster.....	12
G. F. Hall, b. Taylor.....	6	not out.....	8
J. Howard, c. Webster, b. Taylor.....	6	Extras.....	10
R. W. Hibbard, not out.....	5	Total.....	169
J. S. Gillean, b. w. b. Taylor.....	5	Total.....	7
Extras.....	10	Extras.....	4

Total.....	109	Total.....	7
ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.			
WEST OF SCOTLAND.			
First Innings.			
	Overs.	Maidens.	Wides. Runs. Wickets.
Jordan.....	20	8	0 34 4
Gillean.....	18	3	0 34 4
Kearney.....	6.1	2	0 8 2
Second Innings.			
Jordan.....	55	31	0 74 8
Gillean.....	21	11	3 34 4
Kearney.....	17	11	1 12 0
Hardman.....	13	3	0 23 2
Jordan bowled one no ball.			

CANADIANS.					
First Innings.					
Overs. Maidens. Wides. Runs. Wickets.					
J. Sharp.....	12	3	1	21	0
Webster.....	17	3	0	31	1
G. Richards.....	23	6	0	43	1
P. B. Russell.....	12	3	0	34	4
R. Sharp.....	4	2	0	3	0
A. Taylor.....	7	0	0	20	5
Second Innings.					
Richards.....	10	4	2	19	0
J. Sharp.....	12	4	0	19	0
Webster.....	12	5	0	22	4

CHESISTON HILL vs. STATEN ISLAND.—Played at Tompkinsville S. I., on May 29th, resulting in victory for the visitors by two wickets, in beautiful cricketing weather, and on a very inferior wicket, which had evidently not been gone over with the roller to any great extent, this match was contested on Decoration Day. The Hill team was a very good one, including Pearson, the old professional of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, well known as a very excellent and stubborn bat, and Tyres, the new professional of the club. Little can be said in favor of the selection of the home eleven or its banding in the field, we seldom having seen a team played in a more "as you please" manner. The hour for drawing the stumps had been agreed upon by both captains to be 5:30 P.M.; but later on, when the Islanders had overtopped their adversary's score, the visiting captain requested that an hour later might be named for the closing of the game, which was consented to by the representative of the home club, and his vacillation cost his side the game. Concessions, therefore, having been established, it did not surprise us to see Mr. Inman, who was not on the team, take Mr. Bance's place with the gloves when that gentleman was unfortunately injured during the second innings. Of course, this is not the way to play cricket, and the match lost all interest to those who knew anything of the game.

Play began at 11:30 A.M., with the Staten Island at the bat, and in despite that all the athletic associations were having their games, and the boating fraternity were at the Passaic River witnessing the regatta, yet the attendance was a very good one. Tyres and Biddle huddled the ball for Chestnut Hill, and Outerbridge, the latter being the batsman, succeeded in getting it away for double figures, the innings closing for 56 runs. Small as this total was, the visitors did not do so well, both Lane and Sprague being well on the spot. Certainly the former is one of the best bowlers in America, and if anything, in better trim than last season. Forty-one was all the tins could show when the last wicket fell. To inspire the eleven to greater deeds the luncheon bell was rung, and some fifty to sixty players, members and guests, were invited to take a birds-eye view of a round of roast beef and the salted horse, a ten of fish and a ten of chicken, larger than a ball. But there was loaf bread and cheese, when one could find a knife, and as no one turned up to ask for fifty

cents a head, the cricketers took in a reef in their belts, and the "patrons of the game" a double hitch of their back-straps, and the game went grimly on. Propped up with a bat, Mr. Simms, the Philadelphia umpire, feebly gasped "Play," and from that time until 94 had been told, the wickets of the Islanders were rattled down by the Philadelphia bowlers. It may here be remarked that those of the home team that did not go out on the first ball, waited for a second, and some few had strength enough to cope with two covers. With half a century to make and win, the Chestnut Hill boys went in smiling; but Lane was deadly, and eight wickets fell before the necessary score was recorded. Further remarks being unnecessary, we present the full score:—

STATEN ISLAND.	
First Innings.	
Bance, b. Biddle, c. Tyres...	7
Sevens, b. Tyres...	4
Moore, c. Tyres, b. Biddle...	3
Roberts, c. Butcher, b. Biddle...	3
Harvey, c. Sartori, b. Tyres...	2
Sprague, run out...	3
Ronaldson, b. Biddle...	1
Outerbridge, b. Tyres...	10
Lane, c. Pearson, b. Tyres...	8
Eyre, not out...	0
Leg-byes, 2; wides, 2...	4
Total...	56

CHESTNUT HILL.	
First Innings.	
Groom, b. Lane...	1
Murphy, b. Sprague...	5
Burton, b. Sprague...	3
Harvey, b. Lane...	0
Biddle, b. Sprague...	14
Borrie, b. Lane...	1
Farman, b. Sprague...	1
Thompson, b. Lane...	0
Patterson, not out...	0
Leg-bye...	1
Total...	41

STATEN ISLAND.	
First Innings...	9
Second Innings...	13
Total...	22

STATEN ISLAND.	
First Innings.	
Lane...	83
Sprague...	75
Stevens...	5
Total...	163

STATEN ISLAND.	
First Innings.	
Lane...	83
Sprague...	75
Stevens...	5
Total...	163

Orange vs. New York.—Played at Orange, N. J., May 31st, and was won by the home club by forty-nine runs. The fielding on both sides was shockingly bad. Score:—

NEW YORK.	
First Innings.	
Lendrum, b. Horrie...	0
Caldwell, b. Clark...	0
Bacon, b. Horrie...	7
Frederick, b. Horrie...	0
Collett, b. Clark...	0
Sharp, b. Clark...	0
Burton, b. Wilkinson...	0
Borrie...	10
Miel, b. Clark...	2
Jacobus, c. Horrie, b. Clark...	0
Carroll, absent...	0
Van Blarcom, not out...	4
Byes, 4; leg-bye, 1; wides, 4...	4
Total...	17

ORANGE.	
First Innings.	
Pierce, b. Bacon...	16
Potter, b. Freed...	1
Wilkinson, b. Caldwell, b. Freed...	5
Rothchild, c. Bacon, b. Collett...	12
D. Clark, b. Collett...	11
George Flynn, c. Freed, b. Collett...	5
Blaney, not out...	0
Byes, 13; leg-byes, 5; wides, 14...	32
Total...	122

Chatham vs. Windsor.—Played at Windsor, Ont., May 25th, and was won by the visitors by twenty-one runs on first innings scoring:—

CHATHAM.	
First Innings.	
W. B. Wells, Jr., c. Gowrie, b...	5
Bell, c. Hardinge, b. Morton...	0
Crowe, c. J. Laing, b. Morton...	0
Nicholls, not out...	13
H. H. Atkinson, b. Johnston...	0
Van Allen, run out...	1
F. W. Atkinson, b. Johnston...	1
D. W. Eberts, c. and b. Suth...	1
Extras...	5
Total...	26

WINDSOR.	
First Innings.	
Hardinge, b. C. R. Atkinson...	0
Harris, b. C. R. Atkinson...	0
Sutherland, b. C. R. Atkinson...	0
Rev. Mr. Johnston, b. C. R...	0
Edgar, b. C. R. Atkinson...	7
Scott, b. Nicholls...	2
J. Laing, not out...	2
Gowrie, c. Nicholls, b. C. H...	1
Atkinson...	3
Mortimer, b. C. R. Atkinson...	0
F. W. Laing, c. Eberts, b. C. R...	0
Atkinson...	0
Patterson, not out...	8
Extras...	0
Total...	13

Young America (Wisc.) vs. Hay Views.—Played at Milwaukee May 22d. In favor of Young Americans by 39 runs. Score:—

BAY VIEWS.	
Hodge, run out...	1
Henderson, c. Shearer, b. McCurdy...	1
Macell, b. Bristol...	20
Morris not out...	0
Cochrane, l. b. w. b. Bristol...	0
S. Parks, b. Bristol...	0
McNab, b. McCurdy...	0
Hickman, b. McCurdy...	0
Breeton, c. Bristol, b. McCurdy...	0
Jos. Parks, c. Hooley, b. McCurdy...	0
Byes, 5; leg-bye, 1...	6
Total...	27

YOUNG AMERICANS.	
McCurdy, b. Macell...	21
S. Hooley, b. Macell...	14
Shean, b. Parks...	0
S. Parks, c. Hickman, b. Parks...	0
Shearer, c. Hoize, b. Parks...	0
G. Oxborrow, l. b. w. b. Parks...	0
King, b. Parks...	0
Timblin, b. Macell...	11
Bristol not out...	2
S. Oxborrow, c. Morris, b. Parks...	0
Thomas run out...	3
Byes, 13; leg-bye, 1; wides, 5...	19
Total...	74

MANHATTAN.	
First Innings.	
Hurlburt, b. Graham...	3
Makin, b. Brewster...	36
Jenkins, not wicket, b. Brewster...	7
Morris, b. Bullock...	7
Hosford, c. Finnigan, b. Hinchclife...	25
Wilson, c. Finnigan, b. Brewster...	0
Jackson, b. Bullock...	16
Hooper, b. Gilbert, b. Brewster...	0
Mathews, not out...	12
Love, b. Brewster...	0
MacKenzie, c. Morris, b. Hosford...	0
Extras...	14
Total...	96

Manhattan vs. Paterson.—Played at Haledon, N. J., May 29th, and resulted in favor of the former by one innings and eight runs. This is the annual match between these clubs.

PATERSON.	
First Innings.	
Graham, b. Hosford...	1
Finnigan, c. Hosford, b...	0
Hooper...	0
Bullock, c. Hosford, b. Hooper...	0
Hinchclife, b. Hooper...	0
Brewster, c. Morris, b. Hosford...	0
Savage, b. Hooper...	2
Hosie, run out...	2
Watson, not out...	13
Murphy, l. b. w. b. Hooper...	0
Gilbert, c. Morris, b. Hooper...	0
Pritchard, st. Morris, b...	0
Hooper...	1
Extras...	11
Total...	33

STATEN ISLAND.	
First Innings.	
Lane...	83
Sprague...	75
Stevens...	5
Total...	163

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

GUNS, New York.—Please call, or send your address to this office.

R. E. H.—The firm you mention is reliable. They have probably not got out their new circular yet.

G. C. H.—Canvas boats will not molder if the canvas has been properly prepared and they receive ordinary care.

AMATEUR.—You will find dimensions of Penita and Roter in our recent files. Both are reported as sailing very well and fast.

P. L.—The schooner Maple has never crossed the Atlantic. She won the America cup against the Cambria, and about eighteen other schooners over the New York Y. C. course.

YORKSHIRE.—Your terrier has the mange. Do not feed any meat for some time and rub the parts affected with Glover's imperial mange cure, advertised in another column.

B. F.—Cadet engineers rank with cadet midshipmen at the Naval Academy. They belong to the staff, but have the assimilated rank of the midshipmen and receive the same pay. Wyoming Territory offers more large game than Maine.

R. F.—We take exception to much that is in the government report on the Herreshoff coil. For want of experience the board was compelled to reason by inference, and practice has not borne out all their conclusions. Will review soon.

C. H. S.—Brooks Bros. still furnish yacht crews with their duds; also good party in New Bedford, Mass. He fits out the revenue marine schoobship, and supplies rigs at \$9 to measure. Club caps at McCue Bros., Broadway, above Maiden lane.

A. W. A., Long Prairie, Minn.—Clean ears out thoroughly with Castile soap and water. Do not overfeed; give no meat; tablespoonful of sulphate of magnesia once a week in food. Pour in ear twice a day following: Three grains sulphate of zinc, ounce water, drachm diluted lead water.

Z., Washington, Pa.—Undue exercise and overheating are the principal causes of your dog's having fits. Sudden changes of temperature, such as taking your dog from a cool and dark room into the sun will also bring them on. Would advise treatment of sulphur combined with cooling medicine.

D. S., Fulton, N. Y.—My year old setter has just pulled through the distemper, but his eyes have continued to run, one of them having a bluish whiteness over it. Kindly prescribe? Ans. Build the puppy's strength up with quinine, two grains three times a day for several weeks, and dust into the eye twice a day the following very fine powder: Calomel, one drachm; sugar, one and a half drachms.

W. R. R.—For practical work, we recommend "Shipbuilding in Iron and Steel" by E. J. Reed, \$10, and "Murray's Shipbuilding

In Iron and Wood," \$7. Scott Russell's work (\$50) contains valuable plates, plans, etc., and is also good on practical building in both iron and wood. For theory of modern naval science, see "White's Manual" (\$10) and "Kemp's Yacht Designing," \$25. No American works that we can recommend.

P. P. AND S. C., Philadelphia.—My setter pup, nine weeks old, has his navel swollen to a lump about the size of a thumb. When pressed the lump recedes and the stomach is natural, but the moment the pressure is removed, the lump returns. What shall I do? Ans. Your puppy has umbilical hernia, and unless a surgical operation is undertaken by a skilled surgeon, we would recommend you to apply simply a compress (a cone-shaped cork is as good as anything) and bandage around the puppy.

S. B., Cleveland.—I want to buy a spaniel, say one in the street like one I want; was of about twenty to twenty-five pounds weight; liver and white, curly coat and long ears. 2. What kind of dog is a Japanese spaniel? 3. What is the cheapest book I can buy with illustrations of all the breeds of spaniels? Ans. 1. Cocker spaniels, see advertisements in another column. 2. Somewhat similar to the King Charles breed. 3. No cheap book can give correct and life-like illustrations of dogs. Stenhouse's "Dog of the British Islands," and Vero Shaw's "Book of the Dog," contain what you want.

GEORGIA.—My Gordon setter has a dry cough, now and then he makes an effort to clear his throat, and I have noticed once that he coughed up some phlegm. I find some running at the nose. What shall I do for him? Ans. It is impossible from the outline of your description to know whether your dog is suffering from cold or is in the first stages of distemper. You neglect to state age, a very important point. Should the dog have cold, keep him warm and dry and administer several small doses of castor oil, one day interceding. Should you judge that it is distemper, doses of quinine, say two grains three times a day will probably be the best treatment for you to adopt when this issue reaches you.

G. E. J., New York City.—1. What are best kind of rabbit dogs, and where can I get two? 2. My beagle has something the matter with his ear; he scratches it, after he has been running. 3. My red Irish setter bitch, one year old, has had a swollen throat ever since she was two months old. What shall I do for her? Ans. 1. Beagles are the best to our liking. See advertisements in another column. 2. You do not state whether there is any discharge from ear or not; should there be any, your dog is affected with earache. See answers on this subject in late issues of this paper. 3. Rub part afflicted with mild iodine ointment.

E. V., N. Y.—Is the name of woodchuck, or groundhog, a synonym to the badger? In company of a friend I dug out a happy family, consisting of the mother and three hopeful young ones, last week on my farm in Pennsylvania, but find that the animal called badger in Europe is larger and somewhat different in color to these ground-hogs as they are called in Pennsylvania. Ans. The badger and woodchuck are two entirely different animals having nothing in common except their habit of living in holes which they excavate in the ground. The former (Arctomexicanus) and the latter (Arctomexicanus) of the West, are carnivorous, and are allied to the bears, raccoons, etc., while woodchuck (Arctomexicanus) is a rodent, and belongs to the order which includes the squirrels, hares, gophers, beaver, etc.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CANOE AND CAMERA: A Two Hundred Miles Tour through the Maine Forests. By Thomas Sedgwick Steele. With illustrations. New York: Orange, Judd Co., 1880.

Under this title Mr. Steele has given us one of the most attractive summer books of the year. It is a sketch of a canoe voyage which the author took through the wilds of Maine in the summer of 1879, providing himself with the usual complete campaign outfit, and in addition with a full set of photographers' instruments and the services of a photographer. In this way the party were enabled to secure views of every point of interest visited by them, and these pictures have been used for the lavish illustration of the volume before us. In addition to giving the reader these faithful reproductions of scenes on the Penobscot, Mr. Steele has enlisted the skill of such well-known artists as True, Williams, Day, Aug. Will and others, whose character sketches add much to the charm of the pages. The mechanical work of the book is of the very highest standard; it is a superb volume.

The country explored and described comprised the territory of the east branch of the Penobscot River—a region rich in beautiful scenery and well supplied with game and fish. It is admirably adapted to canoeing, and at the time of Mr. Steele's trip a fortunate break of water, caused by the heavy rains at the beginning of the journey, with an almost uninterrupted succession of perfect days, conspired to make the trip one of as much comfort as the true follower of field sports could desire. No one wants to float down a river on flowery beds of ease. Mr. Steele is no amateur in the camp and on the hunt. He has explored the wilds of Maine, the forests of Wisconsin, and has camped beside the Rangelys. As an accomplished sportsman, he communicates this spirit to his book, and writes in a vein which leads the reader unconsciously to sympathize with him in his description of a striking landscape, his spirited accounts of a capture of a fish or the running of a rapid, and in his philosophical and outspoken sentiments regarding the ethics of the camp and field. For this reason we commend the style of his book, and we always glad to induce every contributor to the literature of manly, out-door recreation.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

—See advertisement of Riverside House, Forked River, N. J.

The firm of Lincoln & Hillyar is this day dissolved. The business will be continued by Hitchcock & Hillyar, who take the kernel entire.

—Donch Show Scoring cards, with complete table of points, by Edward J. Forster, Secretary Massachusetts Kennel Club. The value of any breeders' point card by letter according to Stonehenge, can be seen at a glance. Twenty-five cents per package, or live package for \$1.00, postpaid. Sent currency or stamps. Address Edward J. Forster, Charlestown, Mass.

NOTE TAKEN.—Is out from the State Journal, Springfield, Ill., the following:—"Among the sick and disabled, a ballot taken in person and by proxy, resulted in favor of a unanimous vote in favor of Warner's Sea Remedies.—L.A.C."



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, THE CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INSTRUCTION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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-AT-

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All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

Any publisher inserting our prospectus above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Editors of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

—June is the month selected by the pigeon shooters, and in consequence a large amount of our space is necessarily devoted to that sport.

—The minds of certain citizens of New Jersey, are still befogged by the opinion that the State game laws are inoperative on private lands. We commend the letter of "W.," published in another column, to the New Jersey State Association. There is an opportunity here for that body to show their metal. And that there may be no trouble in discovering the offenders next Fourth of July, we will be happy to give the proper parties such definite information, that there will be no excuse if the woodcock are slaughtered on that day.

LETTERS TO HERBERT.—Letters postmarked Paris, and addressed to William Henry Herbert (Frank Forester), who has been dead over twenty-two years, have recently been received at the Newark post-office. They were addressed "The Cedars," Herbert's old home on the Pas-saic, which was long ago burned down.

AMERICA AT BERLIN.—The American exhibit of fish culture apparatus and methods is deservedly attracting much attention at the Berlin Exhibition. The visitors are not satisfied with the regular hours of the Exhibition, but have so besieged the American representatives at their hotels that it has been found necessary for them to leave their hotels and resort to private lodgings in order to escape. This would seem to show that we have sent something to Berlin which is worth seeing.

THE FRASER RIVER SALMON.—The paper on this subject, of which we print to-day the first installment, will not fail to attract the attention of naturalists and practical fish culturists. Systematists have given no little attention to the *Salmonidae* of our Northwest coast, but of their habits very little has been written, and the little is inaccessible to most of our readers.

It affords us much satisfaction, then, to be able to furnish such an excellent account of the habits of the salmon of Fraser River. Our correspondent, "Mowitch," whose writings have so often interested the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, has, by this contribution, further increased the burden of gratitude which they already owed him.

WANTED—A "NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROTECTION OF FISH AND GAME."

WHEN the "Females' Society for the Protection of the Naked Limbs of the Infants of Dahomey" converts its weekly gatherings into sessions of gossip and slander, the public is not inclined to bother itself much about the matter, for it is by no means certain that the infants of Dahomey need clothing, nor even if they did, is it a matter of particularly vital importance to that public. When, on the contrary, an association of intelligent men repeatedly convene under a title which implies if certain amount of work in a designated and important field, and then deliberately ignore that work and its claims upon them, a certain portion of the public does interest itself in the matter, and it calls for some explanation and remedy of the abuse.

There came together, at Seneca Falls, New York, the other day, as the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have already been told, an assembly of the delegates of forty-three sportsmen's clubs. The convention met under the title of the "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game." The meeting continued from Monday through the following Saturday. During that period several thousand pigeons were shot in competitive matches at the traps, but not a single iota was accomplished in the way of advancing the interests of game protection in the State. As a pigeon-shooting tournament the convention was a great success; as the session of a game protective body it was an utter failure.

The intelligent, systematic and proper protection of game and fish is a subject of live importance, and the proceedings of the Seneca Falls convention, therefore, is of interest to every sportsman in the State. A society professedly established for the protection of game and fish, and assuming a title setting forth that claim, represents not only sportsmen in general, but particularly the higher class of sportsmen who recognize and practice the higher code of sporting ethics.

The reputation of the individual is here directly concerned, and every man who is thus represented at the annual meetings of the Association may call that body to account for its repeated delinquencies in its neglect of a professed duty. The very grave charge may be preferred and sustained, that, so far as the ostensible object of its annual meeting is concerned, the convention is a wretched farce, and that, instead of exerting any good influence for the cause of the due protection of game, what influence there may be is bad.

This is not a question of pigeon shooting, nor of the expediency of a body of men gathering for a week's tournament at the traps. It is simply the question whether a society may profess one thing and practice another; whether a body of men with such a grand field for earnest work as was presented to the convention at Seneca Falls may bring that work into ridicule by systematically and year after year ignoring it.

The title, "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game," is a misnomer. This organization is one to which all who are interested in the protection of game should look for their greatest encouragement and from whose influence, example and efforts the greatest good should result; yet at the only time when it appears before the public, the only time, in fact, when it appears at all, it entirely loses sight of the objects which it ought to hold in supreme importance; it deliberately throws away its opportunities for creditable effort, and substitutes an amusement which affords temporary pleasure to its members. More than this, it belies the cause it professes to serve. It is a shame that instead of the good work which a true New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, with its wealth and influence, might accomplish to restock and keep stocked the vast territories which offer themselves for easy improvement, the organization which appears before the public for the professed accomplishment of these ends should have degenerated into a congregation of trap shooters.

The interests of game protection in this State imperatively demand of the so-called "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game" one of two things: either to abandon its false title, or to make itself worthy of that title. As the "New York State Association of Pigeon Shooters," or a body with any other name which shall designate the true nature of an annual tournament, no one can find fault. Such an association would be both honest in name and consistent in practice.

We should much prefer, however, that the present body, who are so well known to each other, who are practical and experienced sportsmen, and consequently so well fitted to work understandingly and in harmony, should really assume the character of a game protective society, and substitute for their present negative influence, the positive power they are so preëminently capable of wielding.

The Long Island Sportsmen's Association is with reason jubilant over its exploits at Seneca Falls. The convention of 1881 will offer to it a magnificent opportunity for reform in this matter. The new president of the Association, Abel Crook, Esq., and those who are associated with him as officers and committees, are capable

of shaping the course of the Association next year in a direction which shall make it a credit to the sportsmen of the State and the country.

What will they do?

MIGRATORY QUAIL.

THE migratory quail ordered by gentlemen in this country were shipped from Messina May 5th, ult., per steamer *Gisland*, for New York. She is due in New York in the forepart of this month, and her arrival is daily expected. The birds will be distributed as follows:—

Leviston, Maine.....	400	Danville, Canada.....	100
Other towns in Maine,		Chatham, Ont., Can.....	200
by Mr. Everett		Sherbrooke, P.Q., Can.....	300
Smith, Fish and		Altoona, Pa.....	100
Game Commissioner		Zanesville, Ohio.....	100
of Maine.....	2,200	Wilkesbarre, Pa.....	100
Rooster, N. Y.....	300	Baltimore, Md.....	400
Franklin, N. Y.....	100	Jefferson City, Mo.....	100
Manchester, N. H.....	300	Glencoe, Ill.....	100
Toledo, Ohio.....	200		
Quebec, Canada.....	200	Total.....	5,100

—Caleb Cooke, a widely known naturalist, curator of Essex Institute at Lynn and attaché on the staff of the Peabody Academy of Science, died at 9 o'clock on the night of June 5th, of typhoid pneumonia, after a brief illness. He was about forty years old, and unmarried. He held the United States consularship at Zanzibar at one time, and was a man of wide range of knowledge, genial and warmly endeared to a large circle of friends at home and abroad. Mr. Cooke was an active worker in the Salem fraternity, and was of a modest, unassuming and generous disposition.

HOW IT WORKS.—The subscription price of the FOREST AND STREAM is \$4 per year, but it costs the subscriber more than that. One of our stanch friends, who subscribed for the *American Sportsman* in 1874, then to the *Rod and Gun*, and whose name has been on our books ever since, writes that he was led by reading its pages to buy first a Parker gun and the various knick-knacks which go with a gun, then a Nichols and LeFever, with loading tools, and rods, reels, lines and other fishing traps too numerous to mention.

This is just the work we are doing all the time. If a man is not a sportsman when he begins to read the FOREST AND STREAM, the paper incites him to be one. We can never fully estimate the good effects accruing from a year's subscription to a bright sporting journal.

VALUABLE CONTRIBUTIONS.—We have recently printed, under the title of "Spring Notes from Minneapolis, Minn.," two papers which are of very great value, as well for their matter as their method. Mr. Thos. S. Roberts, from whose pen they come, is well known to our naturalists, not only as a careful and accurate observer, but also as a student of very great originality and acuteness. His "Spring Notes" show in their preparation a careful attention to detail which is most admirable, and which gives to his contributions an importance far above that of most of the notes which come under that heading.

We cannot refrain from recommending these productions to field collectors as models of their kind, and we think that a series of similar notes from different sections of the country would not only be of great interest to most of our readers, but would have a high scientific value as well.

Such field notes should not be interrupted, but continuous, the thermometer should be read at least three times daily, morning, noon and night, and, if convenient, the minimum temperature for each day should be given; the state of the weather should be noted, the different plants in bloom mentioned and matter pertaining to any of the different vertebrates be introduced. Only by following some such method as this can field notes be made as valuable as they ought to be.

ONE OF MANY LETTERS.—It is always encouraging to receive merited commendations and expressions of approval. Our lot in this respect is a most happy one. We are constantly in receipt of letters from old and new friends, which are filled with expressions well fitted to encourage us in our efforts to make the FOREST AND STREAM an acceptable journal. Here is an extract from one of these letters:—

I cannot close this letter without giving expression to my appreciation of your efforts in providing sportsmen with so excellent a journal as FOREST AND STREAM.

No other influence is so widespread and powerful in the up-building and maintenance of a healthy sentiment in favor of those outdoor sports which are so delightful and beneficial to all who indulge them in moderation.

Nowhere can one find a paper so full of all that is of timely interest, and yet bearing the test of age. Its every utterance has the saving quality of purity, and much of the matter published from week to week will endure in the memory of sportsmen so long as the love of nature is strong within us.

Your removal to more commodious quarters, while being an evidence of financial prosperity that must be peculiarly gratifying to those directly interested, is not without promise to your readers, for we all know that pleasant surroundings are conducive to good work, in whatever direction one's efforts may be applied. It must be especially so in your life and work.

GAME PROTECTION.

WORK FOR THE NEW JERSEY ASSOCIATION.

New York, June 5th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Now that our friends the Jerseymen have their new woodcock law, would it not be well for the authorities of the State to see to the enforcement of said law. In one of my former letters to you I claimed that the old law had never been enforced—furthermore, that every Jerseyman, or rather a good many, claimed the right to shoot on their own land. One of your correspondents, signing himself "New Jersey," informed me through your paper that the old State law giving each Jerseyman the right to shoot on his land the whole year round had been repealed in 1874. It might have been repealed in Trenton, but this repeal is not in force in the State of New Jersey.

Last Monday (Decoration Day) I happened to be in Passaic County, N. J., and if you had heard the guns in the different swamps, you would have thought so. I had a long talk with a farmer, and he told me that this new law was not only a fraud, but had been gotten through the Legislature through misrepresentation, and for the benefit of a few. He named to me a gentleman, one of the originators of this new September law, who still claims the right to shoot on his own ground. He says that he is going to shoot on his own land next Fourth of July, and in fact he brings about it. The upshot of all this is that twenty more men claim the same right. They say that if Mr. So-and-So can go out shooting, they do not see any reason why they should not go themselves. They will go in a body, and they say that they would like to see anybody arrest them.

As I said in one of my former letters, we have old laws enough; why pass new ones long as the old ones are not enforced, especially when the instigators of those new laws are the first ones to break the old ones? W.

GAME PROTECTION VS. TRAP SHOOTING.

New York, June 4th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

In my anxiety to hear and learn all about the proceedings of the New York State Sportsman's Convention, I looked eagerly, but in vain, in your edition of yesterday. There must certainly be a mistake somewhere, as your paper, speaking about the convention, gives only the scores of different pigeon matches. Could it be possible that such a body of men, claiming to represent the sportsmen of the State of New York, should have convened without transacting any other business than pigeon shooting? I have asked several of my Brooklyn friends, but all I could get out of them was, "The Brooklyn boys carried everything before them."

In the heat of a battle, amidst the roar of the guns, the cries of agony of the wounded and dying, the curses of the living, the sight of blood and gore will make human fluids out of tender hearted men. Is it possible that such has been the case with our sportsmen at the convention—that the blood of the thirteen thousand innocents slaughtered at Seneca Falls turned their heads, made them forget their duties and lose sight of the objects in view? No, it cannot be. I can hardly believe it. However, should my present belief prove true, let every sportsman in the United States know it. At the same time, let those gentlemen who convened last week at Seneca Falls, and agreed to meet again next year in Brooklyn, change the title of their convention. Let it be called the New York State Pigeon Shooters' Convention, as they have certainly no right to the title they met under last week.

Some years ago pigeon shooting was indulged in for practice; to-day it has grown into an infatuation. It is indulged in for gambling purposes and orgies. In some instances, it has broken up homes and families—has even taken the bread out of children's mouths. It has made gamblers out of steady men. Clubs that have been gotten up for game protection have been turned into gambling associations; charters have been gotten under false pretences, and then broken. And all this under the cloak and color of sportsmanship. Well might Mr. Bergh address to those so-called clubs Cicero's words to Catiline: "*Usqueque tandem Catilina, adulescentia patientia nostram.*"

A TRUE LOVER OF THE SPORT.

IS TRAP SHOOTING CRUEL?

Editor Forest and Stream:—

"En Garde," in FOREST AND STREAM of May 27th, makes rather a decided misnomer of his pseudonym, for he is certainly off his guard, and certainly leaves himself open in places more than one to severe criticism.

He was never more mistaken in his life, than when he laid the inception of my article, in defense of the pigeon, to either no experience, or a luckless one at the trap. I confess to a limited experience, but not a luckless one. I have shot over traps long enough to acquire a decent proficiency, and a strong disgust for what I fearlessly denounce as a foolish, unmanly and cruel practice. I still hold trap shooting is rapidly reducing the pigeon supply, and that its continuance will eventually result in absolute extermination. Yes, I look back with pleasure to the time when the great flocks visited us semi-annually, and, contrary to "En Garde's" suggestion, it was not in the "long ago" when our country was densely wooded, but within the last ten years, for being still in my third decade, that happy epoch, when game of all sorts was plenty, a *teufel* before my eyes, with a smooth-bore musket, with its "half pint of shot, and four fingers of powder," merges into a very serviceable Remington twelve-bore.

"En Garde" thanks "Knowles" for taking up the cudgel in behalf of "the guild" (by "the guild," I presume he means the noble order of trap shooters), and "squeebly" replying to my letter. He also says he "believes him to be one who would never wantonly practice cruelty toward one of God's creatures." This last sounds well; but every time he steps to the score and peppers a pigeon full of shot, he indulges in a most cruel and unworthy practice toward one of the most innocent creatures of a kind Providence.

"That twenty-nine per cent. that gets beyond the eighty yards boundary is sadly reduced before it runs the gauntlet of the outside shooters, and I will venture to say that not two per cent. of the pigeons spring from traps ever get back to their native pastures; and if they do, their lead-loaded bodies, in spite of their marvelous fecundity, will be in no shape for propagation. When the terrible net drops on a pigeon, he is lost. What wing packing, shipping and confinement his spirit is broken; and when for the first time in weeks he stretches his pinions freely, and darts away from the trap happy in his new found liberty, "bang!" goes the unerring gun, and "dead bird" is the only eulogy spoken over his corpse.

Mr. Frank Beebe comes gallantly to the rescue, and in a few short, terse remarks defends the pigeon. I thank him heartily for

his substantial support, and am sure there are many, many more of our way of thinking.

If trap shooting is not abolished voluntarily, it perforce soon will be, for the pigeon will become extinct, and then, and not till then, will "the problem" be solved and the glass ball become the standard. H. W. DE L.

Game Bag and Gun.

JUNE IS A CLOSE MONTH FOR GAME.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

A NEW FIRM.—Messrs. Schuyler & Duane, importers and dealers in guns and sporting goods, military arms and ammunition, opened their new store, 189 Broadway, on the 25th of May, with a stock of goods selected by Mr. Schuyler during his recent trip in Europe. They handle guns of all kinds and have no specialties, but soon expect a fine assortment of Purdy guns, which will probably be the most valuable of any ever seen in this country. The store is quite large enough for a large business, and we hope they may have it. Mr. R. B. Schuyler was formerly of the well-known firm of Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, whose copartnership expired by limitation in January last. He is well posted in the business, and with his experience ought to meet with great success. His copartner, Mr. Duane, is an amateur in that line, but a thorough financial man. Their advertisement will soon appear in our columns.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.—The Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, celebrated its victories at Seneca Falls by a banquet at their club rooms, 451 Flatbush avenue, last Monday evening. The club team who were the winners of the Dean Richmond Cup were the special guests of the evening, and deservedly so, as they had done admirable work at the traps. The dining-room was handsomely decorated with the club colors of the Washington, Long Island, Foresters, Nonpareil and Phoenix gun clubs, and the Dean Richmond, Wadsworth and R. V. Pierce prizes—and the broom—were prominently displayed as evidences of the club's prowess. Immediately back of the President's chair was a crayon allegorical drawing representing Harry Miller bestowing laurel wreaths on the club team.—Messrs. M. G. Bayliss, Charles W. Wingert and E. H. Madison. Surmounting the picture was the legend: "The Fountain Gun Club Welcomes its Sons of Guns—Bayliss, Wingert and Madison." President Abel Crook presided at the dinner. "He was surrounded by the other officers of the club—Vice-President G. A. Chappell, Secretary C. W. Wingert, and Treasurer H. G. Miller. On the right and left of the officers were Judge Calvin E. Pratt, Robert Furey, T. C. Banks, G. E. Gildersleeve, of the Long Island Shooting Club; Henry Altenbrand, President of the Washington Gun Club; Charles E. Fiske, A. Eddy, John Hanley, John T. Saine, W. H. Hunter, Frank Chamberlain, Nathaniel Beggs, E. H. Madison, M. G. Bayliss, William Cleaver, Dominick Tyrne, Robert Sullivan, M. Brady, George Helmsdick, James White, G. B. Hazard, G. H. Badam, J. C. Buckley, Robert Wells, Samuel Norman, and other well-known sportsmen.

The menu was in Harry Miller's best style, and the club members and guests in the best of spirits. Wit and merriment ruled the hour. President Crook recounted the recent successes of the club, and called attention to the remarkable fact that the officers were Judge Calvin E. Pratt, Robert Furey, T. C. Banks, G. E. Gildersleeve, of the Long Island Shooting Club; Henry Altenbrand, President of the Washington Gun Club; Charles E. Fiske, A. Eddy, John Hanley, John T. Saine, W. H. Hunter, Frank Chamberlain, Nathaniel Beggs, E. H. Madison, M. G. Bayliss, William Cleaver, Dominick Tyrne, Robert Sullivan, M. Brady, George Helmsdick, James White, G. B. Hazard, G. H. Badam, J. C. Buckley, Robert Wells, Samuel Norman, and other well-known sportsmen.

—Mr. Henry Altenbrand, President of the Washington Gun Club of Brooklyn, E. D., is a member of the Standing Committee of the New York State Association.

WAKEFIELD, Mass., May 28th.—At a meeting of the Parker Sportsman's Club, held last evening, the following officers were elected: President, S. T. Parker; Vice-President, W. J. Godfrey; Secretary and Treasurer, S. O. Richardson, Jr.; Executive Committee—F. H. Emerson, W. W. Whitten, H. C. Lane; Referee, M. W. Boardman.

TEXAS STATE SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION.—The morning of May 17th found a goodly assembly of sportsmen on the grounds of the Jacksonville Gun Club, of Dallas, awaiting the opening shoot. Representatives from Denton, Denton, Texarkana, Houston, Wills Point, Galveston, Fort Worth, Sherman and other clubs were on the grounds in eager anticipation of the coming contests.

The first day of the tournament opened up with a sweepstakes. Five single birds at twenty-one yards rise. Some very effective work was done, resulting in a tie between Messrs. J. Thompson and Barrold, who finally divided first money.

Contest No. 2; ten birds, twenty-one yards rise. First prize, \$250 cash; second prize, \$150; third prize, \$75; fourth, \$25. Mr. Lister took first money.

The remaining eight contests, comprising sweepstakes and team shoots, passed off very smoothly, the only unpleasant feature being the scarcity of pigeons, compelling them to fall back on balls. Among the many excellent shots present at the tournament may be mentioned Mr. J. H. Mason, of Houston, winner of the Webb Medal; Mr. P. B. Watson, of Houston, winner of the Knappely Championship Medal, and Mr. Sam Finley, of Dallas.

The delegations to the convention met at Lively Hall on the evening of the 19th and elected the following officers to serve during the ensuing year: President, G. A. Foote, McKinney, Tex.; First Vice-President, C. C. Pettit, Galveston; Second Vice-President, A. H. Strickland, Galveston; Corresponding Secretary, H. M. Thompson, Waco; Recording Secretary, M. W. Shaw, Galveston. By vote it was decided that the next convention meet at Galveston. L'ECLAIRE.

A DASTAROUS EXPERIENCE WITH DITTMAR POWDER.

PHILADELPHIA, Miss., May 18th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Thinking that it will probably be the cause of some brother sportsman shunning the breakers on which I have been wrecked, I give my experience with Dittmar powder. I am a dentist by profession, and my home is Philadelphia, Miss., although I have an office in Louisville, Miss., where I spend about half of my time. Whether Philadelphia or Louisville my gun has always been an indispensable article in fact, has been an inseparable companion during the whole of my life, and often, when wearied with the confinement of my office, I have found it a source of pleasure and recreation to spend a few hours with my gun in the field, or at the glass ball trap. I have looked forward with pleasure to all the late improvements in guns and ammunition, and the many advertisements and recommendations which I had seen of the Dittmar powder had made me anxious to try it, and if it proved to be what was claimed for it, to introduce it into our club. I ordered several canisters of the Dittmar powder, and they were promptly expressed on the 24th of March; but, owing to some carelessness of the express company, the goods were lost, and did not reach Louisville until the 1st of May.

One of the merchants of Louisville, having heard that I had sent for a new kind of powder, wrote to New York for some of the finest Dittmar powder that could be had, and in a few days received several canisters. He came to me and requested me to give his powder a trial, to see what it would do; but I at first refused to do so, as he had very little instructions for using the powder. I told him that I was afraid that his powder was not suitable for large gauge guns, and that I had ordered powder for shooting glass balls, and I preferred waiting to see if there was a difference in the powder. He told me that a small circular came with the powder, and that the circular stated that the powder could be used in both shot guns and rifles, and the charge was the same amount by measure as that of black powder, and that he ordered the finest powder that could be procured. I went to my sporting goods and hardware stores, and I had often used black FFP rifle powder in shot guns, so I did not see much to fear in this. I consented to try his powder for him, but concluded to shoot one drachm less of the Dittmar than my regular charge of black powder.

My gun was a Parker eleven gauge and weighed eight and a half pounds, and I had been shooting four drachms of black powder of all brands and all sizes of grain with perfect satisfaction, so I concluded that it would be safe to shoot three drachms, by measure, of Dittmar powder, and loaded my shells accordingly.

Mr. John Graham and myself went out to shoot them. We arranged our target, stepped the required forty yards, and I fired one of the loads. When I touched the trigger I felt as if I had been struck by lightning. The report from the gun was deafening, and the jolt I received was terrible. I let the barrel of my gun separate as I was sighting down the rib, and the stock came back over my right shoulder with such force that it seemed as if it would tear my right arm off before I could relinquish my hold on the grip or handle. I felt pain in my left hand, and when I turned my attention to it I saw blood spouting several feet from an artery, and my left thumb was cut down to the first joint. The wound extended from where the forefinger joins the hand over to the wrist, and from the center of the palm of the hand to a point on the back of the hand, a little beyond a line with the bone that connects the forefinger with the wrist, making the wound fully three inches across, measured from any point.

I was carried to town and my wound dressed, and several stitches were sent back to look up the missing thumb and the shattered gun. The wound retained its position, my thumb and accompanying flesh, and reported that it was found just forty yards from where I was standing when I fired the gun. My gun was torn into fifty or more pieces and badly scattered. The barrels were about forty yards apart when found. The left-hand barrel (the barrel that I shot) had a piece torn from the outside of the butt of the barrels as high as the shell was chambered, while the inside of the butt was turned back, but not torn off. The right-hand barrel was bent like a bow and the left-hand lock plate was torn to pieces like so much pasteboard. My gun was a \$65 Parker, with steel barrels.

I have not written this through any prejudice I have against the Dittmar powder, for I am satisfied that, if rightly used, it is a valuable invention, but I do wish to warn others from doing as I did, using FFP rifle powder in large gauge shot guns. Since I have been I have received the Dittmar powder that I ordered from Bogardus & Co., and with it all the necessary instructions for using the powder.

I wish to bring one charge against the Dittmar Powder Company, and that is that they do not give the public a sufficient price to become acquainted with the various grades of powder. They do not give the public the advertisement of the Dittmar Powder Company, but nothing is said about the different grades. On the same page we see the advertisements of Laflin & Rand, Dupont and Hazard Powder Company, all describing the different grades of their powder, and telling the public what they are used for.

I fired this large charge of powder I sought information concerning it, but could get none except the little circular, which stated that the powder could be used in both rifles and shot guns by using the same amount, by measure, as of black powder. I used one drachm less, by measure, than I used of black powder, and what was the result? I have had many weeks of suffering and confinement with a prospect of many more. I have been made a cripple for life. I have been out of my office and practice for at least this year, and perhaps forever, with no chance of making a support. Besides these misfortunes, my gun, the source of many a pleasure, is gone, and in my present condition I cannot get another, at least until I am

B. Bailey	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0
A. A. Kinsloe	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Lewis Weekley	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
W. J. Hargrave	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
T. T. Woodruff	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Yank Watson	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
S. P. Voller	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
P. H. Delaney	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Tom Stagg	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
S. D. Dosey	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. Brooks	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Wm. Donn	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
R. H. Whiteside	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
G. G. Parker	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
E. T. Crosby	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
S. P. Voller	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
W. Harbaugh	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
W. H. Skinner	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. M. Morris	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. M. Morris	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. M. Fleming	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. Drake	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Chas. Young	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. Hofstetter	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Stephenson	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
C. Emory	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. Kleinman	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
S. P. Voller	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
W. H. Moran	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
W. H. Hauworth	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. B. Worthen	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Jas. A. McKenzie	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Fred Kimble	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
S. P. Voller	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
S. H. Turrill	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
John Gillespie	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
T. N. Rowe	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. G. Cunningham	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
H. Crawford	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. Miller	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. G. Allen	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
R. Greenwood	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. L. Tubbs	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
W. Boone	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
T. Clark	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Wm. S. Morris	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Eugene Hogard	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
M. E. Tabor	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. B. Worthen	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
H. E. Slauson	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. G. Cannon	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
E. T. Crosby	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Abner Price	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
John Hough	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
S. P. Voller	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
P. Canfield	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
H. J. Cosgrove	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
S. P. Voller	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
H. H. Bruner	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
M. Conley	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
W. H. Skinner	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
H. Wyckoff	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Geo. P. Conrad	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
T. N. Rowe	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Frank Campbell	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. J. Schuck	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. J. Schuck	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0

Abner Kleinman won the first money and the Gore champion golf badge, valued at \$125. In shooting off ties of 9 each, Hauworth and Canfield tied again on 5 straight, at 36 yards, and divided.

Some day.—Two hundred dollars cash, donated by citizens of Galesburg. A two team shoot of any two members from any organized club in the United States. Team making the best score to win. Ten single rises each, at 21 yards:—

Jas. A. McKenzie	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0
Wm. Donn	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Wm. Moran	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
P. H. Delaney	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. A. Snieder	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
W. B. Hauworth	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Abner Price	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
F. Campbell	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. J. Gore	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. B. Rodman	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
M. J. Eich	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
John Watson	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Adam Hofstetter	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
C. F. Youngs	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
R. Greenwood	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
H. Youngs	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. Stephenson	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
B. T. Crosby	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. C. Syank	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. Y. Fuller	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
E. B. Townsend	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
M. E. Tabor	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Jas. Pankhurst	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
H. Ehlers	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. L. Tubbs	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
G. C. Crossman	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Frank Carr	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
G. P. Conrad	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
E. Watkins	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
P. Bond	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. G. Cunningham	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
S. Rymal	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Wm. Weekley, Jr.	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
O. Moon	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
V. T. Dowe	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. B. Worthen	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
John Hough	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Geo. A. Littler	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Charlie Austin	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Fred. Kimble	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
T. A. Kinsloe	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
S. P. Warner	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. Bailey	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0

G. G. Parker	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0
Yank Watson	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Dan Hogan	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. Kleinman	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
C. E. Willard	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. J. Gillespie	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
T. W. Beers	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
H. Crawford	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
H. Schouson	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Lewis Vickery	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. M. Morris	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Lewis Slawson	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Fred Tracy	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
George Harris	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. Brooks	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Dan Meek	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
J. Gardner	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
John Gardner	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
W. L. Johnson	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Fred Harding	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
H. P. Winchell	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. Aldrich	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Abner Price	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
D. G. Cunningham	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Fred Kimble	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Fred Kimble and Chas. Stock, of the Peoria Club, won the first	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Ties on 18; 26 yards:—	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
James Donn	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. B. Rodman	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. Kleinman	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
A. B. Rodman and A. W. Bruner, of the Rock Island Club, and	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
Abner Kleinman and R. B. Organ, of the Chicago Shooting Club,	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
divided the second tie, 26 yards:—	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
P. H. Delaney and D. G. Tunnell, of Macomb; Hiram Hofstetter	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
and N. Dosey, of Geneseo; and Geo. Harris and Abel Harris,	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
of the Chicago South End, and D. L. Tubbs and A. H. Goodenough,	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
of the Chicago South End, divided the third tie, 26 yards:—	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0
the second tie at 31 yards, withdrew and divided fourth prize, \$25.	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0

May 27th.—Ten single rises, 21 yards; five prizes:—
Y. Teal..... 1 0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0
W. Standford..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
Y. Teal..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
S. H. Turrill..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
J. J. Gillespie..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
J. J. Kleinman..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
H. B. Organ..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
John Watson..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
G. W. Farnsworth..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
J. Stephenson..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
M. Rich..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
J. G. Swart..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
A. G. Allen..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
A. Kleinman..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
N. Dosey..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
Geo. S. Wells..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
H. H. Farnsworth..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
D. G. Cannon..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
Yank Watson..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
H. E. Sloan..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
W. Harbaugh..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
James A. McKenzie..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
A. H. Goodenough..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
H. Ehlers..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
A. B. Rodman..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
A. W. Bruner..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
J. J. Kleinman..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
John Hough..... 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0
Lewis Weekley..... 1 0 1 0 1

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KEEP'S AWKLEY, rolled good hats.
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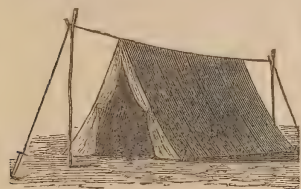
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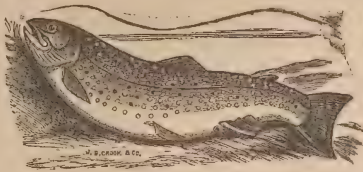
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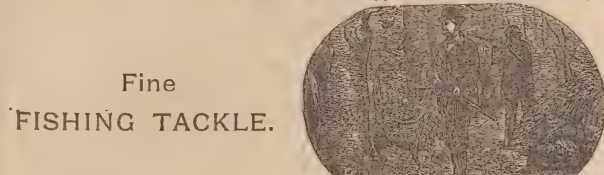


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ing three other bitches due to whelp in sev-
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land's champion shot, ex. Tully's Mab), in which
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is broken on woodcock, quail and snipe; she is
fast, good nose and perfectly staunch. A rare op-
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The Kennel.

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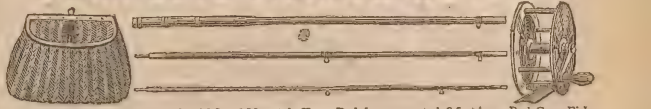
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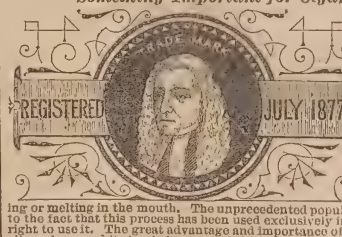
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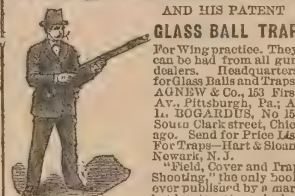
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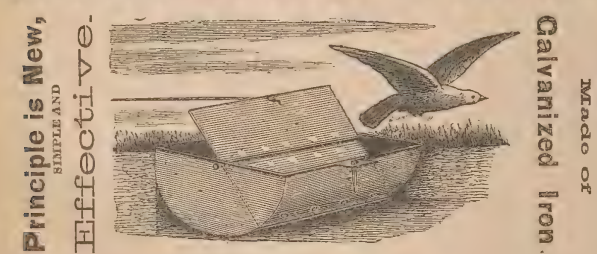
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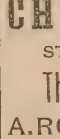
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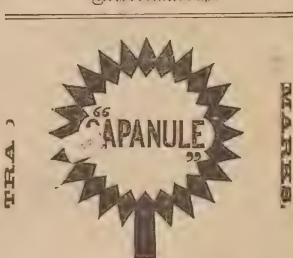
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In the Alleghanies.

BY RODINES.

THIS was the way of it; but whether to lament or applaud the undertaking, now that it is accomplished, becomes a matter for serious consideration.

H. and S., our two famous experts with the rod, had been fishing on Slate and Cedar runs, two tributaries of Pine Creek, Lycoming County, Pa. They returned flushed with success, and whispered slyly in my ear that trout—and large ones, too—were abundant there. "O you must go, and lay out some of those old lunkers!" they said. H. was particularly clamorous for going, declaring he would gladly accompany me during the following week.

Well, the "following week" came, when I apprized H. of my readiness to start. To my surprise, and, when all his excuses had been named, my disgust, as well, "the streams were too low;" "the sign wasn't right;" "Brown said it would be just right on June 1st, and this was only May 27th;" and so on *ad infinitum*. I was fagged ready for a start, and it mattered not to me whether the sign was in the navel or gizzard, nor what reason Brown had for saying trout would rise on the 1st of June and not on the 27th of May. I was ready, and go I would.

I looked about for other company, and struck Joe. Now that was a lucky strike, for he proved to be the jolliest sort of a companion. Joe and I therefore took the State Line Railroad, leaving Elmira at 9.30 on Tuesday morning. We reached Lawrenceville two hours afterward, changed cars for Wellsboro, and changed there again for Antrim, at which mining village we arrived at 3 P.M. Now, the stage—a very dignified name for a well-worn "democrat wagon"—leaves Antrim at 1 P.M., going down Babbs' Creek, and then follows Pine Creek to Jersey Shore. This was our route, so we telegraphed the driver to wait for us, which I am happy to chronicle he did with the utmost complacency and good humor.

The driver of this stage was not only an accommodating chap, but very convivial and communicative withal. He had just returned from Brazil, he informed us, where he had been working and starving on the railroad that is being constructed there. Said he found a chance to

"stowaway" in a steamer, by which means he reached home. This stage route offered him employment, so here he was to relate to us his experience.

"Any rattlesnakes on this road?" Joe queried.
"Rattlesnakes! Well, you just bet there is! See them?" said the driver, exhibiting a bunch of rattles, which he declared he had pulled from a snake's tail the day before, just as he was escaping from the road to the bushes. "Bat," he continued, "these snakes are no account alongside of them fellows what grow in Brazil. Gosh! I seen a bow constrictor there that measured clean twenty-two feet long. He belonged to a feller who kept a gin mill. He kept him in a long trough. The fellers used to come there to see him and take a drink at the same time. The blamed critter wouldn't eat but once a year, and then he'd fill himself so cussed full he couldn't do nothin' but sleep for the next six months. One day, when he waked up from one of his long snoozes, he looked around for sumthin' to eat. I was there and saw him. Just then the gin mill feller's boy, eight years old, cum runnin' out the house, got in front of that snake, and cum I he kicked to death with a musketeer if he didn't swaller that boy quicker'n you could shut your off eye; he did, by hokey!"

"What did the proprietor do?" we inquired.
"Do? Why he didn't do a cussed thing! I shouted and hollered to him like a wild Injin that his snake had swallered his boy. I told him to bring a knife and we'd cut the boy out of the durned snake's belly before he was suffocated. But do you know that blasted cuss said he'd rather lose the boy than the snake. Durned if he didn't."

With such stories did our driver entertain us along the beautiful mountain road leading from Antrim to Brown's, sixteen miles away. We reached our destination at 6 P.M., and found Mrs. Brown at home, who soon prepared us supper and assigned us apartments in her comfortable farmhouse. Just opposite her house, across Pine Creek, was seen the mouth of Cedar Run, which came tumbling down from somewhere among the mountains to the westward. The water looked clear, cool and inviting, so that we were impatient to try our flies over its surface. Having partaken of supper, donned our fishing suits and selected our casts for the evening, we waded across the large creek to the mouth of Cedar Run. There we cast our flies, causing them to settle upon the water in the most approved and fascinating manner. Joe was the first to make a capture.

"I've got him!" he cried.
"How large is he, Joe?"

"I hope to scream if it isn't a chub, and a blue-nosed one at that," he replied.
Just then I had a strike. He didn't behave very trout-like, so I brought him to the surface without delay—another chub. Then Joe caught a chub. So did I. So did Joe. I another. Joe ditto. Then we quit, meditated, and went up stream further. Soon Joe caught from a beautiful crystal pool, which was fed by a delightful little cascade that fell over a huge, mossy rock—just the nicest sort of an abode for a lively trout—a large and sprightly chub.

I circumnavigated them (Joe and the chub), and took a very promising pool higher up, where I made quite a satisfactory cast, and landed the very first—horned dace that had yet been captured. It now became a matter of "nip and tuck" between Joe and I as to who should land the most blue-nosed chub and horned dace. We followed that run; the very run that H. and S. had gone into ecstasies over but two weeks before; the run they declared was "alive with trout—big ones, too." We followed it, I say, for more than a mile without even getting the remotest glimpse of a single trout.

We accordingly reeled up our lines and retraced our steps toward Brown's, determining to try Slate Run, six miles below, on the morrow.

Mr. Brown being away with the only conveyance in the neighborhood, we inveigled a small boy, by sundry proffers of nickels, to wade the creek, walk a mile further below to where the stage put up for the night, and ask the driver to be so kind-hearted, and yet more obliging, by returning and conveying us to Slate Run. We were emboldened to this experiment because of the long wait he had made for us in the beginning of our acquaintance with him. Soon the boy returned, and, shaded as he opened the gate—

"All right; he'll be here at six o'clock in the morning."

"Bless me! if that isn't the most obliging stage driver I ever struck," said Joe, as he sat on Brown's cosy veranda smoking a fragrant cigar and quizzing the madam as to how she happened to have located in such a wild country. We soon learned that the cause of our ill success in catching trout was entirely attributable to the fact that he had not gone far enough up the stream. "Go up as far as the dam and you will catch all you want," said Mrs. Brown.

She then related to us how two lawyers from Wellsboro (how I wish I had taken their names) came there a year ago, and brought four painful of dressed trout from the pool under the dam.

"Caught them all on a fly?" queried Joe.

"No, sir; they caught them principally in a net," replied the madam.

Scarcely had we finished the delicious cup of coffee at Mrs. Brown's breakfast table, next morning, ere we heard the shout of the stage driver without—

"All aboard!"

All aboard we quickly climbed, and were soon set down at the mouth of Slate Run. Here Mr. Tombs, a plump, jolly looking native of the Alleghanies, met and transported us and our baggage over the creek to his mansion at the mouth of the run mentioned.

"Any trout on this creek, Mr. Tombs?"

"Lots of 'em, sir; and rousers, too. Some chaps were here last week, and caught some whoopers below my dam. You can have fine sport here in the evening, if you know how to throw a fly."

"Glad to hear it; we will certainly try, Mr. Tombs," we replied.

Slate Run proved to be a charming stream. Numerous smaller runs empty into it here and there, at the mouths of which beautiful cascades are seen playing over the most delightful mossy rocks that I had ever beheld. The ravines through which these little runs flowed their way were exquisitely decorated with mosses, ferns, violets, forget-me-nots and brilliant and fragrant azalias. I wandered in and among them, drinking in their fragrance and beauty, almost forgetting the rod in my hand. At the mouths of these streams, one or two fine trout were invariably taken, and at the "splash dam," four miles up, over forty fine fish rewarded my efforts at fly-casting. Joe, who expected to have joined me here for our nooning, he having taken another run, failed to put in an appearance at the appointed hour; so, according to a mutual understanding in case of tardiness of either party, I prepared my trout dinner. First, I built a fire on the beach, far enough away from grass or leaves to prevent communicating flames to the forest, and while this was burning to coals I dressed a few trout, salted and peppered them well, then rolled each trout in a piece of manilla paper, well smeared with butter. When a dozen had been so enveloped I placed them all in a solid pile and wrapped them snugly in a larger piece of the paper, then rolled the wad in a newspaper, and put the bundle to soak for five minutes in the creek. The woodpile having become a glowing bank of coals, I excavated a hole in the center of them with a long stick, and threw my wet budget of trout therein, hastily covering it with the glowing embers. My tin quart cup was now removed from the creel-strap, filled with water from the brook, and placed on the coals. I selected a shady, grassy spot on the bank, washed two flat stones for plates, placed my chunk of bread and butter on one, while the other served for a platter. The water having boiled, I threw a handful of black tea into it, and stood the pot from the fire, covering it with a flat stone. In twenty minutes the package of trout was removed from the fire, the outside paper only being scorched, while the trout were steaming hot, and as delicious a morsel as ever was placed in a tired fisherman's mouth. There, with the pot of tea at a elbow, and bread, was a meal not to be despised, even when prepared indoors, with more elaborate cooking appliances. Here I lingered, enjoying the delicious meal and the surroundings as well, waiting for the shadows to fall upon the creek and for the trout to commence their feeding on the natural flies that then begin their careless and seemingly aimless flights over the surface of the water.

About 6 o'clock I noticed a break in a pool under an overhanging limb from a great scraggly bench. Immediately I strapped on my creel, took my rod in hand, and started down the stream. A cast under the limb rewarded me with a ten inch trout, sleek and fat, who fought violently to free himself from the deceptive fly. Others were taken on my way down, until I reached Tombs' mansion, at 6 o'clock, with a creel well filled as a reward for the day's exertion.

After tea I succeeded in landing a twelve and thirteen inch trout from under Tombs' dam, and as the two beautiful fish lay upon the porch, where the woodsmen had assembled to admire them, many and varied were the stories that were told of the immense fellows that had been taken from that same pool in days gone by.

"I saw a twenty-two incher taken there last season," said a native fisherman.

"With a fly?" I innocently inquired.

"Yes, sir-ee; and a awful splashin' and floppin' he made of it, too, before we got him ashore."

Just then a brawny woodchopper, who sat near me smoking his pipe, whispered in my ear—

"Ask him how many hoops his fly had on."

Indeed, we had encountered that same fly in the narrow stream, leading to the pool under the dam that very morning, and noticed with what care the channel had been dammed, so that not a fish of any sort could ascend the stream without becoming a prisoner in the net set to entrap him. This, we note, is one of the means the natives have adopted for "protecting" the streams, offering but a slender inducement to anglers to seek their haunts and spend money with them.

In the morning we sought and found passage upon a

SPRING SHOOTING IN ILLINOIS.

wagon load of oats for Brown's and Cedar Run. We started at 5 o'clock, while the air was fragrant with the perfume of the honeysuckle and other wild flowers, and ringing with the din of the wood robin, robin red-breast, lark and myriads of songsters, whose notes became so familiar to the lovers of nature. Bless me, what a delightful morning it was! Joe declared it to be well worth the journey, if only to imbibe the invigorating morning air while we enjoyed the rugged mountain scenery. The sun soon threw his radiant beams over the mountain top, and the valley below, lighting up every dewy grass blade with a sparkling brilliancy, equally by nature in this charming mood of hers. How every little violet and buttercup nodded and fairly laughed as the crystal dewdrop rolled from its petals to the grass below, giving yet another merry sparkle ere it hid from the threatening sun. How nimble and jolly seemed the chipmunks, as they chased each other over the fences and disappeared into the stone piles with a merry chirruping as our proximity grew threateningly near. All nature seemed to be in perfect accord, and no disturbing element was anywhere manifested. Even the crows plucked the farmer's young corn, unmindful of our approach, seemingly conscious that no malice could prevail in the farmer's bosom at sight of their despoliation upon such a charming morning.

Reaching Brown's, we had returned since our last visit, his horse and buggy were prepared to carry us up the precipitous mountain road to the dam on Cedar Run. In and about this dam we fished all day long, bringing many fine fish to creel, and dining sumptuously, as on the day before. At dark we fished in the pool below the dam, and succeeded in raising many large fish that were too shy to rise to our flies during the day. At 9 o'clock we left the pool, entirely satisfied with the day's sport, and drove down the winding, rugged road toward our stopping place. Through the pale moonlight, which now and then appeared through the gathering, threatening clouds, we had glimpses of the valley, nearly a thousand feet below, where the thread-like, silvery stream meandered and rippled among the huge boulders. As we approached the larger valley of Pine Creek, loftier hills were seen fairer than the sky, and a noble blue cloud, floating over the face of the moon, left us in total darkness and in doubt as to the ability of our gentle animal to find his way along the narrow, winding road without precipitating us into the dark chasm below. At last we reached the valley, and Brown, having heard our shouting on the hills, appeared upon the opposite bank of the creek, lantern in hand—a sort of beacon light—to guide us safely onto the narrow, winding road. We had now accomplished two full days of angling, and, having taken an inventory of our feelings and desires, Joe and I concluded that we had had exercise enough, and fish we certainly had in abundance. Therefore we sought transportation for Antrim.

And right here commenced our troubles. A circus was advertised to spread its tents in Wellsboro, twenty-seven miles distant, on the following day, and as a consequence every spring wagon on Pine Creek was in demand, and was engaged by the dwellers along the creek to take them to the show. Not a vehicle of any sort or description could be had at any price. While we were debating what to do in such an emergency, the denizens of the valley had commenced their migration to the distant village, that they might be there early in the morning to see the show come in. Mrs. Brown and her niece had procured the horse and buggy which we had used during the day, and intended starting for the show grounds at 8 o'clock in the morning. At last a chap was found who was going to the show with a common farmer's wagon, without springs, and alone. He intended starting at 12 o'clock that very night, and Joe and I—blamed fools that we were—engaged to ride with him. At 1:30 o'clock, in the midst of a rain storm, that beat upon the sides of the wagon, and even the curtains shouted for us to depart. We piled our baggage and ourselves into his dirty farm wagon. Joe took a seat by the driver, while I occupied the rear of the long wagon box (when it stood still long enough), seated on top of my well-filled leather bag. For the first mile it became an exciting and somewhat interesting contest—to Joe—between myself and the black bag, as to which should get on top of the other the greater number of times in a given number of minutes. Joe professes to have kept tally, and dares me by saying that I kept my end up pretty well, considering the opportunity I had. That bag had a way of getting from under me, when we struck a rocky spot in the road (which unhappily occurred every rod or two), that would have demoralized a less determined spirit than mine. I could hear the poles in my ribs from the sides of the wagon, and even the curtains occasioned to my spine occasioned from the thumpings of the wagon's tail piece, for they scarcely ever struck precisely the same spot; but this everlasting sitting down in identically the same place on the wagon bottom as the black bag shot from under me to find its determined position in the opposite end of the wagon, was, to say the least, humiliating to one's feelings, and calculated to take the bottom out of the most spirited and plucky of individuals.

"But everything has an end." Never before was this saying so fully, so consciously, I might add, realized by me. And so came our ride to an end at last, for we reached Wellsboro at 9:30 in the morning—wet, hungry, sleepy, footsore (Joe says the sores are not properly located) and fully persuaded that, rather than repeat the ride, we would risk our bodily comfort in the regions of the damned.

At this writing we are at home. I haven't seen Joe, but hear that if his stock of brandy and brown paper holds out he expects to be at his usual place of business in the course of a week.

A singular story reaches me from the Pine Creek road, that it seems to have rained trout along that route last week. I do not pretend to account for the phenomenon, but I do know that not a trout was to be found in either of our creeks when we reached Wellsboro. And all this justifies my opening sentence.

—The other day, when a flock of wild geese passed over Virginia City, and landed in one of their circles, Oley, the log-bowman and "Lone Archer of the Sierra," sent a shaft snouted them. It was a long shot, but it was well aimed. It went whizzing through the air and penetrated one of the wings of a flyer, causing it to flutter and lose place. In the flock.—*Sacramento Bee.*

THE guns have had a long quarantine across the mounted head of a noble ship, which has been assigned to them as a post of honor. If they could only speak, they would no doubt tell me how weary they are of their ignoble inactivity, how they long for their measured rations to testify to the strength of their barrels, and to extend again their noisy welcome to the returning hosts of the winged wanderers of rivers and marshes. Their silent petition remains no longer unheeded; the latent enthusiasm of their master reawakens in its wonted force, and he gathers up at last his various implements of the sportsman's craft to equip himself for the coming holiday. He has anxiously waited for it for many a day, and he longs to listen again to the soft melodious drumming of the snipe, and to enjoy once more the delicious tremor which sets his nerves all vibrating, when the sound of the alarmed cry of the flushed bird strikes his ear.

It is, however, quite a long way to realize all of these anticipations. In the days of auld langsyne, a distance of a couple of hundred miles would have offered serious obstacles to a snipe shooting excursion. By help of our iron-bound highways distances have been marvelously lessened, and I am now enabled to reach the snipe lands in its speed. All inconveniences of old-fashion travel have likewise been blotted out, and the modern palace car is but a transformation of a fixed into a moving home, which traverses day and night hundreds of miles, while its occupants enjoy a comfortable night's rest. Such is now once more our own lot. The deeply-wooded hills around Lake Chautauqua soon fade into the distance, the rolling prairie of Iowa and Nebraska are reached, and we are soundly asleep, and by noon of next day the whole scenery has become entirely changed into the monotonous aspect by which the rolling prairies of Central Illinois are characterized. Severe competition has now brought railroads to such a standard of perfection that the majority are about equally good and afford all of the conveniences the most fastidious traveler could possibly exact. While this, however, is true as respects to passengers of the human species, the same can hardly be said in respect to their four-footed friends and companions who are in the case of the sportsman the most indispensable portion of his outfit. While sleeping and dining cars administered profusely to my own bodily wants, the rough and jarring floor of the baggage car had to substitute the comfortable home kennel of the poor animal in my charge. While this, however, is true as respects to ships, as long as we have the means of transportation, it is a preliminary to an enjoyable shooting trip. There is certainly a sore need for a few common sense regulations, which ought to govern the transportation of dogs on railroads, since they are there the more liable to accidents than under other circumstance. As, however, matters stand at present, no uniform steps toward amelioration of the many complaints made in respect to dogs have been taken. There is no doubt about the positive guarantee of their safety to the care of careless baggage masters, who, with few exceptions, are in no manner concerned about the comfort of the charges committed to their care, and charge on many roads purely arbitrary extortion fees. There are but a few isolated exceptions to this unwarranted mismanagement, and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern is to my knowledge the only road which has ventured to make a programme by which to adjust this difficulty. While traveling on it, the owner of the dog is insured against all accidents and loss, while a peremptory stop is put to the wholesale extortion which are on most roads practiced by baggage masters upon those whom circumstances place at their mercy. It would be well for many lines we could name, if they wish to increase their patronage, to adopt likewise the excellent rule made in this respect by the Lake Shore. It costs by it only the trifling sum of seventy-five cents to forward a dog the distance of more than 500 miles from Buffalo to Chicago. Over and above this signal reduction of average charges, a printed receipt is furnished which guarantees the owner in case of loss the payment of two hundred dollars, providing his property can be proven to be worth the same, or even more, if he chooses to press the claim. The owner is also insured. By giving the baggage master a trifling fee to insure his good-will, and the kind treatment of the dog committed to his care, he is sure to find a cozy, warm, resting corner and sufficient water and food to make his journey as comfortable as circumstances admit.

By payment of the usual extortion fees we landed at last, dog and all, at Chicago, which is, in the mind of the sportsman, the hunter's modern paradise, and though some grounds beyond it may be better than others, there is still an abundance of game along all of the roads leading from that city in any direction of the compass. Most of the river courses of the State offer excellent duck shooting, while also during fall and spring large bags of snipe are made on the immense tracts of alluvial lands which fringe their shores. There is no doubt that the large masses of migratory waterfowl which resort to the rivers and marshes of the middle belt of the United States follow chiefly two principal highways of migratory travel. One of these is along the lowlands of the coasts, where the shallow bays of the deeply indented shores afford an inexhaustible supply of food, while the other division takes its course along the great central artery of the continent, the Mississippi River, whence they deluge each of its immeasurable adjoining marshes, bayous and continents, which thus at proper seasons are literally swarming with water fowl of all kinds.

It is only a few hours of travel from Chicago to some of the best points on the Illinois River, which empties at Peoria into the Mississippi. We left at 10 o'clock in the morning, and enjoyed the same day a comfortable afternoon's shooting at the pleasantly situated town of Morris, where we obtained the first glimpse of the Illinois River. In the spring of the year, when its various feeders, the Fox, Des Plaines and Kankakee, are overflowing on account of the surplus of rains and melting snows, the Illinois River then truly ranks as a first-class water course. The beautiful valley along which it winds its way sometimes narrows and again widens until its bordering bluffs are often a distance of miles apart. As the river winds its way, the shores are low, they are everywhere fertile and are then converted into one vast sheet of water, which has thus, here and there, the appearance of a large lake, rather than that of a river with well defined shores.

There are also many islands dotting its surface. They have undoubtedly been converted into such, from a former peninsular condition by the eroding power of running water, which finds no obstacle for now channels during high floods in the soft and yielding nature of the soil through which it flows. They are mostly deeply wooded, and fringed with a heavy growth of willows, in virtue of which, particularly when overgrown, they offer the most tempting feeding and roosting grounds possible to thousands upon thousands of wild duck and geese, on their passage North or South.

Notwithstanding this great abundance of game, there are well defined times of the year when they are in full flight only, and during spring, even from the 25th of March to the 10th of April, the sportsman is apt to find the ducks gradually disappearing, and the snipe but sparsely arriving. The former come here in heavy flocks about the 5th of March, and from that time until the latter end of the month the sport is at its height. Toward the beginning of April, however, their ranks are getting thinned, and large bags of what are here called big ducks are no longer made. Where fifty mallards or more are in the beginning—a by no means surprising result of a day's sport—a dozen later on is all that can be reasonably expected from an average day's shooting. The weather is in the meantime still backward, and the snipe, which would more than compensate for the falling off of the big game, have not yet arrived to fill the gap. It is fair to assert, in regard to Central and Northern Illinois, that heavy snipe shooting can hardly be expected before the 15th of April. It is true that these birds often arrive as early as the latter end of March, but they are then merely the advance guard of the main body of the great army, which does not move until green streaks of vegetation variegates the monotonous aspect of the yellow and brown fringes of the river bottoms. The ground comes again to be covered with green, and in poor condition. They will not be well before the dog, and often rise at distances of over fifty yards or more, since they have not settled down to their proper feeding grounds, where later on they lie often close enough to bear approach within a few feet. In some of these respects they do probably not differ essentially from many other migratory species like the robin, whose cheery song may be heard in the early part of March, though it is not until the middle of the month that the body of these birds do not arrive until the beginning of April. The strongest, hardiest and most venturesome flyers arrive generally a few weeks in advance, and these are mostly, if not exclusively, composed of males. That such is the case in respect to many ducks is borne out by the testimony of the first receipts of the season in the game markets, which often display in early March assortments of hundreds of male mallards, the fine plumage of which would support the assumption that they are old birds, well qualified to endure long flights.

Arrived at Morris unfortunately about the time when many of the ducks had come and gone, and when snipe still luxuriated along the warm, food-teeming marshes of the northern part of the State. Where in the latter end of April bags of a hundred or even more could have been made in a single day, they have now to be made in a long and long tramp along as beautiful and tempting grounds as any sportsman could wish for. It is, however, but a short distance from there to Henry, Marshall County, which is one of the most famous duck localities of the State, and thither, to make up for disappointments in snipe, we wended next our way. But a few miles beyond that place is Chillicothe, where there are probably each spring a dozen or so waterfowl markets. The market there is one of the largest of the great game grounds east of the Mississippi. It seems to me that some restrictive laws should be passed to stop the immense slaughter made here by professional market hunters. As long as it is cold the game slaughtered by these destroyers reaches the great metropolitan markets in tolerably fair condition, but when a spell of warm weather intervenes, the ducks almost invariably find their way into the hands of the dealer, who, like so much putrid offal. The game dealer himself realizes no profits from a traffic subject to uncertainties of the weather, and thus in the nature of things pays prices far below the actual value which game as an article of choice food should command.

The market therefore becomes overstocked; tainted and fresh ducks are all mixed up indiscriminately, and sold finally at great losses to get rid of them. All this could be altered if properly controlled. The dealers could be allowed to keep their stock until the 1st of April. The continually increasing destruction wrought evermore upon them by professional loafers can lead in the long run only to their final extermination. The efficiency of firearms is now, moreover, much in advance of old-fashioned tools, and an army of pot-hunters armed with them now lines the whole length of the Illinois River, where formerly hardly a shot disturbed the flocks of passing ducks, which are now decimated in the most reckless manner.

The amount of havoc inflicted upon them may be estimated from the following statement. I was, while at Henry, assured on good authority that a party of from eleven to thirteen market hunters stationed at Chillicothe never averaged less for three weeks in early spring than 800 ducks each day. This is only one point of many, although probably one of the best, and the destruction of wild ducks will go on for some years to come in the most extravagant manner until the game is nearly exterminated. The enormous numbers of ducks which are being so rapidly disappearing, Henry is still at present a cozy corner for a sportsman. The accommodations which are to be had there at the Paskell House are unsurpassed by any in the State outside of the large cities, while its bill of fare rivals in excellence that of the best kept hotels in the country. It is but a step from its comfortable precincts to the noble, broad river, all teeming with life, and the proper and judicious use of the gun and the net may thus be enjoyed conjointly with the delights of excellent shooting. There are naturally quite a number of hunters living in and about that town. The most of them, however, make duck hunting their only specialty, as they find a ready market for their game; and although the prices paid for it are only nominal, they soon swell into respectable figures on account of the large bags, with every one of the ducks being sold for a dollar. A whole lot of dozen of canvas bags or mallards are frequently shot within a few hours, and nobody seems to consider it worth while to comment on such every-day occurrences. Smaller ducks are held in still lower esteem, and rank about the same among

Natural History.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FRASER RIVER SALMON.

BY MOWITCH—NO. II.

THE general opinion exists that these salmon die after spawning, prior to their return to the sea. My convictions are that this opinion, although strongly defended, is entirely an erroneous one, not supported by sufficient data or proof to establish its correctness. I am free to admit that a large number of salmon never return to the sea, and indeed the immense number found dead and in a dying condition in so many streams is an abundant evidence of this fact, but I contend that this circumstance is simply and wholly the result of natural causes, and not owing in the slightest degree to any inability to return to salt water. The facts of the case may be set forth as follows: From the time the fish leaves the ocean till it returns to it, no food or sustenance is taken (a fact proved beyond dispute), and on its way to the spawning beds its contact with rocks, gravel and other hard substances bruises and lacerates it from head to tail. In many instances you will see fish so lacerated and torn as to cause wonder that a fish in such a mutilated condition could make headway in still water, much less in continuing its course through the rough and rapid current encountered in the Fraser at almost every place fifty miles above its mouth. Then the spawning process is a great tax upon the physical powers of all fish, and indeed the same may be said to hold good as regards the act of reproducing their kind upon all animals, leaving them weak and helpless for the time being. Those persons that may have had the pleasures of fly-fishing accorded to them can not have failed to notice the difference between a salmon fresh from the sea and a kelt on a rod. Besides, this fresh water has, so to speak, a softening influence upon the flesh of salmon, destroying in this degree all the natural powers of the fish's body, and this to an appreciable and noticeable extent. Now the whole may be summed up in a very few words: The salmon who started from the sea full of health and vigor, strong in the body and strong in purpose, after many weary days, weeks, and in some cases months, of ceaseless toil vending its way up cataraets, rapids and falls, making leaps, and exercising powers that are as great as those of a jumper, bent upon the one sole purpose of depositing its ova in proper situations to enable the unerring laws of nature to be carried out, during the whole period taking no food to supply the wasting tissues strained to their utmost extent, finds itself sometimes hundred of miles away from its normal element, the wide ocean, emaciated, wasted, all most helpless, its fins and tail often so torn and lacerated as to be almost useless as means of locomotion. Still its purpose seems to last, and having fulfilled the highest purpose of its being, it now takes measures for its own preservation—namely, that of returning to the sea and there recuperating its wasted strength and health. However, each day it becomes more and more helpless; each day buffeted against cruel rocks that now, with its weak body, it is not able, as when in health and vigor, to avoid, so that it is almost sure to succumb to the blows and the noble salmon succumbs to the greater powers and dies. Its body is perhaps washed upon the shore of some stream, and so frequent are these cases and so large is the number of salmon who die in this way as to lead to the opinion that all Fraser River salmon die after spawning. Then comes a rich and bountiful harvest to the bears, coons and other carnivorous animals, while birds of prey, such as gulls, crows, ravens, buzzards, eagles, etc. become so surfeited as to be almost unable to fly. The settler's pig, if not securely penned, takes a hand in the free lunch so generously spread, and if he does not save, certainly he spoils his bacon, as nothing is more noxious than fishy pork, which evolves, during the process of cooking, an effluvia, to use a homely simile, "that would drive the dogs out of a tan yard." In nature, the salmon, after its long and weary journey, are lined to such an extent with dead and dying salmon and the air is polluted to such a degree as to almost make one swear to abjure salmon diet as rigidly as a Musselman does pork. Unquestionably those salmon that retain sufficient vital powers to enable them to return to the sea invariably do so, and this circumstance that came under my own observation goes a long way to establish the correctness of my views.

One autumn—during the month of October, if my recollection serves me right—the various creeks emptying into Burrard Inlet, an arm of the sea on the Gulf of Georgia, owing to the protracted drought were so low that salmon could not ascend them at the customary period of spawning. The inlet was fairly alive with salmon, most of them with their ova in a very advanced condition, ready for deposit in the sand, and as free to do so from the fish upon the slightest pressure. This state of affairs lasted for many days, and was the occasion of an occurrence that never took place during my residence on Burrard Inlet—a period of nine years—except this one year. A small fresh water pond, fed by the waste of a mill flume, was used for the purpose of storing saw-logs till wanted for use at the saw-mill, a half a mile or so below, when the logs were removed from the pond. This pond was made by running a dam across from two banks at about extreme high tide mark, and had a sluice gate in the middle, the gate (or stop log) being a matter of four or five feet above the highest run of tides at that particular season of the year. The salmon, driven to extremity, made use of the pond by leaping the gate and depositing their ova, after which they leaped the gate back into salt water, and none remained in the pond, which was proved in this way. The water escaped, owing to a break, about ten days or a fortnight afterward, leaving the pond dry, but no salmon were there, while large quantities of ova were visible at the upper end of the pond, the bottom of which was gravel to some extent. Now, were the former theory the true one, why did they not remain in the pond, where they saw an Indian one morning less than three hours later, catch over thirty salmon, gaffing them with a codfish hook fastened to the end of a twelve or fourteen foot pole, at the foot of this dam; so it will be seen I am not drawing conclusions

from an isolated or small number of cases. The necessity for using this pond occurred only for one season, and never have I known a salmon before or since to use the pond in question for spawning.

I believe that salmon return to the river of their nativity (perhaps not the particular tributary, but the main river) to spawn. In support of this I think it is worthy of mention that each river has its own kind of salmon. These are peculiar to itself alone, and these scaly gentlemen never seem to make a mistake, and go up the wrong one, as salmon that are peculiar to one river are each season of spawning to be found in such river, and in it alone. *Salmo gairdneri* has never been found in the Fraser, nor a suckeye in the Columbia. Some varieties spawn each year, others only alternate once. No disease has been observed in the salmon of this river beyond the maimed and diseased conditions above mentioned, caused by bruises and laceration. No parasites are attached to them after a few days' sojourn in fresh water. Salmon in the sea, and for a few days after entering the rivers, are sometimes infested with a parasite known as salmon lice, but these die and become detached shortly after being brought into contact with fresh water.

Their only natural enemy in fresh water is the leopard seal. These animals are few in number, and rarely ascend above tidal waters, so it might be said that the salmon, when once started on its upward journey, is free from enemies other than the *genus homo*, ranging from Mr. Leach with his primitive appliances seeks to secure enough for present use, and ensure food for himself and family during next winter. To the canny proprietor, who uses every endeavor to outvie his neighbor, and put up at least one thousand cases of forty-eight cans each during each day of the salmon season. Some idea of their immense numbers may be derived from this. One fisherman of my acquaintance caught with a drift net, one hundred fathoms in length, eight hundred and fifty-three salmon on a ten hours' drift. This of course was an outside catch, but five hundred to six hundred is not uncommon. I have seen salmon bellies—the choice portion for salting—hawked about the streets of the town of Yuh in seasons of big runs, and sold for one dollar per hundred, each belly of course representing one fish, the back portion being invariably thrown away, but sometimes dried by the Indians for winter use.

(To be continued.)

CAPT. MAY WARBLEB (*D. Tigrina*).—A specimen of this extremely rare *Dendroica* was obtained here yesterday. I send it to you that savant ornithologists may, if they desire, hold an inquest as to identity. I have not hitherto met this beautiful and rare bird anywhere in this Province. American naturalists seem to know little of its habits or migratory movements. Samuels says of it: "This bird is so exceedingly rare in New England that it can be regarded as a stranger. Of its habits I know nothing, and I can give no description of its nests and eggs." May this pretty stranger be regarded as new, and recorded an addition to our Quebec fauna? I think so. J.N. Quebec Morning Chronicle.

Maynard records having found this beautiful little warbler inhabiting the large coniferous forests of Maine, but we do not remember before hearing of its presence so far north as Quebec.

DO SNAKES HISS?—Richmond, Va., May 21st.—The belief is almost universal that snakes hiss. The "hissing serpent" is almost as common a phrase as the "unerring rifle" and yet I am by no means sure that serpents ever hiss, and am certain that rifles are never unerring. In nature, I have never heard of a snake hissing, and I have usually intimate with the snakes indigenous to this latitude, but have never heard one hiss, and do not think that I ever met a man who would affirm that he himself had heard them hiss. It may be thought sacrilegious to cast a doubt upon such a time-honored belief, but I should like to know the truth. ENQUIRER.

We certainly have always believed that some species of snakes hiss—*Heterodon platyrhinos*, for example; but should be glad to have the question here raised decided by the observations of the many field naturalists among our readers.

A CURIOUS ACCIDENT.—While out trout fishing in May, my friend M. and myself observed a very curious accident in nature. A song sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*), in trying to fasten a wire hair for her nest, one end of which was imbedded in the soft ground, got the noose around her neck in a way that it formed a running noose, and when we saw her first she was making frantic efforts to free herself, every one of which only served to tighten the noose around the poor bird's neck. We caught her and took off the hair, for which service she was apparently very thankful. We made an examination of the hair and found that the whole thing was an accident and not the trick of some country boy, as we at first supposed. E. B. GLEASON.

Elmira, N. Y.

LINEAN SOCIETY.—The Linnean Society on May 15th dissolved for the summer, to meet again probably in October or November. Among papers read at the last meetings were the following: One by Mr. S. D. Osborne on the Fringillidae which breed on Long Island. Eighteen species were given, though of a few the nest had not actually been taken. In this category occurred the names of the savanna sparrow (*Passerculus sandwichensis*), black throated bunting (*Spiza americana*) and rose-breasted grosbeak (*Contopus richardsonii*). The most common breeding sparrow, at least along the south side of the island, was stated to be the vesper sparrow, though both species of *Ammodramus* were also characterized as abundant breeders. The breeding season of the sharp-tailed finch, however, commenced earlier and continued much later than that of the seaside. A nest of the purple finch was recorded as having been taken at Bayside by Mr. Peersall, and several recent nests of the Cardinal grosbeak (*Cardinalis cardinalis*), from Staten Island, were mentioned. August 18th was given as an late date for fresh eggs of the goldfinch (*Astragalinus tristis*). Mr. H. B. Bailey gave some interesting facts about our common snowbird

game as perch does in comparison with black bass. Canvas backs will often visit this locality in great numbers, and as many as seventy-five have been known to be bagged by a single gun in one day. It is not natural that such circumstances give rise to perfection in all of the outfit necessary to the duck hunters' craft, particularly in respect to boats. While here we had the loan of one designed and built by Mr. Doty, an ardent and true sportsman, as evidenced by his being one of the few resident subscribers to *FOREST AND STREAM*; as well as a most accomplished shot. The excellence of his boats, designed and built by him, seems to deserve here a few passing comments. They were of the conventional type, which admirably combines lightness with absolute tightness, and to it are joined firmly the upper parts of pine wood. Having sharp stems and sterns tapering off in long symmetrical lines, they cut the water like an arrow, while their broad beam renders shooting as steady as on terra firma.

While there is no fear of capsizing, as so frequently happens in cranky skiffs, the sense of comfort and enjoyment becomes complete, since the labor of rowing them is reduced to a minimum on account of the lightness and structure.

The great first flights of mallards and canvas backs had already gone northward when I arrived, and the principal shooting was confined to the smaller species. I had not considered here of little or no consequence. The principal bulk of the canvas backs consisted of black, albinos, broadies, blue and green-winged teal, the redheads with a slight sprinkling of shovellers, widgeons, blue hills, wood ducks and whistlers. A few mallards appeared to be lingering still, and flocks of twenty or more were often flushed from near the margins of the many densely wooded and now overgrown islands which dot the surface of the river. They would, however, decoy only exceptionally, and were of little value from experience sufficient wisdom to avoid lurking dangers.

We carried, on this occasion, as well as on many other previous excursions, a twelve gauge Fox gun, with which, though light and insignificant looking alongside of the ten bore guns used here universally, I succeeded in making as long shots at the heavily feathered ducks as could possibly be expected from guns of far heavier calibre. I have never used this faithful and efficient instrument for more than three years, and although convinced that many others of foreign manufacture shoot equally well, I never saw it surpassed by any in close pattern and penetration. With small loads, never exceeding four drachms of Hazard's American Sporting Powder, I succeeded time and again in tumbling down passing mallards far beyond reasonable distances, and all this with no heavier loads than an ounce of number six chilled shot. Although I have fired several thousand shots from it, and subjected it to the roughest of field usage in expeditions extending from Labrador to Kentucky, it shows now no more signs of wear and tear than it did when newly purchased. The great defect of so many otherwise excellent breech-loaders is that they become shaky in the breech. This serious defect never affected the Fox gun, since in the case of my own, the sliding movement, the strain which rests in the breech, chiefly upon their breech, is entirely relieved. If, however, by some odd chance or long wear, looseness should happen, there is an ingenious contrivance attached to the barrels in the shape of a compensator, which, when adjusted, will restore quickly the original tightness of the barrels. The excellence of the workmanship of this gun, however, so perfect that in my own, even to the present time, no need has existed for it, nor probably will be by appearances for many years to come. Experience and rough usage afford certainly the most reliable tests, and all who ever used it will continue to use this unsurpassed gun, which reflects the highest credit upon American workmanship, will heartily endorse these assertions. It is for the most part made from interested motives, and in favor of far off manufacturers, but from experience based upon solid facts, which in themselves afford the best criterion of true merit.

While ducks are plentiful, spring snipe are apt to be scarce, and although I had come here with high anticipations of making large bags, I must confess to severe disappointments in that respect. The best looking grounds about here are covered with hundreds of these delights of the sportsman ought to have far off managers, but are deserted, and but rarely the scarp of any hunter's gun would break upon the stillness of the air. Paltry lots of a dozen or so would be the highest reward of a hard day's work through swamp and mire. In a couple of weeks I could have possibly bagged a hundred or more with ease when once they are in full flight. It seems strange that the main body of them will huger so long southward, where the great bulk of other migrating birds has already arrived, including, say late visitors as the blue heron, the barn swallow, and all of the species of rails. Of the latter, the least rail (*Porzana noveboracensis*) is, in truth, well named, as it is the least of its genus and also the least of all game birds, if entitled to that honorable distinction, in virtue of allowing a hunter's dog to come to a firm point before it. An excellent setter dog I had along with me, which actually no less than four of these singular birds alive, and above retrieving several others which he pointed and were shot. This would be sufficient evidence that the least rail has by no means a limited geographical distribution, and is not confined alone to the Eastern States. The error which has obtained in this respect is probably due to the fact that it is very scarce, and that it never comes unless actually forced by accident or by some keen-nosed snipe dog. The small size of the bird also causes many sportsmen, even if they come across it, to overlook it or regard it with indifference, and they are generally reluctant to expend any ammunition upon it. It breeds, no doubt, as far West as the Mississippi, to judge from specimens I succeeded in obtaining during former journeys here near Cairo and at Clinton, Iowa. The specific designation of *Noveboracensis* might be then fully altered and *Mississippiensis* substituted in harmony with its common English name. It arrives early in April, and I remember having shot one specimen of it at Clinton upon solidly frozen ground on the second day of that month. CHAS. LINDEN.

—Hon. Robt. B. Roosevelt has given \$100 to the Tilton Memorial Fund. A notice of this Fund will be found on our editorial page.

with intent to sell, any lobster less than ten and one-half inches in length, measurement to be taken from the extremity of the body to the other, exclusive of claws or feelers, shall, for every such offense, be subject to a fine of \$5; and in all prosecutions under this act the possession of any lobster not of the length herein prescribed shall be *prima facie* evidence to convict. Sec. 2. All forfeitures accruing under this act shall be paid one-half to the person making the complaint, and one-half to the city or town where the offense was committed. Sec. 3. This act shall take effect on June 1st, 1880."

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

FRESH WATER.	
Trout, <i>Salmo fontinalis</i> .	Muskellunge, <i>Esox nubilosus</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> .
Salmon Trout, <i>Salmo conflens</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .
Land-locked Salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .	
SALT WATER.	
Sea Bass, <i>Centropomus atavicus</i> .	Maskinonge, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
Sheepshead, <i>Cynoscion nebulosus</i> .	Spanish Mackerel, <i>Scomber maderianus</i> .
Flounder, <i>Platichthys flesus</i> .	Coho, <i>Oncorhynchus kisutch</i> .
Bluefish, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Booby, <i>Sterna fuscata</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Kingfish, <i>Motacilla nebulosa</i> .
Weakfish, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .	

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

—Mr. L. L. Hubbard's "Summer Vacations at Moosehead Lake" should be consulted by all who wish accurate information about the waters of Northern Maine. See the advertisement elsewhere.

SEA TROUT FISHING.—*Boston, June 12th.*—Allow me to add an item to your very valuable fish and game directory. Such of your readers as desire good sea trout fishing, with pleasant surroundings and moderate prices, can board at a good hotel, kept by an obliging landlord, can find just what they desire at Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. The best time is from July 1st to Aug. 1st. The fish are very game, and range in size from one to five pounds. The hotel is kept by Mr. James Fennel, who will also furnish boats and guides. Guides charge from \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day, including boat, less rates if they are engaged by the month. For any further information address James Fennel, Tadousac, P. Q., Canada. Tadousac is reached by rail to Quebec, and thence by boat down the beautiful St. Lawrence. Fare from Quebec to Tadousac, \$3.50; distance, 112 miles, which is done in daylight, giving a chance to enjoy the scenery.

W. M. B.

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, QUEBEC, June 8th.—Since the middle of May I have been rambling around the waters of this country with a seven ounce green-heart in hand after *Salmo fontinalis*. Brook fishing has been good, but pond (small lakes) fishing but medium. Last Thursday night I brought up at French's Hotel, Scotstown, and the next morning, with W. J. McDuff, a Vermont guide, I visited the bay, where I camped that night near the mouth of Mountain Brook, and Saturday night returned to the hotel. I fished but a few hours each day; my catch weighed thirty-four pounds. I saw one otter and moose, deer and beaver signs in plenty. Yesterday I went up to the still waters on the Salmon River, where I caught in a few hours twenty pounds of fine trout, ranging from one quarter to one and three quarter pounds each. Five pounds per day could be taken on a favorable day at the "Boys" by any good fly-fisherman if he felt so disposed. I saw numerous deer signs on the Salmon River, at the "Boys." I also saw a large number of black and wood ducks, both young and old.

Railroad fare to Scotstown from Sherbrooke, \$2, return ticket. Hotel, \$1 per day. W. J. McDuff's terms, \$1 or \$1.25 per day. A few large trout are taken in the rapids in front of the hotel. These waters are seldom visited by expert fly-fishers.

STANSTEAD.

CONNECTICUT LAKES.—Chester writes that the spring has opened favorably, with all promise for an excellent season's fishing. In the early spring deer were unusually abundant about the lake and the trail toward the settlement. Caribou also showed themselves in unusual numbers, and the moose have enjoyed a winter of undisturbed retirement, perhaps the best of evidence is that none have been seen. *Alce americana* loves to be let alone, and unless driven by invasion from his retreats, leaves to the deer and caribou the risky snow-time habit of occasionally straying into the vicinity of the settlements.

Uncle Tom has been making some improvements about his camp, and the comfort of his little circle of summer friends. Those friends will be glad to know, however, that in spite of slightly enlarged capacity his place shall still remain the same most characteristic hunters' camp that it has been, and none the less in keeping with the spirit of the forest in which it stands. R.

CONNECTICUT.—*Putnam, June 10th.*—The Hon. Charles Cleveland and Eugene Wheelock, Esq., have started on a monthly vacation among the trout brooks of Northern Maine. These gentlemen are true sportsmen. They have promised us a weekly report of their rambles, which I shall send to you. G. F. W.

ADIRONDACK TROUT FISHING.—*Moirs, N. Y., June 7th.*—Trout fishing is at its best, now in the little streams and ponds in this vicinity of the Adirondacks. Several parties from here have been up to both branches of the St. Regis Rivers, and all report the fishing splendid. Two that went to the Sixteen-mile Level, above Blue Mountain, caught a nice lot of large trout with a fly; twenty out of one hole near Indian Rock. They say the deer are very plenty now along the level, and that they saw five during the three days they were there. I intend to go up there the last of the month and stop several weeks in that vicinity. The trout fishing is better this month, but the black flies are not so bad in July as now, and one can find plenty of good fly-fishing then. I wish to say to those thinking of coming to the northwestern part of the

Adirondacks this season that they will find Brushston the best place to leave the cars to go to the hunting and fishing grounds. There is a good hotel within a few steps of the depot which has a good liveried attaché, and there is also another lively stable in the place, so parties will be able to get a suitable conveyance at any time to go to any part of the woods. It is as near and nearer to the hunting and fishing grounds than any station on the railroad except Moira, which is the same, but is a larger village than the latter, which is half a mile from the depot, and has no lively stable at present. The distance from it to the Blue Mountain House is twenty-four miles. A letter addressed to Giles' Hotel, Brushston, Franklin County, N. Y. (Edward Litchfield, proprietor), will reach it.

A. CORNISH.

NEW YORK.—*Constatleville, Lewis Co., June 7th.*—Fish Creek is a beautiful stream and full of trout. It rises above Lowville, and flows into Oneida Lake. It is sixty-five miles in length, and the angler will find excellent fishing all the way, with good camping grounds every few miles. Excellent accommodations may be secured at private houses at \$1 per day. In six hours of fishing the other day I caught six trout, weighing respectively thirteen, fifteen, nine, fifteen and twelve ounces, and sixty others weighing five and three-quarter pounds. My companion caught one hundred and twenty-five fish. Visitors may come here via Utica, Black River Railroad, thirty-five miles, \$1.40; stage to Constatleville, eight miles, fifty cents; lively to the creek, eight miles, \$5 for party of six, there and return. A pair of shoes with hob nails should be provided for wading. Parties desiring further information may address P. O. Box 73.

H. S. B.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.—*River St. Lawrence, Cape Vincent, N. Y.*—Here are to be found almost every species of fresh water fish. The gamy bass and the voracious pickerel are captured in large quantities, and it must be a poor fisherman who cannot secure a good sized string of these fish almost every day. The great sport, however, in this vicinity, is to capture a muskellunge—the king of fresh water fish. Enormous specimens have been caught here—one weighing as high as seventy-two pounds and many others varying from thirty pounds up, and a host of smaller ones. During the season of bass fishing, the number caught is almost incredible, from fifty to sixty per day being a fair average for the expert angler, and in many cases exceeding these figures. There are a large number of fishing boats manned by oarsmen who are not only familiar but able to conduct the pleasure seeker to the very best fishing grounds, and at moderate prices. In addition, the new and fast steam yacht *Reindeer* will make Cape Vincent her headquarters during the season of 1878, and will be ready at all times to tow fishing skiffs and their occupants to any portion of the river at moderate rates, and will also take excursion parties when desired. In the fall this is the duck hunters' paradise. The waters of the adjacent bays are black with water fowl, and the hunter cannot fail to succeed in his quest. In the fall this is the species of game are to be found in their appropriate season.

The Rathbun House is situated on a pleasant site, commanding a splendid view of the River St. Lawrence, and in close proximity to that noble stream. The rooms are commodious and cool during the hottest weather.

IOWA.—*Manchester, June 7th.*—The black bass season opened June 14th, and every boy and man who had a rod was on the banks of the Maquoketa with a soft-shelled crab or minnow. The catch indicates great hauls of large bass. A string of eight or ten, weighing from one pound to four and a half, was a very great string. The waters are up again, and the sportsmen will have to wait patiently until the rivers run down. We have the finest bass fishing in the State. We have ten dams within the county, containing two hundred acres, all filled with bass, old and young. The fishways, under the State law, will make Iowa the leading State for fish. Her waters are pure and sweet for all kinds of game fish. The Maquoketa runs through the country, and is made up of springs of pure water. During the trout, of March, 1879, are nine inches long and weigh seven ounces.

S. G. V.

FLY-FISHING FOR SHAD.—*New York.*—A short time ago there appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM a short letter from ("I think") Hamilton "on fly-fishing for shad, which was followed by a request from me to give further particulars, etc., and which you were kind enough to insert with a few lines of your own, calling on the "shad anglers" to impart their views through these columns—for which please accept thanks. Now it seems to me that the "shad fly-fishers" must be very scarce or very churlish not to have responded to your call before this. I am somewhat interested in the matter, as I have been repeatedly asked by sportsmen and amateurs that shad will not take the hook, no matter what lure, whether natural or artificial. It is useless for me to quote the FOREST AND STREAM against them, as the slight weight of evidence therein contained up to the present has not been sufficient to convince them. Am rejoiced to learn by the last FOREST AND STREAM that a shad has been caught in the Raritan by fly, and sincerely hope the good word will go bravely on until it will be no new thing to get a fine string of fish with the fly-rod.

SHADO.

CANADIAN RESORTS.

QUEBEC, March 10th.

VERY many of my American brethren of the rod and gun visit Canada during the winter season, some in search of health, some for the pleasure of travel, and some again to enjoy a little sport. With many of the latter class it is a question often asked, Where shall we go for the best fishing or shooting? To help such in their choice a little general information of the best fishing and shooting grounds may not come amiss. Beginning at the extreme western point of the Province is the Nepigon River, famous for its trout fishing, which is now well known all over the Union. Coming east there are several small streams running into Lake Huron, which perhaps are well fished, but which during the early part of the season afford fine sport. Of these the Sydenham, Saugeen and Silver Creek are trout streams, and can be

fished from Owen Sound or Southampton. The Maitland is a fine river for black bass in May and the early part of June; there are a number of small streams containing trout that run into it; any of these can be fished from the town of Goderich. A little further south is the Au Sauble, the river "tant Mieux" in Canada for black bass and pike in May, June or September—reached from Widder Station on the Grand Trunk Railway. This is also a good duck ground in late fall, and at same time snipe are plentiful. The next points are the fishing and hunting grounds of St. Clair flats; these are too well known to need description. A little further east is the Thames; this river is only mediocre. Like many others, it has been spoiled by dams and refuse from mills and works of various kinds. It is one that can be marked "Ich-abod," and so not worth going to. Rounding the end of the peninsula we come to the shooting ground of Point Pelee with its duck marshes of 3,000 acres, which affords good sport in some seasons, but is uncertain. Our next stopping place is the shooting ground of Long Point, which holds the best duck ground in Canada. This ground is strictly preserved by a company of gentlemen who have leased the whole of the marshes from the Government, but shooters can have access to it under certain circumstances—reached from Woodstock on the Great Western Railway, via the Port Dover and Lake Huron Railway. Here I may say that the whole of the western peninsula shooting grounds is one of the best quail grounds in the country, while wild turkeys are fairly plentiful in the counties of Essex, Kent and Lambton. Again taking up our journey eastward on the lake shore, the Grand River is the next stopping place. Here are found snipe, woodcock and ducks in season, while black bass, pike, muskellunge, etc., are plentiful—reached from Dunnville Station on the Grand Trunk Railway.

For bass fishing in the Niagara is too well known to need mention, so we cross to Toronto, and there take the road to Muskoka, with its trout fishing, its black bass, muskellunge and pike fishing, and its fine deer shooting in the fall; or take the Toronto and Nepissing road, and go north to Coboonk and the back lying townships, where there is also fine trout fishing and deer shooting to be found. From these places one can reach the town of Cobourgs, and from there go to Rice Lake and the lakes adjacent, where will be found fair shooting in fall and good fishing in summer, but neither of them what they used to be. Then anywhere along the River St. Lawrence, from Belleville to Brockville, will be found noted grounds for all kinds of fish, except trout; while the flight shooting for ducks about the points of the islands, especially in spring, is very good.

A paying trip back from the river can be made on the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, and fine bass fishing found at comparatively small expense. Arriving at St. Anne's we find the mouth of the Ottawa River, but if questioned about the fishing the answer resolves itself into this: "Too much sawdust, too little fish." There are some small rivers that run into it—notably the Rouge—where a night's hunting would visit for bass, but in my opinion this game is not worth the candle, which can be applied to all the streams about Montreal or within easy reach of it.

We are now in Lower Canada, and going down the river the first place is Sorel Marshes for duck, snipe, etc., and the St. Maurice River, at Three Rivers, for bass, pike, etc., but neither of these places would pay anyone to go a distance for all that is to be got. This last named place, a journey of eight or ten days from Montreal, is the old city of Quebec, which is the starting point for all the rivers of the lower St. Lawrence. These are all preserved and rented by Government to such as have time and wealth to spend in the pursuit of the lordly salmon, but as they are out of the reach of the average sportsman I will not take up space in describing them. From Three Rivers anglers can be taken up into the park of the Muskoka townships, but they entail considerable expense, and it is almost a necessity that a person understands the French language. Of course, interpreters can easily be found, but one cannot take them everywhere, and it is not nice, when you ask a man a question, to see his shoulders elevate to his ears, and listen to an answer as unintelligible to you as your question was to him, unless it is comprised in the three words, "Je comprende pas."

AU SAUBLE.

The Kennel.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

COLLEY REX IN THE STUD.—We call attention to notice in another column of Rex having been placed in the stud. Rex is a descendant of the best dogs in Great Britain, and his progeny have proved to be of the purest character. He was claimed at the catalogue price at the show, but Mr. Lindsay refused to part with him. This is a rare opportunity for anyone owning a first-class bitch to produce good stock.

THE ST. BERNARD AS A FIELD DOG.—I have often wondered if the St. Bernard dog, either pure breed or crossed, has any special merits for general hunting purposes. Specimens of the breed are everywhere, and dog breeders and at bench shows I have never heard that they possessed any value as hunters, but my experience with the only specimen I have known intimately—and that only a half breed, its mother being a cross between a bull and mastiff—has led me to ask the question. I was spending the summer in Northern Michigan to recruit my health. The gentleman with whom I stopped had been to the country and its game, and after many trials seemed to have secured perfection itself. It was a splendid animal, weighing about 125 pounds, with massive jaws and muscles like an athlete. He had scent enough to follow a warm track readily, and was so intelligent and well broken that he seemed to understand and promptly obey every word or gesture. He would not more chase deer than he would a sheep, but was a terror to all other kinds of game. He was instant death to a coon or woodchuck, and the biggest badger or wild cat in the woods was no match for him, though he carried numerous scars as souvenirs of his encounters

with these animals. It was, however, as a bear hunter that his virtues were displayed at their best. No bear could make any long run with that dog at his heels, for at every step it was in danger of being hamstrung, while the dog was anxious to keep a proper distance from the bear's paws. This dog had the principal characteristics of the smooth-coated St. Bernards, and I should like to know if FOREST AND STREAM or any of its readers have had any experience with this dog as a hunter.

CORK.

We have never heard of the St. Bernard being used in the field either in England or America, but in Scotland the St. Bernard has proved a very valuable deer stalker in the well-known forest of Glentworth.

A TRIBUTE TO "PUP."

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31st.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

The following tribute to a faithful hound may not be deemed unworthy of a place in your columns. The sous-briguet, "Pup," began with him, and ended with him. I never knew a better dog. His achievements were among the hills and in the woodland range along the valley of the beautiful Kanawha. Many were the foxes that surrendered to the fleetness of his foot and the unerring certainty of his nose. We have some good dogs—he was the greatest Roman of them all. A pair of his youngsters promises the early adornment of my small pack, and a strain of his blood is prized above anything our section can boast:—

Hear! all ye lovers of the chase,
Who follow black, tan, pied, or red,
The best and noblest of his race:
The Prince of dogs, old "Pup," is dead!
No more will Joppling's cooing ring
His accents clear at early morn;
No more his eyes will brightness bring,
Responsive to Oak Leaves' horn;
Van Buren's voice on the hill top high,
May greet the Nimrod in the chase,
Delaney's yell from mountain nigh,
Give cheer and relish to the race;
From Mathew's Branch to old Sulfield,
Red fox or gray may frequent go,
With foot or ken that ne'er did yield
To man or dog, nor fast nor slow.
The old peach orchard on the hill,
May, listening, hear the opening pack;
The Laurel Hollow o'er the rill,
Resounding, give the echoes back;
Jeff, Plunder, Crowder, and the rest,
With Sertorius' Branch to long the reins,
While Fleet and Watkins, with a zest,
Make rapid pace with fox and hounds.
Like hurricane or cyclone driven,
By measureless, eternal wrath,
With lightning's flash, in bounty given,
To 'luminate the reckless path,
The eager pack may sweep the plains,
As swift as wings of love or light,
The featless horsemen lose the reins,
And lash his charger on to "sight."
But never over log or rail,
Will fox evade, or dog pursue,
A quicker or a colder trail,
Than, wind or storm, old "Pup" would do.
No pointer he, nor setter sly,
To steal on unsuspecting prey—
But loud he raised his battle cry,
A warning, as he sought the fray,
Descended from an ancient brood,
Unflinching, told he stood the test;
He vindicated royal blood,
Nor found his peer among the best.
His voice was music on the air,
As he through mazes fast did wind;
His nose wrought out the hidden trail,
His foot left little tracks behind;
His "bottom" never knew a flag,
In mountain, thicket, heath or vale,
By deepening gorge or lofty crag,
He followed, fate-like, on the trail.
Now, all ye hunters, mark the spot,
Where lies the friend who served you well,
In chase, or out, forget him not!
He stood by you until he fell.
His life was long, his labors hard,
*None men he never owned a foe;
He leaves a fame no blenheim marred,
He's gone where all the good dogs go.

J. E. K. (W. T.)

THE COCKER JUDGING.—Boston, June 10th.—*Editor Forest and Stream*:—Your correspondent, "Cocker," in issue of June 3d, is wrong in finding fault with the judge and judging of the "cocker class" at the last New York show, for the very simple reason that there was no such class. The fault, if any, should be found with the classification, which let us examine.

In 1877, the first year of the New York show, there were four classes for spaniels—namely, Irish water spaniels, retrieving spaniels other than Irish cocker spaniels, field spaniels of any other breed, dogs and bitches being in the same class.

In 1878, besides the foregoing, the dogs and bitches were separated and two extra classes made, one for clumber spaniels and one for cocker spaniel puppies. This was a step in the right direction, but was immediately followed by a very decidedly backward one, for in 1879 the Irish water spaniels—dogs and bitches—were thrown into the same class, and cocker and field spaniels placed together. This was the classification for 1880.

In previous years had the cockers in a separate class, and having thus formed our ideas of what a cocker should be, it is rather hard to have them upset by this, to us, new classification, though it has the sanction of such high authority as Stonehenge, who says, in speaking of the modern cocker, "the above title includes every

kind of field spaniels except the Sussex and clumber."

I hope in future shows we shall have a separate class for cockers. In regard to the particular case as to the award of first prize not being given to a cocker the facts are these:

A protest was received by the Board of Appeals and it was claimed that the judge had acknowledged that the winner had considerable English water spaniel blood, and was not a cocker, and therefore was not entitled to the award. Mr. Dalziel stated to the Board that the class was open to all kinds of field spaniels, not being confined to cockers, and in his opinion the prize winner was the best, although decidedly not a cocker. Surely, under the classification no fault could be found with him.

CORWEB.

THE DOG BREAKING ARTICLES.—*Piedmont on Hudson, June 14th.*—*Editor Forest and Stream*:—I, with several others, wish to know if you are going to publish in pamphlet or book the articles on dog breaking appearing in *FOREST AND STREAM*, since I hope you will, as they are the best and most humane I have ever seen. Your readers do not have to wade through a couple of hundred pages to find out what they want; the thing is in a nut-shell, and to the point. Many things the articles contain are entirely new.

W. F. S.

HORNELL COCKER CLUB.—*Hornellville, N. Y., June 7th.*—A kennel club was organized here May 24th. It is to be called the Hornell Cocker Club, and its aim will be to breed cocker spaniels as near perfection as possible, and to train them for the field. The members had great trouble to get stock that was anywhere near the standard, and it would surprise you to see some of the trash that was sent here on approval.

J. O. F.

A JUST SENTENCE.—John Flynn, of White Plains, has been sentenced to three months in the Albany Penitentiary for cutting off the ear of a dog left in charge of Benjamin S. Dick by a New York gentleman. The dog was a setter, valued at \$150. He is ruined as to value.

MR. WANMAKER'S ENGAGEMENT.—A. H. Moore Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa., has engaged Mr. E. S. Wanmaker, of Cool Spring, N. C., as field trainer for the Moorefield Kennels.

—Mr. W. F. Muchmore has moved from his old home at Basking Ridge, to Convent Station, Morris Co., N. J., where he is now prepared to take dogs to board for the season.

—*"The British Bloodhound"* is the title of a new book which is to be shortly published, from the well-known pen of Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N., author of *"The Practical Kennel Guide," "Dogs and the Public," "Ladies' Dogs,"* etc., etc. This will be the first book on this subject that has ever appeared. The Doctor has set himself to the task, and assisted by the best breeders of the day, by many old manuscripts and sketches, and by documents never before printed, he flatters himself he has produced a really sterling work, and one that cannot fail to be read with interest by every one who loves a dog.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Robin Adair and Pansy*—Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellville, N. Y., claims the names of Robin Adair and Pansy for his liver and white cockers, dog and bitch, by Wildair, out of Fannie, *Jimmy*—Miss Pauline Cohn, of Hornellville, N. Y., claims the name of Jimmy for her pure liver colored cocker puppy, by Wildair, out of Brooklyn, *Zampa*—Mr. F. Todd, of Portland, Me., claims the name of Zampa for his liver pointer puppy, by Mr. E. Culver's Duke (Frank-Quail II.), out of Mr. P. Lambreyer's Queen (Ben II.-Nellie).

BRED.—*Norah-Rory O'More*—Mr. Chas. H. Dayton's (Peekskill, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Norah to Mr. W. N. Callender's Rory O'More. *Nellie Horton-Tom*—Mr. George E. Browne's (Dedham, Mass.) Gordon setter bitch Nellie Horton—Munn's Duke of Gordon-Tilly's Dream—to Mr. C. E. Bailey's Gordon setter Tom—Major Stockton's Dash—Sally—*Flora-Rex*—Mr. John W. Burgess' (Orange, N. J.) imported Scotch colley bitch Flora to Mr. Lindsay's Rex, first prize winner, New York, 1880. *Delta-Tony*—Mr. H. W. Livingston's Delta to Owner's Ray.

SALES.—*Daisy Dean*—The Hornell Cocker Club sold on June 3d the black and white cocker bitch Daisy Dean (Wildair-Fannie) to Mr. M. P. McKoon, Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y.; also black and white dog puppy, by Wildair-Dolly. *Gipsy-Rory O'More* (whelp)—Mr. Chas. W. Bostwick, of Hudson, N. Y., has just purchased from Mr. Wm. N. Callender, of Albany, a Gipsy-Rory O'More puppy. *Connaught*—Mr. W. N. Callender has sold to Mr. W. F. Bentler, of Albany, N. Y., his red Irish setter puppy Connaught (Rory O'More-Margaret). *Chadwick*—Mr. W. N. Callender has sold to Mr. L. C. Murdock, Southampton, L. L., his red Irish setter puppy Chadwick (Rory O'More-Margaret). *Munster*—Mr. W. N. Callender has sold to District-Attorney L. Hotelling, of Albany, N. Y., his red Irish setter puppy Munster (Rory O'More-Margaret).

DEATHS.—*Sport*—Mr. E. F. Merrellott, of this city, has lost by distemper his prize liver and white pointer Sport. *Neva*—Mr. Fisher Howe, Jr., of West Hampton, L. I., lost on the 6th inst. his pointer bitch puppy Neva (Strong's Pete-Princess). Neva received second in her class at New York Show, 1880.

WHELPS.—*Clytie*—St. Louis Kennel Club's Clytie whelped on June 3d ten puppies—six dogs and four bitches—by East-Queen Bess—Mr. W. N. Callender's (Rory O'More-Kenard, Albany, N. Y.) Queen Bess whelped on May 31st nine beautiful puppies—five dogs and four bitches—by Champion Rory O'More. *Rose*—Dr. Wm. Jarvis (Claremont, N. H.) red Irish setter bitch Rose, Champion Palmerston-Florea, whelped on May 26th six puppies—four dogs and two bitches—by Champion Elcho. The puppies are all red, of course, and perfect beauties.

—*Trench* Show scoring cards, with complete table of points, by Edward J. Forster, Secretary Massachusetts Kennel Club. By the table, the value of the various points of any breed, according to Stonehenge, can be seen at a glance. Twenty-five cents per package, or live packages for \$1, prepaid. Send currency or stamps. Address Edward J. Forster, Charlestown, Mass.

Cricket.

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FIXTURES.

June 18, Prospect Park.—Manhattan vs. St. George's.
June 18, Stenton.—Staten Island (2d) vs. Young America (2d).
June 18, Stenton.—Germanatown vs. Young America.
June 19, Haverford.—Chestnut Hill vs. Morian.
June 19, Hoboken.—Girard vs. St. George's.
June 19, Chester.—Oxford vs. Chester City.
June 19, Baltimore.—Baltimore vs. Belmont.
June 19, Nicetown.—Germanstown (2d) vs. Merion (2d).
June 19, West Philadelphia.—Stanton Island (2d) vs. Belmont (2d).
June 23, Prospect Park.—Girard (2d) vs. Manhattan (2d).
June 23, Prospect Park.—Manhattan vs. St. George's.

PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY vs. COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—Played at Hoboken, N. J., June 11th, and won by the Philadelphians by one innings and fifty-seven runs. The first inter-collegiate match ever played in this vicinity took place on Friday last on the excellent cricket of the St. George's Cricket Club's grounds. The University team gave the finest exhibition of free and brilliant batting that has been seen on any New York grounds this season, the cutting being remarkably clean and well timed, while the excellence of their fielding deserves the highest commendation. George Thayer topped the scores of his side with fifty-nine, made in fine style; but not without a couple of slices of luck early in his innings. The bowling of Hyde-Clarke and Conover was not up to their usual good standard, and we were amazed at the very inferior bowling of the Columbia boys. For the New Yorkers Hyde-Clarke and Conover played well and carefully, and the scores which they contributed were in every way deserved. We annex the full scores:—

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.		First Innings.		Second Innings.	
H. Clarke, 1. b. w. b. Clark.....	24	c. J. Thayer, b. Clark.....	14		
Forest, c. G. Thayer, b. Clark.....	4	run out.....	0		
Conover, c. G. Thayer.....	0				
Clark.....	0	b. Clark.....	20		
Emmett, b. J. Thayer.....	10	c. Clark, b. Thayer.....	9		
G. Murphy, b. H. Clarke.....	10	c. Jameson, b. J. Thayer.....	0		
L. Rutherford, run out.....	11	c. and b. J. Thayer.....	5		
W. Rutherford, st. G. Thayer.....	4				
b. Clark.....	2	run out.....	4		
Stevens, not out.....	4	st. G. Thayer, b. Clark.....	1		
Barnes, run out.....	0	c. Clark, b. Thayer.....	0		
Torrey, c. Page, Clark.....	7	Clark, b. J. Thayer.....	0		
Lawson, b. J. Thayer.....	2	not out.....	10		
Byes, 5; wide, 1.....	6	Byes, 6; leg-byes, 4.....	10		
Total.....	79	Total.....	65		

PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.		First Innings.		Second Innings.	
G. S. Philler, 1. b. w. b. Egan.....	28				
J. G. Montague, c. and b. Egan.....	8				
G. C. Thayer, b. H. Clarke.....	59				
J. H. Thayer, 1. b. w. b. H. Clarke.....	18				
G. Murphy, b. H. Clarke.....	12				
J. S. Clark, c. Stevens, b. H. Clarke.....	2				
J. H. Cowperthwaite, c. G. Rutherford, b. L. Rutherford.....	27				
W. Gibson, c. Torrey.....	6				
B. Tighman, c. Conover, b. L. Rutherford.....	0				
T. Jameson, c. Conover, b. L. Rutherford.....	5				
Not out.....	0				
Byes, 8; leg-byes, 2; wides, 2; no ball, 1.....	13				
Total.....	131				

ANALYSIS OF DOWLING.		COLUMBIA.		First Innings.	
No. of Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	No. Balls.

H. Clarke.....	120	23	5	2	—
Conover.....	59	23	1	0	—
Egan.....	90	49	5	1	1
L. Rutherford.....	55	1	2	2	—

PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.		First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J. Thayer.....	87	23	5	2	—
J. S. Clark.....	85	50	2	6	—
J. Thayer.....	75	13	0	3	—
J. S. Clark.....	71	30	0	3	—

COLUMBIA COLLEGE vs. ST. GEORGE'S.—Played at Hoboken, N. J., June 9th. Won by Philadelphia by 27 runs:—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Clarke, run out.....	73	st. Wright, b. Giles, Sr.....	52
W. Rutherford.....	14	b. Giles, Sr.....	2
b. Giles, Jr.....	14	b. Giles, Jr.....	2
Conover, b. Moeran.....	23	b. Giles, Jr.....	1
L. Rutherford.....	5	b. Moeran.....	1
Giles, Sr.....	5	b. Moeran.....	1
W. Rutherford, c. Hiscox, b. Giles, Sr.....	3	1. b. w. b. Giles.....	1
Barnes, b. Moeran.....	0	c. Giles, Jr. b. Giles, Sr.....	4
Torrey, b. Giles, Sr.....	0	absent.....	0
Stevens, c. Westfield, b. Giles, Sr.....	2	b. Moeran.....	3
St.....	2	b. Moeran.....	3
Minturn, b. Moeran.....	3	not out.....	1
Lawson, not out.....	0	not out.....	1
Van Schnick, b. Giles, Sr.....	0	not out.....	1
Byes, 18; leg-byes, 2; wides, 1.....	31	Byes.....	7
Total.....	169	Total.....	106

ST. GEORGE'S.		First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Westfield, run out.....	39				
Woods, c. Van Schnick, b. L. Rutherford.....	3				
Perkins, b. Conover.....	3				
Giles, not out.....	3				
Moeran, b. Conover.....	0				
C. Richardson, c. Conover, b. Clarke.....	0				
Giles, Jr., c. Barnes, b. Conover.....	0				
Clarke, b. Conover.....	0				
Bouillon, c. Barnes, b. Clarke.....	4				
Talbot, c. Stevens, b. Conover.....	0				
Moeran, b. Rutherford, b. Conover.....	0				
Byes, 5; leg-byes, 1; wides, 2.....	8				
Total.....	133				

FALL OF WICKETS.		COLUMBIA.		First Innings.		Second Innings.	
1	60	133	154	154	154	154	150
2	60	133	154	154	154	154	150
3	60	133	154	154	154	154	150
4	60	133	154	154	154	154	150
5	60	133	154	154	154	154	150
6	60	133	154	154	154	154	150
7	60	133	154	154	154	154	150
8	60	133	154	154	154	154	150
9	60	133	154	154	154	154	150
10	60	133	154	154	154	154	150

COLUMBIA COLLEGE vs. HARVARD COLLEGE.—The first match of the Columbia College eleven's trip to Boston, and first inter-collegiate game between the two colleges, played at Longwood, Mass. May 31st, resulted in the victory of the New York staff. The Columbia boys took the Sunday evening boat for Boston on the evening of the 30th ult., and upon their arrival at the first found the arrangements for their reception for a game, but during the morning the lowering clouds gave way to bright sunshine and the match was witnessed by a very large number of spectators. Before noticing the scores we desire to say that the



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FISH AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1890.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith and be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

*We cannot be responsible for circulation of mail service if money sent to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

THE TILESTON MEMORIAL FUND.

THE lamentable circumstances under which Mr. William M. Tileston lost his life are still fresh in the minds of our readers. One of the saddest things connected with the calamity at the Madison Square Garden is the sudden destitution of the widowed wife and her little children.

With a spirit worthy of the highest commendation, the Eastern Field Trials Club, of this city, having satisfied themselves of the actual state of affairs, are now actively engaged collecting money for a "Tileston Memorial Fund." In this labor of love the promoters of the scheme deserve, and we doubt not will receive, the cordial and generous cooperation of every sportsman who may read these lines.

Mr. Tileston was for several years prominently identified with the sporting press. His name, as a writer on field sports, was familiar all over the country, more especially to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and we are not mistaken when we say that the response from those who thus knew him will be prompt and generous.

We make this appeal because we are satisfied that this is an urgent case. The money is sorely needed. It will go directly to those for whom it is given. Nothing further need be added. The subscription is open.

The committee having the matter in charge are Messrs. Chas. H. Raymond, P. H. Morris and Fred. N. Hall, P. O. Box 1,393, New York, to whom contributions may be sent.

Following is the acknowledgement of the Secretary up to June 12th:—

NEW YORK, June 15th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I have to acknowledge the receipt to 12th inst. of the following subscriptions to the "Tileston Memorial Fund":—

Chas. H. Raymond.....	\$25 00	E. H. H.....	\$ 5 00
Dr. S. Mead Spicer.....	25 00	Dr. H. F. Atten.....	5 00
B. O.....	25 00	P. R. Ryor.....	5 00
S. F.....	10 00	Max Wenzel.....	5 00
E. A. Wheatley (Guido).....	10 00	J. Von Lengerke.....	5 00
Dr. Davidson.....	10 00	J. H. Morris.....	5 00
B. H. W.....	5 00	P. N. Hall.....	5 00
Total.....			\$135 00

FRED. N. HALL, Sec'y.

THE TEAM ABROAD.—Rifle shooting is dull now, with the team away and everybody waiting for news of their arrival and setting to work on Irish soil. The last news from Ireland shows that the Irishmen are working at a remarkable rate, and with a fine day (June 10th) six of them ran up an average score of 210. It is certain that Col. Bodine and his men have a real task on their hands, and it begins to look now more than at any previous time that there was to be a break in the line of American rifle victories.

THE WORK OF A STATE GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

THERE is in this State to-day a very definite field of work for a State game protective association; and it is highly important that this field should be clearly comprehended, and that the efforts of such an association should be very definitely confined to this field. In the light of the present condition of affairs we may not be accused of uttering truisms if we define the work of a game protective association to be the protection of game. A society which does this must begin at the very foundation, and—

First—secure right game legislation. We have a game law. It consists of forty-one sections. These are of patchwork growth—tinkered up and amended at every session of the Legislature. The law is notoriously incomplete, inadequate and inoperative. To change this condition of things is peculiarly the province of an association of intelligent and influential sportsmen, gathered from the various sections of the State, each representing the various interests of his locality. Such a body could frame a law which would receive the sanction of every man whose sanction it would be desirable to have. Such a law would possess all the merits which the present statute so conspicuously lacks. And, what is more, until an association of this kind does take up the subject of a State game law we shall never have anything satisfactory.

It is objected that a State association cannot enact laws. We answer that we have faith in the respectability and standing and in the moral and political influence of the sportsmen of the State of New York. Only let it once be thoroughly understood that a State game protective society really means work, and it will speedily become powerful by the hearty and active membership of scores of men who are waiting to-day for such a society, and it could secure at Albany just what game legislation it might be pleased to demand.

Having secured such laws as are necessary, an equally important step is—

Second—to provide for the enforcement of the game law. Game legislation is altogether too much of a dead letter. Its enforcement is a farce and a reproach to the State. Provision may be added to provision, and penalty piled upon penalty; what is everybody's business is nobody's business; neither is provision enforced nor penalty inflicted; the night fisherman, the bird snarer, the poacher and the butcher ply their infernal practices in season and out of season unpunished. Fish mongers and game dealers, grasping for the almighty dollar, serve as go-betweens for the restaurant keeper and the hotel proprietor, and shield the nefarious deeds of the pot hunter behind their guise of respectability and their moneyed weight. It requires vigilance to catch the skulking game thief, and it requires nerve to attack the law-defying marketmen. This has been the work of individuals, too long. It should be undertaken by a State Association. Will it be?

How best an association should proceed to secure the right execution of the game law it is not now the time to discuss at length. It has long been a subject of serious consideration among intelligent sportsmen; and it is generally conceded that the most efficient system is that of a game constabulary, appointed by the State, and assigned to particular sections, where local and personal considerations may not interfere with a discharge of duty. With the cooperation of a wide-awake State association this system might prove effective. It is at least worthy of attention.

It might be possible, also, to do very much for game protection by creating and fostering amicable relations between sportsmen and land-owners, removing mutual misunderstandings and making the interests of each identical.

Another and a most important field of effort is to secure the sympathy and cooperation of the press throughout the State. The influence of the home paper will be given not grudgingly nor fruitlessly when it is commanded by the earnest example of an association itself.

These two divisions of the work are of sufficient moment to receive the immediate and continued attention of any society professedly interested in game protection. Another branch of effort, equally important but to come as a complement of the other is—

Third—to replenish and increase the supply. To re-stock the depleted waters of the State and to introduce new species of food and game fishes is clearly the work of the State Fish Commission, but for the assured success of its labors that commission requires just the hearty support which a live, wide-awake and intelligent game protective society could give it. In the importation of game birds and animals, also, the most brilliant possibilities suggest themselves. There is no good reason to-day why a New York sportsman should be obliged for a day's deer hunting to make an expensive trip to Michigan, where they protect their game better; nor that to the New York business man a quail shoot should mean three days on the cars, and three hours in the field; for there is no reason why our own forests should not be full of deer, nor why in our own valleys and hillsides should not be heard the cheery note of Bob-White.

The work which we have briefly outlined is no boys' play. Its accomplishment demands systematic and earnest labor, involving expense of time and money, and some drudgery, of which the public can have no comprehension. Not until a body of men, who recognize these facts, shall associate themselves together and make the accomplishment of this work the chief object of their conventions, may we look for a remedy of the existing state of affairs. This work belongs to the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Can the Association afford to shirk it?

HOW IT IS RECEIVED.

THE most decided indorsement which representative sportsmen have accorded to our remarks on the State Association last week has afforded us sincere gratification, for such an indorsement gives evidence that the time is ripe for a change, and is in itself also an earnest that the change will come.

Below we publish a number of responses which have come to us, and next week these will be supplemented by others of an equally outspoken character. This matter is one of vital interest to the sportsmen of New York. We invite and urge a full, free and candid expression of opinion from all men who have an opinion on the subject:—

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 14th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

You have expressed my opinion in regard to the "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game" so well in your editorial of the 10th instant on the subject, that I have but little to say. Every true sportsman who reads that article will thank you most sincerely for it. It is bold and right. The Association has existed for a number of years under a false name, and it was time long ago for it to either reorganize or change its name.

At its last meeting at Seneca Falls it did not say one word or perform a single act for the "protection of fish and game." Its chief desire was to proceed to the slaughter of 13,000 pigeons as speedily as might be. Deer, birds and fishes throughout the State needed a friend, but the "Association for the Protection of Fish and Game" had no protection to offer. The business meeting was hastily and unceremoniously adjourned immediately after the next slaughter field was named and officers for the ensuing year appointed. Such proceedings have driven out many true sportsmen and prevented many others from joining. It is now only men who thirst for the sport which the traps afford them who manage the affairs of the Association.

It is most desirable to perfect an organization for the protection of fish and game. As you well said in your editorial, it is desirable to have this association become a power of this kind if it will; but if it will not, it ought, in justice, to drop the latter part of its name upon an association of sportsmen who love to protect as well as kill game and fish.

A great many sportsmen in this State will sustain you in the position you have taken on this question, and I hope will prevail among them that the State Association will yet see the ridiculous position in which it has placed itself and endeavor in the future to make trap shooting the pastime rather than the object of its annual conventions.

D. H. BRUCE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 14th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Your vigorous editorial of the 10th inst. cannot fail to make a sensation among the many thousand readers who have by this time read the article and weighed the arguments it contained.

There are probably a great many others who feel on the subject as I do, neither wholly agree nor disagree with its sentiments.

If the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game is to be judged solely by its actions at its annual meetings, even its friends would be compelled to admit that there is some inconsistency between its title and its action on the occasions when the time is mainly devoted to shooting pigeons over the traps. This latter pursuit certainly has no tendency to promote the protection of game, in or out of season, for it is the hope of every one who steps to the line that he will make a "clean score," that is, kill ten or twenty pigeons that have been caught at the breeding season, and are not naturally in good condition to be used for food. If this is not a fair representation of the matter, at least it is the opinion of one who has had fair success at trap shooting and confesses to find considerable pleasure in the various emotions awakened by a shooting match.

In defense of the State Association, it may be said that it carries out directly one of the professed objects of its existence, and indirectly contributes to fulfill the other function it assumed. The first article of the Constitution is as follows:—

This Association is formed for the purpose of securing proper legislation for the protection of wild birds, fish and animals, throughout the State, during the season at which it is improper to pursue them; for the vigorous enforcement of said laws shall be enacted, and for the promotion of kindly intercourse and generous emulation among sportsmen.

Everyone who has attended a convention of the Association must admit that it is preeminently a success "for the promotion of kindly intercourse and generous emulation among sportsmen," at least I never was at a Convention of so many men, where the intercourse was more friendly or the emulation keener, while fair. If the name of the Association might lead one to think that its conventions should be devoted to discussion of game protection, legislation, etc., let it be remembered that as the Association could not enact laws, it might waste a great deal of time framing bills that the Legislature would not pass. Furthermore, the subject of game protection could not be discussed, and anything new produced every year. The subject would long since have been exhausted. The clubs which form the State Association do carry out its protective purpose, and they are encouraged to continue in existence and usefulness by the annual meeting of the main body.

I make no claim of great usefulness for the Association.

tion. Its purpose is to afford its members amusement, and that is something not to be slighted in a country where there is a tendency to work too hard and not play enough. The week passed at the State shoot is to many a needed relaxation from exhausting work, and as such I hope to see it repeated. If the number of pigeons shot were reduced one-half, I do not think the interest would be in any way diminished, for as a test of skill the chances would remain as at present; one is as liable to miss in shooting at his first bird as at the tenth. Neither would it detract from the general enjoyment if the entrance fees to the various matches were cut down one-half. Manufacturers of guns, etc., could, if so disposed, make an interesting exhibition at each corner of the shooting the weapons, etc., in various stages of manufacture, as some did at the Centennial Exhibition.

EDMUND RICHMOND.
NEW YORK, June 15th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Your editorial of June 10th, alternately attacking and patronizing "The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game," concludes by calling for a reply. Your personal request to the same effect was this day received. Courtesy demands acquiescence, and pressing professional engagements require the enforcement of the maxim, "brevity is the soul of wit."

I do not think your strictures upon the Association are quite merited. Its existence of twenty-two years has been accompanied by great increase in game, fish and birds, which result is in a large measure traceable to the efforts of the Association and its clubs. The time devoted to the business meeting of the convention is necessarily limited, and to the casual observer little is there accomplished. But the individual clubs and their members, and the committees, during the recess perform labors, the result of which is apparent in the improved laws upon our statute books, and in the increased variety, quality and quantity of game in our woods and streams.

To the efforts of the individual members at home and in the legislative halls are due our protective game laws. The tournament has its purpose. It brings together the sportsmen from every part of the State and tends to the cultivation of social intercourse and improvement in skill with the rod and gun. The recent contests may have appeared disproportionate to the work accomplished at the business meeting. Doubtless the retiring officers of the convention and these of the club, under whose auspices it was held, would dispute or explain this if requested. The recently elected officers and the Long Island Sportsmen's Association are charged with the management for next year, and they will not shirk the responsibility.

We believe that the result will be satisfactory to the large body of sportsmen in this State. The subject of game propagation and protection is of grave importance. Among the members of the State Association are men of individual reputation, possessed of all necessary mental and physical qualifications to originate and enforce such measures as may be prudent to effectuate the desired end. An organization is powerful in proportion to the strength of its individual members. To the individual members an appeal will be made in proper time for suggestions, and these will be submitted to the proper committee, who will present to the next Legislature the proposed bills as modified. Trusting that they will appear necessary or proper. Further, it is proposed to invite the most competent ornithologists and pisciculturists of this and other States to favor us with suitable essays, to be read at the next convention.

It is somewhat premature to give in detail the precise plan to be followed. The Long Island Sportsmen's Association has already taken action with reference to game propagation and protection upon Long Island, and to that end has appointed a committee consisting of the Presidents of its various clubs.

In conclusion, permit me to say that while criticism is easier than suggestion, we may still expect from such authorities as the FOREST AND STREAM and kindred papers some enlightenment as to what the Association can and ought to do. I trust that what is said here is not so much as desired. Trusting that we shall not, however, be called upon to cry despairingly, "save us from our friends." I have the honor to be, yours truly,

ABEL CROOK.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS' NEW GUN.—We have this week been shown by Captain Bogardus his new Scott hammerless breech-loader, just received by him through William Read & Sons, of Boston. It was ordered some time since by the Captain, and is an exact counterpart in size and weight of his "old reliable Scott," which he has been using for years past, and which has done such remarkable shooting and scored so many victories. It is to-day as perfect as ever; and though looking like a veteran, yet does not show the hard usage and great strain it has seen. This new gun is one of W. & C. Scott & Son's hammerless, with their own patent side crystal apertures (which is a great feature of safety, as it allows the hammers to be seen at a glance), and also has the regular safety bolt. Two sets of barrels—one twelve and one ten—fit the same stock, and a more superb gun in proportions and general balance and fine workmanship we have never seen. The Captain is delighted with it, and will at once put it in service.

—The Coney Island season is fairly open. There were not less than twenty thousand people the first day at the various immense hotels, and still there was room for more. The Brighton Beach Road was running rapid, well-filled trains, and the Hotel Brighton was more than equal to the occasion, with our venerable friend Chadwick, formerly of Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C., and recently from San Francisco (one of the best hotel men in the country), walking quietly around, always present when wanted. At Manhattan Beach the throng seemed still larger, and the Manhattan road was running an extra large number of cars. The music was fine, and there were accommodations for double the number of people.

THE ARMY WORM.—The Government Department of Agriculture is vainly exerting itself to cope with the army worm, which is now ravaging the land. Paris green will kill the pests, provided they eat it, and so will arsenic, if it can be put down their throats. All published suggestions have so far proved ineffectual. The following method has been tried on Long Island, and is sure and certain in its results: A deep furrow or ditch is plowed around the field. When the worms have accumulated in this ditch throw upon them unslaked quicklime and sprinkle with water. This kills the worms, destroys their eggs and is good for the land. To protect a conservatory or greenhouse, smear on a streak of lard and dab with sulphur.

The Long Islanders are troubled with another pest:—*Sayville, L. I., June 14th.*—Here-with I send you a specimen of a fly or beetle, called by some people a June bug. This insect will strip a leaf, like the specimen sent you, in a very short time. They feed on roses, fruit, young grapes—in fact, any young plant or tree. In the morning they are in the air, but at mid-day hang in bunches on trees and vines, and then can be shaken on to sheets, and scalded. They will take a morning bath in whale oil, soap suds, dine on Paris green, sleep all night in a box on a bed of white hellebore. Who can recommend a quicker killing process than scalding?

—The members of the Independent New York Schuetzen Corps, with their families, have made arrangements for a week's recreation during the summer at Lake Hopatcong, where they will not only have the beauty of the lake, rustic scenery, etc., but will enjoy their rifle shooting, as of old. A new feature will be glass ball shooting. A new departure, and one which we most heartily commend, will be the introduction of lawn tennis, croquet and archery for the ladies. Our wealthy Germans are, as a class, worthy of all praise for providing sports and pastimes for their families, and the plan of this year, inaugurated by Capt. J. J. Diehl, will place his name at the head of the list as a provider for such an occasion.

—The long-needed Greenwood Ferry promises to be provided in a short time, the undertaking of building the piers and carrying out the enterprise having been assumed by Mr. C. Godfrey Gunther, proprietor of the popular route to Coney Island—the Brooklyn, Bath and Coney Island Railroad.

**GAME PROTECTION.
IMPORTATION OF MIGRATORY QUAIL.**

QUEBEC, Can., June 12th.

Editor Forest and Stream:— I received yesterday two cages of migratory quail from Mr. Boynton of New York with only two dead ones in the lot of 200 birds, and they had been dead some time. It is really wonderful how well these birds have traveled. The system of a canvas cover instead of a hard board is excellent, as the birds do not knock themselves foolish.

I have shipped 100 birds, or one cage, to Mr. Romeo Stephens, of Montreal, who will turn them out in the new park, I believe. The remainder I will divide into colonies of ten birds at intervals of two or three miles, and so people the neighborhood with them. One lot of forty birds I will send adrift to the North of Quebec on the edge of the Laurentian range, where they can colonize to any extent.

The birds I released to-day were stiff on the wing, only able to fly a few yards, as I had used the cover to keep down the birds. They were very like young partridges (*Perdrix grisea*), and will certainly be described as such, so I do not expect to hear of the "quail" again unless I see them myself. I will, however, keep you posted. It is a great pity the birds have arrived so late in the season, because it will take them one month at least to nest and lay twenty eggs, say July 15th; then one month to hatch, say Aug. 15th; so there will be only two months for the young birds to grow before our cold weather commences in October, consequently they will not be strong enough to join the migratory flight in November. These experiments, however, rarely succeed on the first attempt, but perseverance will succeed.

The public, I am happy to say, take a great interest in this importation, for Mr. Public is very fond of a bargain where he has nothing to lose and something to gain; while our quail, quail-shooters and *Touretes perdrix* are ideas that please both he and she, especially the last idea, which requires a French woman or a cardinal to thoroughly understand.

W. RHODES.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 14th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

The 300 migratory quail ordered by the Manchester Shooting Club arrived here on the 9th inst., in good condition. There were only two dead, and one with a broken wing, which seems remarkable when their long confinement and voyage is considered. They have all been put down in some of our best localities, twelve or fifteen in a place, and in the manner recommended by the FOREST AND STREAM last season. We have no law to specially protect these birds, but rely upon the honor of sportsmen not to molest or shoot them, and the co-operation of the farmers for their protection. Whether our efforts will be rewarded or not remains to be seen. Mr. Tobey has the thanks of our club for his services. Have been hoping to see some communication to your paper from some one who has imported previously, as to whether the birds have returned to the places where they were liberated.

J. E. W.

The 2,600 bird consigned to Mr. Everett Smith, Commissioner of Fisheries and Game, were received in good order at Portland, Me. June 9th, and distributed to the parties who had ordered them.

BOSTON, June 11th.
I don't expect to hear from last year's quail until moving time comes in. In spring and early summer there is little to call people into the woods. Last year the returned quail were found mostly by the mowers who came upon their nests.
HORACE F. TOBEY.

GAME PROTECTION IN NEW JERSEY.

HACKENSACK, N. J., June 10th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I am glad to see you showing up the character of "game protective" associations whose only object is an annual shooting match. We should have genuine game protective associations, and they should be allowed to copyright their title, so that mere pigeon shooters cannot appropriate it.

Our New Jersey State Association is of no practical use in protecting game, and I am not certain that this work can be accomplished in any way but by county or town organizations. A local organization can do good work with very little trouble. In Bergen County we have a game protective association of three years' standing. Twice a year we advertise the law in the county papers, offering a reward of \$10 for evidence that will procure a conviction. We also keep posters in convenient places showing the closed seasons for all kinds of game, and the penalties for shooting out of season. If any person is reported to us as a violator of the law, against whom we have no direct evidence, we send him a letter of warning.

Our work has been productive of good result, and I think the Passaic County sportsmen would do well to follow our example. If they find any man "shooting on his own land" out of season, the law gives them full power to prosecute him.

X.

Game Bag and Gun.

JUNE IS A CLOSE MONTH FOR GAME.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

WITH ONE BARREL.

IT is amusing to read of the wonderful shots sometimes made single, double, triple, quadruple, and even quintuple, by different persons in different parts of the country with their wonderful guns! One is tempted to give credence to the story of the man who insisted upon it—in fact he told the story so many times over that he actually believed it himself—that he killed two quail with one barrel, the birds springing from the ground the same instant and both flying off in different directions; he whirled around so quickly after killing the first one that he divided the charge, and down came both of the birds, dead enough! That was a wonderful shot. But while we admire these double shots at snipe and quail, and the long distance which game is brought down with choke bores and "half choked," we must not forget that one hundred yards, if correctly measured, is exactly three-hundred feet, at which, if our friends will set up a target the exact size of a quail or an English snipe and take a careful look, will find that the bird would appear to be away a "considerable long space of distance," and that a gunner who was careful of his ammunition would not shoot at it with much hope of hitting his game.

The writer has targeted good guns with first-class ammunition at accurately measured distances, and has found that a target the size of an English snipe at seventy-five yards is a very small mark to shoot at, and yet we have hit it. We once put two pellets of No. 6 shot through a business card one and a half by four inches at seventy-five yards exact measurement. The gun was a good one, for, in fact, than the average of guns now made; but before the card was hit his half a dozen charges were fired at it by as many different persons.

An experience of more than thirty years at gunning in different parts of the country, and at almost all sorts of game except alligators, with all sorts and conditions of guns, has convinced the writer that the average of game killed with shot is brought down inside of one hundred and fifty feet from the muzzle of the gun when fired. We have killed wild ducks in midwinter, when the fowl were in full and heavy feather, at longer distances than one hundred and fifty feet with heavy shot driven by extra heavy charges of powder. T shot, when forced in front of four drachms of good powder out of a good gun, are very dangerous to wild fowl at eighty yards off; but how many of the birds at that distance are hit by more than two or three of the shot? Not very often. One T shot will kill a wild goose if a vital spot is touched, or it will break a wing and thus secure the fowl; but what gunner of much experience at wild goose shooting has not been made heart-sick and disgusted when a goose has given him a "good by" as he flopped away, "on buoyant wings," with a broken leg dangling in mid-air? He won't use cuss words, but he will wonder why that one T shot didn't break a wing instead of a leg. We have killed deer with buck shot, dead; but not over one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five feet distance. That festive animal must be riddled, or he will give you a long, tiresome chase; he must receive such a shock from the force of the charge as will place him *hors de combat* at once, or he will give you a jolly good run, even if he have but three shots in his bag. We have "been there," and know whereof we speak.

We can readily believe that two or three snipe, springing from the ground at once and in an almost direct line, may be brought down "with one barrel" loaded with a multitude of fine shot, but such good luck is not usual with the average gunner after snipe.

The writer knew during the war of two men being killed by the same bullet; one man was following the other, the leading man was aimed at, the bullet passed through him and his follower, and both were instantly killed. The sharpshooter who made that "double shot with one barrel" told me (he was captured) that he saw but one man when he fired.

Wonders in gunnery will never cease, and gunners and the owners of guns will never tire telling stories of their exploits in the field, and the wonderful qualities of their particular guns; and we love to hear them, and we

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 14th.—Scores of the Rod and Gun Rifle Club made at their weekly meeting. Weather cloudy, with frequent rain and mist. Wind moderate from east-north-east:—

Rumstead (mll.)	4	5	1	5	5	4	4	48
Gorham	4	4	5	1	5	5	5	46
Knel	4	4	5	1	5	5	5	44
Gibson	4	4	5	1	5	5	5	44
Hull	4	4	5	1	5	5	5	43
Chapin	3	4	5	1	5	5	5	43
Nuttall	3	4	5	1	5	5	5	43
Van Vlack	3	4	5	1	5	5	5	42
Niand	4	4	5	1	5	5	5	42

Military rifles two points allowance.

CREDMORF JUNIOR.—Mr. C. Godfrey Gunther, President of the Brooklyn, Bath and Coney Island Railroad, proprietor of the grounds located in the Lower Bay and known as Locust Grove, conscious of the wants of the neighboring military, the time lost and expense incurred by them in their annual target practice, has established, on the northerly side of this ground, a 300 yard rifle pit range, with four targets, to be known as Credmorf Junior.

The range can be reached by any of the cars of Hamilton, South, Wall or Fulton ferries going to Greenwood—the terminus of the Court-street, Third and Hamilton avenue cars—from which point the range can be reached by steam cars in twenty-five minutes. Excursion tickets 25 cents. The range has been rented to Mr. Heltwig, of 221 Sixth avenue, New York.

RECAPITULATING SHOTS.—A man of Troy, N. Y., claims to have invented and patented a pocket apparatus for the recapping of exploded shells used in rifles and other fire arms. Heretofore this operation has been done by hand at a slow rate and not always with accuracy. The apparatus is of brass and may be carried in one's pocket. A grooved cylinder, lying horizontally, contains 80 caps set on edge. At one end of this cylinder is a piece of mechanism somewhat resembling an office hand-stamp, having at its base a flange into which the base of the shell fits in such a manner that the vent is directly under a plunger. A spring in the cap cylinder keeps one of the line of caps fed close up to the plunger at a time, and when the shell is put in place and the handle struck with the butt of the hand, a cap is nicely inserted in the base of the shell at exactly the proper point and a hair below the base of the exterior to admit of the rotation of the shell in the socket of the gun. The machine is made in the several sizes adapted to the calibers of shells, and will recap at the rate of 380 in fifteen minutes, or 100 in less than five minutes. A Hartford, Conn., firm has recently got out a handy implement for the same purpose. It may be carried by the sportsman in the pocket, and operates as rapidly as the hand can place the shells and remove them.

THE SIGHTING OF HUNTING RIFLES.

NUMBER I.

IT is commonly supposed that bad shooting on game is due either to defective aiming, improper loading or poor aiming. But the more I experiment on sights, and try strange rifles, the more I become convinced that bad sighting is quite as fruitful a parent of misses as any of the others put together. It is now almost impossible to get a rifle that does not shoot well enough, at least at hunting ranges. The fixed ammunition now furnished is almost as accurate as one could desire; yet many a miss is scored by the beginner, and even by the experienced hunter, which is due solely to the sights.

If the ingenuity of man is sublime, so also is his stupidity. How many thousands of dollars have been spoiled by the loss of a top or the pepper-caster; and what mighty intellectual throes it must have taken through long languishing ages of time to give birth to a screw-topped one.

Yet I think that even the old pepper-caster is eclipsed by the monumental stupidity of some rifle-makers in the sights they put upon their sporting-rifles.

Let us look first at the front sight—a huge chunk of bastard metal, shaped like a slice of watermelon, and mounted on a block nearly half an inch high; so dull in color, you can hardly see it, unless the sun strikes it just right; high enough to raise the telescopic aerial feet, if you happen to catch too much of it, having a beautiful slope at the back, so that the brightest spot will vary all the way from the tip to the base, according to the position of the sun, and so artistically sloped off on either side that either side will be brighter than the center when the sun is on that side. When the sun is just above the horizon, and again when it is overhead, walk out in the light with the rifle having one of these marvelous sights on the end. Then, keeping your eye fixed upon it, turn entirely around, so that the light passes all around the circle of the horizon. Do you see how the center of brightness shifts all over from side to center and from center to tip? Do you see how difficult it is to find the true center (even when you have plenty of time to look for it); when the center of brightness is above, below or on one side of it? And can you not see how easy it is to mistake it when you do not have time enough, which is often the case on game, especially when it is running?

If not satisfied with this experiment, place eight targets at the eight principal points of the compass, and standing in the sun, shoot them in succession. If not extremely careful to find the true center, and often if you are never so careful, you will shoot over, under and to the sides.

Now, in target shooting there is comparatively little danger, of being misled by this, though even there it is a nuisance, for the shooter always shoots in the same direction, with sun in same position; has plenty of time to find the center, and can to some extent correct for error caused by the light. But it is necessary to say that in the field, and especially, when game is off-sighting its disappearance, this is almost impossible.

Suppose now, you knock off this fashionable fraud, bore a hole with a screw thread through the sliding block, and screw a ivory through it and file it down to a small ridge, perpendicular behind, leaving the top as flat as the average globe. Let the top be wide enough to suit your eye, but have no slope on either side or behind. Take this out in the sun and turn round with it, and you will find it as hard to miss as it is to hit a barn with a hammer. A metal sight made in the same way, but sloped a little on the top of the back, will have somewhat the same advantage, though nothing can equal ivory or white agate for certainty in this respect. Agate is, however, quite brittle, and ivory takes grease too easily and becomes dull. But agate may be set in clamps or through a large wedge-shaped hole from the under side of the block; and ivory may be freed from grease in a few moments by boiling the sight in some alkali or in alcohol. The white sight is not equal to gold or brass for running shooting on snow, or for shooting against the sky, if cloudy. But there is no metal that shows the center with equal certainty in all light conditions, and can be so clearly seen at dawn or dusk, in the woods or the open plain. The liability to break is the only objection, and this is easily obviated by having an extra one.

Of course this may be cut as fine upon top as the shooter may desire; but I recommend flatness of top for the following reasons: there is no unction that the rifleman so quickly lays to his soul which is so flattering and so delusive as the idea that a shot a few inches over or under the mark is a good shot because it is a "line shot." In duelling where there is a mark nearly six feet high within ten paces, a "line shot" means something. In shooting on game where the mark is seldom over eighteen inches wide, (the vital parts much less,) and distant from seventy-five to two or three hundred paces, and running, perhaps that, a "line shot" also means something; it means a miss three times out of four—perhaps five out of six. It is just exactly here that bad shots, bad rifles, and bad loading show the very least. The "line shot," as it is generally called, means on the vertical line above, or below, and this is just the easiest and most worthless of all shots. The easiest too, unless in a cross wind, can hit above or below the mark with great ease. The poorest rifle, especially at long ranges, will strike the vertical line far oftener than the horizontal; and bad loading sends the ball too high or too low twice as often as it sends it to either side. He who fancies that a variation of a few inches from the horizontal line of the mark is a good shot, will find himself elegantly sold when he tries any game less than an elk or a buffalo. Learn to hit the horizontal line of the mark, and then you may talk about "line shots." Of course the vertical range is important enough, but by no means to be neglected. I only mean that of the two, the horizontal range far the more important, and far the harder to attain.

Such being the case, the front sight should be shaped to insure good horizontal work without sacrifice of good vertical work, and for this purpose a sight flat on top is the best, provided the flat part be not too wide.

Now the very best of shooting can be done at a target, and often at game when standing, with a front sight almost as sharp as a knife-blade. But in a bad light, when the game is dim and indistinct, or when running, it is not easy to watch with the eye too much of the sight or mistake the point altogether, as it is for a humorist to flood the world with twaddle after he once gets an established reputation. The flat top obviates this difficulty to almost the same extent that the thread and ball or globe sight does. The only objection to it is that it involves some sacrifice of vertical accuracy. This objection is truer in theory than in fact. Wonderfully accurate shooting can be done with a very broad front sight if it be of such uniform color and brightness that you do not mistake a corner or the base for the center or top, and be clear and easy to see. But even if such a sight caused a variation to the side equal to the variation up and down caused by a sharp sight, one would not lose one-third as much game by it as by the sharp one, for nearly three shots out of four at big game are side or quartering shots. It will not hurt such a sight to have the back top edge slightly sloped off; and with a metal sight this should be always done, and all below it dulled and rusted with acid or iodine. The slope will then shine like a little star, and not be easily confused with any part below.

The principle of Beards' combination sight is first-rate, but the color of the open sight is too dull and the light strikes too much on the base. Makes it one-half and soldier a bit of gold on the top. Then brighten the back end of the gold and make it square and rust all below it with acid; or, what is better yet, cut off the open sight entirely and put a small ivory sight as above described, either behind or in front of the rest. This will leave room to see the globe and part of the ball above the ivory.

There are but two objections to low sights: First, they are easily hidden by snow-fall or the base of a snow-drift in a snow storm. Second, you cannot raise the trajectory much by taking what is called a "course bend." The first of these is easily obviated by carrying rifle upside down and occasionally wiping it. And the second I do not hesitate to pronounce the greatest blessing in the long run that a hunter could have conferred upon him be he tyro or Leatherstocking, whether he shoots in the mountain or on the plain, in the woods, or the open hills.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

Archery.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—One of the largest gatherings of archers in the United States, with perhaps the exception of the tournaments held last year, was witnessed Saturday afternoon, June 12th, on the Archery Lawn, Central Park. The occasion was the first spring field day of the New York Archery Club, which had been postponed from Decoration Day last. At one time we counted some sixty ladies and gentlemen, all shooting at one end of the lawn, and the other end of the lawn with signals marking the several distances of the American and Columbia Rounds, which were shot over during the afternoon. All the neighboring clubs were invited, and members were present from the Cedarwood Archers, Poughkeepsie, Nottingham Archers, Sherwood Archers and Lawn Club, all of Elizabeth, N. J.; Spuyten Duyvil Archers, Brooklyn Archers, Manhattan Archers and Ascham Archers, Williamsburg. Although the club has its annual prize meeting in the fall, Messrs. Watson & Pond put up three of their double rawhide bows, two for the ladies and one for the gentlemen, together with a belt, quiver and case for score book, all of which were open to all.

Miss Drangage, of the Nottingham Archers, of Elizabeth, won the first ladies' bow with a score of 230 at the Columbia Round. Miss Morton, of the New York Club, won the second bow with a score of 220. Mrs. De Luna won the belt and quiver with a score of 147.

Mr. S. H. Ipper won the gentlemen's bow with a score of 234 at the American Round.

Mr. A. B. Brezee, of the New York Club, presented at the last meeting a magnificent badge, to be known as the Columbia badge, for competition among the ladies of the club every six weeks; but a score of 230 or over being necessary to win it. This badge was shot for Saturday for the first time, but 250 not being made, it will remain without an owner until the next contest takes place, when some lady may be more fortunate and be able to wear it with honor.

The guests and members all noted the first meeting of the New York Club a success, and with hearty congratulations and expressions of mutual good will toward each other, separated to spread the growth of good fellowship throughout the archery world around and in New York. The following are some of the best scores:—

Columbia Round—Miss Morton, New York Club, 230; Miss Drangage, Nottingham, 230; Mrs. De Luna, New York Club, 147. American Round—Mr. Ipper, New York Club, 234; Mr. McLean, Manhattan, 274; Mr. Auten, New York Club, 209; Mr. Poursall,

Brooklyn, 233; Mr. Sergeant, Spuyten Duyvil, 133; Mr. Stoutenborough, Brooklyn, 144; Mr. Young, Cedarwood, 123.

A CHALLENGE TO THE NEW YORKS AND ORTIANES.—Chicago June 12th.—Editor Forest and Stream.—From present appearances "pen contests" are about the only ones that are liable to take place between the New York Archery Club and the Ortilan Archers. We, therefore, hereby challenge both of the above named clubs to a match at the Single York Round, to take place on Saturday, June 19th, at 3 P. M.; we to shoot a team of four men against a team of five from each of the above-named clubs.

Knowing how anxious both of the above clubs are to shoot, we shall consider the challenge as accepted, and proceed to shoot on our new grounds at Lincoln Park at the above specified time.

H. B. WILKINSON,

Secretary North Side A. C.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—New York, June 11th.—The Ortilan archers hereby challenge the Pequot archers, of Boston, Mass., to shoot a friendly match, each club to shoot on their own grounds and send scores to the FOREST AND STREAM. Match to be at either the Double American or York Rounds. Teams of six.

W. HOLBERTON.

Portland Ortilan Archers.

ROBIN HOOD ARCHERS.—The Robin Hood archers of Nyack held their annual meeting Saturday, June 5th. Reports showed the club free from debt and with seventy members on the roll. The first field day will be held Saturday, July 3d. A challenge from the Ortilan archers, of Hackensack, N. J., was accepted, the match to come off about the middle of July. The officers are as follows: President, S. L. Bendish; Vice-president, E. Merritt; Secretary, A. Merritt; Treasurer, Mr. J. A. Arnold; Lady Paramount, Mrs. J. Griswold; Robin Hood, J. O. Davidson; Maid Marion, Miss S. Crumie; Executive, C. C. Griswold, J. Hart, T. De Witt, J. Cleveland, A. Merritt and G. Crumie.

NORTH SIDE ARCHERY CLUB.—On the 4th of June the members of the North Side Archery Club, of Chicago, together with several visitors from other societies, shot the York Round upon the beautiful south lawn in Lincoln Park, in North Chicago. The grounds chosen are the most perfect for the purpose conceivable, being perfectly level and covered with a sward of thick and closely mown grass. All the surroundings of green trees, flowers and bushes, enough in themselves, were enhanced in loveliness by the blue and wrinkled background of Lake Michigan, flecked with its froth-crowned waves. A large company of ladies and gentlemen witnessed the shooting, and but for the tempest of wind which swept down the range the day would have been all that could have been desired. On account of the fierce sale it was not possible to shoot double ends, as no target could have stood for a moment with such a wind at its back. The shooting was done at six targets, three gentlemen at each target, and the high score made was the shooting was very good, considering the trying wind. A few of the scores were misplaced, so that only the following can be given:—

Names.	100 Yds.	80 Yds.	60 Yds.	Totals.
Will H. Thompson, Crawfordville, Ind.	31-32	32-31	22-34	88-362
Walter Burman, Chicago, Ill.	32-33	32-31	22-34	77-341
Forrest B. Highland Park, Ill.	21-32	32-31	18-28	82-280
O. W. Kyle, Highland Park, Ill.	24-34	32-31	18-27	71-275
J. Adams, Chicago, Ill.	18-31	32-30	12-28	62-243
E. B. Wynn, Highland Park, Ill.	18-31	32-30	12-28	62-243
C. G. Hammond, Highland Park, Ill.	15-33	10-26	17-37	48-184
N. B. Swartwout, Highland Park, Ill.	14-30	14-24	14-24	42-178
N. B. Swartwout, Highland Park, Ill.	14-30	14-24	14-24	42-178
W. S. Granger, Chicago, Ill.	14-30	14-24	14-24	42-178
Granger Smith, Toledo Ohio	14-30	14-24	14-24	42-178

* Score at 100 yards omitted.

Several other gentlemen made good scores, notably Mr. J. O. Blake and Mr. John Wilkinson, but the records were misplaced and their scores were necessarily omitted.

The occasion was a very enjoyable one, and but for a shower of rain beginning during the last half of the sixty yard range would have been without an unpleasant incident. The shower prevented two or three of the gentlemen from concluding the shooting at the sixty yards range. Such meetings, composed of representatives of different societies, should occur more frequently, as they greatly advance the pastime and are the means of the formation of true and lasting friendships. The North Side Club is growing in numbers and skill, and some of its members will be found in the highest rank among the prize winners at the grand national meeting at Buffalo. A team composed of Messrs. Burman, Adams, Wilkinson and Blake would be among the most formidable in this country.

VISITOR.

NORTH SIDE ARCHERY CLUB.—Chicago, June 12th.—Through the courtesy of the Park Commissioners, the North Side Archery Club, of this city, have been granted permission to use the beautiful south lawn in Lincoln Park for archery practice. This makes the finest ground for this purpose I have ever seen, being perfectly level, with the lake for a background, and skirted on three sides by beautiful shade trees. The club meet for practice every pleasant evening, and hold a field target meeting monthly. The club is now ready for challenges from all, and for all Rounds.

T. A. L.

Yachting and Canoeing.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.

IT was natural that the annual regatta of the Atlantic Yacht Club, held Wednesday, June 9th, should have been looked forward to with more interest than common, as it was the first racing of the year among the boats of the club, and so many boats have been launched this spring that owners and the public were anxious to learn how much we had improved upon the standard of last year, both in point of speed and general qualities. Unfortunately the racing received a damper in the way of a want of wind, and what promised to be one of the finest matches ever sailed in this country, and which would have been a very pleasant evening, and held a field target meeting monthly. The club is now ready for challenges from all, and for all Rounds.

chief. She has won four first prizes and the Bennett Cup, failing to finish in the race of the Atlantic Yacht Club on Wednesday, June 9th, for lack of wind. This record has not been equaled by any new yacht, and there is apparently more in store for her whenever she chooses to show fighting colors.

The day was a fine one for racing, and the Seawanhaka Yacht Club is to be congratulated upon the entries and success of another annual Corinthian race. Our position in favor of such racing is so well known that we may be spared further remarks at the present. The excellent arrangements of the club were lived up to as usual, and the thorough manner in which the yachts were headed gives proof of the growth of Corinthian seamanship among the navy, for a few years ago it would have been a difficult matter to ship enough amateur hands to man such a fleet.

- FIXTURES.**
- June 17—Boston Y. C. Union Regatta.
 - June 17—Marblehead Regatta.
 - June 17—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
 - June—Bulfinch Y. C. Regatta.
 - June 19—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Half Moon Bay.
 - June 23—New Jersey Y. C. Annual Regatta.
 - June 26—Dorchester Y. C. Regatta.
 - June 26—Washington Village Y. C. Spring Regatta.
 - June 27—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
 - July 1—East River Y. C. Annual Regatta.
 - June 28—N. Y. C. O. Brenton Reef Challenge Cup.
 - July 3—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Nahant.
 - July 3-5—Quaker City Y. C. Spring Cruise.
 - July 4—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Napa.
 - July 5—Quaker City Y. C. Pennsboro Regatta.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

How to Shoot on the Wing.—We have received from the publishers, Crum & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., a little manual giving all needed information about the care of the gun, and specific instructions for acquiring the art of wing shooting.

Miscellaneous.

KEEP'S SHIRTS, the Best.

KEEP'S SHIRTS, the cheapest.
KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished.
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This is a novelty as useful as it is beautiful, and makes a delightful present to a lady, the presentation always eliciting great enthusiasm. To all who desire to be distinguished, it is a genuine luxury. It is a fan of superior quality, and is pulled together by a delicate spring, which is so arranged as to spread out into an elegant circle, and is so constructed as to be folded up into a small, handy, and easily carried in the pocket or cigar case, and is always ready for use. Price, 50 cents, three for 15 cents, or \$2.50 per dozen by mail postage paid. Clean Postage Stamp, or any denomination, accepted the same is cash. Address, **Charles Trick and Novelty Co., P. O. Box 4614, 39 Ann St., New York.**

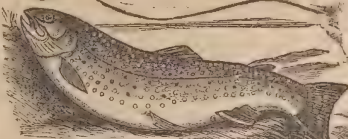
ELGIN WATCHES.
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Send stamp for Catalogue.
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THIS GUN is a small bronze breech-loading cannon, adapted to the use of campaign clubs, celebrations, yachting, signal and sporting purposes generally. The gun is made of U. S. Government standard bronze, is 28 inches long, 1 1/2 inches caliber, and weighs 20 lbs.; it is mounted on a solid cast iron carriage weighing 112 lbs. It can be readily carried in a procession by two men, and meets a want long felt for a small, convenient and safe gun. Metallic shells are furnished, which can be loaded and fired instantaneously, and by their use the possibility of fire being left in the gun is obviated. The shells are filled with a powerful explosive and fired by a U. S. service percussion cap. The gun is simple in construction; easy of operation; no exposure in loading and firing; and is the most complete breech-loading gun made for this purpose.

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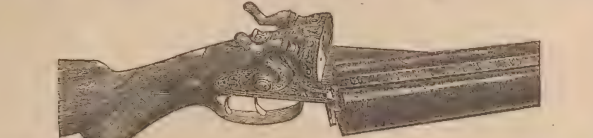


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GEO. H. FOX, Agent,
36 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

The Bennet.

'ENGLISH SETTER PUPS CHEAP.
FOR SALE.—Three well-bred orange and white English setter bitch pups with black points, whelped May 6th; dam, Nellie G. (the-eyed Sunch x Flora); sire, Frank I. Dash x Imperial Fannie. Both Nellie G. and Frank I. are thoroughly broken, and Frank I. is one of the best field dogs in the country. For field work this stock is No. 1. Will sell them at \$10 each if taken soon, and will ship to responsible parties, who can pay for them when received. Address **W. H. MERCE**, Corlandt Kennels, Freshkill, N. Y. June 1st

FOR SALE.—Three handsome red Irish setter pups, eight weeks old, large, strong and healthy, out of Nora, she by champion York Belle and one brood of handsome lively pups out of Belle, she by Pride of the Horder x Kirby and Warwick, both parents being thoroughly broken and prize winners. Prices reasonable. For particulars and full pedigrees, inquire of the **CONESTOGA KENNELS**, 522 East Orange Street, Lancaster, Pa. June 1st

FOR SALE.—A red Dachsund dog pup out of my Zank, by Mr. Schreyer's Dan. Address **WM. H. GOETING**, 406 Third av. June 1st

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE for breech-loader, a Pointer dog, twenty-one months old, partly broken, good retriever; six imported Sharshott; dam, imported Fannie. D. W. C. PARKER, 249 Main Street, Springfield, Mass. June 1st

FOR SALE, CHEAP.—Four red Irish setter dog puppies, three months old, imported stock. Price \$12 each. One red and white setter bitch, Salsu, "Dash" and "Pinkie" stock. Eight months old. Price \$10. One very fine red Irish bitch, S20. Pedigree on application. **CHARLES ENISON**, Hartford, Conn. June 1st

CHOICE IRISH STOCK at a sacrifice. Red Grouse, Erwin, Quail III. and puppies by Red Grouse, Ex-Quail III. Address **EDWARD LOHMAN**, 151 E. 57th Street. June 1st

FOR SALE.—Three fine young setters; seven months; excellent stock. Price \$25 to \$30. Also six pups, five weeks old; same stock. Price \$10 each. Address **BOX 23**, Morristown, N. J. June 1st

FOR SALE.—Red Irish setter puppies.—The Baltimore Kennel Club offer for sale a litter of puppies out of their Irish bitch Floumie II, (first at New York and Boston, 1879), by Berg (first at Philadelphia, New York and Boston, 1879). For information address P. O. box 69, Baltimore, Md. June 17st

FOR SALE.—Imported English setter bitch and seven puppies. Prices of bitch \$50. Price of puppies \$15 each. No better dogs to be found in Canada to-day. Address **G. C. LAY**, Phillipsburg, P. Q., Can. June 1st

ENGLISH MASTIFF PUPS FOR SALE.—Full pedigree. Address **WM. H. LEE**, Boston. June 1st

ELCHO III.—MAGGIE.—I have for sale a two red dog pups from this litter, now ready for delivery. Address **WM. ANDERSON**, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H. June 1st

FOR SALE.—Irish setter dog. One year old. Partly broken. Full Pedigree. Address **E. E. LAW**, Indianapolis, Ind. June 1st

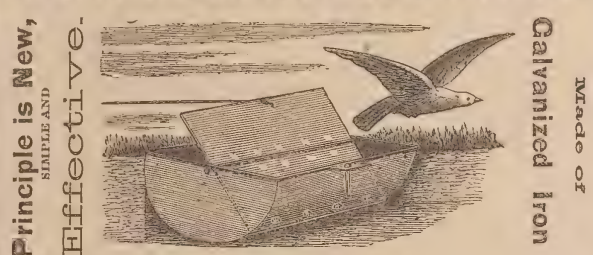
FOR SALE.—A red setter dog puppy, ten months old, by Blackie, out of Belle II. Baked by Dr. Gaudier's Dan and Laverack (Italy). Belle II, by Dr. Strachan's Dan II, out of same owner's Belle. The puppy shows signs of being an extra fine field dog, is very handsome, and in good condition. Address **X. Y. Z.**, this office. June 1st

WANTED.—An obedient, primo working English or Irish setter dog, not over four years old. Must be thoroughly broken on woodcock, and must not be used in the field; nose and be thoroughly smart and obedient; pedigree not much object; extra field work is what I want. No one to undertake send his dog to me at my expense, both ways for one week's trial, need answer this advertisement. Reference, Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 100 N. of Montreal, Montreal, Clifton, Colburn & Co., Boston. Others engaged if desired. Address with full description and pedigree to **GEORGE O. GOODHILL**, Danville, Richmond Co., Province Quebec. June 1st

WANTED.—A dog pup, the get of a greyhound and bloodhound. Address **P. W. G.**, this office. June 1st

EXCHANGE.—Lemon and white pointer. Carlo, out of Fay, by Pan, 7 mos. old, thoroughly yard broken very stylish; handsome, and perfectly sound, for a single week's breech loading gun. **W. C. EGGLE**, Newbury, Mass. June 1st

HAWE'S PIGEON TRAP.



THIS TRAP IS PLACED IN THE GROUND, the top level with the surface. When the cord is pulled one-half of the lid revolves within the Trap and DRIVES THE BIRD INTO THE AIR. Sportsmen will at once appreciate the advantages. Price \$1.
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GLASS BALL TRAP
For Wing practice. They can be had from all gun dealers. Headquarters for Glass Balls and Traps, **AGNEW & Co.**, 151 First Av., Pittsburgh, Pa. A. L. BOGARDUS, No. 168 South Clark Street, Chicago. Send for Price List. For Traps—Hart & Sloan, Newark, N. J.
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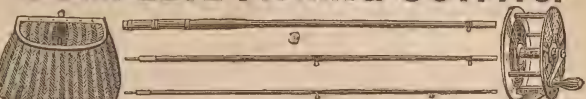
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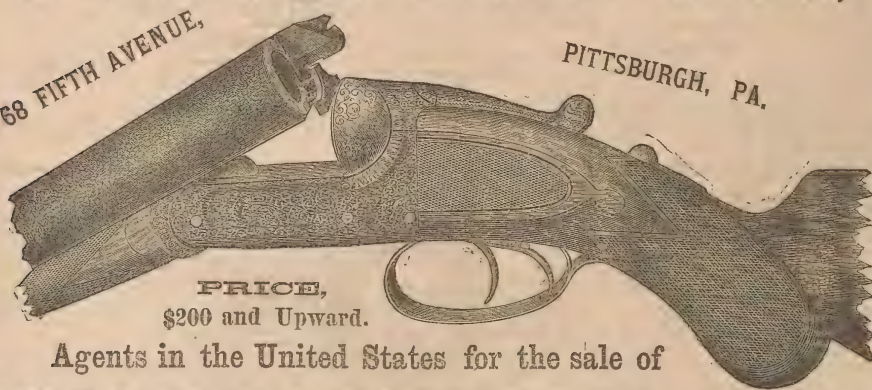
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Our Alaska Letter.

SITKA, April 23d.

I TAKE advantage of a temporary cessation of bright, warm, dry, glorious weather to write up a little, for during the last eight weeks I have not been willing to stay in doors an unnecessary minute. During the winter months we had our share of unpleasant weather, but the spring, so far, has made full recompense. To-day it is raining a little; not enough to show in the rain gauge, but the contrast with the days gone before makes us willing to "sit by."

During March we had but nine days on which it rained, and fourteen on which more or less snow fell; and of the 744 hours, 493 are marked "b. c." (blue sky and passing clouds), 143 with snow or hail, and 66 with rain and 67 cloudy. No fogs. April, so far, has done nearly as well, there having been eleven days with clean twenty-four hours record "b. c." and but six in which rain has fallen during fifty-six hours, and snow fell on six hours of two days early in the month; thus, in 1272 hours, we have had but 123 of rain, 148 of snow, and the temperature has been of the healthiest.

It's time we began to get a little good weather, for we have just passed through the most severe winter recorded during forty-five years. I quote from Dale: "The thermometer showed below zero but on four, and the lowest temperature recorded was four degrees." This winter, "below zero" has been a moderate temperature, if it didn't get too far down. We have had seven degrees several times. We are improving the sunshine by doing a little shooting; there are quantities of oldwives and shublers; the grouse are beginning to report for duty, and are brought in quite plentifully by the Indians, whose desire for bits exceeds that of most of us for sport, to be earned by tramps through a country which, ordinarily rugged enough, is now piffallen with soft snow. A few mallard also are brought in by the Indians. The standard price for grouse and mallard is "two bits."

Ptarmigan have vanished, and are probably safe from even the Siwash's pursuit, way up in the mountains, sunning themselves on the snowbanks.

Very little venison is brought in, and it is worthless. The Indians are all busy fishing, and all along the beaches are sprinkled with shanties, where the squaws and chil-

dren are busy smoking and drying halibut, herring and herrings' eggs, the men being away in their canoes providing. There are any number of banks, beginning about five miles from here, where halibut of most excellent quality and enormous size are caught. I had wondered how the Indians managed to handle, in their rather crank canoes, great fish weighing sometimes three hundred pounds, but have learned. They do not fish from the canoes, but set lines which are attached to floats—generally bladders—to which are fastened little flags on staffs. Among a group of them the fisherman watches, and when the hooked fish has exhausted itself towing the float, he is secured.

The herring are here in force. These are caught by means of poles and boards, armed with sharp nails at an angle. These are thrust under the schools, which swim about two feet deep, and the fish are gaffed out, "hooked up," as the process, slightly altered in details, by which pike and suckers are in our rivers caught in spring, is called. The herring spawn in salt water, and their favorite places are the quiet bays along the shores, and there every kind of kelp and seaweed is crusted with the spawn, and as the tide goes down and one walks along the beach, every step crushes myriads. The Indians do not collect the eggs deposited on the seaweed, but plant at half-tide marks rows of branches of cedar and balsam, which, in a tide or two, become covered with spawn; these are replaced by others, and hung up to dry. The spawn is eaten dried, raw and cooked in various ways, and is very palatable in either.

Into the bays, where the spawning occurs, a number of small fresh water streams empty—a number unusually large just now, as many come from melting snow banks—but I noticed no bushes or spawn in the immediate vicinity of the streams, and although I examined carefully, saw no signs of herring running up the fresh water streams. The pools and rifts of Indian River are as clear as crystal, and not a fin of herring or trout was in either.

We are getting just now plenty of the fish called cod here, and I am in the minority when I take issue with the nomenclature, and again when I pronounce the redfish, which is now plentiful and good, and weighing, in some cases, thirty to forty pounds, to be a "Norway haddock." Clams, which during the winter added much to our happiness, are now seldom in the market, whether it is because of any let up in their value, or because most of the old klootheen (women) who in winter gather them are now busy with the less permanent herring, I cannot say. Alaska clams are different from any that I have ever seen elsewhere. Among our others there is one they had bred on Quil Creek, whose earliest reminiscences are of clams, which grew both in his back yard and front garden, so I referred to him for information, and asked him "whether the clams here were *Calista convexas* or *Mya artharinas*." I will spare you the first part of his reply, but after a bit, during which he obtained control of himself, he informed me that they "seemed to be a cross between a soft-shelled clam and a scallop, they had the head and right-cap of the former and the body and shell of the latter." I know that they are very delicious, and with a flavor peculiar to themselves; have just about as much of the genuine clam flavor as do the "little necks." Besides clams we have very good mussels and scallops, and the Siwashes indulge in boiled squids.

We get no crabs in the immediate vicinity, but in summer very fine ones are brought from a bay about fifteen miles from here. Up the country somewhere there must be some very large ones. I have procured from Indians crabs of great size, the largest is of dimensions as follows: length 5½ inches, breadth at intersection of nippers ¾ inches, nippers, or mandibles, or whatever may be the name of the biting apparatus, longer than the head and right-cap of the former, larger than 2 inches, armed with, in each side, two teeth, larger than those of a man. These claw-legs are studded with rows of projections one-quarter of an inch high.

I have procured also from the Indians several pieces of two kinds of coral, which they say were found on the adjacent shores. I have sent them to Prof. Baird for identification.

Neither salmon trout nor brook trout have as yet put in their appearance, and it is any stream we know of. An Indian woman last week had a small string of the latter, but I couldn't find out where she got them, and you may be sure I tried hard enough. We have seen very few wild geese this spring: last fall they flew over in great numbers going to the South, but they seem to have staid there, or gone back by some other route. There are lots of robins here now, but I think that they are merely transients; they don't nest in this vicinity; I saw in flocks last fall and now are returning probably to the Yukon neighborhood, where Dale found eggs.

The spring is very backward in one respect; ordinarily by this time the lower mountains are clear enough of snow for prospecting, but this year the miners, of whom we have quite a colony, are in the dumps. They have come here to hybernate, and have about used up their stakes, and the non-expensive amusements of ball playing and sitting around on the rocks whittling are about all

they care to indulge in. I wish right here to speak a good and true word for them. During the whole winter the miners have conducted themselves in the most orderly and respectable manner; they have not evinced a particle of opposition to any step which has been made necessary for the better government of a few, who are miners only in the sense that fishers are fish, viz., in living on them; and they have given their willing cooperation in carrying out such simple laws as we have found it advisable to establish from time to time.

I think that before long there will be a "rush" for the Chilkat country, where it is reported that placer work will pay. Here we have nothing but ledges of auriferous quartz, that require money and time to develop. Up to last fall the Chilkat Indians have objected strongly to the white men penetrating their country, and during the winter they opposed the entry of Mr. Muir and a missionary—and in so doing were about half right, but reports have come in lately that they would welcome the whites; and to-day "Sitka Jack" returned from a trip there on which he started last fall, and tells me that the Indians will be glad to have the white men come. I was confident when I let this party of semi-civilized Siwashes go up there that they would plant a seed which would eventually produce a good crop, and so it has proved; but I've been roundly abused by the missionary organs because the crop did not follow immediately the planting. As a matter of course, Prof. Muir and party, following so close on the trail of Sitka Jack, found it more or less ornamented with intoxicated Siwashes. It was the native way of welcoming Jack, and if that revered and scientific party had had a little savvy and waited a bit they would have found that Jack's liquor would have run out, especially as according to their report Jack got all the Indians between here and Chilkat drunk and kept them so, and then had enough left to fill up the two Chilkat villages with liquor, which "flowed like water." Of course, considering the source, the published story, from which the above is quoted, can't be exaggerated, but if it isn't Jack's canoe must have had tremendous carrying capacity.

Now the truth is, that is assuming that Jack tells it, no "whiskey" was carried at all—that would have been unlawful—but Jack owns that he did carry a barrel of molasses, and that is strictly in accordance with law. And that barrel of molasses may have been instrumental in opening the Chilkat region to our miners. Undoubtedly Jack, when it gave out and he got sober, mourned for more, and wished himself back among the white men from whom all blessings of that sort flow, and those who mourned with him its early demise believed in the tales he told them of the good that the Sitka Indians were receiving from the whites. Jack himself made over \$300 last summer at the cannery, and the suit of clothes which he carried with him, starting with it on him and probably entering all villages so arrayed, did more toward converting these primitives than would a bushel of tracts and a cord of Bibles, a blue frock, brass buttons and colonel's stripes, a navy cap, with gold band and decorations.

If the miners start for the Chilkat, and several tell me they shall, and get well treated, and strike it rich, that barrel of molasses will become as famous as the "barrel of money" and "barl of apple sass" of political and theatrical renown.

Seriously, I believe I did right, and that the visit of my trained Indian has had an excellent effect upon his wild friends, and that during the summer a great deal will be done toward developing the northern region, where it is reported there are good placer indications. A little schooner is now outfitting to start.

April 28th.

The first salmon of the season made his debut to-day, that is, if he is a salmon, and not some species of salmon trout.

Five of these beauties, from thirty to forty inches long, came alongside to-day in a canoe paddled by a wild looking and awe-struck Siwash, who with his crouching klootheeman (wife) and papoose in the bow, gazed upon our guns and us with an expression that I feel sure to be unfamiliar with the sight. He was a stranger, and was taken in, for he took willingly the two bits each that were offered them for the fish, and no Sitka Siwash but would have asked us treble the price. Through an interpreter I interviewed him. He had spent the winter (and that means the last seven months) on a shanty on the western shore of Kruzoff Island, from which Mount Edgecumbe rears its eternally snow-clad peak, and he told me that he had walked up among the foot-hills of that mountain range there was a little lake, from which there flowed into the Pacific a small stream, and that from the headwaters of this stream he had hooked these fish, and each by the gash of the gulf in its silvery side confirmed that part of his story; and that these fish staid all winter in this lake, and ran down the stream in spring.

Now, Mr. Editor, if that Indian told the truth, and the interpreter ditto, either this is not a salmon, or it is a salmon with very peculiar habits. Before cooking, the flesh of this fish was as

red as that of the reddest fleshed brook trout. Frying for breakfast and boiling for dinner took from it every vestige of red tinge, leaving it almost as white as halibut. Three of the five were females, with well developed ovum.

I would seek that stream, and would capture some of these fish, but for a reason: Among my curios I have a necklace, not very pretty, but, to say the least, unique; it is composed of, alternately, the incisors and molar teeth of bears and beavers. The latter I should not object to watching build their dams, but I do not care to observe too closely, when armed but with a fish-rod, any of the relations of those who furnished the larger portion of my necklace, and lots of them live in the immediate vicinity of this stream. It may be true that "bears when not molested or irritated are harmless," but I am the owner of a bear, a small one, who in some respects resembles Artemus Ward's kangaroo; he is "an amorous little kuss," but he gets irritated mighty easy, and when he does it is only because his teeth are as yet not more than one-twentieth the size of those on my necklace, that I don't have considerable cause for irritation myself.

Now, my dear friend, I am sure you were born about the 1st of March. Wasn't that rather early? What do you do with this brute when he grows up is a puzzle to me. Some of my friends propose that some day we shall take him ashore, let him run, and several of us provide a foundation of truth for the killing-of-a-bear-in-Alaska-story, which we shall have to tell when we get home—viz., utilizing "Joe" with our rifles. PISCICO.

Natural History.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FRASER RIVER SALMON.

BY MOWITCH—NO. III.

Concluded.

SALMON spawning in different places may be fairly accounted for in this way: About the same time each season, salmon seem to be actuated by the common desire to proceed to the spawning beds, and the ova are developed to a greater degree in some individuals than others, although each variety of salmon starts from the sea at about the same time. As the ova become fully developed and matured, a branch off to the various tributaries then at hand and perform the act of spawning, while those not ready to deposit their spawn keep on till such time as they are ready, and so on till all have completed their allotted task. This, when viewed in the proper light, shows the wise provision of nature in many ways, but more especially in this respect. Did salmon all leave the sea at the same time, with the ova in the same condition, they would necessarily be compelled to resort to the same place, which would not afford the necessary room for the countless thousands—millions would perhaps be the best term—and overcrowding would frustrate and render nugatory the purpose sought to be accomplished.

That grilse spawn, I fully believe, not by my own knowledge, but from the testimony of many intelligent fishermen who are confident on this point; and certainly if they do not, and these supposed grilse are mature salmon, the different sorts of salmon frequenting these waters must be many more than commonly believed. There can be no doubt that fish of a small size, in every respect resembling grilse, are frequently caught full of spawn.

There is but one mode of capture of salmon by the whites, that is by drift nets varying in mesh from five and three-quarter to eight inches. Traps and weirs have been tried without any great success, and, financially speaking, proved a failure. The principal modes of capture practiced by the Indians are by means of scoop nets, used at the heads of eddies; traps of various construction. Stripped some of the most ingenious and ingenious in their construction, and always detachable from the spear-pole, are made by different tribes in various forms and shapes, often very primitive in character, but very effective in use. Both day and night are resorted to account in the salmon season. In spearing, a pitch-pine fire is used at night, as is the case in other parts of the world. The Indians of Babine Lake (about 120° long, 126° west), have a most ingenious way of capturing them with as little trouble as can well be imagined: A dam is built across a suitable stream, on the upper side of which, from bank to bank, a canoe or canoes, as the case may be, are placed lengthwise across the stream. The gunwales are depressed slightly and allowed to catch under projections of the upper side of the dam, so as to keep the canoe in position and prevent it from being carried over the dam. The Indians sit leisurely down on the banks of the stream and smoke the pipe of tobacco or kinnikinnick, whichever they may have the most of, confident of a rich return for their scanty labors. The results are as follows: Salmon arrive at the foot of the dam, and, instead of leaping, depositing themselves in the canoe instead of the water, and with their heads up, as they do for the noble red man's purpose he tows it ashore, empties it of its live and kicking cargo, and replaces it for another supply. Then comes his patient squaw, who proceeds, with considerable skill, to split, dress and dry the fish for their common support during the next long and dreary winter. No salt is used in the drying process, the fish usually keep remarkably well. The salmon storehouses are usually placed throughout British Columbia in the branches of trees, thirty to forty feet and even higher from the ground, and are reached by means of a notched pole, which makes an admirable substitute for a ladder. Many of these houses are very large, capable of storing many tons of salmon, and appear to be joint property of the tribe, depositing themselves in common. The Indians inform me that the reason of placing these houses so high is that by this means the dried fish is kept free from the ravages of blow and other flies, and assign no other reason for this custom. Many persons allege that it is to protect the salmon from dogs and other animals; this is an evident error, because ten feet is ample a protection from dogs, and a few feet would be, and as for climbing animals—such as muskies, martens, weasels, etc.—a moment's consideration will convince you that coons, martens and the like are generally as profi-

cient in climbing notched or other poles as are Indians. All the salmon of the river are perfectly harmless as regards poisonous effects to any animal. I have known of no injurious results arising from the flesh being eaten raw, boiled, fried, roasted or dried, and it is eaten with avidity by dogs and all other carnivorous animals when obtainable. In its dried state it is sometimes fed to Indian ponies, in seasons of much snow and scarcity of their usual fodder, with no noxious effects or objectionable results. On the other hand, from the most authentic and reliable information, the result of long experience and repeated experiments, it appears that *Salmo ginninal*, the Chinook or Columbia salmon, when eaten by dogs, under some circumstances, is as deadly to *Canis domesticus* as would be a dose of strychnine, although not as speedy in its results. This feature I do not attempt to account for, but leave it to others with the matter under their immediate observation. Now, as regards the taking or non-taking of a fly, I do not think that sufficient data are at hand to charge the noble *Salmo pacificus*—to use a generic term coined for the occasion, intended to include varieties peculiar to the Pacific Coast—with an offense of such magnitude. Perhaps it will be well to refer to the story told respecting the scion of nobility who, sent out for the species of fly he was not to touch, and the natural resources of Oregon, at the time of joint occupancy of said territory by the British and American nations, condemned the whole country as comparatively worthless—not worth the trouble of setting up or having a fuss made about, and perhaps more graphically than elegantly expressed his disgust by the statement "that if the whole country was not water, I don't care, even the salmon would not take a fly." Without touching the Columbia, of which river I confess to be comparatively ignorant, I am willing to admit that salmon will not take a fly in Fraser River; but this, if from no other cause, might fairly be attributed to the extremely muddy character of the water of the stream. A salmon could not see a fly, at least in the lower part of the river, were it within six inches of his nose, but I do not believe that they have been fished for enough to let us know whether they will or will not take a fly in the tributaries or clear water streams. One gentleman of my acquaintance (a Nova Scotia and New Brunswick fly fisher) showed me a salmon which he stated he caught in the Coquiam River with a fly, and I have the fullest faith in the veracity of his statement. You may ask how it is that in a country so long known as the best, such a question has not been fully tested and set at rest, pro or con. I will endeavor to explain: In the first place every stranger of fly-fishing proclivities is usually met upon his first inquiry by the assertion of some wisecracker or another who perhaps never saw a salmon fly or rod, that the salmon will not take a fly, and there is no use in trying. The latter assertions are usually made by a man, and perhaps he accepts the situation, and never attempts to prove or disprove the correctness of the statement. Again, if any one does try he probably does so using the flies and selecting the season in accordance with his former experience, derived in other countries, and after a few failures gives it up; but the principal or main reason is probably this: The little value attached to the salmon here prevents anglers from making it a fish of monetary or intrinsic value; and although I would not by any means charge salmon fishers with being mercenary wretches, still I may be pardoned for the belief that if salmon could be purchased on the Restigouche, Godbout or similar rivers for five cents a piece, Messrs. Abbey & Co. would sell less six-strip bamboo rods, use the same localities for fishing, and their fish would be cheap or easy of capture. People as a rule do not amuse themselves by shooting chickens in their own poultry yard, while I can readily imagine wild jungle fowl shooting to be an agreeable pastime. I was fond of jack fishing when a boy in Ontario, and many a night have I spent at it, robbing myself of the sleep I ought to have taken, to enable me to do my work properly next day. Even now, when I am a man, I find it very tiring, although having every opportunity of doing so had I been inclined, and seeing scores of salmon taken nightly by the Indians within a gunshot of my door. I was also fond of trolling with a spoon, and I practiced it to some extent in salt water here, catching as many sometimes as a dozen fine salmon in an afternoon, but the best part to prevent me from doing it was my disgust when after bringing my catch home, and finding for my use, I had to boil the others for my dogs or throw them away. The pleasure of being able to send a valued friend a present of a fine salmon, which is appreciated; would by some be thought to be a huge joke; while others would feel that an insult or slight was offered and intended at being the recipient of such a present. So strangely do circumstances change cases in this world of ours. These reasons may account in a great measure for the apathy existing in respect to a sport so highly valued under a different state of affairs.

Fearing that, if extended any further, this paper may get tedious, I will close by saying that, to do a stint of ichthyology, the salmon of the North Pacific present a field perhaps not equalled, certainly not excelled, by any other part of the world; while to the Canadian Department of Fisheries the establishment of proper hatcheries is a subject worthy of its most serious consideration, as not alone applicable to Fraser River, but to almost every stream emptying into the ocean on the seaboard of "The Pacific Province of the Dominion." *New Westminster, British Columbia.*

WINTER PELAGE OF *LEPUS CAMPESTRIS*.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—Statements respecting the color of *Lepus campestris* in your recent issues are getting so decidedly "mixed" that I beg a little space in your columns for an explanation of some of the apparently contradictory reports. As often happens in such cases, the truth is not all on one side. The "jack rabbit" of the plains does turn white in winter, and it does not, according to the latitude of the locality. From the plains of the Yellowstone to those of the Saskatchewan, or to the northern limit of the habitat of the species, *Lepus campestris* turns white in winter, while in Kansas, in Southern Nebraska and Southern Wyoming it, as a rule, does

not, or undergoes only partial change, as is the case generally over the belt of territory between the areas named. Mr. Guild's statement (see *FOREST AND STREAM* of June 10th) is unquestionably correct for the portion of country to which it relates, as is, of course, your own for the region further northward. In perhaps most species of mammals in which the pelage turns white in winter, the amount of change varies at different localities, the whiteness increasing in purity from the South northward, as is well illustrated in our common varying hare, or "white rabbit" (*Lepus americanus*), and in the ermines. In these species the change at the extreme southward is often only partial, while many individuals do not undergo the change at all. In *Lepus campestris* the winter pelage, even at the northward, never becomes so intensely white as in *L. americanus* and the Arctic hare, the brown of the under fur being visible on the slightest disarrangement of the pelage, while there is usually a more or less brownish area on the middle of the back in even the whitest examples. As these points are noticed in some detail in my "Monograph of North American Leporidae" (North Am. Rod. Coates and Allen, pp. 297, 304), it is unnecessary to devote further space to the subject here. J. A. ALLEN.

Cambridge, Mass., June 11th.

THE SNAKE KILLER.

THERE is a bird, I know not if it has been described by naturalists, inhabiting the southern portions of California and Arizona, popularly known as the "Road-runner." This bird is a little less in size than the eastern partridge or quail, and has the same general appearance, but with a long slim tail like the magpie; bill, black and straight and about one-half longer than that of the common jay; solitary in its habits and rarely two are found together. Its ordinary way of escape from its enemies is by running, using its wings to aid it after the manner of the ostrich. A horse must be put to it to drive one of these birds from the road, when it chooses to use the road ahead of it, instead of running out to one side to let the horse or team go by. It largely affects the arid plateaus or mesas of the region named, where the largest number of the species of cacti abound, and where, lying in the sun asleep, or watching for its prey, is found the large yellow rattlesnake, quite too plenty for the nerves of this eastern traveller. One of the varieties of cactus, pronounced by the native Mexicans as if spelled "chayer," drops every year a burr—egged shaped, and armed all over with long sharp needles. When this burr becomes dried by the fierce rays of the sun the needles pierce the flesh on coming in contact with it. Indeed it is stated by many who have tried the experiment that the burr with its hundreds of needles, or driving pins, is moisture from the hand, when placed near the eye, that it will of itself move and pierce the flesh. In the region where these burrs are scattered over the plain, our bird finds a rattlesnake asleep, perhaps, or coiled at rest. He runs silently and with speed and seizes these burrs, and quickly makes a circle of this impassable material around the snake. This done he seizes a burr and tosses upon the reptile. The sharp barbs pierce the now exposed back of the unfortunate sleeper. Flinging its body about it strikes every nerve upon the wall of burrs and becomes literally covered with the horrid thorns. Thus tormented, maddened, too much loaded down with the burrs for flight, the snake bites itself repeatedly and soon is dead. And our bird approaches and with no danger to itself, tears and eats the snake, and only leaves a heap of burrs. The burrs made by this bird are seen everywhere in the cañon districts of Arizona. I have named the bird the "snake killer" from its habit of hunting the rattlesnake.

It was a matter of surprise to me on shooting one of these birds, to find that it belonged to the flesh-eating class, instead of being seed and grain eaters, as its general appearance would indicate. I have seen many of these birds, but have never heard of any of them crying. It seems to be silent and solitary, as I have never discovered more than two in the same neighborhood.

GEO H. WYMAN.

The bird referred to is the ground cockoo chaparral cock, *Paisano* or *Faisano* (*Geococcyx californianus*), a not very distant ally of the cockoo. Its habits of feeding on snakes is well known to naturalists, and the supposed practice of surrounding its sleeping prey with the fruit of the cactus has already been described. But is it certain that these circles of cactus fruit are made by the bird, and for the purpose mentioned?

SWALLOWS, BATS AND BEDBUGS.—The explanation offered by Mr. R. M. Conway in regard to bedbugs on swallows is very interesting, but rather misleading, inasmuch as he seems to take for granted that he has solved the problem, whereas he has thrown but a very feeble light on the subject. The object of all inquiry is, I suppose, to learn as near a true knowledge of the subject in hand as possible.

Mr. C. may not be aware of the fact, but bedbugs do occur on swallows, as will be testified by any close observer.

As for this parasite on bats, I think no one would deny their presence. I have found them frequently, but on quite a number of lives (I have seen *subulatus*) examined by me, and I did not find a single bedbug. As I have had no experience at the South, I know nothing of the habits of the bats there. But as no bat was ever seen or known to hang in the house or barn referred to in my article of May 6th I am led to conclude that they were not the conveyers of the bedbugs. And if they had been, this would not explain why the bugs are found on the barn and swallows, and not on the young swallows were hatched. The bats were seen for a month or more prior to the time.

Bats are not very numerous in that locality, so I cannot think that they hang from the trees, and thus infest them with bedbugs, which afterward get on the swallows. Every year, swallows, bats and bedbugs are as numerous as ever, in their season; but the parasite is as

longer found in the house. As far as it goes, I think the theory advanced in my first article will hold.

The question is, do the bedbugs come from the bass woods, (I hold that they do), and if so how do they get there? W. P. M.

THE BLUE GROSBACK IN MASSACHUSETTS.—On May 20th Mr. Gordon Plummer, of Brookline, Mass., shot in that town a beautiful specimen of the adult male blue grosbeak (*Contopus caprimus*). This is believed to be the only specimen of this species ever taken in Massachusetts. None previous to this have ever been recorded. We have the record of one specimen only, taken in New England, which was shot in Maine nineteen years ago, and is now in the possession of Mr. Geo. A. Boardman, the eminent ornithologist.

THE LONG ISLAND INSECT PESTS.—*Boston, June 22d.*—I noticed, in your issue, an inquiry from an aggrieved correspondent in regard to the destruction of the trees of his section by June-bugs, as to "what he should do about it." Let him place half a dozen tubs of water around his yard near his favorite trees, sink a keg in each till nearly level with the water, and place thereon a lantern. If the bugs are very numerous he can take a hogweed and a cedar post. Attracted by the light they bump their heads against the glass and drop into the water, and if oil is dropped on the water, the next morning you will have a bushel, more or less, of the most demoralized animals that ever walked on six legs—or more. The oil clogs up their spiracles and suffocates them, while they can't swim worth a cent anyway. Cooperation is the death of bugs. J. P. TRU.

ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN FROM MAY 25TH TO JUNE 1TH.—1 horned lizard (*Phrynosoma cornuta*), 1 racoon (*Procyon lotor*), 1 European hare (*Lepus europaeus*), 2 woodchucks (*Arctomys monax*), 2 red foxes (*Vulpes fulvus*), 1 night heron (*Nycticorax nycticorax*), 1 bald eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*), 1 mocking bird (*Turdus polyglottus*), 1 alligator (*Alligator mississippiensis*), 1 opossum (*Didelphis virginiana*), 1 pigeon hawk (*Accipiter fuscus*), 4 spreading eagles (*Heterodon platyrhynchos*), 1 hog-nosed snake (*H. platyrhynchos*), 5 black snakes (*Basiscanion constrictor*), 2 water snakes (*Tropidonotus fasciatus*), 2 water snakes (*Tropidonotus sipedon*), 1 king snake (*Ophiodon tereticauda*), 1 mountain black snake (*Coluber obsoletus*), 2 timber snakes (*Agkistrodon contortrix*), 1 water snake (*Agkistrodon aquiliformis*), 1 garter snake (*Eutaenia arctica*), 1 garter snake (*E. sylvatica*), 1 indigo snake (*Spizella obsoletus*), all presented. 1 Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*), 1 zebu (*Bos indicus*), 1 fallow deer (*Dama vulgaris*), 4 prairie dogs (*Cynomys ludovicianus*); born in the garden. N. H. NAPP.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 15TH.—One black snake, presented by Mr. J. Frazer, New York City. One horned gull (*Larus argentatus*), presented by Mr. D. W. Lubring, New York City. One Virginia cardinal (*Cardinalis virginianus*), presented by Mr. F. B. Tighman, Eight menobranchi (*Menobranchia lateralis*), presented by Prof. Burt G. Wilder, Ithaca. Two red breasted toucans (*Ramphastos dicolorus*). Two military macaws (*Ara militaris*). One flamingo (*Phoenicopterus ruber*). One spider monkey (*Ateles alata*). One bush monkey (*Colobus cynceus*)—all purchased. One fallow deer, 2 timber snakes (*Agkistrodon contortrix*), 4 water snakes (*Agkistrodon aquiliformis*). Four white swans (*Cygnus albus*). Two black swans (*Cygnus atratus*)—all born in the menagerie. W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Fish Culture.

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THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION AT BERLIN.

NO. VII.—FISHWAYS.

GERMANY and America are the only countries which make any great display in fish culture, if we except Egypt, which has a passing knowledge of the fish and a very little apparatus. The limits of fish culture as regards apparatus does not seem to be clearly and sharply defined, or at least understood, by all alike; thus: in America, fish cultural apparatus is understood to include only hatching implements and their accessories for gathering spawn, feeding fry, etc., and the tanks and appliances for transporting living fishes, excluding fishways or fish ladders. In Germany, on the other hand, fish culture, while in America the latter are included and transplanted apparatus is, by the classification of the awards at the Fishery Exhibition at least, placed in the list of apparatus for bringing fish to market. The limits of fish culture are hard to define; so imperfectly do they blend into natural history, protection, food resources and other questions of interest that a fish culturist of the broad general nature must have a passing knowledge of all those things, including geographical distribution, protective laws, fishways, anatomy, classification and nomenclature, as well as to be conversant with the approved forms of hatching apparatus and the character and treatment of the eggs of the different fishes which come within his province; therefore, by an elastic interpretation of the term fish culture, perhaps fishways may be admitted within its meaning.

Europe is not profuse of devices for aiding fish to ascend obstructions in the streams, most of the models shown being the old fashioned ones, having plain partitions at right angles, or merely a series of pools arranged on a slope, whereby the fish leap from one to the other after the fashion of the original Scotch or Irish fish ladders; and in this connection it may as well be stated that the oldest salmon ladder known to the writer was built in Scotland, in 1826, a description of which will be found below among the models exhibited in the English department. A tour through the Exhibition in search of fishways reveals the fact that but three countries make any display of them, a circumstance which leads one to suppose that the other countries have nothing in this line worth showing, and, judging from the known literature of fish culture, it is much to be doubted if the question of the passage of fishes over obstructions, natural or artificial, has been made a subject of special study outside of Great Britain, Germany and America, where it has of late years received a large share of attention as one of the

means to be employed to preserve the fishes and increase the food resources of the respective countries.

ENGLAND.

The models in the English department are all from the Museum of Economic Fish Culture, at South Kensington, and are in wood and plaster, being apparently made without reference to scale, and are as follows:

Model of fish pass at Deunton Weir on the Leith, Perthshire, built in 1826. A gradually widening sluiceway with the explanation:—

Length of ladder, 250 feet.
Width at top, 9 feet.
Width at bottom, 40 feet.
Gradient, one foot in twenty-seven.

This way has projecting partitions reaching nearly across, with openings on alternate sides, and the question arises why the way is made wider below when the water passes through openings of the same size all the way down.

Model of fishway at Warkworth, on the Coquet, Northumberland, built by J. Tait, Esq., agent to the Duke of Northumberland. Partitions running all the way across, their tops sloping upward, having a notch in the middle. The flow of water is regulated by a movable section at the upper end, which is hinged at its junction with the other portion, allowing it to be elevated or depressed according to the state of the water.

A model is shown of a fishway constructed on a principle either unknown or at least unpracticed in America, called by Dr. Buckland "a diagonal board on weir," in which the face of the dam is made sloping (inclination not given, but about 25°), and a board is set up edgewise running diagonally down its face, throwing the water to the right or left, as the case may be, the fish being expected to rush up by the side of the board, which would seem to have the effect of deepening the water on the face of the slope and also retarding it to a slight degree.

A catalogue of the English exhibit has been promised, but at present writing, in the sixth week of the Exhibition, none has appeared, and as there are only very meager descriptions upon some of the articles, we must guess at some things, and as on this model there are the following inscriptions: "See Photo. of Durham Weir," and "See Fishery Reports, p. 44, 1870, and p. 36, 1869," it is perhaps to be inferred that a fishway has been built upon this principle, but not having access to the reports mentioned, at present, it is impossible to state this as a fact.

Buckland's fishway. This is partly on the principle of the above, having two boards, "flash-boards," if they may be so called, which converge and direct the water flowing down the sloping face into a sort of funnel. The face slopes at perhaps an angle of 45°, and these "flash boards" are at about the same angle with the crest of the dam. At the foot of the sloping face is a pool formed by a semi-circle of large rocks cemented into a wall, which gives the salmon a chance to start, while below the wall is the trunk of a tree thrown across to form a sort of lower pool and deepen the water around the rocky basin.

Model of a fish pass turned upon itself. Original at Tavistock, in Devon; dam six feet high; a succession of pools; reference to Fishery Reports 1869, p. 26.

Model of pass built in 1871, on the Severn, at Penarth, near Cardiff. The dam is a succession of pools with notches on alternate sides; height of dam, seven feet; difference of level between the pools, ten and a quarter inches.

Buckland's ladder. Model of one on the "Stour," Canterbury, said to work well. A succession of pools made by removable partitions sliding in vertical grooves; the bottom of the way being level, the upper pools are deep.

Model of Markworth dam, on the "Coquet," the property of the Duke of Northumberland. On one side of the dam is a fish trap with sluice gates, necks, etc., for taking trout, and a fishway upon the other. This is leased by Mr. W. R. Pape, the gun-maker, and the label tells us that in four years there were 131 tons of bull-trout taken here. (See Fishery Reports 1873, p. 8.) The ladder is made by partitions running up the dam, the height being less than the other, causing the largest flow to be made on alternate sides.

"Ladder within a ladder." Mr. S. Bateson's plan, at work near Golspie, Sutherland, Scotland, over a fall of sixty feet. (See Report, Scotch salmon ladders, p. 131.) A series of steps having on alternate ends a double step, or, as its name suggests, a smaller ladder or easier way within the greater one, which serves to break the force of the water.

GERMANY.

Herr von dem Borne, Berneuchen, exhibits the following:—

Model of Brackett's fishway (American) in tin.

Model of McDonald's fishway (American) in wood.

Model of Shaw's fishway (American) in wood.

Model of fishway with partitions making deep pools, the water flowing through a hole in the bottom of each partition instead of over top.

Model of old style fishway with alternate projections.

Model of above doubled to return near the dam.

Model of fishway with alternate projections, those on one side being at right angles with the sides of the way, and those on the other slanting up stream at an angle of 45°.

The Royal Prussian High Bailiff (Landroste) shows a working model of the salmon pass near Osnabruck, on the Ems, at Haneken, in Holstein, having partitions running across with notches on alternate sides.

Mr. Carl Schuster, Freiburg in Baden, has on one of the above plan, turned on itself, and a few brook trout four or five inches long in it, which appear contented to remain in the deep pool at the bottom and breathe the well oxygenated water which comes to them as they crowd to the surface to get the larger aperture to receive it. This model is of tin, ten feet in length, if straightened, and is one foot in width; the bottom being covered with gravel.

In the collective display of Thuringen (the district of the Thuringian or Hercynian Forest) is shown, by the Fish Cultural Society of Ohrdruf, a model of McDonald's (American) fishway, labeled "the latest model. Cr. Schramm," but no acknowledgment, leaving the observer to suppose that Mr. Schramm was the inventor.

Mr. Heinrich Ruesamen, trout culturist at Welschendorf, near Bad Ems, has a model of the old style of

way, with the alternate projections and the improvement of having the bottom covered with boulders and big stones as well as gravel.

The Fish Cultural Society at Heilsberg exhibit a fishway labeled "for small brook trout." It has partitions running across, with a round hole in the bottom of each. The fall in this model is one foot in two, thereby causing a doubt as to its being made on an exact scale. No particulars are given as to the height of dam overcome, or, in fact, whether it is an actual model of an existing fishway or not, or if it is. If the former, it would be interesting to know the height, etc., as well as the size of the fish which can climb so steep a staircase.

AMERICA.

Considerable ingenuity has been expended upon fishways in America, and most of the models exhibited by the United States Fish Commission were made by Mr. Charles G. Atkins, of Bucksport, Me., to a definite scale, which affords the student all the information as to height, length and fall or inclination. They are all made in pine and coated with shellac, making a very attractive collection, which is much admired, the only exceptions being the "McDonald" and the Shaw fishways, which were made and sent by the inventors themselves. They vary or are divided into three classes, according to genera, as "spiral," groove, inclined, etc., and again into species, as, "inclined fishways with steps," and those without. First, we have

"Groove fishway." Model of Fishway. James D. Brewer, inventor, Muncy, Lycoming County, Pa. In this fishway the water runs in a zigzag groove, which breaks its force without the formation of eddies. Patented.

"Box, step or pool fishways." Model of fishway. James D. Brewer, Muncy, Pa. Patented by Daniel Steck. In this the water is retarded in its descent by means of transverse sloping floors.

"Inclined ways without steps." Model of old Pennsylvania fishway. Built at Columbia, on the Susquehanna River, in 1866. Designed by James Worral. Scale, one eighth of an inch to the foot. C. G. Atkins, Bucksport, Me. Plain chute.

Model of old Pennsylvania fishway. Built at Columbia, on the Susquehanna River, in 1873. Designed by James Worral. Scale, one-eighth of an inch to the foot. C. G. Atkins, Bucksport, Me.

"With partitions at right angles." Model of rectangular return fishway. Scale, one-fourth of an inch to the foot. C. G. Atkins, Bucksport, Me.

Model of the fishway over the dam at Holyoke, Mass., on the Connecticut River. Patented by E. A. Brackett, Winchester, Mass. Scale, one-eighth of an inch to the foot (1-90). Model by C. G. Atkins. A submerged piece of cob-work, surmounted by a grating, serves to turn the fish into the fishway. It carries a column of water two feet wide and two feet deep, which reaches the bottom with no perceptible velocity, the current being less than two miles an hour. Height of the dam, thirty feet; length of the fishway, 400 feet; the incline, one in fifteen. The lower end is turned upon itself for a short distance.

"With partitions placed obliquely." An adaptation of Foster's plan. Model of one built at Penbrooke, Me. Designed by C. G. Atkins; has partitions running partly across and sloping slightly upward.

Model of Foster's fishway. Invented by H. H. Foster, East Machias, Me. Scale, one-fourth of an inch to the foot. Same as the above in arrangement, except that the partitions have a sharp inclination up stream.

Model of oblique fishway. Invented by Alfred Swazey, Bucksport, Me., in 1876. Scale, one-fourth of an inch to the foot. In this the one partitions run entirely across, but are lower on alternate sides.

Model of the fishway at Lawrence, Mass., on the Merrimack River. The Brackett plan of partitions; foot turned on itself for a short distance.

"With rectangular compartments." Fishway designed by Everett Smith, civil engineer, and Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of Maine, Portland, Me. Scale, 1-33. A long sluice leads the water down stream to the head of the fishway, where it is reversed, having its foot at the head of the fishway.

The ordinary semi-partitions from alternate sides are divided by longitudinal ones into squares, one of which in each section is covered with gravel, while the alternate one is bare.

Model of rectangular compartment fishway on the inclined plane system, in an extended arrangement. Scale, one-half of an inch to the foot (1-24). C. G. Atkins. Turned near the foot.

"Spiral fishway." Model of Pike's spiral fishway, devised by Hon. E. G. Pike, of Connecticut. Scale, one-half of an inch to the foot (1-24). C. G. Atkins. In this way the partitions are very long, and run from opposite sides.

Model of rectangular compartment fishway on the inclined plane system, in spiral arrangement, devised by Charles G. Atkins, of Bucksport, Me., in imitation of Pike's spiral fishway. Scale, one-half of an inch to the foot (1-24). C. G. Atkins. Showing the great economy of space and material effected by the spiral arrangement. Further advantages of the spiral arrangement are the facility with which water can be admitted at different heights of the river, and continuity of the outlet to the dam secured, so that the fish will readily find it. Has an upper and lower sluiceway, to be used at different stages of water.

Model of the fishway at Bangor, Me., on the Penobscot River; designed by Charles G. Atkins, and built by the city of Bangor in 1877 at a cost of \$8,000. Scale, 1-33. Height of the dam, sixteen feet (4.1 meters). This is a working model, and one of the finest make. It has rectangular compartments covered with gravel, and flashboards on all partitions in the upper portion. The sluices are arranged in a sloping manner, in order to admit the water at different levels.

Shaw's fishway: A spiral arrangement of deep pools; designed and exhibited by B. F. Shaw, Anamosa, Iowa, (Commissioner of Fisheries for the State.) Lithographs, with complete specifications, accompany it.

"Moving float fishway." Model of Everleth's fishway, devised by F. M. Everleth, M. D., of Waldoboro', Me. Scale, one quarter of an inch to the foot (1-48). C. G. Atkins. The peculiarity of this fishway is the movable attachment at the upper end, which, by its own buoyancy, rises and falls with the fluctuations of the river, thus ensuring that the entrance shall always be at the

right hinge to admit the requisite quantity of water.

¹²With counter-currents from below." Working model of the McDonald fishway, by M. McDonald, Lexington, Va. Patented. This fishway is constructed upon the principle of having three sets of transverse partitions sloping upward. The water passing through the sluice from the dam tends to sink in the middle line of buckets, and emerges at the sides at a lower level, being checked by abutting against other partitions placed below them at right angles which deflect the water up stream, and these currents from below operate as retarders to the fall of the water from above. One has just been constructed on the Savannah River, Ga., which has an inclination of one foot in three.

STRIPED BASS AND SHAD IN CALIFORNIA.—*United States Commission, Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C., June 16th.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*:—Among the fish heretofore taken by Mr. Livingston Stone to California, in behalf of the California Fish Commission, were a number of young striped bass in 1879, and I am just in receipt of a letter from Mr. B. B. Redding, of San Francisco, dated June 8th, in which he says: "I have just returned from market, where I had the pleasure of inspecting a striped bass about a foot long, caught this morning in the brackish water near Sausalito." Other authorities speak of the great abundance of shad in the Sacramento, and Mr. Redding says he saw one weighing eight and a half pounds. They are now taken in all the rivers of the coast, from Wilmington on the south to the Columbia on the north. A specimen of the Columbia River shad, forwarded by Prof. Jordan, is now on its way to the Smithsonian Institution.

¹³An additional shipment of young shad to California has just been made by the U. S. Fish Commission, leaving Washington on Saturday, the 13th of June. A dispatch from Mr. Stone of yesterday, from Fort Laramie, announced the entire success of the transmission up to that point.

SFENCER F. BAIRD, Commissioner.

The Kennel.

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CONDITIONING DOGS FOR SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

ALTHOUGH the States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut have passed laws restricting the sportsmen from shooting woodcock during the early summer, yet, both Delaware and Maryland still continue to allow the slaughter of the half-fledged long-bills in their territory. To those, therefore, of our shooting brethren who have been driven to look for other "fields and pastures new," and who cannot forego, from long accustomed habit, the annual woodcock Turkish bath, we would say a word on the conditioning of their dogs for the work before them.

Volumes have been written on caniology, and chapters have been devoted to the getting up of dogs for the bench, but we find little that is really practicable about preparatory conditioning for the field. We, therefore, do not think that it will be amiss, at this time, to call the attention of the summer shooting fraternity to the absolute necessity of putting their dogs in proper trim before they expose them to the most severe and exhausting kind of all field tests. It is the unfortunate impression of many who own sporting dogs that all that is necessary to fit the dog for a week's woodcock shooting is that his nose should be cold and his eye bright before taking him from off the chain at home. This should not be, and common sense should teach us that to keep up the strain of working well throughout the longest days of the year, and in the hottest weather, requires that the animals should be in more than ordinary good condition of health before submitting them to the fiery ordeal. This can only be brought about by regular exercise and by feeding good, unheating food, aided perhaps with several doses of some cooling, simple medicine a few days before they are taken out.

When the shooting in past years was mostly had by the gentlemen of this vicinity, in large mountain districts, where the beating was confined principally to the swales, or to the large timbered swamps, intersected by cool brooks and streams which had their headwaters in the mountain springs, then, had as it generally was, some relief could be found by both man and beast. No matter how stifling the day, there was almost always enough air stirring in the gulches way up on the mountain sides to enable the young enthusiast to do a very tolerable day's walking, and with frequent breathing spells, to be up and at the birds until the fiery ball in the west warned him that his day's work was done. Almost every one, in those times, had his favorite ground, and many are the days that we ourselves have all day long helped to awaken the echoes of the grand old crags about us; but the glory of those days is gone, and we for one have learned that we did wrong, and a chronic state of moralizing has driven us to openly confess it, and make amends. But, for all this, we cannot expect to have many followers in our new departure; for even now, in despite of ourselves, we find our eyes fixed on the calendar, to see when comes "the fourth." Sunstrokes, thirst and mosquitoes are almost forgotten, and we wonder if there are five broods again this year at the "old house spring;" but if there are, they are not for us, for that famous spot is in New Jersey.

Turning, therefore, to Maryland and Delaware, whose laws admit of woodcock shooting on June 10th and July 1st respectively, we find the best grounds to be in the low, flat tracts of country, hemmed in with thick impenetrable brush-wood of a rather stunted growth. True it is, that woodcock are found extremely plenty in "the branches," particularly in dry seasons, when early freshets have not at the breeding time inundated the country round. But to beat out these grounds thoroughly it takes a blue-ribboned salamander; no bubbling springs are there to greet the ear and give most blissful drops of comfort. Nor is there any country in our experience where sport is more uncertain; for though there may be scores of birds on the range to-day, a sudden atmospheric change and they are gone. Conjecture then is at a discount; nor are there weary hills to climb to find the shifted birds stored away, safe and sound, along the murmuring rills. Now, if there is one thing above another that tends to buoy up the sinking frame it is the guesswork of finding game—a sort of Japhet-in-search-of-a-father kind of feeling that causes one to look and walk, and walk and look, no matter how tired and exhausted he may feel, or how blank each cover may be found. We remember once, in spite of ourselves, having been seduced into making the rounds of Harford County, including Spesutia Island, which took almost a two weeks' jaunt, and at the same time it was as plain as the nose on a man's face, on the very first day, that the young birds had been drowned out early in the season, and the old ones had drifted away to try their luck in some more elevated section. Where that was the moon alone can tell.

But to those who wish to try woodcock shooting at this season, we say have a care for your dogs—if not for the sake of humanity, then for your own. Be early to rise, and do your best work before the day grows unbearable. Endeavor to locate the water-pools on your beat, and every now and again leave the cover and refresh your dogs with a swim. If the depth of the pools and ditches is not sufficient for a bath, then sop up water with your hands, and continually wet their heads and necks. At noon time rest a while in an open shady spot, and you will find it will repay you later on when the sun has lost a little of his power.

Dogs on grounds such as we have described are subjected to the attack of ticks; it will be well, therefore, to carefully examine the dogs' coats, and particularly the head and ears, before kenneling them for the night. Should you find any of these wretched tormentors, as you most undoubtedly will, remove them forcibly, and dress the parts afflicted with some mercurial preparation. To insure good sport all dogs should be fitted by training for the field as race horses are for the turf—and this more particularly applies at the approach of the heated term. Exercise in moderation will remove the surplus fat, and there is nothing better at this season to insure good health than the following course of treatment: Give several days before taking the field a teaspoonful of sulphur at night, followed in the morning by a dose of sulphate of magnesia, varying from a dessert to a tablespoonful. Perhaps the best way to administer this mild cathartic is to dissolve it in water and pour it down the animal's throat, omitting all food until an hour or two after. Later in the day, when the medicine has taken effect, then the usual exercise may be given. Adopt this plan—it is a simple one—which can do no harm, and you will find that it will prove most beneficial.

HORSEHAIR FOR DISTEMPER.—*Blacksbury, Cal., June 10th.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*:—For the benefit of canine fanciers, and more particularly for the welfare of the dogs themselves, the following simple remedy is submitted: Take hair from the tail of a horse, cut, as fine as possible, say from the twentieth to the fortieth of an inch in length. Give one heaping teaspoonful in the dog's food once a day until the dog is cured. If administered in time three or four doses are usually sufficient. Feed liberally with any light cooling food. In extreme cases, when the animal shows weakness in the loins, make running sores in the breast and back of the neck with seatons, using the cut hair internally. The above remedy will also cure all diseases caused by worms. A friend of mine, dealing in and driving stock on very dusty roads, formerly used up from three to six dogs during one season, always losing them when young. Since using the "hair cure" he has now worked a couple of dogs until they have grown old in his service. J. H. W.

Horsehair cut fine will no doubt create local irritation, and rid dogs, to some extent, of worms, but how it can cure distemper we utterly fail to see.

THE BEAGLE JUDGING.—*Bloomington, N. Y., June 10th.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*:—If not encroaching too much on your space as a breeder and lover of the beagle, I would like to say a few words in regard to the most extraordinary judging which occurred in that class at the last New York show. I will premise by saying that I did not own a single dog in the ring. At all shows hitherto in this country I believe prizes have been awarded to dogs rather under thirteen inches than over, and the public was getting the idea that a beagle was a diminutive hound, when all at once we find three hounds, large enough to be full sized harriers, bearing off all the honors, while some most excellent dogs of the hitherto acknowledged standard, among them the two prize winners in 1879, are passed by without a commendation. The dogs chosen this year were the largest and evidently the swiftest in the lot. How are either speed or large

size desirable in a beagle? Stonehenge tells us that the intention (of breeding beagles) has always been to obtain a hound of delicate nose, united with so slow a pace as to keep the "field" to keep up without aid of horses. Sportsmen in this country who use beagles for hare hunting know that as the intention is not to run the game down, but drive it to the gun, speed is of little account. In regard to size Stonehenge insists that foot beagles "should not exceed nine inches in height, but for Young England they are often used up to eleven and even twelve inches." He gives the measurement of Damper, a typical beagle of these days. The same authority says down the size of harriers at from sixteen to twenty inches. It is evident, therefore, that the prize winners at the late show were full sized harriers, as one measured nineteen inches at the shoulder. If judging at shows is to be done in this manner our knowledge of typical dogs will soon be even more confused than it is at present. E. T.

THE NEW YORK DOG LAW.—Mayor Cooper's dog catchers commenced their raid upon the canines of the metropolis on Monday last. They are to receive thirty cents for every dog they deliver to the keeper of the dog-pound, which is situated at the foot of Sixteenth street, East River. The first day's catch was estimated at several hundred. Owners of dogs should bear this in mind, and keep their pets within doors during the heated term.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Nero*.—Mr. T. H. Wynnan, of Sebco, Maine, claims the name of *Nero* for his white and black cocker dog puppy, whelped May 7th, 1880, by owner's Point out of *Flo*. *Dan*.—Mr. D. W. Culver, of Jersey City, claims the name of *Dan* for his liver and white pointer puppy, by Mr. E. M. Culver's Duke (Frank-Quail), out of Mr. P. Lumbreyer's Queen (Ben II. Nellie). *Sancho*.—Mr. J. H. Cable claims the name of *Sancho* for his liver pointer puppy, by Mr. E. M. Culver's Duke, out of Queen. *Lancewood*.—Mr. E. S. Wannaker, of Cool Spring, N. C., claims the name of *Lancewood* for his red and white setter dog puppy, whelped March 18th, 1880, by Rich out of *Lorna*. Mr. W. writes as follows: "This puppy was presented to me by Dr. Wm. Jarvis, and selected by him as the choice of the litter. He should develop into something grand, as I consider the dam (*Lorna*) unapproachable in the field for style, grace, beauty, pace, endurance, staunchness and general excellence. Having trained her, I am competent to judge." *Lady Venus*.—Mr. E. L. Marshall, of Chariotmont, Va., claims the name of *Lady Venus* for his imported fox terrier bitch, by Spot, out of Nell. *Lady Diana*.—Mr. E. L. Marshall claims the name of *Lady Diana* for his fox terrier bitch puppy, by Mr. Cornell's Natty (Gamster-Peeger), out of *Lady Venus* (Spot-Nell). *Evangeliste*.—The owner of *Evangeliste* is Mr. R. G. Hall, of Portland, Maine. *Daisy*.—Mr. Fred. Scott, of Bristol, Pa., claims the name of *Daisy* for his lemon and white pointer gyn, out of Mr. T. Greene's Girl, by Mr. Wm. F. Steel's Glenmark. *Katleckerbocker*.—Mr. Geo. Miller, of Jersey City, claims the name of *Katleckerbocker* for his liver and white pointer dog puppy, out of Girl, by Glenmark. *Mattie*.—Dr. H. B. Wyant, of Peekskill, N. Y., claims the name of *Mattie* for his liver bitch puppy, whelped February 2d, 1880, by Mr. John L. Martin's (Milford, Mass.) Sam, out of Vivian.

WHIPPS.—*Gretchen*.—Mr. Alfred W. Bennett's (Boston, Mass.) St. Bernard bitch *Gretchen* (recently purchased from Mr. L. C. Collins) whelped, June 18th, twelve puppies, eight dogs and four bitches, by owner's Don. *Grace*.—Mr. N. Elmore's (Granby, Conn.) pointer bitch *Grace*, Seal, whelped, June 19th, eight puppies, seven dogs and one bitch, by Guy, Snapshot-Fanny. Five liver and white and three lemon and white. *Bella*.—Mr. Edward L. Mills' (Washington, D. C.) orange and white English setter bitch *Bella* whelped, June 9th, ten puppies, three dogs and seven bitches, by Champion Leicester.

BRED.—*Peckham Eye-Bruff*.—Mr. C. H. Clayton's (New York City) setter bitch *Peckham Eye*, by Mr. C. H. Raymond's Guy Manning, out of Mr. Dudley Olcott's Flash, has been bred to Mr. J. C. Parrott's Bruff by Mr. C. H. Raymond's Pride of the Border-Fairy.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. M. P. McKoon, of Franklin, N. Y., has presented a friend, Mr. N. Elmore, of Granby, Conn., with a very fine English Foxhound bitch puppy.

Archery.

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PRIVATE PRACTICE CLUB.

MAY SCORES.

THE inactivity and curvetous usually attending upon the first half of the spring season has not to have overtaken the good archers of the Private Practice Club, for the general average is well up to the old record of April, though no score at the York Round quite equalled the best of last month. It is pleasing to think that if members can score as well at the coming national meeting as they have averaged for May, we should record from the Private Practice Club alone the following double Yorks: \$33,728, 674, 678, 510, 500, 489, or seven scores exceeding that which would equal place at the last grand national meeting, and four scores exceeding that which won the medal. The scores exceeding 150 points at 100 yards have not been quite so numerous as last month, only two instances being recorded, Mr. Peddinghaus getting 133-151, and Mr. Will H. Thompson 143-151. At the 80 yards range Mr. Peddinghaus reached 150 points no less than six times out of eight rounds, with a last score of 171; Mr. L. D. Devoil once, with 148-150; Mr. Will H. Thompson five times, with a best score of 141-150. The 60 yards shooting national meeting, and four scores exceeding 150 points was recorded as two or three made in scores of 160 and over were made by Edwin Devoil twice, with best score of 21-129; by Maurice Thompson once, with 22-132; by L. D. Devoil once, with 23-143; by L. L. Peddinghaus twice, with best score of 22-134; by Will H. Thompson fifteen times, with best score of 24-144; and by Frank H. Walworth once, with 22-130.

These 60 yards records are an encouraging feature of our American archery, since they prove that at the one range where we have had considerable practice we obtain scores which would not discredit the veterans of Great Britain. It is at the longer ranges that they so greatly excel us. It is no uncommon thing for their leading shots to score as many points with 21 arrows at 50 yards

unable to obtain, on account of the difficulty about transportation. It is hoped the matter will be settled between the manufacturers and the railroad, as everyone here who has used the smoke balls prefer them to glass balls. Card's rotary transparent-handicap rise, 20 balls each—

	Yards.	Balls.
E. L. Mills.....	111111111111111111	25
E. M. McLeod.....	111111111111111111	28
E. J. Edridge.....	111111111111111111	30
P. F. Nagle.....	011111111111111111	30
E. S. Peak.....	111111111111111111	30
T. E. King.....	100111111111111111	30

W. W. E.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, Mass., June 14th.—At the recent glass ball shoot there were five present, from twelve from Brookfield and seventeen of this town. Mathewson, of Brookfield, and Holmes, of Spencer, were captains of the sides. The following is the score:—

Mathewson.....	14	Holmes.....	7
A. Putnam.....	14	J. Hobbs.....	10
L. Bliss.....	11	F. Ford.....	12
Harrington.....	17	L. E. Bliss.....	13
Varney.....	15	Bosworth.....	13
Cass.....	17	Shepherd.....	13
Campbell.....	11	Dean.....	18
Crosby.....	14	W. Reynolds.....	18
Morton.....	14	Filled.....	19
French.....	13	Barton.....	13
Vauzhu.....	13	Gilm.....	13
Butterworth.....	13	C. Herman.....	13
Deyo.....	17	A. Hobbs.....	13
Foster.....	10	Stoddard.....	12
Hoyes.....	10	Capen.....	12
Tyler.....	10	G. Reynolds.....	10
Gerald.....	9	Dunphy.....	9

Total.....218 Total.....214
Mr. Butterworth, who made fourteen points, is a one-armed veteran of the late war.

SPENCER, Mass., June 21st.—The Sportsmen's Club here are building a club house on their shooting grounds. It is to be 22 by 24 feet, and will supply a want long felt by the club.

FALCON GUN CLUB.—Regular monthly contest, June 15th. First match at glass balls:—

Geo. Butler.....	7	H. D. Ford.....	7
John H. Ficken.....	7	J. B. Brinckerhoff.....	7
Capt. Anderson.....	7	H. D. Ford.....	7
H. Van Staden.....	6	Wm. Lemcken.....	6
Peter Kelly.....	6	L. B. Radin.....	6
C. Thomas.....	6	Wm. Lemcken.....	6

Clark, first; Radin, second; Butler, Ficken, Ford and Lemcken divided third.

Second match: glass balls:—

J. Palmer.....	8	Van Gelder.....	6
J. Bohling.....	7	Thomas.....	8
C. Hoffman.....	7	Clark.....	10
Hoyes.....	9	Radin.....	10
Anderson.....	9	Radin.....	10

Clark, first; Hoyes and Anderson, second; Palmer, Thomas and Herman third.

Third match: balls:—

Oferman.....	3	Hoyes.....	4
Palmer.....	4	J. H. Mannix.....	4
Ficken.....	4	Wm. Lemcken.....	4
Bohling.....	2	Kelly.....	2
Van Staden.....	4	Van Gelder.....	5
Butler.....	4	H. Herman.....	5
Thomas.....	4	Annett.....	3
H. D. Ford.....	4	4

Ficken, Thomas and Van Gelder, first; Palmer, Van Staden, Butler, Ford, Hoyes and Mannix, second; Oferman, Anderson, Herman and Annett, third.

Fourth match at balls:—

H. Rottman.....	3	Hoyes.....	7
J. H. Ficken.....	5	J. H. Mannix.....	7
Geo. Butler.....	5	Wm. Lemcken.....	7
H. Van Staden.....	9	C. Thomas.....	7
G. Kelly.....	8	J. Bohling.....	7
L. Palmer.....	8	L. B. Radin.....	7
Hermann Dittmar.....	9	Wm. Mangels.....	3

Van Staden and Dittmar, first; Kelly, Palmer and Radin, second; Hoyes, Lemcken and Bohling, third.

Fifth match at balls:—

Wm. Lemcken.....	5	C. C. Doscher.....	2
Hoyes.....	6	J. H. Miller.....	5
H. Van Staden.....	6	L. Palmer.....	5
Peter Kelly.....	4	John Miller.....	5
H. Dittmar.....	6	J. G. Hermann.....	3
J. Bohling.....	6	L. B. Radin.....	3
Palmer and Dittmar, first; Lemcken, Van Staden, Miller and Palmer, second; Kelly and Radin, third.			

Sixth match at balls:—

L. Palmer.....	4	Hoyes.....	4
J. Ficken.....	2	Wm. Lemcken.....	2
L. Palmer.....	2	Geo. Butler.....	2
P. Kelly.....	3	H. Miller.....	2
H. Van Staden.....	3	J. N. Hermann.....	2
C. C. Doscher.....	2	L. B. Radin.....	2
J. Bohling.....	2	2

Butler, first; Palmer, Dittmar, Doscher, Hoyes and Radin, second; Kelly, Van Staden and Hermann, third.

Wednesday, second day.—First Match at balls:—

L. Palmer.....	8	E. Collins.....	8
Capt. Anderson.....	9	J. Thomas.....	8
H. Van Staden.....	9	Wm. Lemcken.....	8
H. Van Staden.....	9	John N. Hermann.....	8
J. Vogt.....	6	J. H. Miller.....	8

Palmer, Hermann and Anderson divided. J. D. Gotschins, referee.

Second match at balls:—

J. Thomas.....	7	Chas. Townsend.....	9
H. Van Staden, Jr.....	5	Capt. Anderson.....	9
E. Collins.....	5	J. H. Miller.....	9
Dr. Talbot.....	10	5

Dr. Talbot, first money, Chas. Townsend, second money; Collins and Anderson divided third money.

Third match at balls:—

J. H. Miller.....	8	Dr. Talbot.....	10
E. Collins.....	8	Dr. Henry.....	10
J. Thomas.....	7	7

Dr. Talbot and Henry divided first and second money; Miller took third money.

Fourth match at balls:—

J. H. Miller.....	5	Dr. Henry.....	9
Dr. Talbot.....	10	L. Palmer.....	9
Chas. Townsend.....	10	E. Collins.....	7

Dr. Talbot and Townsend divided first and second money; Dr. Henry took third money.

Fifth match at balls:—

L. Palmer.....	9	H. Van Staden.....	8
E. Collins.....	10	Capt. Anderson.....	8
C. C. Doscher.....	8	Wm. Lemcken.....	8
Geo. Butler.....	6	John N. Hermann.....	8
E. Collins first; Miller, Palmer, second; Van Staden, Anderson and Hermann third.			

Sixth match at balls:—

Townsend.....	9	H. Dittmar.....	8
Dr. Henry.....	10	J. H. Miller.....	8
E. Collins.....	10	Chas. Oftermann.....	9

Dr. Henry and Collins divided first; Townsend, Palmer and Oftermann divided second; Talbot and Dittmar shot off third prize, and won by Talbot.

SEVENTH MATCH AT BIRDS:—

Henry Rottman.....	1	J. Thomas.....	6
J. H. Miller.....	2	M. Libbe.....	6
Geo. Butler.....	2	E. Collins.....	6
W. Lemcken.....	6	Chas. Oftermann.....	6
Capt. Anderson.....	8	Geo. Butler.....	6

Thirs, first; Deir and Anderson divided second; Oftermann, third.

EIGHTH MATCH AT BIRDS:—

J. H. Miller.....	8	Chas. Oftermann.....	3
Geo. Butler.....	9	J. Vogt.....	7
Geo. Butler.....	9	Capt. Lehmann.....	7
Wm. Lemcken.....	8	4

Miller, Beier and Lemcken divided first, second and third.

THIRTEENTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

L. Palmer.....	9	E. Collins.....	5
C. Doscher.....	0	J. Besson.....	5
P. Kelly.....	2	J. H. Hermann.....	3

Won by E. Collins.

FOURTEENTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

Peter Kelly.....	9	F. Smith.....	8
J. H. Miller.....	9	E. Collins.....	8
J. H. Herriage.....	10	C. Townsend.....	0

Herriage, first; Townsend, second; eight ties shot off and won by Palmer, third.

FIFTEENTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

J. H. Herriage.....	9	J. H. Ficken.....	8
C. Townsend.....	10	Dr. Burdett.....	8
C. Townsend.....	10	Peter Kelly.....	4
Carling.....	7	Lewis.....	10

Collins, Lewis and Townsend, first; Herriage, Hermann and Burdett, second; Carling, third.

SIXTEENTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

J. Bohling.....	6	C. Townsend.....	10
Dr. Burdett.....	6	C. Hoffman.....	8
Lewis.....	9	E. Collins.....	8
Carling.....	9	Jack.....	8
Hoyes.....	10	H. Dittmar.....	10

Smith, Townsend and Dittmar divided first; Lewis and Carling divided second; Burdett and Collins divided third.

SEVENTEENTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

Cummings.....	6	J. H. Ficken.....	5
J. Bohling.....	9	Capt. Anderson.....	8
Carling.....	10	Jack.....	6
Dr. Burdett.....	10	R. J. Brinckerhoff.....	6
P. Kelly.....	3	H. D. Ford.....	9

Carling and Burdett divided first; Bohling, Dittmar and Ford divided second; Collins and Anderson divided third.

EIGHTEENTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

C. Townsend.....	9	C. Oftermann.....	7
E. Collins.....	8	Capt. Anderson.....	6
Carling.....	8	Capt. Anderson.....	6
H. D. Ford.....	8	Hoyes.....	6
Dr. Burdett.....	10	Jack.....	8

Burdett, first; Bohling and Townsend divided second; eight ties shot off and won by Collins and Herriage who divided third.

NINETEENTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

J. H. Miller.....	7	C. Townsend.....	10
L. B. Radin.....	8	Wm. Hughes.....	8
E. Collins.....	10	10

Burdett, first; Bohling and Townsend divided second; eight ties shot off and won by Collins and Herriage who divided third.

TWENTIETH MATCH AT BALLS:—

J. H. Miller.....	8	H. Van Staden.....	8
H. Hall.....	10	J. W. Hermann.....	8
H. Hughes, first; Hall, second; Miller, Van Staden and Hermann divided third:—			

Fifth match at balls:—

E. Madison.....	9	C. Townsend.....	10
Dr. Burdett.....	10	Dr. Talbot.....	10
W. Hughes.....	9	S. Smith.....	10
J. Bohling.....	10	C. Townsend.....	10
T. Townsend.....	8	Power.....	8
J. Thomas.....	9	Tofey.....	8
L. Collins.....	8	Herriage.....	8

Ten ties shot off and won by T. Hall, first; nine ties shot off and won by Miller, second; eight ties shot off and won by Collins, third.

FOURTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

Tofey.....	9	T. Hall.....	14
L. B. Radin.....	13	Carling.....	14
E. B. Redden.....	13	E. Collins.....	14
Dr. Talbot.....	12	E. Collins.....	14
Smith.....	6	C. Townsend.....	15

C. Townsend, first; Madison, Hall, Carling and Collins divided second and third.

FIFTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

Dr. Talbot.....	9	H. Dittmar.....	8
E. Madison.....	10	L. B. Radin.....	8
Dr. Burdett.....	7	J. H. Miller.....	4
C. Oftermann.....	4	J. Bohling.....	4
Herriage.....	7	Carling.....	4

Madison, first; Talbot and Hughes divided second; Deier, Collins and Dittmar divided third.

SIXTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

Dr. Talbot.....	5	W. Hughes.....	9
E. Madison.....	6	Dr. Burdett.....	9
J. Bohling.....	8	Herriage.....	9
G. Heier.....	7	John J. Berkold.....	7

Talbot, Hughes and Madison shot off for first; won by Talbot. Bohling and Herriage divided second; Heier and Berkold divided third.

SEVENTH MATCH AT BALLS:—

Dr. Talbot, 5; Hughes, 5; Burdett, 4. Second tie: Talbot, 5; Hughes, 4.			
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Talbot, Hughes and Madison shot off for first; won by Talbot. Bohling and Herriage divided second; Heier and Berkold divided third.

BOGARDUS VS. RIMMEL.—A series of three matches have been arranged between Capt. A. H. Bogardus and Rimel, the English pigeon shooter, with whom Bogardus shot for the championship of the world, August 7th, 1875. The conditions are one hundred wild pigeons each, Rimel to stand at twenty-nine yards, Bogardus at thirty yards in the first match, and if he wins this, at thirty-one yards in each of the succeeding matches. The first two of these contests are set down for Brighton Beach Fair Grounds. June 30th and July 2d, at 2 o'clock p.m. The third time and place to be determined, will be shot within ten days after the second.

IVY POISON REMEDY.—New Haven, Conn., June 17th.—A great many remedies have been suggested for the cure of the troublesome eruption caused by contact with the fresh foliage of the species of *Ivy*, familiarly known as poison ivy, many of them completely killed the poison and stopped its spreading, in a very satisfactory way. Of course, the skin will be discolored by the caustic for a few days.

MARK WEST.

Cricket.

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FIXTURES.

June 24th, at Hoboken, N. J.—St. George (23) vs. Mr. Duncan's Princeton team.
June 25th, at Ardmore—Merion vs. Girard.
June 26th, at Chestnut Hill—Belmont vs. Chestnut Hill.
June 27th, at Staten Island—Germantown vs. Staten Island.
June 28th, at Frankfort, Ky.—Oxford (1st) vs. Merion (2d).
June 29th, at Hoboken, N. J.—St. George vs. St. Paul's School.
June 30th, at Baltimore—Baltimore vs. Merion.
June 30th, at Newark—Manhattan (23) vs. Newark (1st), July 1st, at Stanton.

GIARD CRICKET CLUB'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.—The Girard Club of Philadelphia turned up in the metropolis last week and played and won two first eleven matches, one from the old Manhattan and one from the old St. George. Besides this, they put a second eleven in the field against the Manhattan one of the days when the first was working destruction at Hoboken. We went over the first day to see them play the Brooklyn club, and it only took half an eye to "photograph them into our heart." It is a grand batting eleven, a fair bowling one, with good fielders, and a crack wicket keeper. The accession of the Hargreaves family to this comparatively new organization, of course, places it at once in the foremost rank of American clubs, and we consider, from what we saw, that the Young America will have at last to work hard when the Girard eleven is in full practice.

GIARD VS. MANHATTAN.—Played at Prospect Park June 18th. Won by the visitors by 87 runs on the first innings' totals. The Manhattan captain won the toss, and took the innings, and his team did good work enough against the fast bowling, but were all abroad as how to obstruct the wickets from Tom Hargreaves' excellent underhands. The fielding was not up to the mark at first, and the dozen extras were put on before the second wicket was disposed of. O'Grady, with the gloves, did well, and there was some old time shyness by the brothers that was good to see. Noxley (professional) handled his bat nicely, particularly when the ball was to the off; and Wilson's old-style square-leg hitting, and Morris' well timed and careful placing of the ball did much to gloss over the rather poor exhibition of several of the other batsmen. The innings closed for St. On resuming, after an excellent luncheon, the Girards commenced what turned out to be a formidable innings. Five of the team secured double figures, and six batted for more than an hour. Hooper, by far, did the best work, and Morris behind the wickets was sharpish. The fielding was good, as only one catch was missed, and Middleton especially deserves credit for his clean picking up and excellent return. Hosford made a rattling good catch at deep long-field, which ended Tom Hargreaves' career on the first ball. The veteran, Joe Hargreaves, contributed 41, but his blue cap was not faded enough to show that he had had much practice. The feature of the match was the smart and brilliant letting go of Brooks, a Lancashire man of the Tom Humphrey school, who not out 75 was obtained by good old round cricket. The innings resulted in 181 for the visitors, and the second innings of the home club was commenced before the wickets were drawn. Annexed is the full score:—

MANHATTAN.		Second Innings.	
J. Noxley, b. R. Hargreaves.....	21	b. Brooks.....	4
Brooks, b. R. Hargreaves.....	0	Dr. Hubert, b. T. Hargreaves.....	6
Dr. Hubert, b. T. Hargreaves.....	6	Jenkins, st. Gregg, b. T. Hargreaves.....	0
Jenkins, st. Gregg, b. T. Hargreaves.....	0	run out.....	6
Hosford, b. R. Hargreaves.....	4	st. Gregg, b. Brooks.....	1
Wilson, b. T. Hargreaves.....	1	not out.....	7
Hooper, b. T. Hargreaves.....	19	not out.....	0
Morris, c. T. Hargreaves, b. R. Hargreaves.....	19	b. Brooks.....	0
Jackson, b. T. Hargreaves.....	4	0
Middleton, c. J. Hargreaves, b. T. Hargreaves.....	3	0
H. Tucker, not out.....	0	0
Byes, 7; leg byes, 2; wides, 3. 12			
Total.....	87	Total.....	18

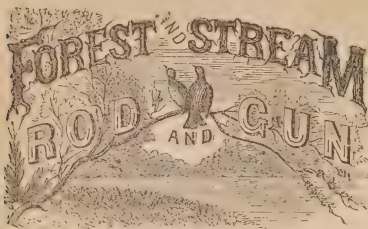
GIARD.

First Innings.

B. Hargreaves, run out.....	1	Gregg, c. Tucker, b. Hooper.....	4
Blood, c. Hooper, b. Hooper.....	1	Vernon, b. Hosford.....	0
Webster, c. Morris, b. Hooper.....	20	Tomlin, c. Middleton, b. Jackson.....	0
Brooks, not out.....	75	Brooks, not out.....	10
Joe Hargreaves, c. Hosford.....	41	run out.....	0
T. Hargreaves, c. Hosford.....	0	Bye, 1; wides, 0.....	0
b. Jackson.....	0	Total.....	181
H. Tucker, st. Talbot, b. Hooper.....	0		

FALL OF WICKETS.

St. John's College.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOCTRINATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1890.

TO Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith, and be addressed to Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

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Trade supplied by American News Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

Dr. D. J. MALBY.—Our readers will recall with interest the interesting sketch of "Bear Shooting in North Minnesota," published in our issue of May 13th, over the signature "M. D." Its author was Dr. D. J. Malby, of Detroit, Minn., a brief notice of whose death, on the 8th inst., has just reached us. Dr. Malby's letter could not fail to inspire in its readers a personal interest in himself and a hope to know more of him. The short obituary notice before us is a simple record of a busy life, a fine christian character and a loving circle of friends. Having enlisted in the Ninety-fourth New York Volunteers in 1861, he participated in eight pitched battles, was taken prisoner twice, and after the war resumed his medical studies at Watertown, N. Y., thence going directly to Detroit. He had numerous friends in this city, where he attended a course of lectures in the fall of 1877. At the time of his death Dr. Malby was thirty-seven years of age. He leaves a wife and three children.

SOMETHING NEW IN PYROTECHNICS.—The new form of pyrotechnics, which are for sale by Messrs. Hartley & Graham, are so much superior to the old style of fireworks that we think they must in a great measure displace them. The device is an exceedingly simple one, so simple, in fact, that one wonders that it was not invented before. The star cartridges are to all appearance like an ordinary shell, but they are filled with the same materials that are employed in Roman candles, sky-rockets, etc., and we have fireworks shot out of a gun. The advantages are simplicity and rapidity of firing, a complete absence of the dirt and danger attending the old method, and, not the least important, a very decided difference in the cost. For political celebrations in the public streets these star cartridges are far preferable to all other pyrotechnics, because there are no sparks to endanger the spectators, and no dangerous sticks to fall. For the lawn and for yachting purposes these cartridges prove equally adapted. Fourth of July and other displays of fireworks have hitherto been attended with expense and damage; the invention of star cartridges obviates both.

—The International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin will close on the 30th of this month, and Prof. Goode and staff expect to sail for home either on July 1st or 8th, arriving about the 15th or 22d.

THE AMERICAN AWARDS AT BERLIN.

AMERICANS have every reason to be satisfied with their representation at the Berlin International Fishery Exhibition. Notwithstanding the limited time afforded by the tardy action of Congress to make an appropriation for the purpose, Prof. Baird, having the extensive resources of the National Museum and the Fish Commission to draw upon, prepared an exhibit which has proved superior in variety and completeness to that of any other nation. The American display at Berlin has received very much attention from the intelligent visitors who have visited the Exposition, the ultimate effect of which must be to very materially increase the foreign demand for American fishing products, and so to largely stimulate our commerce. The immediate result has been a harvest of prizes for this country, which is among those to which a gold medal and an address of thanks will be transmitted.

The award which will give the most genuine satisfaction, not only to his personal friends but to all who are interested in the growth of this branch of the nation's economies as well, is that of the first honorary prize to Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, and the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. The action of the Berlin judges is a recognition of the preëminent services of Prof. Baird, who has done more than any other individual to advance the science and industry of fish culture. The FOREST AND STREAM speaks for the fish culturists of the United States when it indorses this award as just and well-deserved. We may add just here a bit of news which has just come to us from our Berlin correspondent, namely, that Prof. Baird has just been made an honorary member of the Société d'Acclimatation, Paris, by the unanimous vote of its members, in recognition of the great work he has accomplished in advancing fish culture to the rank of an industry worthy of being prosecuted by great nations.

Other American awards at Berlin were: Gold medals with special honorary mention: The United States Finance Department and the United States Fisheries Commission; gold medals: United States Fisheries Commissioners Leonard, of Bangor, Me.; Atkins, of Rockport, Me.; Ferguson, of Baltimore, Md.; Green, of Rochester, N. Y.; McDonald, of Lexington, Va.; Mather, of New York; Stone, of Charlestown, N. H., and Chase of Detroit. Silver medals: Alaska Commercial Company, of San Francisco; the Beardsleys, of New York; Booth, of Chicago; Potter & Wrightington, of Boston; the Portland Packing Company; the Russia Cement Company, of Rockport, Mass.; Rosenstein Brothers, of New York; Thorne, of Massachusetts; Thurber, of New York; Ward, of America; Hagedorn, of New York; Everson, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wilcox Crittenden, of Middletown, Conn.; Chase, of Detroit, Mich.; Merriam, of New York; United States Fisheries Commissioner Brown Goode, of Washington; the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, of New York; Noble, of Richibucto, Canada, and Spribner, of New York. A large number of Americans received bronze medals, diplomas and honorary mention, of which the particulars are not yet at hand. A farther and fuller account of the awards will appear in due time from our representative at Berlin.

THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

IT gives us much pleasure to lay before our readers the following plan of an extended camping trip through the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains of Southwestern Virginia.

It is proposed that a party of gentlemen shall start from Lynchburg, Va., on Wednesday Sept. 1st, and striking at once into the Blue Ridge, traverse all the most desirable districts for sport and scenery in that country; go as far north as Bath County, and return to Lynchburg on Wednesday, Sept. 29th. The precise route will be determined by the gentlemen who have projected the expedition, and whose familiarity with the section is sufficient promise that it will be well chosen, both for sport and for enjoying the rare natural scenery. The country is far famed for its beauty and the magnificence of its landscapes, and at the same time it will possess all the charms of novelty. September, the month chosen, is that in which the most enjoyment can be had in outdoor life; in that climate one may be tolerably sure of fine and temperate weather. The anglers of the party will get the cream of the black bass fishing in the higher waters of the James, and excellent trout fishing is also to be had; for those who prefer it there will be "pheasant" and deer shooting; and of all pure mountain air and an ever-changing series of panoramic landscapes.

The mode of travel will be the most comfortable that it is possible to provide, namely, by Jersey wagons, carriages and saddle horses, while extra saddles will be taken, so that the carriage horses may be employed for excursions to and fro while the party is in camp. Tents will be provided with servants and everything necessary for making travel and camp as thoroughly comfortable

and luxurious as possible. The journey will be made by easy stages, with outriders to secure the best camping grounds, and when the special attractions for the sportsman, artist and tourist warrant it the party will remain in camp two or three days. In short, the party will make it a rule to derive the most pleasure and profit from the trip, and while the general plan will be thoroughly perfected before the start, it will be so elastic as to be modified by the relative attractions of the route. Arrangements will be made for the regular transmission of the mails.

The projectors of this admirable scheme are our well-known correspondent, "Ringwood," and Major R. C. Saunders, of Careyswood, Evington, Campbell County, Virginia. The latter gentleman, besides knowing the mountains of Southwestern Virginia better, perhaps than anyone else in that part of the State, is also preëminently fitted for conducting and making pleasant such an expedition. He has in former days owned a great deal of property there, has hunted through the mountains for twenty successive falls, and is widely known and respected among the mountaineers, both personally and by reputation, which, as will be readily understood, is in that country peculiarly advantageous. It will be the endeavor of those engaged in conducting the expedition to make everything pass off well, and we can see no reason why it should not be done. The tickets for the trip, from Lynchburg and return, will be \$100 each. This will include everything, except blankets, which the gentlemen joining the expedition are requested to provide. One half of this sum will be payable on August 1st, when the lists will be closed, and may then be sent to Major Saunders as above. The remainder will be payable on disbanding at Lynchburg. The number of tickets will be limited.

Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who may be desirous of joining the expedition are urged to give in their names at once. The party will be a party of gentlemen, whose companionship will be thoroughly agreeable. There will be no objection to ladies, nor will there be any reason why they should not enjoy the trip.

We bespeak for the party who shall leave Lynchburg next September a complete realization of all the pleasant experiences the anticipation of such a trip presents to the mind.

CAMPING OUT.

CAMPING out does not necessarily mean roughing it. You can with a little experience and forethought have nearly all the comforts of home, with many other comforts, that locked up denizens of the city can only wish for. Your bed can be made of the choicest hemlock boughs, soft as eider down. You can bolt down the fresh air from the mountains, the zephyrs from off the lake, the wind that comes sighing through the forest—any one of these, or all at once, it's only a question of lung capacity—until the eyes sparkle and the cheeks glow with the stimulus begotten by the almost intoxicating air, while the chest expands with strength, and hands and face attain from sun and storm the bronze and brick color that tell of health and vigor, and your nose, meanwhile, shall brighten up and shine like the danger signal on a locomotive.

To the camper-out there are many elements lending their aid to augment his beatitudes. His pleasures are only measured by the lapse of his vacation. Wooded by all the charms and blandishment that June can offer, idle as the day is long if he chooses, calling no man his master, free to tramp away over the hills before the dew is off the ground, or free to lie in bed all day, it approximates more nearly to perfect bliss than anything else this world can offer. It is a butterfly life, this floating carelessly and almost unconsciously upon the summer air, bidding farewell to the conventional restraints of society, becoming boys again, forgetful of worldly trials and living only in the sunshine of merry retrospection and a care-free present.

Buy through tickets and escape from your brick and mortar bondage. Come along to unrestrained freedom, to an unbroken quietude of mind. Do not let business overshadow and annihilate your love of quiet sport by flood or field, but give rod and gun their proper share of time, and your reward will come though you never ruffle a feather nor raise a fin. Give care a cross-buttock and get away from yourself. Come where you can humor every caprice and taste the sweets of idleness; where the gloss of pretense is rubbed off; where fashion becomes demoralized and style becomes paralyzed; where there are no store clothes, no "biled shirts," no plug hats; where you are free from the discordant combination of cats' cornets and curs; where you can lay your troubles at nature's feet, for the cornucopia of her charms and blessings are absolutely inexhaustible.

If failing health requires a stimulant not too severe, come where you will find a ceaseless supply of that priceless panacea, pure air, which is more inspiring than an invitation to drink. A genial, life-giving atmosphere it is; so pure and balmy that it would almost give life to a cremated body.

The greater part of our misery in this world is caused

by your yearning for something better. We are rarely satisfied with what we are and with what we have, and are too frequently complaining. One of the places where this mental condition does not exist is up to your knees in a trout stream, with the trout taking hold.

There are some annoyances, the principal one being the little black flies, the mosquitoes and the midgots; but do not allow them, though they attack you on all sides by legions, to preclude your enjoyment. The old campaigner knows how to successfully repulse their attack. There are the days of no luck, when the trout refuse to rise, but the angler who returns at dusk with an empty creel has not necessarily wasted his time, for if he has cultivated his observing faculties his day will have been a "idle time" not "idly spent." He will surely learn some new lesson, and perhaps discover some secret of nature, for there are plenty yet undiscovered. He may have walked off some superfluous flesh, knocked some pretty ailment in the head, and renewed his lease of life.

A moderate indulgence in the sports of forest and stream is certainly conducive to health and longevity; carried to excess it may tend to unfit one for the sterner and more important duties of life. It would perhaps operate much as medicine properly prescribed for the various body diseases does—be beneficial up to a certain stage, which being attained it would be more safely dispensed with. Guides are not as a class noted for longevity, nor do they retain their strength and activity up to the age that the occasional fishing and shooting man does his. He takes his medicine when he does not require it, but because he may be obliged to, and it does him no good. This may or may not be the reason, but the fact remains.

THE JULY MAGAZINES.—Articles of special interest to FOREST AND STREAM readers are: *Scribner's*: "Does Vivisection Pay?" "The California Alps," "The Metropolis of the Rocky Mountains" (Denver), "Coney Island," "Canada," *Lurper's*: "By-paths in the Mountains," "The Santa Fe Trail," "Summer Clubs on Great South Bay," *Atlantic*: "Wintering on Atna," *Popular Science*: "On the Modes of Distribution of Plants," "Notes on a Few of Our Birds," *Lippincott's*: "Through the Yellowstone Park to Fort Custer," "On the Skunk River."

THE TILSTON MEMORIAL FUND.

NEW YORK, June 23th.	
Editor Forest and Stream:—	
I have to acknowledge the receipt to date of further contributions to the "Tilston Memorial Fund" as follows:—	
Previously acknowledged \$155 00	E. J. Whitehead, \$5 00
10 00	John S. O'Sell, David
Garrett Hoach, 25 00	Lando, Horace L. Wm.
10 00	Meyers, W. H. Lohman
George Van Wagner, 25 00	Ward, through H. Lohman
10 00	L. H. Smith, 5 00
Geo. B. Goodhue, 25 00	W. H. Smith, 5 00
J. Dwight Francis, 10 00	Edw. E. Hardy, 5 00
Barney Chayer, 10 00	D. H. Baldwin, 1 00
Robt. Hume, 10 00	Total, \$308 00
W. A. Heywood, 5 00	
W. A. Heywood, 5 00	

Blankets for subscription lists can be obtained by applying to the Secretary, P. O. Box 1293, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 14th.
Editors Forest and Stream:—

Yours of the 11th inst. was duly received, in which you request my opinion concerning the future programme of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

As the name implies, we are supposed to do something in the way of more efficient game laws, and also in the encouragement of the propagation of fish and the introduction of game birds to restock the now depleted waters and fields of our State. It is not surprising that the observer it would seem as if we have lost sight of our object, and only met for the purpose of selecting the place for our annual meeting, and then to indulge in a tournament for the balance of the week. Not a word is said about the protection of fish and game.

In that we are wrong. If we were to have animated speeches and essays urging upon the various clubs forming our Association, the importance of restocking our fields and streams with game birds and game fishes, it would have the effect to excite a spirit of emulation among them, and every club's standing then would be determined by what it had done for the general welfare, and not by its number of crack shots who can make a clean score at the traps. It is well known that a few years ago quail (so called) were abundant in all parts of our State. Owing chiefly to severe winters they have now nearly all disappeared. What better thing can the clubs of our State do than obtain quail where they are plenty and liberate them here, thereby insuring us good shooting until another severe winter destroys them, when, of course, we must do it again. Stocking fields and streams of course calls for a better enforcement of the game laws. Let it be known that the game constable has his local club at his back with money and influence, and it will make his work easier and more effective.

The propagation and protection of fish seems to be well provided for, but with game birds it is different. One is under the fostering care of the State, the other must be cared for by the various clubs of the State. I believe this would be done if discussion were had in our State convention, and the importance fully impressed upon the delegates. The game laws of the State should be discussed and needed amendments suggested, and a committee formed to urge the passage of the same by the Legislature. These matters should be discussed and settled in convention, and not left to a committee to report in the future, the members of which, living hundreds of miles apart, will never meet for consultation. To facilitate the business, there is no suggestion of a good one, that the various clubs, in their meet-

ings, discuss the game law of the State, section by section, and present the result of their deliberations to be acted upon by the State convention? Another thing might be done: put off the selection of the place for holding the annual meeting until the second or third evening of the convention, then we must fill in the space, and something of interest to sportsmen generally would undoubtedly be brought out. Delegates would come prepared to express their views and experience, and out of it all would be obtained much of practical importance.

What about the tournament? While it would undoubtedly interfere somewhat with the deliberations of the convention, I am not yet in favor of its abolition. If it is to usurp the legitimate business of the convention, the sooner it goes the better, and believe it can be left, kept in its proper place, and furnish innocent recreation to the delegates and others in attendance. I am not of those who condemn trap shooting as a cruel amusement, or as being the cause, except remotely, of the diminished number of pigeons. To the super-refined there is an element of cruelty in all field sports, and to those not so sensitive there is something repulsive in the stories of big bags of game made and spoiled by the hot weather. The destruction of pigeons by the netters who send them dead to market by the car load, and also the great destruction of squabs for the same purpose, is the primary cause for their diminished numbers. The old birds are as unfit for food, when first caught, as a setting hen. In our trap shoots they are fed and kept long enough to be in good condition for market. But I am not going to quarrel with those who differ with me about trap shooting, and will only say that if we can in the future, as in the past, keep our tournaments free from all taint of gambling, I am not opposed to it.

Perhaps some may think, because I agree with you in so many things, that I agree with your views expressed in your editorial of last week. So far as the beneficial influence of our Association is concerned, and that we would more properly be called the "New York State Association of Pigeon Shooters," rather than the "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game," not entirely. Judging from appearances, you are not far out of the way, but in reality there is a decided influence for good in the object claimed by our name in our conventions. The influence of all the clubs forming our Association is in favor of the protection of fish and game, although it may not, as it should, appear in our meetings, it is nevertheless felt in framing and enforcing our game laws. From the Lewis County Club, of Lowville, which has done such splendid work in protecting the deer of the North Woods, all through the State can be found clubs who are giving their influence and their money to that end. It is to be regretted that all this does not appear in the reports of our conventions, so that the vast number who read our proceedings might better understand the spirit that rules us. If the effect of your editorial shall be to correct these shortcomings you will not have written in vain.

I have written you at much greater length than I intended, and still there is much more that might be said. We need good, honest criticism, and no doubt it was the welfare of our Association that inspired your article.

WM. J. BADCOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Permit me to read to you what is in my article, "The Work of a State Game Protection Association," especially in the second clause, you "hit the nail on the head." I am informed that six weeks ago "floating" for deer had commenced "up in the woods"—as we call the North (to you) Woods. Local authorities can or will do nothing to stop it. Some arrests were made last season, but as I well remember, in some way or another. This year I have heard of no attempt being made to stop it. Judges, justices and attorneys all participate in the hunt, and when some poor Frenchman gets arrested and put in jail he sends for some prominent legal gentleman and says: "Can't you fix it so I can get out of here? You know how it is yourself, Judge," and soon the public hear that said Frenchman has his liberty. You are on the right track, go ahead.

SING SING, N. Y., June 15th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Your editorial article on the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in issue of June 10th, is an excellent and well exposed, long standing and constantly growing abuse. If there is in this State a considerable body of men who really desire that our game should be properly protected, it seems almost strange that they should for so long have been willing to allow another body of men, with aims and practices totally different, to usurp the title properly belonging to the former. No one who will take the trouble to follow the proceedings of the so-called New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game for the past few years, can find in them anything pertaining seriously to the protection of fish or game, and much that directly militates against such protection.

For this reason those who wish to act in the matter of game protection have a right to demand the Association in question to disavow its course or its name, and if it will do neither, then the game protectors, if there are any, ought, out of respect for themselves and their good name, to organize for the purpose of doing the work the others fail to do.

Game protection will now receive the approval and support of the general public, and the name of game protector can never be so dishonored, manly and legitimate sense that it should to long, is the only evidence of existence shown by the largest Association assuming that duty and taking that name.

This is not written as an ethical consideration of trap shooting, but to charge the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game with utterly neglecting the work it is supposed to do, and with introducing those who demand that it be done, into the game. Trap shooting, when called by that name, may or may not be perfectly proper; but trap shooting by game protectors certainly is not. A political convention devoting itself to singing Moody and Sankey hymns would, on the same ground, be amenable to censure. That this Association adds to the gravity of the charges against it by the form of its dereliction cannot be denied; but that

point need not now be enlarged upon. The way seems now opened to those who are dissatisfied with the conduct of the Association to give some force to their opposition; and it is the writer's earnest hope that the views, *pro* and *con*, of those interested shall be fully expressed, and if it shall be found that the opposition is sufficiently strong, to take proper action.

With a one-fourth part of the time, energy and money devoted to trap shooting by the so-called New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, an earnest and honest organization could put game protection on a worthy foundation, and double the sportsman's resources in this State.

CHARLES A. DRAPER.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JUNE.

FRESH WATER.	
Trout, Salmon fontinalis.	Maskinonge, <i>Esox nubilus</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> .	Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> .
Salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .	Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> .
Land-locked Salmon, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> .	
SALT WATER.	
Sea Bass, <i>Centropristis striata</i> .	Bluefish, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> .
Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus probato-</i>	Spanish Mackerel, <i>Scomber mac-</i>
<i>cephalus</i> .	<i>centricus</i> .
Striped Bass, <i>Morone tuncania</i> .	Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites rupestris</i> .
White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> .	Spot, <i>Leiostomus xanthurus</i> .
Weakfish, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> .	Kingfish, <i>Morone chrysops</i> .

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FLY-FISHING FOR BLACK BASS.

THIRD PAPER—ARTIFICIAL FLIES.

FLY-FISHING and the art of making artificial flies dates back at least to the ancient Greeks and Romans. During the early days of the Roman Empire, the rod, line, hook and artificial fly were well known. Noli do la Morinière tells us that the lines were generally made of horsehair, single, double and plaited; and according to Aelianus the hair was colored in different ways. The fishing rod was chosen with reference to the supposed weight of the fish to be caught, and the resistance it could offer. The hooks were of copper or iron, and coated with tin. The art of making flies of feathers and other materials has, perhaps, never been carried further in our own time, even in England itself. It is possible that the national love for fly-fishing was introduced into Britain by the Romans.

It is with some degree of trepidation that I approach the subject of artificial flies, for I am afraid that I hold some very heretical notions on the subject. But of one fact I am positively convinced, and that is, there is a good deal of humbug in this matter, as evidenced in the many time-spun theories and hair-splitting arguments that are advocated and advanced (pertaining to the construction and use of artificial flies) by some anglers, but which theories do not hold good in practice.

In England, more especially, do anglers proceed to extremes as theorists in the matter of artificial flies for trout fishing. They seem to divide themselves principally into "colorists," or those who think color of paramount importance to form, and "formalists," or "entomologists," who maintain that form is everything, and profess to imitate the natural fly, in its proper season, in every particular of form and tinting. But there is no evidence that one class is more successful than the other, as anglers. On the other hand are the followers of Mr. Pennell's system, or plan, to live, confine themselves, and advocate the employment of, but three "typical" flies—green, brown and yellow palmer, or "hackles"—and claim that they are sufficient for all practical purposes, and can be made available for different waters and seasons, by increasing or diminishing the size of the flies, as circumstances seem to demand. While the adherents to this latter theory are fully as successful, from all accounts as those who have a list of nearly a thousand named flies to choose from, and enjoy the satisfaction of having reduced the perplexing matter to a delightful simplicity, and of obviating the troubles of a repeated changing of the cast of flies as practiced by others—they must sometimes feel a regret deep in their hearts for casting down and sweeping away the idols and cherished traditions, and to a certain extent the poetry of fly-fishing by their iconoclastic though sensible opinions and practices.

Where fish are plentiful and in a "biting mood," almost any fly, be it never so rudely tied, and of the least possible resemblance to anything in the insect creation, will be successful, even if clumsily cast; on the contrary, there are times when the best made flies, cast by the most skillful artists, are necessary to induce a rise. Between these extremes must we look for rules for our general guidance, and without occupying further space with arguments, *pro* and *con*, it will be sufficient to say that there are certain general rules which apply to the character of the fly to be used at certain times, and which rules are the result of, and founded upon, the experience and observations of fly-fishers for many generations past.

These rules, so far as they apply to black bass fly-fishing, are few and simple:—

1. Flies should be small, rather than large, the average trout-fly being usually large enough.
 2. On bright days, and with clear, low or fine water, flies should be quite small, and of subdued, dark or neutral tints.
 3. For cloudy days, and high, turbid or rough water, larger and brighter flies should be used.
 4. For very dark days, or from sunset until dark, or on moonlight evenings, gray or whitish flies, of good size, should be employed.
- I shall not go into an entomological description of flies and their counterfeits, for it is neither requisite nor advisable, in view of the necessary limited space of these papers. I will merely state that the majority of artificial flies are of two kinds, and are intended to represent the perfect winged insects of certain orders, and the larvae of others; thus, most trout flies are the pretended imitations of some of the species of the orders *Diptera* and *Neuroptera*, the former comprising the two-winged insects, as the gnats, mosquitoes, midges, etc.,

ishing at Tim Pond is unequalled in any place in Maine. Trout are very gummy, but not large. They run from six to fifteen inches in length. In a good breeze over the lake a person can have magnificent sport. Black flies are plentiful, more so than usual. The camp of Mr. Kennedy Smith is a sportsman's home in every sense of the word. He knows just how to cater to one's taste, and is always ready to do anything and everything for one's comfort. We advise our brother trout fishers to give him a call this season, and we guarantee them all the trout they want and a desire to visit him again.

F. HAINES.

SALMON IN THE SACO—Biddford, Me., June 21st.—There have been taken during the past two weeks thirteen salmon in the Saco River, just under the falls at this place. This is quite unusual, as seldom have more than one or two been taken during a season, heretofore. These have been taken in nets by those dipping for alewives and striped bass, and have weighed from eight to twelve pounds each. One was lost by the breaking of the net, supposed to weigh twenty-five pounds. Some very large salmon have been seen within a week trying to leap the falls between Saco and Biddford. It is hoped by all lovers of fishing that we shall have a fishway constructed here another year, after which time the Beaverkill Club do not expect a large amount of time and money in travel and expenses and then fall to fish.

F. HAINES.

June 22d.—Seven more salmon were taken in the Saco River to-day, making twenty in all thus far this season, instead of thirteen as I wrote you. One to-day weighs fifteen pounds, the others about nine each.

F. H.

THE BEAVERKILL CLUB—New York, June 19th.—How is the following record for two fly-rods on Balsam Lake, Wilkesmoe Lake and the Beaverkill? Saturday, June 12th, 33 trout; Monday, June 14th, 117 trout; Tuesday, June 15th, 53 trout; Wednesday, June 16th, 107 trout; Thursday, June 17th, 22 trout—total, 351. All fine fish. Protection pays. The members of the Beaverkill Club do not expect a large amount of time and money in travel and expenses and then fall to fish.

GEO. W. VAN SICLEN.

The Rifle.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN MATCH.

WITH our next issue we hope to be able to lay before our readers the result of the Irish match which Col. Bodine and his men were sent over to shoot. The team arrived safely at 4:30 o'clock on the morning of June 13th. A letter from a team member to the *FOREST AND STREAM* says of the trip that "some of the team were quite sick and did not get fairly on deck until the following Wednesday. Clark, Fisher and Laird were very sick, but are all right now. Jackson, Rathbone and Dealing have had colds this morning, sitting up so late last night for the team to get in have them severe colds. We passed the time on shipboard in the usual fashion, betting on the run, etc., playing cards, with an occasional shot at the gulls and stormy petrel that followed the ship."

The team did not reach Dublin until Tuesday, the 15th, having to endure two days of lionizing. Col. Bodine, however, is in dead earnest, and will set his men to work at the earliest opportunity. There was the usual blunder made as to the baggage, which did not follow along after the team in the usual style of traveling by check, but instead remained behind at Cork. It came up to Dublin on Wednesday morning, the 16th, and no time was lost by the American team in rattling out to Dollymount. The Irish team were at work going over the ranges, and they were at 900 yards when the visitors squadded down at two adjoining targets and made a few sighting shots. It may be significant, but not a single bullet-eye was made as an opening shot. Rathbone and Rockwell were an opening center, Scott, gun, an inner and Brown an outer, while the others missed the target entirely. The wind was not unfavorable, blowing up from the targets.

The regular practice of the American Team began on the 17th, and all of the men fired the full complement of forty-five shots except Jackson, whose ride broke down. The score stood:—

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.
Farrow.....	74	68	70	212
Jackson.....	73	69	70	212
Scott.....	72	69	70	211
Fisher.....	71	68	70	209
Laird.....	71	68	70	209
Brown.....	71	68	70	209
Clark.....	71	68	70	209
Rockwell.....	71	68	70	209
Rathbone.....	71	68	70	209
Jackson.....	71	68	70	209

The team suffered under the absence of any flags on the range, the only wind indicator being a balloon bag fastened on a pole, and which, while good enough to indicate direction was of no value in showing the force of the air current. Flags were promised, however, and will be in position. Rathbone was not himself at all, suffering from his old-time complaints, asthma and rheumatism. On the 18th the men were again on the range. Rathbone remaining in his room at the Shelburne Hotel. The wind was very trying and variable, particularly at 1,000 yards. The scores of the day stood:

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.
Farrow.....	73	69	70	212
Jackson.....	73	69	70	212
Scott.....	73	69	70	212
Fisher.....	73	69	70	212
Laird.....	73	69	70	212
Brown.....	73	69	70	212
Clark.....	73	69	70	212
Rockwell.....	73	69	70	212
Rathbone.....	73	69	70	212
Jackson.....	73	69	70	212

On the 19th came a sort of a test between the two teams in the shooting for the Long-range Challenge Cup by the Irish rifleman, and into which competition the Americans were invited. The two teams have carefully avoided discounting the match in any way by shooting a full score beforehand on the same day, side by side. In the shoot of the 19th seven of the American and ten of the Irish Team competed, the ranges being 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. Ten shots were allowed at each range, with two sighting shots. There was a drizzling rain and mist, which much hindered the sighting shots. As the Americans are accustomed to shooting in a good light, it was admitted that the practice could not be taken as a test of their merit. The following are the individual scores:—

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.
Farrow.....	48	41	47	136
Scott.....	48	41	47	136
Clark.....	48	41	47	136
Jackson.....	48	41	47	136
Fisher.....	48	41	47	136

Rockwell retired after making six shots, in which he made 12. Brown retired after his ninth shot with a score of 39.

IRISH TEAM.

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.
Miller.....	48	41	47	136
W. Rigby.....	48	41	47	136
J. Rigby.....	48	41	47	136
Murphy.....	48	41	47	136
Coghlan.....	48	41	47	136
Rankin.....	48	41	47	136
Farren.....	48	41	47	136
Johnson.....	48	41	47	136
Joynt.....	48	41	47	136
Sullivan.....	48	41	47	136

*Retired.

Monday the 21st found the men at it again, but the flags were not up as promised, and Col. Bodine having decided that only six men should shoot on the American side, and not whom the six should be, the men were, in reality, practicing each on his own merits, without any team practice. Rathbone and Dealing, who have a vast store of brand of tea and braced himself up on it. The day was a fine one, clear and still, the scores standing:—

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.
Clark.....	73	71	73	217
Rathbone.....	73	71	73	217
Farrow.....	73	71	73	217
Rockwell.....	73	71	73	217
Jackson.....	73	71	73	217
Scott.....	73	71	73	217
Fisher.....	73	71	73	217
Laird.....	73	71	73	217
Brown.....	73	71	73	217
Clark.....	73	71	73	217

This is the last report which has come to hand, and shows that the men, with proper handling, may do something creditable. An error is made in keeping the men up to so near a date before the match as single atoms, rather than having them put together with equals, and shooting with the proper system of give and take. Instead, the 20th average for the first six in the last mentioned practice, it should have been 210 at least.

On the Irish side all is enthusiasm and hard work. One can hardly to the notes of busy preparation for beating the Americans at the butts and feasting them at *dejeuner*, and in the ball room. The two tasks, so distinct, are undertaken with an equal amount of heartiness and good will, and as heretofore Major Leech is the great guiding spirit in all that is being done. The association has changed its offices from Grafton street to Suffolk street, close by, where Messrs. Rigby, the gun makers, have placed a suite of apartments at the disposal of the Knights of the Rifle. The *snatchet sundown* cantrips are hatched and carried through with celerity, but they have, all of them, either of two objects—to secure the overthrow at the ranges of the sons of Columbia, or to add to the pleasures of their sojourn. The Major, who has been chosen Captain, has already drafted a lengthy programme of competitions, which are to form the basis of selection. The dates fixed for these competitions have been largely availed of by shooters in various parts of Ireland and in England. The final selection of the team will be "made by public competitions, open to those qualified to represent Ireland in the International Match for the Elcho Shield at Wimbledon." The competitions are divided into two branches, and may in the rough be classified as primary and final.

The dates on which the men shot were May 5th and 12th, the home or Dublin folk firing close to the old ground at historic Dollymount, whilst others looked after the bulls-eye at places which to them were most convenient. There is a large number of "coits," or novices, patronizing the pastime nowadays. Murphy, Fenton, French, Brewster and Warren are among them, unknown outside the rifle circles of the metropolis. These gentlemen are amongst those down at Dollymount, or, to speak more correctly, Raheny. Then, of the old ones, we had John and his cousin William Rigby and William Russell Joynt, toiling away in their old postures on the green sward in front of the targets. Joshua Milner, who is perhaps the best known out West, will make preparation for the match, but neither Edmund Johnson, "Jim Pollock," or S. G. O'Connell, Henry Dyer (the "fast boy"), or W. A. Chester, have yet signified their intention of taking arms. Indeed, both Messrs. Johnson and Pollock have intimated that they will be no more than anxious spectators at this coming match. Johnson will be a decided loss, as he was a really brilliant shot, but the Grafton street goldsmith has been off in Egypt on a holiday, and only returned the other day to find his hands full of business. Whilst the home men were doing some excellent work at Raheny, their brethren in armor at Belfast, Fernagh, Canan, Dundalk, and London, were pounding away at the common enemy—the bulls-eye. Captain Fenton, of the Seventy-seventh, adjutant of the Irish Centennial Team; Major Young, Mr. Plunkett, member of Parliament for Gloucester; and Mr. Vignoles shot at the Hounslow ranges, near London, and they report satisfactory work. Then McKenna, Barrett, J. P., Brithwaite and Walsington shot at Belfast another. Murphy at Dundalk, Capt. Somerset Maxwell over his private ranges at Arly Cottage, Mountingair, whilst at Cavan (Droonken House, demense), Capt. Sanderson, Major Jones and Mr. Adams put up some encouraging scores.

"Old Reliable," William Rigby and John Rigby are quite in their old form, which means that when they are down at Raheny the bulls-eye has an especially rough time of it. The captain has reserved to himself "the power of altering or adding to these rules to meet a contingency." The reservation, it may be said, sounds like a sweeping one, and so in truth it is; but under the circumstances the Major has, as he himself would put it, "done the right thing." Quite a number of these rule matches between who display a skill in their use. In the early contests it was always found most difficult to ascertain whether the Rigby muzzle-loader or the American breech-loader had the advantage. In team shooting there was no gainsaying the fact, admitted on all sides, that the weapon of our good friend, Cousin Jonathan, was the more successful. However, in what may be termed individual or single handed contests, such as the Benoit Long Range Match in 1874, and the recent range match in 1875, the tool scores were made by the Irish rifle. Subsequently American armorers succeeded in still further improving their methods, and the remarkable scores made by Bruce and others in the Palma Match of 1877, at Creedmoor, all but conclusively settled the superiority of the breech-loading match rifle. No one appeared to be more thoroughly convinced of this than the captain of the English Elcho Shield Team, and in the '78 match, almost all the English fired with two guns. The English team, however, sustained a crushing defeat at the hands of the Irish Eight, seven of whom used their old and tried muzzle-loaders, and put on record the highest score as yet put up in England. In '79, the success attending the breech-loaders was no better, and the riflemen from the Land o' Brown Heather were victorious. At the termination of this match, Mr. John Rigby, when called out to return thanks for the cheers given for

Ireland (Mr. Rigby had made two hundred and fifteen points, the highest recorded at Wimbledon), said that the Irish Eight would gain their next victory by the aid of a breech-loading weapon, and since then the Dublin gun maker has been hard at work to perfect the arm he conceived, and to-day the Rigby breech-loader is in the hands of many of the Irish rifle shots. The Rigby system consists in a certain combination of rifling and bullet applicable to any breech-loading action, the specialty lying in the barrel and ammunition, and not in the method of breech closing. The bullets are much harder than those of the Sharp or Remington rifles, and the friction between it and the barrel is reduced to almost the smallest possible amount. English powder is used, and it is claimed that the necessity for elaborate cleaning is obviated, and moreover, misses that are unaccountable to the shooter are completely abolished. It is quite on the cards that the Irish Team will use these new weapons, and if only a part of all that is claimed for them be true, the Americans will have to look well to their laurels.

On Whit-Monday, May 17th, the shoots began. The scores on that day being:—

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.
P. J. Murphy.....	69	71	67	207
Henry Corlan.....	61	66	66	193
W. R. Joynt.....	60	66	66	192
W. B. Warren.....	60	66	66	192
Wm. Rigby.....	63	64	61	188
L. F. Banks.....	62	64	62	188
J. K. Milner.....	66	61	61	188

On the next day's shooting the scoring stood:—

Miller.....	60	57	65	182
J. Rigby.....	65	61	59	185
W. Rigby.....	64	59	59	182
Joynt.....	70	57	55	182
Murphy.....	68	62	52	182
Coghlan.....	62	61	49	172
Warren.....	60	44	47	151

All fired with breech-loaders except Milner. Warren used a Remington Match Rifle.

On the 21st, there was another of the preliminary tests, the scores running:—

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.
Murphy.....	67	61	62	190
Joynt.....	63	59	63	185
Coghlan.....	62	62	61	185
Miller.....	69	61	61	191
Rankin.....	54	69	57	180
W. Rigby.....	57	60	61	178
Warren.....	56	60	57	173

On the 26th, under fair weather, the scoring ran, at Raheny:—

	800 Yards.	900 Yards.	1,000 Yards.	Total.
Joynt.....	65	69	68	202
W. Rigby.....	64	68	69	201
J. Rigby.....	64	68	69	201
Rankin.....	69	63	68	200
W. Rigby.....	68	63	68	199
Warren.....	57	60	57	174

This was the close of the first series of shoots, and the best of three scores each man is shown as follows:—

	May 22.	May 15.	May 17.	May 19.	May 22.	May 26.	Total of Best 3 Scores.
Coghlan.....	198	198	203	174	184	—	599
Murphy.....	201	193	204	174	190	—	668
Joynt.....	196	200	182	188	200	—	666
Warren.....	200	183	193	151	173	185	579
Miller.....	—	181	162	182	189	673	665
W. Rigby.....	198	183	188	182	188	—	686
J. K. Milner.....	—	180	182	188	188	—	561
Jno Rigby.....	—	196	188	—	180	—	—

To determine who is to constitute the teams and reserves, a further competition took place in Dublin on the 4th and 5th of June, each man to fire, on each day, fifteen shots each, at 800 and 900 yards, and twenty shots at 1,000 yards. This competition took place on the North Bull, by the kind permission of Mr. Vernon, of Clontarf Castle, and as the ground was new to some of the riflemen, each man was given two sighting shots at 800 yards on the first day only. The following gentlemen, having been nominated by the Captain, obtained places without being required to enter the second stage: Maj. Young, Capt. Fenton, Mr. John Rigby. Those invited to enter the second stage were as follows: R. Barnett, J. P. Belfast; Capt. Somerset Maxwell, Cavan; James Murphy, J. P. Dundalk; Henry Coghlan, W. R. Joynt, P. J. Murphy, R. B. Warren, J. K. Milner, Wm. Rigby, L. F. Banks, Dublin.

On the 4th of June was very unfavorable, blowing great gusts at all the ranges, and on the second day, June 5th, the wind was choppy in the extreme. The scores, out of a possible 230, at each range, stood as follows:—

	Friday, June 4th.	Saturday, June 5th.	Grand Total.
Miller.....	73	70	212
Joynt.....	72	74	216
Dyer.....	68	73	203
J. Rigby.....	65	71	197
Murphy.....	67	67	194
W. Rigby.....	73	64	195
Coghlan.....	70	69	193

From these figures it will be seen that the Irish team got into this match in better trim than at any previous one. They have taken time by the forelock, and have been for a fortnight past a practical working team ready squadded, and so far as they are able, will put in play some team system. The Americans have yet to get their team practice, and from its composition, there is more than a grave doubt that the team of visiting riflemen will not be such a compact body of self-helpers as the teams that have represented America in previous years in this match have been. Yet the prestige and the odds are in the favor of the Americans. They can (having accidents) win the match if they will, and, if they do not, they will be held to a strict accountability on this side the water. If the capabilities of the American-made rifles are allowed full play, and if the perfect discipline which has marked the successful efforts of previous American teams be put into practice, there is no reason why another American victory should not be scored. Farrow has been doing magnificent work with his long-range Baid rifle, and if the odds members of the team were as able to go it single-handed as he, team help would be dispensed with; but they are not; and Col. Bodine must abdicate the title of "Old Reliable," if he is to earn the questionable honor of being the first beaten American team Captain.

CHOICE OF A HUNTING RIFLE—Corpus Christ, Tex., May 29th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*:—Sir: I have waited patiently for the new rifle which would supersede everything as a game weapon in safety, accuracy and rapidity of firing, and to this end I have

tem followed in her construction. The builders are confident, and will, we believe, guarantee higher rates when called upon. If we are asked to assign the reason for the lack of high speed in New York built yachts, and to explain the phenomenal pace of the yachts of other countries, which, by the way, are rapidly taking rank with the "Thornycrofts" of England—we would point to the different practice in hull and engine construction. In the yachts of other countries, following the ancient methods handed down to us from time immemorial. We have the same clumsy build, innumerable little pieces of heavy scantling in the frame and with keelsons, bilge strakes, clams, wales, deadwood, knees and hooks, all of which contribute to increasing weight while adding only a negligible amount to strength. The yachts of other countries are of the type of boiler, carrying a great body of water besides, and attempt to get speed out of the same old steam engine of the same type which has been used down to us from previous generations. Of course, in the matter of whittle a little away here and there, and cut a little here and there, the yachts of other countries are not so much to be envied. There is a great amount of useless and damaging weight, which must ever remain one of the features of the old way of the construction of the yachts. However, we detect a radical departure from all the shortcomings of the past and discover in their vessels and fittings an adaptability to use to be found in no others. Lightness and strength are the two great requisites of high speed, and these the Bristol builders have combined in a most striking and successful manner, to say nothing of the incomparable design and beauty of their models, alongside of which our efforts in New York seem clumsy and almost uncouth. They adopt the same style of construction in frame and wood skin; select both from the highest quality in the market; serve both the plank to the frames, and as a result obtain the lightest, strongest vessel. They have the hulls of their yachts supplied with power from their patent oil boiler, weighing just one-half of the ancient shell affairs, besides needing only a few minutes to raise the starting pressure. In the center of the hull they supply a compound or simple engine, which again are marvels of lightness, combined with strength, and through which the maximum power is got out of the steam. In addition, they supply a very effective propeller of their own design, obtained after numerous competitive trials between launches and yachts. As they are more desirous to have their yachts go fast than to have them from stem to stern, everything works in harmony and to best advantage. It is no wonder that with such superior adaptation to the parts the yachts of other countries are able to do with difficulty in keeping ahead of almost anything afloat in America. Some very erroneous impressions have been generally going about their work is too light and cannot stand the usual wear and tear. As we have numerous testimonials and endorsements at hand from gentlemen who have sailed on the yachts of other countries, as well as from our own experienced yachtsmen, we feel that the yachts of other countries are the fullest, indestructible as thoroughly reliable and trustworthy in everyday practice, and in point of speed and ease of management of the old-fashioned affairs we have in New York dub fast steam yachts. In regard to "sea-going" qualities, we venture to say that no other yachts in the world do so well. The yachts of other countries are long, high-speed steamers may possess until he has driven one like the *Leda* into a head sea at a fifteen-mile rate. Her behavior in weather is so good, and her speed so fast, that the *Leda*, *Promises*, *Ocean-Gems*, etc., was astonishing even to us, though our expectations ran high. We propose to revert to this subject at greater length in our next issue. We refer to the *Leda* for sale at Bristol, R. I., must rest content with the assurance that we have no interest in these yachts, other than to make them as good things as the yachts of other countries. We refer to the *Leda* for sale at Bristol, R. I., must rest content with the assurance that we have no interest in these yachts, other than to make them as good things as the yachts of other countries. We refer to the *Leda* for sale at Bristol, R. I., must rest content with the assurance that we have no interest in these yachts, other than to make them as good things as the yachts of other countries.

VALUE OF BULKHEADS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—The recent accident in the Strand ocean liner by the sinking of the *Narva* has brought to the mind of every one conversant with nautical matters the fact of the great value of construction of bulkheads in yachts. We refer to the absence of water-tight bulkheads, of which every passenger steamer ought to have five or more according to their size, the same in bulkheads in yachts. We refer to the fact that the *Narva* was constructed with bulkheads she would not have sunk. The fire, which added to the horror of the situation, although caused by the fire in the boiler, was not caused by the bulkheads. The efforts of the Board of Inspectors ought to be directed toward this evident fault in construction. Since the object of construction has been for so long a time a profligate theme to be lost; and secondly, merchandise. No greater boon could be vouchsafed to the public than the compulsory construction of vessels with this important life-saving addition—not only life-saving, but adding greatly to the strength and durability of the vessels.

HANSMORFF MFG. CO.

We entirely concur with our correspondents in relation to the necessity of devoting a little more mechanical skill and a little less gorgeous and ostentatious display to our river steamers. Many yachts are open to the same criticism.

THE GOOD OLD KEEL.

IT affords us great pleasure to publish the following terse and witty apostrophe from the good old keel, from no less an authority than Henry Steers, Esq. The composition was delivered as a speech before the New York Yacht Club at their recent annual dinner, and pointedly refers to what is patent to unprejudiced observers, that keel yachts can be built every bit as fast as center-boarders:—

"I had hoped that some one of the owners of the keel schooners would have responded to this toast. The subject of keels in center-boarders has been for some time a profligate theme for discussion, and the respective owners of each of these kinds of vessels have proved conclusively to the world in general and themselves in particular that their own boats are much superior to the others in speed, comfort and safety in all kinds of weather, particularly when it blows. They thoroughly understand the subject, and talk very learnedly about it, to the edification of the public at large, and with great satisfaction to themselves.

"I am sure that some one of the owners of the keel schooners would have responded to this toast. The subject of keels in center-boarders has been for some time a profligate theme for discussion, and the respective owners of each of these kinds of vessels have proved conclusively to the world in general and themselves in particular that their own boats are much superior to the others in speed, comfort and safety in all kinds of weather, particularly when it blows. They thoroughly understand the subject, and talk very learnedly about it, to the edification of the public at large, and with great satisfaction to themselves.

"I want it distinctly understood, however, that I am not to suffer professionally for any remarks that I may make which might be construed as an attempt to disparage the yachts—one of the most famous and fast sailing center-board craft that this or any other club ever possessed—I think it will be obvious that my center-board friend's opinion in this case should not be entitled to that weight which it would have in the minds of all yachtsmen on any other subject connected with yachting. I myself have had not any such opportunity of comparison, and therefore can look at the subject unprejudicedly. My previous prejudice, but even were it otherwise, is not susceptible of proof. Mathematics that the keel boat is much the better and more reliable vessel.

"It can be shown that we get better proportions in the circumscribed area of the parallelogram in keel boats than in center-boarders. We also get a much lower center of system, and while the meta center may not be as high, still we can calculate the distance between the meta center and the center of system better in the keel boat, and these two points are the true guides of stability and safety. Again, by getting a greater distance between the center of system and the water line in keel boats than can be done in center-boarders, we certainly derive a benefit from the increased pressure of water between these two points. Furthermore, the stability being mostly artificial, the requisite amount of stability to the amount of power or sail can be accurately determined, thereby insuring a thoroughly safe boat, which result has not been and cannot be reached with center-boarders.

"I have now demonstrated theoretically, practically and mathematically that the keel boat is the only kind of craft worthy of notice by the thorough sea-going yachtsman.

"Before concluding, I will trespass upon your patience for a few moments to glance briefly at the keel boat from three important points of view not hitherto touched upon, namely, the historical, the poetical and the artistic.

"First, the historical point of view. The very earliest keel boat of which we have any authentic account is entered upon the page of history as the Ark, commanded by Capt. Noah. The newspapers of that period having all been destroyed, we have no records of her qualities as far as regards speed, and we find her name connected with but one important race, namely, the human race, which to-day would cut a very small figure had she not been a stanch, seaworthy, A No. 1 keel yacht. There appears to be no doubt that at one time at least she was fast, very fast, upon Mount Ararat, and her captain and crew appear to have been perfectly satisfied with her performance in that regard. She distanced all her competitors, and left them so far behind that they have never been heard of since. As they are now some 6,000 years behind time, they would probably be ruled out of the race, even should they yet arrive. It is probable that the rest were center-board boats, which fact would account for their failure to put in an appearance, as the weather upon that occasion was exceedingly stormy, and they, without doubt, came to grief in the heavy seas which prevailed, and were washed overboard. The keel boat, however, lived through. This incident alone appears to have put a damper upon center-boarders for many succeeding centuries, and it is only within the last fifty years that they have begun to emerge from obscurity, and are now struggling to recover from the utter demoralization consequent upon that untoward event.

"Since then the keel boat has sailed triumphantly down the sea of time, and has survived the wreck of empires which it raised to the zenith of commercial prosperity. We behold the keels adapting themselves to the various tastes of the successive nations of antiquity, diversifying and changing to fit upper structure, but always with the same deep, underlying principle of keel. At one time she appears the gorgeous galley of Cleopatra, adorned with silken sails, bearing that illustrious but scantily-clad young woman on her various missions of love and vengeance across the blue waters of the sparkling Adriatic. Again we behold her (not Cleopatra, but the keel boat) carrying Commodore Julius Caesar with his cohorts of Roman noses to the shores of Great Britain and distributing civilization and the arts and sciences among the benighted inhabitants of that heathen island. Still later we see her waiting Captain Columbus and his crew of adventurous mariners over the trackless wastes of the unexplored Atlantic, on a voyage of discovery, with whose momentous results probably most of us are more or less familiar. Where would now be the British lion had it not been for Commodore Oar and his keel boats? Instead of standing on the Tower of London, with bristling mace and erected tail, roaring defiance to the world, he would have been sitting upon his haunches in his native cang, on the banks of the Thames, glaring with hungry eyes upon a howling wilderness. Where would now be the American eagle, had it not been for Captain Columbus and his keel boats? Not where he now is, perched upon the dome of the Capitol at Washington, surrounded by a halo of Star Spangled Banners and Fourth of July orations, and waving fast upon the inexhaustible supply of buncombe which flows continually from the bulls beneath him. Instead of enjoying all this luxury, he would be sitting in a stump beside some of the fish-holes in the Rocky Mountains, ignominiously watching for a chance to steal from some fish-hawk his hard-earned supper. Without the assistance of these keel boats one-half the globe would be a trackless forest, and the civilization of the world would be confined to the mainland of the Eastern continent.

"Thus we see, that the keel boat is preeminently the boat of history, and is associated upon its pages with many of its most glorious and important achievements. It is also that which has given kind of record recognized by literature, poetry, painting and the arts. We read of

"The hardy mariner whose keel plows through the realm of undiscovered seas, and not 'the hardy mariner whose center-board plows through the realm of undiscovered seas.' Also

"The thunder laden keel

Whose cleaving heels o'er the rebellious crest

Of angry ocean ride,

and not

"The thunder laden fleet,

Whose cleaving center-boards o'er the rebellious crest

"Instances innumerable like these might be cited to prove that poetry not only deals exclusively with keel boats, but also considers the keel itself an essential element in their construction. This fact is applicable in an equal degree to painting. Who ever saw an idealized boat represented on the canvas with a center-board? Take, for instance, that celebrated series, Cole's 'Voyage of Life.' Do we behold that allegorical infant embarking in his life? Do we behold that allegorical center-board atoking up in the middle? By no means. A genius at once as poetical and practical as Mr. Cole would never think of intrusting as important a matter as the 'Voyage of Life,' to anything else than a keel boat.

"And now to return to the level of actual life, and the circle of our own observation and experience. I would ask what description of craft has reflected the greatest credit upon the association to which we belong? What kind of a vessel was it that twenty years ago beat this port, and having crossed the Atlantic to meet on the other side the assembled yacht fleets of Europe, sailed a race in which she so far distanced her competitors, that when the news arrived that she was ahead, and the question was asked, 'Who is second?' the answer came back, 'There is no second—the keel yacht America!'

"What kind of a vessel was it that a few years ago went from here to Cewes and amused herself by sailing around the Fast Fish, and then came back, and sailed a race in which she so far distanced her competitors, that when the news arrived that she was ahead, and the question was asked, 'Who is second?' the answer came back, 'There is no second—the keel yacht America!'

"What kind of a vessel was it that a few years ago went from here to Cewes and amused herself by sailing around the Fast Fish, and then came back, and sailed a race in which she so far distanced her competitors, that when the news arrived that she was ahead, and the question was asked, 'Who is second?' the answer came back, 'There is no second—the keel yacht America!'

"We find, therefore, that the keel boat is the boat of history, the boat of poetry, the boat of painting, and the boat of the practical sailor. It has been handed down to us from the remotest ages, hallowed by classic associations, indorsed by all the nations of antiquity, and through all the vicissitudes of thousands of years has never become obsolete or discredited. It has been the successful boat of our forefathers from time immemorial, and will be the successful boat of our posterity through all future generations!"

FIXTURES.

June 28—Dorchester Y. C. Regatta.
June 28—Washington Village Y. C. Spring Regatta.
June 27—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
June 27—Burlington Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
June 28—N. Y. Y. C. Brenton Reef Challenge Cup.
July 3—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Nahant.
July 5—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
July 4—San Francisco Y. C. Cruise to Napa.
July 5—Quaker City Y. C. Penngrove Regatta.
July 5—Cleveland Y. C. Asco. Ogun Regatta.
July 5—Provincetown Y. C. Annual Cruise.
July 14—Savannah Y. C. Corinthian Cruise.
July 14—Quincy Y. C. Champlain Regatta.
July 16—San Francisco Y. C. Annual Cruise.
July 17—San Francisco Y. C. Annual Regatta.
July 17—Provincetown Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
July 18—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
July 18—Salem Bay Y. C. Annual Regatta.
July 18—Buffalo Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
July 31—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Swampscott.
Aug. 1—Provincetown Y. C. Union Regatta.
Aug. 1—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 4—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 5—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 5—Canoe Congress Regatta, Lake George.
Aug. 8—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
Aug. 9—New York City Regatta.
Aug. 11—Y. Y. C. Regatta, Eastward.
Aug. 12—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.
Aug. 14 or 21—Beverly Y. C. Oren Regatta, Swampscott.
Aug. 15—Quaker City Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 15—Quaker City Y. C. Annual Cruise.
Aug. 17—Salem Bay Y. C. Fall Regatta.
Aug. 18—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 18—Buffalo Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 20—Quincy Y. C. Regatta.
Aug. 23—Beverly Y. C. Championship Races, Beverly.
Sept. 4—Boston Y. C. Annual Regatta.
Sept. 5—Provincetown Y. C. Fall Regatta.
Sept. 6—Quaker City Y. C. Regatta.
Sept. 11—Dorchester Y. C. Open Matches.
Sept. 11—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.
Sept. 12—Quaker City Y. C. Regatta.
Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C. Special, Nahant.
Sept. 18—Beverly Y. C. Special, Nahant.
Sept. 20—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.
Sept. 20—N. Y. Y. C. Cape May Challenge Cup.
Oct. 9—Washington Village Y. C. Fall Regatta.

THE DOGS AT HEIDELBERG.—The students' dogs at Heidelberg, one of the great German universities, is thus pleasantly described by Mark Twain in his new book, "A Tramp Abroad":—

Nine tenths of the Heidelberg students were no badge or uniform; the other tenth wore caps of various colors, and belonged to social organizations called "corps." There were five corps, each with a color of its own; there were white caps, blue caps, and red, yellow, and green ones. The famous staff of lighting is confined to the "corps" dogs. The "Kneip" seems to be a special peculiarity of theirs, too. Kneips are held, now and then, to celebrate great occasions—like the election of a beer king, for instance. The solemnity is simple; the five corps assemble at night, and at a signal they all fall loading themselves with beer, out of pig mugs, as fast as possible, and each man keeps his own counts—usually by laying aside a lucifer match for each mug he applies. The election is soon decided, when the candidates can hold no more, a count is instituted, and the one who has drunk the greatest number of pints is proclaimed king.

It seems to be a part of corps etiquette to keep a dog or so, too. I mean a corps dog—the common property of the organization, like the corpsward or head servant—then there are other dogs, owned by individuals. I have seen six students march solemnly into the grounds, in single file, each carrying a bright Chinese parasol and leading a prodigious dog by a string. It was a very imposing spectacle. Sometimes there would be about as many dogs around the pavilion as students; and of all breeds and of all degrees of beauty and ugliness. These dogs and their owners were not there for any other purpose, and had no amusement for an hour or two at a time except what they could get out of pawing at the gnats or trying to sleep and not succeeding. However, they got a lump of sugar occasionally—they were fond of that.

It seemed right and proper that students should indulge in dogs; but every body else had them too, old men and young ones, old women and nice young ladies. If there is one spectacle that is unpleasant than another it is that of an elegantly dressed young lady towing a dog by a string. It is said to be the sign and symbol of blighted love. It seems to me that some other way of advertising it might be devised, which would be just as conspicuous and yet not so trying to the proprieties.

THE CAPE HUNTING DOG.—Among the most recent additions to the Zoological Society's collections in Regent's Park, London, is a Cape hunting dog. It is a queer beast, with shifty ways that give it an appearance of irresolution and occasionally of crazy bewilderment, induced, no doubt, by the consciousness that its features justify its being looked upon as neither a dog nor anything else. The animal has a long, narrow head, and a long, pointed snout as far from the last wolf. In a wild state it is a creature of intense ferocity, and as active as it is fierce, sweeping in packs from province to province, ravaging the colonist's flocks and hunting down the wild herds of the plains. Nothing is safe from it when at liberty, and in captivity it is said to be untamable. Probably, therefore, no other species has been so much the game of the sportsman. Its life is so miserably circumscribed, so flat and dull as will this wild hyena-hound of Africa.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

FISH MOORED IN GILLS.—Why do writers on angling write of fish with "hooks in their gills?" Are fish often, or ever, caught in that way?

Fish are hooked in the jaws or in the stomach—sometimes by the back or tail, but I do not remember in fifty years of angling to have seen one taken with a hook in its gills.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

UNBROKEN CONFIDENCE.—Peck's Sun, Milwaukee, Wis., in referring to Warner's Safe Remedies, has the following: "H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., are the sole proprietors; we have a perfect faith in the efficiency of their preparations, and an unbounded confidence in the truth of all that is good, and said of them."

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—We call attention to advertisement of mastiffs for sale, in this issue.

Miscellaneous.

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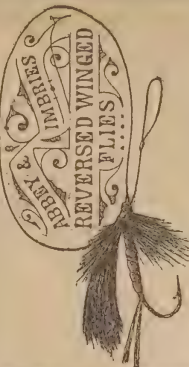
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FOR SALE—A fine Parker gun, 30-inch barrels, 21 lbs. weight, Damascus barrels, English walnut stock, full pistol grip, together with sole-leather gun case, 80 metal shells, loading implements, etc., a complete outfit, all in fine condition, for sale for want of use. Cost \$225; will sell for \$120. Also a red, white and tan setter bitch, about 14 months old, a good retriever and broken on quail, now in whelp to a black and tan Gordon setter; Pedigreed; \$20. W. Y. CLARKE, 1729 Eighth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. June 10-3t

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STUFFED SKINS OF BEAUTIFUL Tropical Birds. Natural History Specimens from the land and sea. Wm. P. STRICKLAND, Pineails, Florida.

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MR. H. G. FOSTER, of Leeds House, Stockton-on-Tees, England, the most successful exhibitor of dogs of pure in the kingdom, has for sale a very handsome pug bitch, age two years; just been served by that grand dog, Young Comedy, sire Immense Comedy, winner of first prizes and cups at all the principal exhibitions in England, Ireland and Scotland, including champion prizes at Crystal Palace, London, Birmingham, Dublin and Edinburgh. Also champion prize at English Kennel Club's Show this week in London. The bitch will be warranted to be in whelp, and must prove a valuable investment; her litter of puppies will amply repay the purchaser, she will be carefully sent in proper traveling box, from Liverpool, on receipt of twenty-five pounds. Mr. H. G. Foster has bred and exhibited the following celebrated pug dogs: The Immense Comedy, champion of the world; Champion Cleveland, Molke, Banjo, Odin, Tichborne, etc., and can refer any intending purchaser to Hugh Dalziel, Esq., of London, the judge at the late New York Show. Full pedigree given with each when sold.
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FOR SALE.—Three handsome red Irish setter pups, eight weeks old, large, strong and healthy, out of Nora, she by champion York x Belle; and one brace of handsome Llewellyn pups out of Belle, she by Pride of the Border x Kitty and Warrier, both parents being thoroughly broken and prize winners. Prices reasonable. 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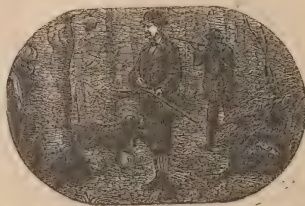
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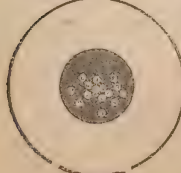
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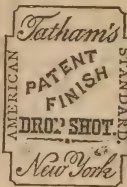
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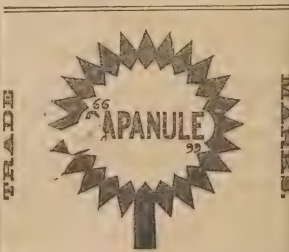
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the vessel was only taking lumber on her return trip, we had the deck all to ourselves.

Friday, the 11th, the weather was foggy and drizzly, wind very light all day. Busied ourselves arranging fishing tackle, etc. In sight of Cove Island Light at the end of the Indian Peninsula at midnight.

Saturday opened warm and sunny; hardly any wind; only sailed ten or twelve miles last night. We found ourselves off the Flower Pots after breakfast. As the vessel was going very slowly, Capt. S. and I lowered the canoe into the water by ropes at each end, and, towing her to the bows, we both got into her from the dolphin strikes and paddled off to visit the "Pots." They were three in number at the time of our visit, although formerly there were seven, the remainder having been overthrown by storms, or human vandals. They are composed of immense blocks of stone weighing many tons, over thirty feet in height apparently, and stand in the water at the southeastern limit of the island, which is nothing but a mountain of rock covered with evergreens and shrubbery to its very summit. The Flower Pots have the appearance of cones inverted or standing on their apexes, and, in my opinion, were formerly part of the mainland, or rather main island, which have become detached and worn to their present shapes by the action of the water. The lake, or rather bay, for we enter the Georgian Bay as we pass Cove Island, was very clear at this place, and we were able to see the bottom at a great depth. After enjoying a slight stretch on shore, we picked a few wild flowers for the ladies and paddled off after the vessel, catching up to the boat when she was opposite the Bear's Rump, an island of rocks covered with evergreens, and of such a shape as to entail on it the euphonious name given above.

The cook gave us a very fine salmon trout for dinner, which the men had caught before we came up. The night was light and starry, as we slowly forged through the middle of the largest of fresh water bays. I remained on deck enjoying the scene and cigar until 1:30 A.M.

Sunday morning. Light and sunny; breeze still light; caught a large black bass with trolling hook, and almost caught a trout, but he flung himself off the hook as he was leaving his native element. The captain stated that he caught nine salmon trout on the last trip up, but that we were now going too slow for fishing. The line used in deep sea trolling is both the thickness of a slate pencil, the spoon is some three by two inches, and the hooks some two or three inches long.

At dinner time we passed the Western Islands (the spot where the ill-fated steamer *Waubesa* was supposed to have foundered last fall with all on board). We arrived in Midland about 6 A.M., having experienced a very delightful voyage up. Midland we found to be a very enterprising town, situated on the eastern shore of a small bay of the same name opening into the Matchdash Bay. Its chief industry is lumbering; and it is also, at present, the terminus of the Midland Railway, of Canada, which was finished here the present year.

Monday we intended to leave on the Midland Railway for Bracebridge, via Orillia, but owing to an accident which happened to one of our number we were obliged to wait over until Wednesday, when we left by the noon train, reaching Orillia at 2 P.M. Left Orillia at 4:15, via Northern Railway for Gravenhurst, where we took the steamer *Winona*, and, after a pleasant voyage of some sixteen miles on lake and river Muskoka, we reached Bracebridge.

Bracebridge is the chief town of the district of Muskoka, and is situated at the head of navigation on the Muskoka River. We found the hotels full of sportsmen and guides, all getting out for a shoot in the woods or a fish in the rivers and lakes, so plentiful hereabouts.

On Thursday, after a good deal of bargaining and talking, we made arrangements with a livery-keeper to take us to Baysville, some sixteen miles from Bracebridge, and come for us for the sum of \$12, which we at first thought was rather exorbitant, as we all, bag and baggage, only made one load, but going over the room in a civilized mode. We started after breakfast and made the sixteen miles in time for supper at the other end, and, of all the roads I ever saw, that is the worst—some forty-nine hills, all of bare rock, at one time called the "Devil's Gap." The wagons had to be unloaded, and everything hauled over it in stone boats, it was so precipitous. I think our appearance, as we were on the road that day, would have caused a little comment in a civilized town. A large wagon, filled with boxes and bags, etc., a buffalo robe stretched over, and all bound securely with ropes; on the top of all the ladies in large hats, and the male portion of the parties in havelocks. Our driver added not a little to set off the group. We were honored by the livery-keeper himself, as ladies were an unusual article in that country, and had to be driven carefully. He was a tall, dark, fine-looking, strapping fellow, and had formerly been a guide and trapper before this region had been opened up, and he was very entertaining with his stories of olden times in the woods we were going through.

We found Baysville a lively village, situated on a

branch of the Muskoka River, about two and a half miles from Trading Lake, of which it (the river) is the outlet. As usual with Canadian towns, the nucleus of the village was a sawmill, located at the first falls on the river, and in consequence was at the head of navigation. We drove immediately to the river bank, and pitched our tent for the first time. We procured our fishing permits from Mr. Wm. Higgins, who is the sub-inspector for this region. We also got our boats, etc., through him. He is the principal sporting character in the neighborhood, and keeps a number of hounds.

It seems like olden times once more, to be sitting around a camp fire with the varying light reflecting on the white canoes at our backs.

Friday morning we struck tent and left Baysville for Trading Lake, all of us in one boat twenty-feet long, and vouchsafed to be a good sea boat. We also towed a flat-bottom skiff containing our luggage, which had been considerably decreased by our constituting Baysville a storehouse, and leaving the trunks, etc., there. As our injured companion required some rest, we determined to camp at the foot of the lake over Sunday, and so pitched our tent in an open glade on a bank possessing an extensive view of the lake, where we remained until Monday amusing ourselves by getting enough fish for our own use, eating berries, and exploring the neighboring islands. We caught one speckled trout weighing four pounds. The view from our tent was very pleasing, indeed. In front, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the beautiful, cool lake, its surface dotted with islands, the banks in some places very rocky and high, and indented principally on the northwest with deep floods, which give to the lake its second name of "Lakes of Bay."

Monday, July 21st, 1879. Up very early; sunrise reminded me of those lines of the poet beginning thus:—
"The morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Struck camp after a hurried breakfast, and made for up the lake, with a fair wind, turning our large boat into a sail craft by the help of an oar and part of our tent. The flat bottom we surmised the "polywog," on account of her propensity to waddle in towing.

The upper part of Trading Lake is divided into two large bays, one running to the northeast and the other to the northwest. We decided to take the last as our scene of operations, and dined at noon on the point of the peninsula separating both the bays, and constituting the half-way mark also. Reached the end of North bay at 6:30 P.M., having enjoyed a delightful sail of eighteen or twenty miles from the foot of the lake with a fair wind.

Pitched camp in a grove of pine trees about six or eight feet above the level of the lake. Back of us, and on all sides, the mountains rose to considerable height. Black flies were rather troublesome; the other pests are out of season.

Ned Gould, the champion hunter and fisher of these regions, lives about half a mile from our camp, across the end of the bay. He was very obliging to us during our stay, letting us have his canoes, etc., whenever we wanted them.

We remained in this locality over a week, fishing, shooting, etc., and enjoying ourselves thoroughly. For food, that, as regards fishing, we had made a mistake omitting to bring worms with us, as this being deep fishing period, the trout all lying at the bottom were gorged with minnows, and would only look at special bait, such as worms, of which there are none to be procured in the country. However, although we did not catch as many as we had hoped to, those we did get were large, and we have no doubt but had been a month or two earlier we could have caught immense numbers, as the water appeared to be teeming with them.

As for shooting, we had some good sport with ducks, and a number of very exciting chases after loons. These are large birds of the duck species, about the size of geese, black on top with a white breast, and are unsuitable as food on account of being too tough. The duck is very thick and close, and is said to ward off any ordinary shot or bullet. When skinned and cured the pit is used in the backwoods for the seats of chairs, etc., and in towns and cities for boxes, muffs, etc., and is very durable.

At night the birds emit a weird, mournful cry, like a person drowning. We were once in the act of creeping against a very strong wind, and then they have to try a distance before accomplishing the feat. To counterbalance this disadvantage they can remain under water a long time, and swim very rapidly while so immersed. We chased one for a long time one day, and had eventually to get Gould and another man to help corner him up. When we got him he was almost full of buckshot.

Friday, July 23, also, after taking the ladies, took a trip up the north branch of the Muskoka River, which empties into the bay just opposite us. We paddled up to the falls, some three or four miles, and on our arrival there, unanimously concluded that the scenery we had passed through was the finest of its kind we had ever seen, The

Muskoka and the Georgian Bay Islands.

THERE is nothing so pleasant as reading an account of a fishing or hunting trip with pleasant companions and plenty of sport, except the trip itself; and I, for one, although enjoying the sketches very much, always feel a want, in most of them, of practical information.

Persons of ample means can, of course, take advantage of any narrative they read, and go and do likewise, still I have no doubt there are numbers of your readers who, like myself, are very eager to go on just such jaunts, but not able to go if they are too expensive; also many others who would be saved much trouble and loss of time and expense if they had any practical experience to guide them.

The following is an account of a trip made among the lakes and hills of Muskoka and the Georgian Bay Islands waters.

Our party consisted of four—Capt. S., his wife, M., her companion, Miss F., and myself. Our outfit was as follows: One barrel containing provisions—ham, corn meal, dried beef, syrup, tea, coffee, etc.; one bag of hard-tack (not the veritable hard-tack of the old salt, but Canadian, large, square and very palatable, costing five cents per pound), one canvas sailor's donkey or waterproof bag, for each of the men; one trunk for the ladies, a bundle of bedding covered with a buffalo robe, and a box ten inches square by forty inches long containing guns, fishing tackle, ammunition, etc., and a small hatchet; one tent ten by ten feet, five and one-half feet high at eaves, so no inconvenience of stooping, and having a partition in center. The tent was in two pieces, top and sides, and made into a bundle like a carpet-bag. The poles came apart in the middle, so that they, with the fishing rods, were a very small bundle. No boats, as we expected to get them at our destination.

We procured a passage on the large schooner *Midland Rover* from Goderich to Midland City, and left "G." on Thursday, the 10th of July, 1879. Weather rainy all day, but very pleasant in the evening, with a light southerly wind. We remained on deck chatting, singing and enjoying the novelty until almost midnight, As

river turned almost at right angles every quarter of a mile or so, and seemed to have been cut out of solid banks of evergreens some seventy or eighty feet high, which were reflected in the water almost as perfect and distinct as they would have been in a mirror. Every now and then, on suddenly skimming in our birch around a sharp corner, we would disturb a covey of young ducks feeding on the wild rice growing close to the banks. We spent an hour or so fishing below the falls, and experienced very good sport indeed.

Saturday, S. and I canoed a long distance up the North River, making some three or four portages and traveling some twenty or twenty-five miles, but had very little luck.

Monday we struck camp and left for Baysville, wind dead ahead, rowing. At 11:30 A.M., wind getting fresher, we ran under the lee of Lone Tree Island, for shelter and refreshments. Twelve A.M. we started again; 12:30 we rounded to in a bay to leeward of half-way point, lying under the shadows of the hills.

"Up from men's homelike where the cliff breaks away,
And the warm scented trees drop dewy green."

A thunder rain-storm coming up with the westward, we pitched our tent and made things taut for the night. Nine A.M., wind going down a little, and it being a lovely moonlight night, we held a council of war, and determined to up sticks and continue on down the lake. We halt a weird but delightful pull for some four hours, and reached our first camping ground at 1 A.M.

We left Baysville Thursday morning, and, taking our old track, arrived at Midland at 5:30 Friday evening.

Saturday we hired a Mackinac skiff and half-breed boy of eighteen years for the remuneration of \$1 per day and keep. For the benefit of the uninitiated I will remark that a half-breed is a schooner-rigged sailboat of from twenty to thirty feet long without water ways, and they are very safe, fast boats when under good management. Taking our camping outfit, the captain and I, with the boy, left for the islands down the bay to pick a camping ground, leaving the ladies boarding at a private house in town. Reached Prince William Henry Island, or, as it is called by the Indians, Boseley Island, about 6 A.M., running under a bay on the eastern shore, pitched our tent and caught a number of large bass for supper.

Sunday was a glorious day. Capt. S. and Joe, our half-breed, left in the boat after dinner for Midland, and were going to stay over night and bring the ladies out with them in the morning, leaving me to keep bachelor's hall, but as I had one or two visitors from the Indian village situated on the south end of the island, I stayed in my tent, not long by myself. Monday turned out fine; got up early, made a raft and paddled off to rock in the bay a quarter of a mile or so from shore, and caught a good string of fine large bass and pike. Folks got out about 1 P.M., and as the ground was rather rocky for camping where we were, we moved camp to a large bay at the back of the island, where the present camping ground is the best we have yet been in.

"By the glossy waters of a bay,
The golden tangles of the sunbeam play,
And quiver in the breaking waves."

The bank rising gradually from the water, smooth and grassy, and dotted with clumps of scrub oak and black-berry, and some small shrubs, which he was in the park, it was formerly the site of an Indian village, the ruins of which are still visible. Rumor has it that at the time the French were massacred and driven out of Ventary-nisheno (about twelve or fifteen miles from here) large quantities of gold and silver were buried on this spot, and some credulous persons of the present generation evidently put faith in it, as the ground in the vicinity of the ruins is all full of holes, apparently of recent excavation. Some of the holes are as large as cellars, others on a smaller scale. Scattered through the bay were numbers of rocky islets arising precipitously out of the water, off which we found good fishing, bass and pike of large size being numerous. We remained on the island a week, fishing, shooting, etc., ducks having begun to fly. Thursday, Sunday and Monday the wind was in the bay, took my birch canoe and we went for a long paddle among the islands to the northeast. We got some very good fishing and also had a lively hunt after a hare, and had to give it up on account of a thunder storm coming up and chasing us back to our tents, which we reached about dusk, having traversed over twenty miles.

On the day morning we struck camp and moved into Midland, where we found the Rover almost loaded with lumber. Leaving Midland at dusk, we reached Goderich on Tuesday at 7 A.M., after a pleasant voyage down the lake, very similar to our trip up. As we arrived off Goderich Town we were forcibly reminded of Coleridge's lines, running thus:—

"Oh dream of joy—is this indeed
The light of day, the top of the hill?
Is this the hill? Is this the peak?
Is this mine ain country?"

The lighthouse, a church and the hill are almost all one can see of Goderich from the water.

We resolved to spend our time in Georgian Bay part of our trip was by far the most pleasant, and also the cheapest, as, if we had remained there all the time, our expenses would have been reduced two thirds.

The fishing among the Georgian Bay Islands is good, bass and pike predominating in the small bays and maskalonge and salmon trout outside. The bass and small pike can be caught by hand, and the larger fish by trolling; but I always find, wherever I have been, that a great deal of time and expense will be saved by procuring, in the first place, guides to show you the best fishing spots.

A party of four or five could, by starting from Goderich, easily spend two or three weeks among the islands at an expense of say ten dollars each, which would include hire of large canoe, grub, and guides, etc., and a great many things. As regards equipment, I have tried a great many things; American patent camp beds, Canadian ditto, and can say that all a person wants is a buffalo skin between two, a blanket apiece and one strong suit of coarse tweed clothes, with a change of unmentionables. Throw in a large ulster for heavy weather, and your outfit for the outer man is complete. I generally carry a suit of oilskins as a precaution.

NORMA.

—J. B. Omolundro, "Texas Jack," died at Leadville, Col., June 28th.

Natural History.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

SPRING NOTES FROM MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

MAY, 1880.

May 1st—52°, 83°, 64°.—A large fish hawk, measuring sixty-five inches from tip to tip of wings, was shot near the city to-day. This bird is not at all common here.

May 2d—72°, 91°, 66°.—First Bartram's sandpiper. Marsh marigold (*Caltha palustris*) in bloom.

May 3d—66°, 90°, 70°.—Chimney swifts. Evening grosbeaks on Nicollet Island. This is the last time the grosbeaks were noticed. The very warm weather at this time doubtless hastened their departure, as they usually remain much later.

May 4th—70°, 86°, 67°.—Night hawk.

May 5th—66°, 82°, 70°.—Rose-breasted grosbeak, red-eyed vireo, warbling vireo, blue yellow backed, blackburnian, golden-winged, chestnut-sided, yellow, Tennessee, and Nashville warblers, lark-finch, cow-bunting, king bird. A pair of robins building in a tree across the way.

Wood anemone, plum trees, oaks, ironwood, etc., in bloom. The slippery elm has passed from blossom to fruit. The very warm weather of the last few days has forced everything ahead, so that we have passed directly from a late to an early spring. A great number of birds have arrived, many of them several days ahead of their usual time. Some of the trees and bushes which but a day or two since were bare and winter-like, are sufficiently in leaf to cast quite a decided shade.

May 6th—72°, 91°, 69°.—House wren, Harris' finch, chickadee, redstart, Baltimore oriole, whippoorwill, solitary sandpiper, willet, olive-backed thrush, Traill's flycatcher. Great abundance of white-throated sparrows.

Two kinds of wild gooseberry (*Ribes cynosbati* and *rotundifolium*) and the larger bellwort (*Uvularia grandiflora*) in bloom.

May 7th—53°, 56°, 46°.—White-crowned sparrow and orange-crowned warbler.

Rue-anemone (*Thalictrum anemonoides*), Juneberry (*Amelanchier canadensis* var. *alnifolia*) and cultivated red currant in bloom.

May 8th—52°, 70°, 53°.—Cape May warbler, Maryland yellow-throat, clay-colored buntings, Ridgway's sparrow, bobolink, barn swallow and Carolina rail. A set of four eggs of the long-eared owl (*Nyctaleus*) obtained from an old crow's nest, from which I took a set of five crow's eggs last year. The nest is about twenty-five feet from the ground in a tamarack tree in a dense tamarack swamp. The eggs were in very different stages of incubation, one being nearly fresh, while another contained a large embryo. Red-winged blackbirds nesting. Numerous Bartram's sandpipers.

In bloom: hoary puccoon (*Lythospermum canadense*), sweet white violet (*V. blanda*), blue violet (*V. cucullata*), dandelion and crab apple trees.

May 9th—52°, 68°, 54°.—Red-headed woodpecker.

In bloom: columbine (*Aquilegia canadensis*), red-berried elder, Indian turnip (*Arisema triphyllum*), whittow grass (*Draba caroliniana*), strawberry, white birch, etc.

May 10th—55°, 65°, 59°.—Upon skinning a clay-colored bunting to-day I found the flesh literally full of white, worm-like parasites. Every part of the body, from the head to the root of the tail, contained the parasites, but they were fewer in the muscles of the breast than elsewhere. In the small amount of muscle on each leg there were thirty or forty of these worms, and so numerous were they in some places that the muscles were much enlarged. Although thus afflicted the bunting was fat, and seemed in good condition generally.

Early meadow-rue (*Thalictrum dieciem*) in bloom.

May 11th—58°, 83°, 65°.—Yellow throated vireo, Wilson's black-cap (*Myiodytes pusillus*), Wilson's thrush, Alice's thrush, Savanna sparrow and water thrush (*Sialurus naevius*).

Many oven birds in full song, clay-colored buntings, redstarts, a Harris' finch, chestnut-sided warblers, Tennessee warblers, blue-headed vireos, etc.

In bloom: yellow violet (*V. pubescens*), Canada ginger, *Asarum canadense*, wake robin (*Trillium cernuum*), red cherry and red raspberry (*Actaea spicata* var. *rubra*).

May 12th—63°, 64°, 60°.—Much rain; cool. A scarlet tanager.

May 13th—56°, 68°, 60°.—Black-poll and bay-breasted warblers, short-billed marsh wren. Brown thrush's nest containing three eggs. Tennessee warblers very numerous.

Creeping crowfoot (*Ranunculus repens*) in bloom.

May 14—60°, 76°, 62°.—Indigo bird, orchard oriole.

In bloom: painter's brush (*Castilleja coccinea*), larkspur violet (*V. delphinifolia*) and blue-eyed grass (*Sisyrinchium bermudiana*).

May 15th—62°, 80°, 63°.

May 16th—63°, 78°, 70°.—Buck-bean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*) in bloom. The plum and crabapple blossoms have about all fallen.

May 17th—67°, 85°.—Yellow-winged sparrow, Cana-

dian flycatcher, black tern and a blue-winged yellow warbler (*Helminthophaga pinus*). The capture to-day of a male of the last-mentioned species is the first time that I have detected this warbler here in six years' collecting. It is certainly a rare bird, and may be simply accidental. Dr. P. L. Hatch includes it in his list of 1874, a single specimen having been secured.

A lark finch's nest containing one egg.

New flowers in bloom: water-leaf (*Hydrophyllum virginicum*), bird's-foot and arrow-leaved violets (*V. pedata* and *hastata*), choke-cherry, wild cranesbill (*Geranium maculatum*), overlasting pea (*Lathyrus ochroleucis*), wood betony (*Pedicularis canadensis*), ground plum (*Asragalus caryocarpus*), dwarf blue-berry (*Vaccinium pensylvanicum*), wild black current (*R. floridum*), dwarf raspberry (*Rubus triflorus*), golden corydalis (*Corydalis aurea*).

May 18th—75°, 83°, 69°.—Catbird's nest, just completed. Heard the very singing for the first time this spring.

Bellwort (*U. sessilifolia*) small honeysuckle (*Lonicera parviflora*) and long-flowered puccoon (*Lithospermum longiflorum*) in bloom.

May 19th—64°, 77°, 60°.—Ruby-throated hummingbird. Along the edge of a certain piece of woods a pair of hummers breeds each year, and during the nesting season the male may be found at almost any time sitting on the dead top of one or another of two or three particular trees. Here he passes hours, his repose interrupted by only occasional brief periods of absence. He was at his post again to-day after the long winter's absence, while the female doubtless was engaged at no great distance in arranging for the nest. This quiet, inactive way of whiling away the time does not seem to accord in the least with the usual restless disposition of the hummingbird.

An oven bird's nest containing four eggs of the owner and two of the cow bunting. The nest was in an old wood road, close by where there was a nest two years ago.

The gold thread (*Coptis trifolia*) and showy orchis (*Orchis spectabilis*) are in bloom.

May 20th—49°, 56°, 49°.—Great-crested flycatcher and olive-sided flycatcher. A crow's nest, containing four large young, and a cooper's hawk's nest, containing four slightly incubated eggs. These two nests and the one from which the long-eared owl's eggs mentioned above were taken, are in the same corner of a dense tamarack swamp and quite near together.

In bloom: star-flower (*Trientalis americana*), star-grass (*Hypoxis erecta*), stemless lady's slipper (*Cypripedium acule*) and false Solomon's seal (*Smilacina trifolia*).

May 21st—47°, 60°, 53°.—There was sufficient frost last night to kill and blacken the young leaves of the small oaks, sumach leaves, ferns, etc.

A wild pigeon's nest, containing one egg nearly incubated; two rose-breasted grosbeaks' nests, each containing three fresh eggs, and a cow bunting's egg in addition; a catbird's nest, two eggs and a scarlet tanager's nest just completed. The wild pigeon breeds here regularly, but only in isolated pairs. I have found many nests, but never one containing more than a single egg or a single young bird. Yet most, if not all, of our authorities say the pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*) lays two eggs. Is it a fact that two eggs are generally, or even occasionally, laid?

May 22d—57°, 68°, 53°.—Black-billed cuckoo.

Song cranes (*Cardinalis rhomboides*), rock cress (*Arabis laevigatus*), and swamp saxifrage (*Saxifraga pensylvanica*) in bloom.

May 23d—60°, 61°, 58°.—Spiderwort (*Tradescantia virginica*) and golden ragwort (*Senecio aureus*) in bloom.

May 24th—63°, 78°, 70°.—Yellow-billed cuckoo, Wilson's phalarope and a mourning warbler. The last is a rare bird in this locality, though common in the heavy timber a hundred miles further north. Three Carolina doves' nests, with two eggs each; one of them was within two feet of the ground in a dead bush in open brush land. A loggerhead shrike's nest containing six eggs nearly hatched. One red-winged blackbird's nest with four eggs, and many just being built in hazel and oak bushes near a pond. Found a robin's nest which was so nearly tipped from its place in the crotch of a tree that the two young birds it contained lay upon the side of the nest. The robins however had not deserted it and the female was sitting upon the nest, unsteady as it was. Many catbirds' nests, most of them just completed; one with five eggs.

Upon knocking the top off from a muskrat house on the edge of a slough, the young muskrats apparently but a day or two old, were disclosed. They were hairless and showed not the least sign of their eyes opening. The nest was of dry grass and not more than an inch or two above the level of the water.

In bloom: Arrow-wood (*Viburnum lentago*), meadow parsnip (*Thaspium barbinode*) sweet sorrel (*Rumex acetosella*) and carion root (*Smilax latifolia*).

May 26th—72°, 77°.—Whippoorwill's nest, two fresh eggs; three wood thrushes' nests, two containing eggs, the third not finished yet. Heard several Nashville warblers singing in a tamarack swamp, where they doubtless breed each year. Their song is very much like a weak reproduction of the Tennessee warbler's piercing trill.

Flowers in bloom: dwarf cornel (*Cornus canadensis*) bishop's cap (*Mitella nuda*), bush cranberry (*Viburnum opulus*) silky cornel (*C. sericea*) and *Smilacina bifolia*. May 27th—60°, 62°, 51°.—Saw a swallow-tailed kite. Found two chestnut-sided warbler's nests, one containing three fresh eggs, the other still incomplete. These nests were in low hazel bushes on the edge of a wood.

Took five nearly fresh eggs of the yellow-billed woodpecker from a hole in a partly dead poplar tree in a piece of heavy timber. The hole had been newly excavated by the birds, as was evident from its clean and neat appearance and the great quantity of chips upon the ground at the foot of the tree. The entrance to the hole was but an inch and a half in diameter—so small that the birds had to struggle considerably in passing in and out. The male was most devoted to the nest and displayed much distress and boldness at the intrusion. He remained in the cavity until a hole had been chopped through the solid wood into the nest. A downy woodpecker's nest in the top of a tall, bare, poplar stub; eggs somewhat fresh. Found three power's nests, one of an abandoned farm. One of them contained young birds, while another was just in process of construction. The situation of the latter was quite novel. The birds were building their nest against the smooth side of the building so that a large nail which projected about two inches from the wood would be embedded in the body of the nest, and so hold it firmly in its place. The nest was begun just below the nail, so that it could be built up to and around it. The idea was a good one and showed some engineering ability upon the part of the peewees.

The yellow pond lily (*Nuphar advena*), small yellow lady's slipper (*C. parviflorus*) and wild rose (*Rosa blanda*) are in bloom.

May 28th.—70°, 82°, 65°.—A warbling vireo's nest, one egg; sparrow's nest, three fresh eggs, and a cow bunting's.

In bloom: Large yellow lady's slipper (*C. pubescens*), lupine (*Lupinus perennans*), Senega snakeroot (*Polypogon senega*), yellow water crowfoot (*Ranunculus multifidus*), Clintonia (*Clintonia borealis*), pitcher plant (*Sarracenia purpurea*), loosestrife (cultivated) and the hairy pucoon (*L. hirta*).

May 29th.—67°, 78°, 59°.—Found a least flycatcher's nest containing four fresh eggs. It was placed on a low horizontal limb of a large maple tree in a pasture. The nest of this species are here usually placed in an upright unequal fork of a small tree or sapling in deep woods. The present case was, therefore, exceptional, though I have found them somewhat similarly situated before. An oven bird's nest containing four fresh eggs, and a cow bunting's, a yellow warbler's, with two eggs, and two red-eyed vireos nests just completed.

The horse gentian (*Triosteum perfoliatum*), frost grape (*V. cordifolia*), blueberry (*C. canadensis*), and small white lady's slipper (*C. candidum*) are in bloom. All the species of lady's slippers are now in bloom except the large white (*C. spectabile*), which blooms about the middle of June.

May 30th.—70°, 75°, 52°. May 31st.—52°, 65°, 50°.—Yellow-headed blackbirds are building their nests.

With the close of the spring ends this outline record of some of the more noticeable occurrences in nature. The season has been one of many fair promises repeatedly broken. At first it seemed as though the spring would be an early one, but the prospect soon changed, and all through March and April there was a predominance of cold, rough weather. About May 1st a sudden change to excessively warm weather occurred, and the vegetation which had been held in check by the cool weather was urged into unwonted activity. The same sudden advance was noticeable elsewhere, particularly among the birds. As great a change took place in the appearance of woodland and prairie in a few days, as usually occurs in two weeks. The birds arrived at great numbers, many of them several days or a week ahead of their usual time, so that species usually appearing at different dates were migrating in company. This change obtained throughout the month of May, nearly everything being slightly in advance of previous years. The migration was soon over and the birds busy with their nesting duties.

THOS. S. ROBERTS.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.

Trout, *Salmo fontinalis*.
Salmon, *Salmo salar*.
Salmon Trout, *Salmo conflens*.
Land-locked Salmon, *Salmo gairdneri*.

Muskellunge, *Esox nubilus*.
Eel or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
Sheepshead, *Acanthopagrus probatocephalus*.
Striped Bass, *Morone tenebrosa*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.
Weakfish, *Cynoscion regalis*.

Bluefish, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Spanish Mackerel, *Scomber maculatus*.
Striped Bass, *Morone tenebrosa*.
Kingfish, *Micropodius nebulosus*.

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FISHING NOTES FROM MIRAMICHI.

MIRAMICHI, N. B., June 10th.

SALMON and trout have been very late in putting in an appearance here this season. Neither net fishermen nor anglers did anything before the 1st of June. Since that time a good many salmon have been caught in the bay and river, although they have not yet come within the reach of our anglers to any extent.

Messrs. John White, Skinner and Law, of St. John, Robert Orr, of Fredericton, Ernest Hutchinson, John Johnson and the writer, with a few others, have done Indian town for sea trout, about 1st of June and afterwards. Messrs. White, Law and the Skinners had excellent luck for a day or two, taking four or five hundred of excellent weight and condition. The rest of us were there just as the St. John men left, and had ill luck. By going alone to special places on the Rensselaire, I managed, in a day and a half, to take sixty trout and a nice ten pound salmon; but my companions, who fished nearly all the time near Indian town Brook, took scarcely anything. We did better at the Ox Bow, on the Little Southwest, however, though the fishing has not been first class anywhere so far.

Some good sized trout have been taken at Bariboug late, but three-pounders are scarce there, only about half a dozen having been caught this season.

Messrs. Keary, Doyle and others made a trip to Tabus-

intac a fortnight ago, and went down stream some seven miles below the portage road leading to the river from the Bathurst road.

They secured some splendid fish, but had a tough time of it, as the river is so narrow on either side of the stream, and it has to be waded all the distance by horses or men.

Several trips have been made by different parties to the Big Hole on the Northwest Miramichi, twenty miles above Newcastle, but there were no signs of salmon until a day or two ago. We shall have good salmon fishing there for two or three weeks, and thereafter, through July, above, at the Square Forks of the Sevege, the Big Falls and other favorite pools land of access, but "good when you get there."

From the present time forward for six weeks the "rough waters" of the Nepisiguit, which are the most easy of access of all our salmon waters, will be inviting to fishermen. Canoe men and all necessary supplies can be had at Bathurst, only four miles from the pools, on the line of the Intercolonial. The charge on the rough water is \$1 a rod per day. The fishing on the Northwest Miramichi is free and excellent.

The Restigouche Club, composed, as you know, of New Yorkers, is in full possession of what used to be public fishing in the Restigouche and Metapedia. I do not grudge its members their fine privileges, but regret that the angling available to us ordinary mortals who have not a plethora of this world's goods is being narrowed year by year. We have, however, one consolation, which is, that being "a" the manner born, we know some fine pools beyond the ken of lessees and clubs, though we have to reach them through portages and fords by catamarans and gunboats. A neophyte at the business was taken with us last season on a trip after salmon. It was none of your holiday affairs, but a case of roughing it the most earnest and hearty manner. To reach a point some thirty miles from the last hotel had to follow the previous season's trail even when it led into and through the river. When our destination was reached and the sport was begun, our neophyte, who had shown game, said it was glorious "even if we had to swim some to get here." If any members of your New York Club wish to have Broadway and Fifth avenue soaked completely out of them, send them along in July for a cruise to some of our special pools on Miramichi tributaries. If they can "stand the training" I will guarantee the salmon.

D. E. S.

BASS AND MASKALONGE FISHING.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

"WELL," said my friend C., as he came in my office one day last week, "I'm off for the Thousand Islands to-morrow."

"What for?" I inquired.

"Fishing, of course, and a couple of months' cool weather."

"Yes, I suppose that is it somewhat cooler up there. But what are you going to fish for?"

"Fish for bass and muskellunge—going to catch 'em, too. Never failed yet, when I went there. Bass fishing has just commenced, and I'd rather catch them than brook trout, although I know the men of the fashionable clubs consider it inferior sport. But I don't see why they should."

"Why not?"

"Well, when you catch a bass, you get a larger fish, and one that is fully as gamy, makes a harder fight, is stronger, and up to just as many tricks. They are just as fine for food, to my taste, when taken from the cold waters of Lake Ontario, as the average mountain brook trout. You may smile at this, but such is my opinion; and there are others that agree with me. If you will go upon the St. Lawrence, I think that you will become convinced very soon. Sportsmen are beginning to understand how gamy they are, and the result is that the Fish Commissioners have stocked half of the available streams in the Eastern States with them. Bass fishing is better now than ever before. How seldom you land, in ordinary fly-casting, a trout that weighs more than a pound. A two-pounder, taken wild from lake or river, is the event of your fishing trip, and save in Maine, or occasionally in the Adirondacks, one of that weight is very rare. Yet how many black bass you take that weighs less than a pound, and how often three and four pounds come to your landing net. A five-pound bass is not such a rarity as is a two-pound trout. I fish for black bass with brook-trout tackle, except that I use a trifle larger flies. The rod, the line, and the leader are the same. A three-pound bass seizes the fly. I straighten the line and hook him. He shoots twenty or thirty feet to the right like a flash, then zigzags thirty feet to the left. Seeing he is fast, he does what the trout never does, leaps four feet straight up into the air, quivering and shaking, and then alighting head foremost, he makes another dart and another leap. I have had them jump six times in quick succession in their endeavor to shake the hook from their mouths. The trout makes no such frantic efforts, although I am saying nothing against the sport of trout catching. The trout being less strong, gives up the fight sooner. The bass will struggle and leap until he turns over on his side of sheer exhaustion, and even then he is good for one or two more darts and leaps when he gets sight of the landing net. With my ten-ounce rod and trout flies, I have been a half hour bagging a three-pounder. A two-pound trout will give up in five or twelve minutes. Along my opinion there is more sport in catching half a dozen two-pound bass, than three times the number of trout as they average in ordinary streams."

"Where are black bass to be found in greatest numbers?"

"The best ground easy of access to New York City is unquestionably in lower Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River for twenty miles below where it flows from the lake. All along the Jefferson County shore, and at the islands opposite, bass are very plentiful. There are most excellent shoals off Grenadier Island, near Cape Vincent, at Galloo Island, at the Duck Islands, and at the head of Amherst, Long Island, and Carleton Island, all of which cluster around the opening of the river. The fish run larger there than in the rivers of the State. All the region of lower Lake Ontario is famous fishing ground. Go to Cape Vincent and hire boatmen to take you to the grounds. Going down the river, from the latter named place, the famous Thousand Islands begin,

and among them the bass fishing is especially good, although it becomes worse the further down you go. There is little use in going much below Alexandria Bay. Near Clayton good sport may be had, but not so excellent as about the islands in the lake."

"Bass do not rise so readily to the fly in the lake waters as in the St. Lawrence River; but they take bait readily, and may be captured on trolling rigs. I have known two hooks to take one hundred and fifty fish of an average weight of two pounds in twelve hours, off the Grenadier Island shore. An average catch there by ordinarily skillful anglers is from thirty to fifty fish in a day's sport. Just as good grounds may be found in the St. Lawrence, which are some twenty miles from Cape Vincent, directly out in the lake. The Carleton Island Club, of Utica, that goes to the island from which it takes its name, four miles below Cape Vincent, has frequently numbered three hundred fish as a day's catch by its half dozen boats."

"The season begins about the 1st of June and lasts until the middle of September. June is probably the best month in the streams, and July in the lakes, but I have taken larger fish from the lakes about the first of September than at any other time."

But how about the maskalonge fishing? Well, as to that it is a different kind of sport. Maskalonge, of course, are not as plentiful as bass, and they are more particular in their likes and dislikes as to weather and bait. You cannot catch them every day, but you must study the weather and winds carefully if you want to succeed. Those who have spent a season on the St. Lawrence know just when to exchange their bass tackle for the heavy trolling spoon, that is indispensable for this business. A thirty or forty pound maskalonge is an ugly customer to handle, and I know of parties that have worked over an hour, faithfully, too, before they could get one alongside the boat, and the gaff hook to him. It is a red letter day in the annals of most sportsmen that witness the capture of a forty-pounder, though I have seen and captured many of them, and know of cases where as high as half a dozen were taken by one boat within as many hours. When one of this size strikes your hook your first impression is that you have hooked a log or something of the sort. You will begin to pay out line and yell at the oarsman to back water with fear of breaking the trolling line. When you will discover that the supposed log is possessed of the animatedst sort of animation, and you will think that there is a two-year old steer at the other end of the line, judging from the pulling. Now comes the work and sport. Keep a taut line all the time; don't let him get an inch of slack if you can help it. If you should happen to allow him a foot or so I wouldn't give much for your chances of securing him. Out of water he comes, with his immense mouth wide open, shaking the spoon fiercely, as a bull dog will shake a smaller canine, and with just as much of a display of grit. I don't know as I can think of a fish that the term "bull dog" fits better. When he disappears after this performance he will seek the bottom and immediately return for another fight above the water. Thus it continues, with occasional rushes toward you, of the wrong kind, the fish, when you are working, will get some slack if possible. When ten or fifteen minutes of this sort of proceeding has passed (you will think it an hour at least) he will be quiet and perhaps allow himself to be drawn in close to the boat. To all appearances he is tired out and all you have to do is to take him in; but look out that you don't get "taken in"—bailly, too. Right here comes in one of his most successful tricks—and this he will play every time, too. His apparent giving up is only for the purpose of recruiting strength for another feature of the contest, and nine times out of ten the novice loses both fish and spoon, together with a portion of the line. Seemingly exhausted, he is drawn along, perhaps lying on his side, until he is within a few feet of your hands. You can see his great, wicked-looking eye perhaps, but you won't see it long. Like a flash he shoots forward and, directly under the hook, is the time that your dex-

terity and presence of mind are needed, if ever. If by any means the line is fouled, or if you don't manage to bring him up gradually, he is gone; and the remarks that you will make would astonish Denis Kearney himself. But we will suppose that you manage matters all right. When he stops or is checked at the end of this sport, the line will be paid out to nearly its original length. He will first start under the hook, and the program I have described will be repeated again and again until from genuine exhaustion he is hauled alongside, and by the aid of the gaff hook lifted aboard. You will then be happy, and look for another one."

"Are the fishing grounds difficult of access?"

"Not at all. Go to Capt. Vincent and inquire for Ed. Fox. You will find him readily, and he knows just where the grounds are. He has cultivated an intimate acquaintance with every portion of the river in that vicinity, and will direct you so that you can't miss the best points. Furthermore, he won't take a cent for his information, and the more fish you get the better it pleases him. A. D.

New York, June 26th.

BASS FISHING IN ILLINOIS.—Peoria, June 19th.—I am provoked to write you by the article of Charles Linden, entitled "Spring Shooting in Illinois," in your issue of the 17th inst., who is wrong in saying that he has the mouth of the Illinois River. He says he went to Henry's forty miles above here, and if so, he ought to know better than to make such a mistake.

I make a point of this because I want to say that at Copperas Creek Dam, twenty-nine miles below here, is to be found, at the proper stage of water, as fine black bass fishing as one can wish for. Some five or six years ago the State built a dam with a submersible gate, at Henry's forty miles above here, to improve the navigation of the river. After that dam was finished, the fishing below it was very fine; but recently another dam has been built at Copperas Creek, about seventy miles below Henry. Since that was finished, the fishing at that point is the finest we know of in the West. At present the water is too high, as boats and fish pass over the dam, the volume of water in the river being remarkable for this season of the year. We think there is no doubt but that some of the best fishing will be had on the river from July 10th and on till October there will be plenty of sport at Copperas Creek Dam. The best route by which to reach the dam will be to come to Peoria; from here either regular packets or other boats leave for the dam

and points below nearly every day. There are no hotel accommodations that I am aware of, at least it is the custom to camp out for long stays, or take luncheon for short ones. There is also, near the dam, Spring Lake. It is parallel with the river and about three-fourths of a mile distant on the east side of the river. It is fed by springs and connects with the river about two miles above the dam. The water in this lake rises and falls with the river, is always cooler than the river, and generally clearer, and is full of bass, perch, crappies, etc., and always affords fine sport. We have never heard of fly-fishing in this section for bass. Everybody uses minnows. I am reading with much interest the articles of Mr. Henshall, and wish they would come often. I am a subscriber to *FOREST AND STREAM* through the courtesy of a friend. When the first numbers came I hadn't time to read them and threw them aside; finally I took several home from the office, thinking I would look them over out of compliment to my friend. To sum up, I wanted to go a-fishing right away, and I began adding to my messenger supply of tackle, much to the profit of your advertisers. I have a split bamboo from Hoskins on the way, and by the time the water goes down will be ready for business. I have seen no letters published from this section. Your journal has proved itself powerful enough to interest one who formerly had very little time or fancy for such things. C. B. A.

We have no doubt that the errors noted in Prof. Lindgren's article were purely inadvertent; and we take the more pleasure in publishing our correspondent's letter, as the concluding part of it is added testimony to the good influence of the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

A DEAD "RISE."—*Miramichi, June 19th.*—On Wednesday (8th inst.) I was fishing at the Ox Bow, Little Southwest Miramichi. My companions were Dr. Holden and M. C. Baillie, of St. John, and Mr. Joyce, of Chatham. The wind blew upstream from an easterly direction, but we were doing fair work with trout of from one-half to three pounds. I struck a two-pounder which showed considerable game, and had played him sufficiently to justify my beeching him, which I proceeded to do. Just as he was within a foot or two of the shore, however, off he went, leaving on my hook a smelt of ordinary size, but partially digested. On making examination I found that the smelt was firmly hooked about half an inch from the caudal fin, and I had as much trouble in unhooking it as an ordinary trout would have given me if I well hooked. A good many smelts were in the river at the time, and the trout were feeding upon them. In the case of the one that rose to my fly on this occasion, the smelt had been swallowed as far as possible, and the process of digestion was going on, the tail of the victim meantime protruding from its captor's mouth. When the latter rose to take my fly and I struck for him, the hook became fastened into the smelt as I have described above, frequently seen smelts, to the number of two or three, thrown from a large trout's mouth when struck heavily or played vigorously after being hooked, but I never before hooked the dead fish when striking at the live one. D. G. S.

RYE BEACH FISHING.—*New York, June 24th.*—Col. Withers, of Rye, while fishing near Rye Beach last Monday, caught fifteen blackfish in about two hours. He says that the fishing has not been so good there during many seasons as it is at present. His largest blackfish on Monday weighed six and a half pounds. It has since been eaten. He presented it to Mr. Minott Mitchell, a gentleman well and favorably known in real estate and petroleum circles, who is summing himself at White Plains this year, where he says he simmers more comfortably than he would in his city residence. Mr. Mitchell invited some choice spirits to partake of the fish, and they accepted. The writer hereof regrets that he was not included in the party. Mr. Mitchell has had unusually good luck blackfishing this summer, but nothing like that of his friend, says Col. Withers. Ambition now is to catch a seven-pound blackfish for the purpose of presentation to Col. Withers. T.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—*Boston, Mass., June 23d.*—Have just returned from York Co., New Brunswick. Captured six bears and all the trout wanted, in the waters of Cranberry and Killbuck. Fishing has been good for trout in all the waters till lately. It needs heavy rains for successful fly-fishing, especially for land-locked salmon. WARFIELD.

WISCONSIN.—*Appleton, June 10th.*—Bass fishing was never so good on the lower Fox as it is this season. Large strings are taken daily by professionals and non-experts. Roberts "Resort" is being extensively patronized by parties from Chicago and Milwaukee. Island Park, further up the Lake, has a fine hotel now, and fishing in the adjacent waters is superb. F.

FLY-CASTING.

FLYCASTING.—*New York, June 18th.*—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—Fishing clubs are being formed throughout the State, and when they are formed they mean business; and I venture to say that the labor performed and the money expended for the propagation and preservation of fish, and the laws enacted through the influence of the Onondaga Fishing Club alone for the past two years, exceeds that of the State Conventions for this past five years.

Article Second, of the Constitution of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Good. But any member of a club who has taken an active part in getting ready for the holding of a State Convention knows that the whole burden of the club consists in getting the birds from afar, building coops for them, a grand stand upon which to see them shot, suitable grounds for this purpose, providing conveniences for the shooters and spectators, and flaming posters all over the country announcing the great State shoot; while if the club happens to have one member who takes an interest in fly-fishing, to him alone is intrusted the arrangement for fly-casting. And my experience has been that everything is sacrificed in the shape of comfort and convenience, to be near the shooting grounds, even going so far as to dam up a small brook, rippling through a cow pasture so full of weeds that not twenty feet width of clear water could be procured. At the locality unknown to the visiting sportsmen

and only to be found after persistent effort and hunting through the shooting grounds for some one to tell you, and the time so early in the day, that, unless you are on hand the day before and find the committee, and thus learn the locality, the chances are you will arrive after the contest is over. But, says the managing club, the entries for fly-casting are so few we cannot afford to waste any time on you. I reply: Not when there is any interest taken by the managers to make the contest attractive. Overgo Waterbury and Syracuse did not lack in entries, although the actual value of all the prizes offered in either did not equal that of a single prize offered in a number of shoots.

At the present price of fly-rods, so far as money is concerned, a man had better stay at home and buy him one, for it would cost less than to go to a Convention and win one. But a gentleman sportsman, with a good gun, loves to point to some little *senior* as a trophy of his skill; and I venture to say that the "Game Fishes of the United States," as first prize for fly-casting at the Seneca Falls Convention, would have drawn more entries than all the \$50 rods that could have been offered. For the fly-fisher is a man who loves to read. F. V. R.

Fish Culture.

TENNESSEE SHAD.—*Nashville, Tenn., June 19th.*—A shad supposed to be one of the offspring of those deposited in the Cumberland River a few years ago was caught here the other day, weighing three pounds. Hickory shad are quite common here, and often very abundant. J. D. H.

The Kennel.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

MR. DALZIEL'S LETTER TO THE LIVE STOCK JOURNAL.

"INCIDENTS of the New York Show," is the heading of Mr. Dalziel's last letter in the *Live Stock Journal*, under which the famous English judge expresses his views of the different classes of disappointed exhibitors he met with at the New York Show. In referring to the many protests against the judging, Mr. Dalziel writes us below. We deem it best, however, to republish the protests in question, that we may make clear to our readers the two points upon which he touches in particular.

The first was submitted to the Board of Appeals, but that body only entertained that part of the protest which referred to the judging of class 40, "Red Irish Setter Dogs." It read as follows:

TO THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.—*Gentlemen*.—We, the undersigned, exhibitors in the present dog show, do respectfully ask your honorable club to call together the Board of Appeals that they may consider what we deem to be most erroneous decisions on the part of the gentlemen acting as judges in classes numbered as follows: Nos. 19, 20, 23, 25, 33, 34, and 40. Your attention to this protest is much respected. A. E. Godeffroy, W. H. Holabird, A. H. Moore, William Moore, Ch. Denison, Garrett Koch, James Moore, A. T. Tappan, William Mann, Lewis and the undersigned, and I believe, competent men, of other dogs in Irish class than Elcho III.

Mr. Dalziel says: "I will deal with it by briefly stating facts. In judging this class I had the honor of being associated with the Hon. John H. Wise of Richmond, and S. T. Hammond, Esq., of Springfield, and two more fair-dealing, patriotic, and, I believe, competent men. I have never judged with them."

"When the Irish Red Setter class came into the ring I pointed out that the dog Byron was, I considered, an Irish red and white setter. Mr. Wise, read from, as I then thought, the schedule, that white it was provided, was admissible. This was really read from the description of 'Stonehenge,' in condensed form. The mistake being afterwards discovered, the red dogs were judged alone; and the judges, impressed with the grand form of Byron, unanimously recommended that he should have an extra first prize, and to this the Committee cordially agreed. No English reader will be surprised at this; it is here of everyday occurrence; and the Westminster Kennel Club Committee would have been justified in giving 100 extra prizes had the judges recommended them to do so."

"I leave the Irish setters with one word to the Westminster Kennel Club:—These dogs are not 'Red Irish,' as their catalogue reads, but 'Irish setters,' red or red and white."

"Now I will deal with the protest in general. As is usual, the Westminster Kennel Club sent out a premium list, with copy of the regulations governing the show, and those who made entry of their dogs knew that they did so under the conditions therein clearly stated."

"Rule 8 says:—
"The scales of points given in the third edition of the 'dogs of the British Islands,' by J. H. Walsh ('Stonehenge'), will be used by the judges, and no other, in judging the dogs."

"The meaning of this clearly is that if the judges failed to agree, point-judging according to Stonehenge should be resorted to."

"At the New York Show no such necessity arose, in the opinion of the judges, whatever disappointed exhibitors may have thought."

"Rule 10 says:—
"The decision of the judges will be final in all cases, except where mistake, fraud, misrepresentation, or collusion can be shown; in any such case the Committee of Appeal must decide all questions, except those of merit, and the dog may be rejected."

"Can anything be clearer, and where, I ask, do the protesters find their *locus standi*?"

"I inclose a full copy of the rules, Mr. Editor, and shall be glad if you will give your opinion as to whether there exists one justifying these protesters. The Westminster Kennel Club Committee in entertaining them, for I hold it was their duty to protect their judges from the insulting charges of unfairness or incompetence, especially when made by persons of whose competency to form an opinion there was no proof. On the contrary, in the only instance I had an opportunity I proved the utter incompetency of a protester against the awards in spaniels, before the Court of Appeal, putting a most

elementary question on the breed, which he admitted his inability to answer."

The second, was from A. E. Godeffroy, Esq., which was not acted upon by the Board of Appeals. It was as follows:—

MR. GODEFFROY'S PROTEST.

NEW YORK, May 12th.
THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.—*Gentlemen*.—I beg to protest against the award in class 5, where my bitch Brantels was given as best dog, and the other dogs no dew claws, a point which is according to 'Stonehenge' and Vero Shaw, as necessary as solid white in a bull-terrier. Yours respectfully, A. E. GODEFFROY.

On this Mr. Dalziel writes: "And now, one word with Mr. Godeffroy. I will deal only with his objection to my awards in St. Bernards. Mr. Godeffroy objects that I gave first prize to a dog that had no dew-claws. My having done so would surprise no one in England who has read my frequent protests against the high value put on them. It is pretty well known that I consider these appendages as useless as they are ugly. Mr. Godeffroy refers to 'Stonehenge' and Vero Shaw; but great authorities as these gentlemen may be, Mr. Godeffroy must learn to know that it is not every judge who will bind himself by their opinions or their crotchets."

"I believe Mr. Godeffroy has in his kennel the blood of old Champion Tell; and I should suppose from his protest that he is ignorant of the fact that Tell, like Prince of Wales, is much more than a great specimen, was as innocent of dew claws as the dog I placed first in New York. And would Mr. Godeffroy be 'surprised to hear' that I have in my possession a letter on the subject from our great naturalist, Darwin, in which he describes dew claws as 'accidental monstrosities.'"

"As the rules provided only for protests in case of 'mistake, fraud, misrepresentation, or collusion,' I think my apology is due to my co-judges, and myself from the gentlemen who entered and published these protests, who were one and all voluntary exhibitors, having bound themselves by the rules governing the show, and that with all the advantage of knowing beforehand to whose judgment their animals would be submitted. HUGH DALZIEL.

The Editor of the *Live Stock Journal*, in answer to Mr. Dalziel's query, says: "There is nothing in the rules which on this side of the water would have made such protests admissible."

WORKING DOGS IN THE MOUNTAIN SVALES FOR SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

IT is in the swales, on the sides of the grand old mountains, and in the springy basins on the top, where in ordinary seasons the woodcock can be found. The towering mountain, whose knob seems to have been squeezed by the hand of Kihleborn, the spirit of the stream, from whose fingers the legend tells us that fine rills of water gush forth, and whose feet are frequently seen to watch the slowly drifting clouds the water which trickles at our feet, and down whose steep sides the slope is broken here and there, by level spots on which the springy grass grows high and the waters gently ooze. Here on these giant steps the woodcock nests and rears her young; nor does she quit her secluded home for the meadow swamps below, unless driven by a protracted drought. Should the season be fair and wet, and frequent sun showers replenish the tiny rills, the woodcock and her brood find ample boring ground, and they are not forced to leave the gloomy music of the whip-poor-will for the still more doleful clinking sound of the rusty cow-bell in the valley pasture lands at the mountain foot.

It is in these odd crannies, that many a woodcock hides away, and thus escapes from the intrusion of the sportsman. If it had not been for secret spots like these, many of which still continue to hold the weird traditions of the past, the woodcock in certain localities would have been utterly exterminated.

To us the acme of woodcock shooting is in such like places. Of course, there is a deal more hard work in climbing the mountain sides, but when the ground is well known, and the excellent beats can be mapped out for a week's sport, and a good bag at the end is generally the result. There is something exquisitely beautiful in mountain swale shooting, as each nesting place has its own lovely view, and each so entirely different from the other. One may be grandly wild with nothing but a sea of forest trees mounting to the skies, and at the next turn of the mountain the view is of a more important cultivated valley framed in on either side with crags, and the darkly wooded slopes brings one back from thoughts of the outer world. But there is rarely an Eden spot without some drawback, and here it is again the snake which destroys much of the pleasure of the sport, and frequently in fact deters, from fear, the sportsman altogether from shooting in the fastnesses of the mountains. Therefore, before passing on to the more important part in hand, it may be well to give here the mode of treatment should the sportsman or the dog be bitten by a reptile, either the rattlesnake or the copperhead, commonly called the "pitot." The absorption of the poison through the blood is so exceedingly rapid, that it is utterly impossible under any circumstances to remove the whole of the poison by the use of the most important principle is, first cleanse the wound by washing, and if it is of such a character that a slight incision with a knife can be made, let it be done at once, and the poison sucked out by means of the lips. Second, it is necessary to sustain the nervous system through the terrible depression which must inevitably issue. This can perhaps most readily be done by the use of a copious draught of warm water, which, carbonate of ammonia, five grains can be added every fifteen minutes. When quinine can be procured, fifteen or twenty grains every four hours should be administered in connection with the stimulant. If the carbonate of ammonia is not at hand, use spirits of hartshorn which can be found in almost every farm house. A test of its strength should however be made by the case of a more important remedy, taking a teaspoonful of pure water, and by dropping the hartshorn into it until the water becomes turbid, its strength can then be tested and the doses thus regulated should in succession be increased.

When the dog is bitten, lacerate the wound, which cleanse with water, and apply the hartshorn, also giving whiskey in small doses until the animal cannot stand. Of course it is much better to suck the poison out, and

under certain circumstances we would not hesitate to do this to save the life of a valuable animal.

To resume; For practical work in the hot weather there is no dog for us like a strong, light-colored pointer. It is necessary that he should have a deal of white about him, that he may readily be seen as he passes rapidly back and forth in the maze of rhododendron and mountain brushwood. To lay down any particular rule for hunting on these swales is impossible for each one varies so much from another that the sportsman's own judgment must decide the knotty question. But we have noticed one important point; that when practicable it is best to beat up the ravines, for when the birds are moved and driven on ahead they do not make as long flights as when approached from the side above them. In such cases they are apt to top the scrubby bushes and shoot at half a dozen times, while the dog will leave the water course. These swales may not always at first be found in the bed of the swale, but still if he has been undisturbed he will be found close at hand. The boring and markings of the bird on the edges of the brook will inform the sportsman that birds are present, even if his dogs fail to detect the scent. He will, therefore, stand a double chance, and save much time by keeping well to the bed of the swale, and working his dog at short distances. In this particular shooting the gun can assist the dogs more than in any other. In the early season, when one bird is found, it is fair to presume that the rest of the brood are not far off. If after carefully beating up still further they are not found, it is always well to try for them on either side back from the brook, for they may have shifted to some neighboring spring. Still, the swale should be the centre of the beat, and when other minor streams are found to run into the main one, the wings from which they head should be carefully looked out.

EASTERN DOGS FOR PRAIRIE CHICKENING.

ASHFIELD, Mass., June 21st.

Editor Forest and Stream—
In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I notice a correspondence from Iowa entitled "Dogs for Prairie Chicken Shooting," in which the views of the writer differ so essentially from my own that I am tempted to present a bit of my experience for the benefit of Eastern sportsmen contemplating Western trips. I am a believer in the doctrine that thorough friendly discussion tends to eliminate many important facts otherwise unnoticed, and that gentlemen sportsmen can confer themselves to the benefit of the game by exchanging views. I am not prepared to disagree with a good grace. Through no wish to extol my own prowess, but for fear your correspondent might remark that I am only an ignorant Yankee, with no knowledge of prairie shooting, I would state that I trained dogs on Western birds, principally prairie chickens, every season from 1857 to 1865, which gave me a fair chance to learn something of the business. Since that time I have courted English and Irish setters, and have been convinced that the English setter is the best for the purpose, and especially ruffed grouse, and our strongest point of difference concerns his statement that "dogs trained on prairie chickens will work well on ruffed grouse, and that dogs broken on Eastern game will not work on prairie chickens." I would like to see him take a brace of his high-flying prairie chicken dogs into the dense thickets for ruffed grouse on these rough New England hills, and show me how they would do. I work the dog of the first week, or for that matter, ever show as fine work as is done by our dogs that have first received a special, thorough education on this bird. I would much sooner engage to make good workers on prairie chickens of half a dozen good lively dogs broken on Eastern game than to take a brace of regular prairie flyers to tone down into shape on ruffed grouse. I have always found it much easier to increase the pace and range of a good lively dog than to circumscribe the limits of one to whom high-flying and wide ranging had become a second nature. Of course, it could not be expected that an Eastern dog could become an expert in a single day when the habits of the game and nature of the country are entirely different from anything previously experienced. However, handlers will find that the rigid discipline to which they have been accustomed on ruffed grouse (if No. 1) is a "mighty handy thing to have round," as Davy says, when they are swinging them at long distances where everything is new. If Eastern sportsmen will recall to mind what wretched work they have sometimes made when working their dogs on a new bird at home, when they have allowed themselves to become more anxious to fill the game bag than to take time to enforce good discipline and to exercise patience and perseverance, until the poor animals understood their wishes, they will wonder less at the failures of Eastern dogs on prairie chickens. While I will admit that Eastern broken dogs may never be quite as fast on chickens as though they had always been taught to "fly," it is all "bosh" that they can never be learned to do good work on them, and their extra stanchness and docility will more than compensate for slight want of good pace before you get along there. Then you will not only run your dogs, but you will have a sure source of pleasure both for this and future years, and not be dependent on the uncertain method of hiring a dog.

RUFFED GROUSE.

FEARS AND MANGE.—Tolland County, Conn., June 21st.—
Editor Forest and Stream—Fears are very often the cause of a skin irritation resembling mange, which, if allowed to run on, will assume the forms of the regular disease. Take your dog, once a month, muzzle him, and

wash him well, first with kerosene (white oil), whale oil and neatfoot, mix equal parts of each. For a pointer about one pint in all. Then clean off with soap, and rub dry. This will not only kill the vermin, but also keep them off for some time after. The dog thus treated will never have the mange if housed in a clean place. For the first appearance of the disease try mild ointments first, such as sulphur and lard. But first of all muzzle your dog, and keep him so until well. The best cure is prevention, for the red mange once well into a dog's skin will kill him in time, and all you can then do is to relieve him as much as possible.

MARS.

PHOTOGRAPH OF FAUST AND BOW.—We have received a photograph from Mr. Charles H. Turner, Secretary of the St. Louis Kennel Club, of Mr. J. M. Tracy's excellent painting of the pointers Faust and Bow. The picture from which the photograph is taken is about thirty-six inches in length by eighteen inches in height, and depicts the dogs in the field surrounded by autumnal foliage. The subject is a very beautiful one; Faust stands "hard and fast," while Bow is in the back-ground backing him. Mr. Tracy has also painted a sister picture of this, which is even said to be of greater excellence; in this one, Kesswick is pointing and Jessamine backing. Another grand picture from the brush of Mr. Tracy is Mr. Turner's painting of Berkeley, which has been pronounced a gem by all the competent judges who have been fortunate enough to see it. Mr. Tracy is an artist of rare merit, and his animal drawing is both careful and accurate. The St. Louis Club has made a control over the oil-paintings, but photographs of them can be had on application to Mr. Tracy, St. Louis, Mo.; price 75 cents each.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF THE DOG.—We have just received from Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., 596 Broadway, part No. 11 of Mr. Peter Shaw's excellent series. It is a grand number, containing a very finely finished colored lithograph of the typical deerhound, Spey, the property of Mr. Thos. Moore, a long and wonderfully well compiled chapter on coursing, a description of the Whipper, or Snap dog, and the staghound, and a complete list of the packs of foxhounds, over one hundred in number, in the United Kingdom in 1889. This book should be in the hands of every American lover of the dog.

KENNEL NOTES.

DEATH.—Buff.—Mr. A. H. Sharpless' (Catawissa, Pa.) fine Bismarck setter buff died on June 14th from injuries sustained from colliding with a locomotive on March 31. But was over of Mr. J. H. Roberts' Maud, she out of Mr. W. H. Knight's Dot, by Dr. Brooks' Bismarck.

SALES.—Berkeley-Ruby (whelp).—Mr. Edw. O. Ladd, of Everett, Mass., has purchased from Mr. John Kotler, Jr., President of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, a Berkeley-Ruby bitch puppy, whelped April 18th. Berkeley-Ruby (whelp).—Mr. Thos. A. Addison, of Chelsea, Mass., has made the following sales of his Berkeley-Ruby dog puppies: one to Mr. J. P. Hawes, Boston, Mass.; one to Mr. H. A. Spencer, Chelsea, Mass.; one to Melben W. Lothrop, Chelsea, Mass., and one to Mr. G. Frank Holmes, Chelsea, Mass.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Flourish.—Mr. Edw. O. Ladd, of Everett, Mass., claims the name of Flourish for his Irish setter bitch puppy whelped April 18th by Berkeley, out of Ruby. Jupiter Tonans.—Mr. Burr Hollis claims the name Jupiter Tonans for his black, white and tan ticked English foxhound dog puppy, by Catech, out of Drum, presented by Mr. M. P. McKoon. This puppy is said to be a splendid specimen of the foxhound. Lorne.—Mr. J. W. Jackson, of Opelousas, La., claims the name of Lorne for his pointer dog, whelped May 10th, out of St. Louis Kennel Club's June, by Faust. Lottie.—Mr. J. W. Jackson, of Opelousas, La., claims the name of Louise for his pointer bitch puppy, whelped Nov. 7th, out of St. Louis Kennel Club's Jaunty, by Bow.

BRED.—Queen-Croxteth.—Mr. A. E. Godfrey's (Neverask Lodge Kennels) champion pointer bitch, Queen to Croxteth. Moya-Rover II.—Mr. A. E. Godfrey's (Neverask Lodge Kennels) red Irish setter bitch Moya to Rover II. Flirt.—Mr. G. D. Macdonald's (Lachne Kennels, New Brighton, S. I.) cocker bitch Flirt (all liver), litter sister to Cora (First Montreal and First New York, 1880), has been bred to Cunningham's Biju, all liver (first Montreal, and should have been first New York). See FOREST AND STREAM, London Field, Toronto Town and Country, etc. Pups due about August 23th.

WHELPS.—Beatty.—Mr. A. E. Godfrey's (Neverask Lodge Kennels) imported black and tan setter bitch Champion Beauty whelped on June 23th seven puppies—five dogs and two bitches—by Mr. A. H. Moore's imported Bolo. Two puppies are since dead. Flirt.—Mr. Geo. D. Macdonald's (Lachne Kennels, New Brighton, S. I.) cocker spaniel Flirt, on May 18th, whelped three dog puppies, by Mr. McKoon's Captain.

Archery.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—This club has had no shooting for two weeks, owing to the Park Commissioners having forbidden the use of the archery lawn in the Central Park until after it rains again. It makes it very bad for the club, as it has several challenges on hand, and but poor scores can be expected from any team that has little or no practice. From present prospects it may be two weeks longer before they can shoot again.

ORTAITA ARCHERS.—The monthly meeting of the Ortaita Archers took place at Hackensack, June 23d. Col. Frank Brandreth won the gentlemen's badge with a score of 307, at the American Round. Mrs. W. Holberton won the ladies' badge with a score of 165 at the Columbia Round and a one yard handicap at each distance.

W. HOLBERTON.

PRIVATE PRACTICE CLUB.—Highland Park, Ill., June 14th.—To the members of Class II, Private Practice Club:—We have the club round of forty-eight arrows at eighty yards, and twenty-four arrows at sixty yards, on Saturday, the 23rd inst. Please report your scores to Dr. E. B. Weston, Highland Park, Lake County, Ill., who will compile them for publication in FOREST AND STREAM. My score will be sent to each member on the 28th.

C. GRANVILLE HAZARD.

BROOKLYN vs. NORTH SIDE.—Chicago, June 23th.—In the match between the Brooklyn team of five and the North Side team of five (later from this city) the North Side team came out victorious by a score of 100 to 89. The match took place Saturday, 19th inst., and scores exchanged by mail—

NORTH SIDE TEAM.					BROOKLYN TEAM.				
100 Yards.	80 Yards.	60 Yards.	Totals.		100 Yards.	80 Yards.	60 Yards.	Totals.	
J. R. Adams.....	117	171	352		J. K. Hoyt.....	25	70	44	139
Granger Smith.....	132	182	314		G. F. Penhall.....	25	70	44	139
John Wilkinson.....	61	106	167		A. G. Constable.....	10	22	36	68
J. O. Blanko.....	50	89	139		A. E. Stoutenborough.....	24	63	41	128
					E. A. Parker.....	25	30	41	96
Grand total.....			1,077		Grand total.....			638	
					North Side team won by 539.				T. A. L.

Cricket.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FIXTURES.

July 1, at Stenton.—Baltimore vs. Young America.
July 1, at Staten Island.—Germantown, Sr., vs. Staten Island, Sr.
July 1, at Newtown.—Chestnut Hill (2d) vs. Dorian (2d).
July 3, at Newtown.—Dorian vs. Baltimore.
July 3, at Oswego Falls.—Onondaga vs. Oswego Falls.
July 3, at Newtown.—Germantown vs. Baltimore.
July 3, at Ardmore.—Merion vs. Manhattan.
July 3, at Chester.—Chester City vs. Girard.
July 3, at Frankfort.—Old (1st) vs. Germantown (2d).
July 3, at Chestnut Hill.—Chestnut Hill (2d) vs. Young America (2d).
July 5, at Stenton.—Young America (2d) vs. Merchantville.
July 5, at Syracuse.—Onondaga vs. Belleville.
July 5, at Chestnut Hill.—Chestnut Hill vs. Old Haverfordians.
July 5, at West Philadelphia.—Belmont vs. Manhattan.
July 5, at Staten Island.—Baltimore vs. Staten Island.
July 5, at Stenton.—Young America (2d) vs. Merion (2d).
July 5, at Trenton, N. J.—Germantown (2d) vs. Trenton.
July 5, at Port Hope.—Young America vs. Port Hope.
July 5, at Hoboken.—St. Georges vs. Baltimore.
July 7, at Chester.—Belmont vs. Chester City (1st).
July 7, at Toronto.—Young America vs. Toronto.
July 9-10, at Hamilton.—Young America vs. Hamilton.

ST. GEORGES vs. MANHATTAN.—Played at Prospect Park, June 24th, and resulted in the defeat of the home team by six runs on first innings scores. The bowling of Moran was the feature of the match, and the batting of Clarke and Norley excellent. Score:—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C. W. Bance, c. Morris, b. Hooper.....	7	B. Jackson.....	7
G. Hyde-Clarke, not out.....	17	H. Hosford.....	12
J. R. Moore, c. Coyne, b. Norley.....	1		
G. Greig.....	9	G. Greig.....	11
G. Greig, b. Hooper.....	2	B. W. b. b. Greig.....	8
J. R. Moore, c. Coyne, b. Norley.....	1	H. Hosford.....	21
E. H. Moeran, st. Morris, b. Norley.....	1	B. Greig.....	15
R. P. Perkins, b. Norley.....	1	H. Hosford.....	8
J. Bottomley, b. Norley.....	0	C. Hooper, b. Hosford.....	6
W. O. Hetherford, b. Hooper.....	1	not out.....	4
Bye, 1 leg-byes, 4 wide, 1.....	4	Byes, 2 wide, 1.....	4
Total.....	40	Total.....	154

MANHATTAN. Second Innings.
B. F. Jenkins, b. Moeran..... 0
Dr. Hubert, l. b. w. b. Moeran..... 10
J. R. Moore, c. Bance, b. Hooper..... 22
R. Hooper, c. sub. b. Gies..... 9
C. W. Jackson, c. sub. b. Moeran..... 3
G. P. Morris, b. Moeran..... 9
G. Greig, b. Moeran..... 0
S. Hosford, b. Moeran..... 0
R. Greig, c. Bance, b. Gies..... 0
C. L. Middleton, not out..... 0
T. Coyne, b. Gies..... 2
Total..... 34
Moeran bowled in first innings 42 balls, five maidens, 10 runs, seven wickets.

STATEN ISLAND vs. GERMANTOWN.—Played at Tompkinsville, S. I., June 23th. Won by home club by forty runs on first innings' scores:—

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
H. W. Brown, c. Rankine, b. Lane.....	17	0 b. Lane.....	12
J. R. Jones, b. Lane.....	4	G. Bromhead, c. Sprague, b. Lane.....	26
G. Bromhead, c. Sprague, b. Lane.....	26	W. Brodie, Jr., b. Sprague.....	1
W. H. Haines, b. Sprague.....	9	W. H. Haines, b. Sprague.....	19
W. P. Shiplet, c. Rankine, b. Lane.....	0	not out.....	19
L. W. Shiplet, b. Sprague.....	0		
C. E. Ingerson, b. Lane.....	0		
B. Handy, c. Bance, b. Lane.....	0		
S. Welsh, not out.....	1		
M. Bissell, b. Lane.....	1		
Bye, 1 leg-byes, 2.....	3		
Total.....	57	Total.....	57

STATEN ISLAND.

First Innings.
C. W. Bance, c. Haines, b. Shiplet..... 0
J. R. Jones..... 4
G. Bromhead, c. B. Brown..... 1
G. J. E. Roberts, run out..... 16
A. F. H. Manning, b. Bromhead..... 6
B. W. Stevens, not out..... 9
A. Harvey, b. Bromhead..... 35
E. H. Outbridge, b. Bromhead..... 7
P. Ronaldson, run out..... 7
Total..... 97

RUNS AT FALL OF EACH WICKET.

GERMANTOWN.											
First Innings.....	3	28	37	45	48	50	54	56	57	57	57
Second Innings.....	3	28	37	45	48	50	54	56	57	57	57

STATEN ISLAND.

First Innings.
First Innings..... 7 9 10 18 23 33 44 67 87 97-97

STATEN ISLAND.

First Innings.				Second Innings.			
Lane.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Lane.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Lane.....	73	3	38	Lane.....	36	0	14
Manning.....	12	1	0	Sprague.....	18	1	4
Sprague.....	12	1	0	NOT OUT.....	17	0	1

Answers to Correspondents.

THE present depression in mining stocks in New York is apt to lead the Eastern man into a misapprehension of the true state of mining matters in Colorado. Nothing could be more unjust or more hurtful than to judge of Colorado mining at large, by quotations from the New York Mining Exchange. The observer of one of our quotations for the mining stock of one of the companies of the price at which the stock quoted six months ago. And he may thereby infer that the Colorado mines are a bubble. It may be true, I may say that it is true, that some of them are bubbles—not bubbles in fact, but bubbles when they come to be stocked a five or ten times their true value, and what any one on the spot could have told you six months ago was five or ten times their value. But the men who hold of them and manipulated them were not all right. They were short-sighted, too. They have nearly killed the geese that laid the golden eggs. They have bred such a distrust of Colorado mines that they will find it difficult to restore any confidence in them. Their opportunities for money-making—looking at the matter from a selfish standpoint—are gone. No mine hereafter will float with the same ease on it. They say they will be under the thumb of the names of other men. But, great as the hurt is to themselves, they have hurt Colorado still more. Their conduct has served, and will serve to block to some extent the advancement in the development of Colorado mines. Men in the East see, right under their noses, the mining swindles that have been perpetrated. They do not seem to know, all the sound mining industry that is going on in Colorado, and they are apt to attribute it to the swindles about mines, and, unless they have been here, they will most likely say: "No; I don't want anything to do with it." I know that the depression in mining stocks is sympathetically due, in part, to the depression in various materials which now exists. But the illegitimate use of mines by speculators has done the most harm.

I have been referring to the condition of the New York market, and the Eastern man, however, has never, in the work of discovering and developing goes on here without abatement. Indeed, there are more men mining and prospecting now in Colorado than ever before. The

season has witnessed an enormous influx of men who come to engage in that work. In the spring the arrivals of such men in Denver daily ran from 500 to 1,000. The streets of the town were full of them. The hotels were crowded, and the large overflow was taken up by the hundreds of persons who rented furnished rooms to the strangers. All these men were on their way to the mountains. They came from all over the country, and many from Canada. Some days the Kansas Pacific trains came in in sections, so great was the load. Some idea of the extent of the immigration may be got from what happened to the price of real estate in Denver. Denver is nothing if not a depot for supplying the wants of the men in the mountains. Its population, directly or indirectly, lives on that. Just as Denver thrives or flags, it is a sure indication of the success or failure of the mountain work being done there. It is increasing, or that the mining industry is drooping; and nothing is a surer test of the prosperity of Denver, than the price of its real estate. Well, there was a general advance in its price all over the city, and a great advance; and the quiet citizens of the East may open their eyes, perhaps, when I say that in some quarters of the city the advance through the winter was from 500 to 400 per cent. of new buildings; and the number of new houses of them would do credit to the handsomest streets in New York. Hotel accommodations have been greatly extended, and are still inadequate.

The new arrivals of the spring did not stay long in Denver. The snow still lay deep on the mountains; and very, and almost unprecedentedly, deep in the regions beyond the main divide. That was an insuperable obstacle to prospecting. But the new comers, eager for their silver hunting, could not bear to defer long their start for the mountains. Every new and they were possessed of enough the streets some canvas-topped wagons, drawn by its two mules, bound for the Gunnison or Breckenridge, or what not. The untanned faces of the uninitiated prospector could be seen under the canvas, the wagon was brand new, and the shovels and axes that could be seen sticking out had plainly never been used. Less frequently could be seen the little "jacks," two or three together, with packs of great size on their backs, and on their heads the mountain hats. In a few weeks, most of the thousands of prospectors had gone. I have no idea that they will all get rich. There are but few prospectors who ever have got rich. But those to whom they will sell their prospects will get rich, for there is not the slightest doubt in the world that they will find prospects to sell. There is no hunting about Colorado as a place where there are large mineral deposits. There are plenty to be found. They have to be uncovered; they have to be developed. After that capital is to be put into them at their true value; not then they are to be worked—not mismanaged, and not to be stolen from, and they will, and the State will, yield riches to an enormous extent. But many times there will be sure to be errors of judgment. What I mean to say is, that the New York mining market is not a true indicator of the character of the interests here; that the United States mines, each of which has its proper price; and that, despite the depression in New York, the mineral richness of this State is being rapidly developed.

The business of silver mining in Colorado has a system about it which is probably unknown to persons in the East who have not, by a visit to these regions, been an eye-witness to it. By silver mining I do not mean the mere working of a mine which has been ascertained to be good, has been developed, and which contributes its regular monthly quota to the United States mints. That, to be sure, is real mining, but what I mean by silver mining at large is not only the ultimate working of a mine, but its previous discovery, development and sale to the persons who do ultimately work it. All these are regular stages in the growth of a mine; they are the successive chapters of its history. A word about this regular growth will throw some light which will perhaps be desirable to some of your readers on the subject of acquiring a paying mine.

In the first place, as to the discovery of mines, one who was not familiar with this corner of the earth would be surprised to see the number of prospect holes, or "holes," as they are here called, which show, or are expected to show, mineral. When a person stands in a mining camp and looks about him he will see the mountain sides on every hand plentifully dotted with heaps of fresh, yellowish earth. These each indicate a "hole" ten feet or more deep, and a hole is a hole, and a hole is a hole, at a distance, more like scattered rifle pits than anything else. These prospect holes will extend for miles about the camp. When it is taken into consideration how many mining camps, large and small, there are in this State, one can get a faint idea of the number of holes there are for sale. It is not every hole which, at ten feet, can show mineral. Some of them do, but with the majority of them greater development is necessary to strike ore. Ten feet is the minimum depth to which holes are sunk, in the first instance; not that there is any particular virtue in ten feet of depth, only that it is supposed to represent work worth a hundred dollars, which amount of work is needed annually to keep the title to the claim good. A ten foot hole, indeed, does not of itself entitle the digger to locate and record a claim so as to make it his by law. He has first to make a discovery of mineral. But the law is generally disregarded in this respect; and claims are often staked off and recorded on a mere digging, without the discovery. The disadvantage of this method to the locator is that, by law, it permits another to come and prospect on his claim. The law is at the back of the intruder; and so, far, he is secure. But the sentiment of the mining camps is against him; they are against the intruder. The claim claim jumping, hood is that if he persists in it he will either be shot or hanged, or "run out" of town. The mining camp is probably right and humane (regarding the locator) in its feeling, yet it is no good to a young camp to have all the country about it, while as yet Eastern capital has not come in to develop the discovery holes. The people at camp who engage in mining have, perhaps, spent all their money in digging the discovery holes. New coming prospectors can find no place to dig. The camp has not yet attained celebrity enough to attract capitalists, and there it lies stagnant for months, to the detriment of its inhabitants—although it may be a very deserving camp—until the capitalists come in; whereas, if the claims on which no actual discovery had been made, but on which

the owner had sunk his last dollar, were open to be prospected on by fresh prospectors who had money, the camp would develop more rapidly.

This brings us to the second stage—of sales by prospectors. These men seldom get rich. One reason is, that if one of them ever gets money he almost immediately squanders it; but the fact is that they seldom get much. They make a discovery or sink several (ten foot) holes. The operation—the hunting for and selecting a spot, and the work—takes time. When it is through, or soon after, the prospector has reached the end of his purse. He then wants to sell his property. But Eastern buyers are not yet in the camp. If there are any buyers at all they are Western men, who have come prepared to pay only low prices. A sale perhaps is made for a few hundred, or a thousand or two dollars. The prospector takes the cash and goes off for the new fields, the well-known "biggest thing yet," which is as shifting as the pot of gold at the base of the rainbow. In the new fields he goes through the process over again. So his life is spent. Occasionally there is one who keeps cool, has luck, and prospers; but most of them rove and gather no moss, and love the change, excitement, hope and independence. In this way the mines get into the hands of the cheap buyers. We now come to the third stage—the period of partial and preliminary development of the mine. The cheap buyer has to pay something for his cheap purchase. One great reason why he has been able to buy cheap is because the property is wholly or comparatively undeveloped. It may be that the hole he has bought already shows mineral. It may be that it shows none at all, but shows indications that mineral is in the neighborhood of some hole that does show good ore. The cheap buyer, in short, takes his chances. He buys an uncertainty. Maybe the hole will prove absolutely worthless; maybe it will prove a second "Robert D. Lee," and maybe he will be able to sell it again at not more than \$500 advance. At all events, when he has bought, he generally goes to work on a moderate scale to develop the purchase. He sinks deeper, or runs in a tunnel. If he finds encouragement, and especially if he takes out some ore which will pay as it comes out, for the development that produces it, he will develop his property pretty thoroughly. If the purchase turns out badly he may abandon it entirely (and some man a year after may take it up and strike rich ore in twenty-four hours); or he may, as I have said, sell out at a slight advance; but if the development is quite favorable the mining hole will reach the fourth stage—that is, it is put on the market to Eastern purchasers.

Of mines at this stage I need not speak at length. I wrote something about them in my last letter. It is undeniable that they have been made the subject of swindling operations. Rarely they have been sold above their true value; oftener they have been sold at or below their true value to men who have then stockpiled them at far more than the mine could bear, and sold the stock for more than its worth. That business has probably seen its best days—fortunately for the East and West both. But many, many sales have been made to discreet, prudent, investigating Eastern men, of mines at, and generally below, their real value; and these purchasers work the mine to their profit.

The fifth stage is when the mine gets into the hands of the ultimate owners and is systematically worked. At this point the mine is out of care as ever. Many a mine in the older days failed to pay, solely because of a dishonest or incapable superintendent, while the same mine, in fresh hands, has afterwards paid handsomely.

I have tried to sketch, briefly, the general history of mines, successful and unsuccessful. Of course there have been and will be found exceptions to this general description, but probably the majority of the prospect holes of Colorado will follow the course I have described. When one sees the great number of "holes" there are in the State, one only wonders that so many are valuable.

LEX.

TRAPPING WILD PIGEONS.

CORRY, Pa., May 16th.

ON the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, ninety-five miles from Erie, in the midst of a vast forest, reposes the little village of Kane. Without architectural beauty, and lacking in many of the comforts which are to be found in the cities of the East, Kane nevertheless presents certain classes of people attractions rare and valuable. The village is situated upon the highest point of land on the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, and the clear, pure air thus insured at all seasons is productive of robust appetites and correspondingly perfect health. This advantage alone is sufficient to draw a large number of Philadelphians to Kane every summer, and with it must be considered the fact before mentioned, that upon every side for miles extends an unbroken forest, with its innumerable charms for the lover of nature. There is yet one inducement to pleasure seekers unmentioned, one which comes with regular irregularity and one whose various phenomena are interesting and wonderful alike to the scientist and to the unpretending student of nature—the immense flock of wild pigeons which nests about on every five years in the vicinity of Kane. There are three such flocks in the United States—one in Michigan, another in Missouri and the third and largest, that with which we have to deal, in Pennsylvania. These flocks drift about from season to season following the crop of nuts and rarely going beyond the boundaries of their own States. The woods in the vicinity of Kane are largely beech, except in the case of a narrow strip of land on the immediate cause of the birds' nesting, where they have this year was an immense crop of beech nuts last fall.

I could not learn how, but certain it is that in some way the birds learn the location of the richest harvest and are always on hand at the right time to enjoy it. Last fall a few pigeons were observed in the woods near Kane, and the "old settlers" and editors, said that with the spring would come the flock. The few stray birds remained in the neighborhood all winter, and during March the prophecy was verified by the appearance of countless millions of pigeons.

The birds built their nests over a territory of about twenty square miles, and began hatching April 1st. Their presence in such vast numbers soon drew together a crowd of gunners and others bent on destruction as a

means of enjoyment or of gaining a livelihood, and from that day to this a ceaseless slaughter has continued.

We reached Kane at 3:30 P.M. and sought accommodations at the Thompson House, which, however, had not yet opened its doors to summer travel. An inquiry at the Kane House resulted differently, and we registered there. We were up early the next morning, and at 6 o'clock were on our way to the "roost," in an easy riding carriage drawn by a team of spanking grays. Our road lay through dense woods, and was not more than fifteen feet wide. On each side the trees rose a solid wall nearly a hundred feet into the air. The grandeur of that still morning scene, the invigorating air, the prospect of a cool and pleasant ride, all the surrounding circumstances tending to exhilaration in the highest degree.

However, "it is a long lane that has no turning," and after traversing twenty-one miles, the driver delivered himself of the information that the nesting ground had been attained.

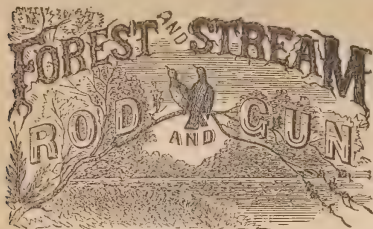
Only a few pigeons were in sight, flying from tree to tree, but the trees were full of nests. In a few moments a gun was fired in the immediate vicinity, and instantly hundreds of birds became visible. It is unlawful to shoot birds within a mile of the roost, or to trap them anywhere, yet the law is broken in both ways continually and with impunity. The nesting ground is from one and one-half to two and one-half miles wide and about twelve miles long, and in this space and vicinity there are several hundred gunners and about eight hundred trappers constantly engaged in slaughtering the helpless birds. One hundred and fifty barrels, each containing 350 dead birds, and as many carriages, holding from six to eight dozens of live ones, are shipped every day from the different towns within a day's journey of the roost. Such work as this is not only wicked, but it is in the highest degree foolish. If the trappers and hunters would remain outside of the roost and take the birds in their own flights, and from long lines, they would be a source of revenue all summer. As it is, the natural result of the birds' departing must come, and that in a very short time. Indeed, the trappers admit that the birds are already beginning to leave, and Frank and I were a source of suspicion to these law-breakers, as we had no guns and exhibited no evidences of legitimate business. We had expected this, however, and had brought a pocket full of cheap cigars; a small number of these I judiciously distributed, and thus secured a few and a few only of the many trappers with whom we conversed failed to become talkative under the influence of the weed.

The first requisite in the pursuance of the trapper's art is a stool pigeon. A bird is selected while young and is made to perch upon her owner's finger. He is then raised about six feet from the ground, and the finger gradually lowered. Finding his support sinking, the candidate uses his wings and flutters or hovers to the ground. Being again raised, he again hovers to the earth. This training is continued for weeks and sometimes months, and is not discontinued until the habit of hovering becomes a part of the bird's nature. A net about ten by forty feet is procured and one side fastened to stakes in the earth, so that it will flop over—if you will, it is put on the market to Eastern purchasers. Close to the net, and where it will rest when "sprung," is spread buckwheat, or other grain, and salt, for the birds are as fond of salt as a deer of a salt lick. The stool pigeon is then fastened to a movable platform near by. The net is fastened to bent saplings in such a manner that by pulling a string it will be thrown over the bait. The trappers lie concealed in a "bow-house," a hut built of hemlock boughs, and await results. When a flock appears, the stool pigeon is made to hover, and the birds, thinking he is free like themselves, and in search of edibles, light, and soon find a net between themselves and freedom. The prisoners are placed in a coop until a wagon load has been captured, and are then taken to the nearest express office for shipment. Live birds have been as high as \$3 per dozen, but are now selling at sixty cents in several places. The average price during the season of five weeks has been about \$1. The business of trapping is therefore a lucrative one. Two years ago two trappers made \$5,000 in two months, and Irvin Kintlinger and Lyle Dickson have so far this season trapped more than thirteen hundred dozen. A large proportion of the trappers live in Ohio and follow the birds wherever they roost from year to year.

The birds and gunners are not the only enemies of the nest. The birds are as much preyed upon by the hawk as by the human hand. The hawk is a bird of prey, and it takes care of themselves in its own way. The hawk leaves the roost for food and return at irregular intervals, but the mature birds have their unvarying periods of flight. The hunters take advantage of this, and, posting themselves on a hill anywhere within five or even ten miles of the nesting, shoot the birds by hundreds as they fly away for food or home to feed their young. The nesting is in Forest County, twenty-one miles northwest of Kane, and sixteen miles southeast of Sheffield. To those desiring to reach the ground I would advise going direct to Kane, which, although further from the nesting than Sheffield, would be preferable for several reasons. Good hotel accommodations can be had for \$1.50 per day, and a good livery stable is located in the village. A team and carriage, together with a competent guide, may be procured for \$3 per day.

G. S. B.

THE CAUSE DISCOVERED.—Most of the readers whose eyes scan these pages have suffered from headache, lassitude, nausea or pain in the back; but who doubt if they knew what the cause was? They may have read of ten or twelve cases of this kind, but have not known the cause. This is a truth which has just become known, and the result which Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure has accomplished. The cause of these troubles is caused by diseased kidneys and liver, and the remedy which cures the cause removes the pain which arises from it.—Lad.



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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1880.

TO Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith, and be addressed to Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Notice will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle. We cannot be responsible for deterioration of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

THE VICTORY IN IRELAND.

THE rifle match between the American and Irish Rifle teams at Dollymount, on Tuesday last, added another to the series of American victories, and the list remains unbroken. For some weeks past the brilliant shooting of the Irish riflemen has been a source of much discomfort and some apprehension to many on this side the water. The shooting of the Irish riflemen when the match came off was far in advance of anything shown in their practice; but on the American side the figures are almost beyond belief, so superior are they to anything now on record in long range shooting. The day, in its climatic conditions, was of course very well adapted to the making of fine scores. The Irishmen did not get the boisterous, rattling, stormy weather to which they are accustomed, nor did the American team get the hot, dry day in which they would have been at an advantage, since they could the better endure such a condition. There was a medium day, with an overcast sky. The wind does not appear to have been very difficult to manage, and altogether it seems that the dozen men, who had schooled themselves to grasp success under any and all conditions of adverse wind and light, found themselves finally brought to the test on a day to their own liking. Nothing then remained to them, with the fine day before them, than to pile up the bulletseyes until, when reduced to plain language, it seems almost fabulous to say that such averages as 215½ and 213½ were made; that no less than five perfect range totals are in the scores, and that but a single miss and a single outer mark the record of 540 shots fired. The match will form a bright spot in the annals of rifle shooting, and the series of Irish-American matches seem destined to live on by the very momentum of their brilliancy.

The match result may be a sore disappointment to the Irish rifle maker, who for four years past has been busy at work in the preparation of his breech-loading match rifle. The old muzzle-loaders had been abandoned, since after repeated trials they were found incompetent to cope with the match rifle in its breech-loading form, as we have it here in America. Mr. Rigby, to be sure, has failed to secure a victory by his new rifle for his home team, but he has succeeded in making for the credit of Ireland a match record, second to nothing ever before

shown by any team of British shooters. The match was singularly lucky in being such a close one at such high figures. On the whole, the victorious riflemen were so nearly beaten as to moderate any extra jubilation, while the beaten riflemen were so nearly victorious that there should not be a shade of shame in their disappointment.

There was much to criticize in the manner of the selection, and on the principal that success justifies the means for its accomplishment it might be proper to keep silence on that topic now. In time it may be of interest to know the facts in the case, and the FOREST AND STREAM has accordingly put on record in its columns not only the manner of selection, but its opinion of the mode. There are many details of the match of which the notes sent by cable, and from which our account of the match is written, fail to inform us. It is not at all unlikely that with closer pushing the American team might have done even better—possibly have turned the 1,300 point—but there was no defect in the line. The team displayed that best sign of a well organized body—shooting in a bunch. With an area of differences of but six points in a team of six men, the American squad may be regarded as showing no stragglers. There were no laggards in the party. In the Irish team there are but eight points of difference; and it is a curious fact in connection with the match that John Rigby, the Nestor of rifle practice in Ireland, should have had the lowest score in the whole dozen experts at work.

It is hardly fair to say yet that the inferiority of the new Irish breech-loader is established. It may be that the gentlemen of the home team at Dollymount have not yet learned all the fine points of their weapons. They certainly secured the finest sort of work from them, and we must confess that the experienced John Rigby, with the lesson of the American breech-loader before him, has met the problem of a first-class long range rifle success. The real truth is that for a dozen years—from 1862, when the Elcho Shield matches were established—British shooters generally were content with a very wide margin of misses. It was expected that a certain number of the shots fired were to go wild of the target. It was the American rifleman who first seriously made the "highest possible" his goal, and toward it he has at last succeeded in pushing the riflemen of Great Britain; those of Ireland being the more ready to learn the lessons which Americans had to teach. Again and again the aged pupil has tried to surpass the youthful instructor, but success has thus far leaned only in one direction, and the naturally buoyant spirit of the Irishmen will no doubt sustain them now, and urge them to be "up and at 'em again." It is to be hoped that they will soon give Creedmoor another visit; and while we may not promise them such a day as the 29th, they may perchance happen upon the Irish day they are so long expecting, and beat us on our own range.

The high character of the scores brings up a question which has often been discussed—viz., the advisability of so modifying the means of discrimination of excellence that finer differences of merit may be discovered. Perhaps this may be met by a lengthening of the distance fired over, or perhaps the carton system may be adopted. When there are so many bulletseyes made in a match it becomes a fair matter of inquiry whether some way of determining the relative value of bulletseyes is not in order.

Walnut Hill, Bennings and Creedmoor have put forward admirable champions, who could after a two weeks' siege of Irish hospitality pile up such scores as are found in our rifle columns. It is not likely that a stronger Irish team than the present will ever be pitted against the Americans. The Irishmen have improved wonderfully, and it speaks volumes for their merit when out of the 270 shots fired by her champions not one will be found in the outers of the target.

Col. Bodine may now return home to the warm welcome which he is sure to get. He has shown himself to be the "Old Reliable" in meeting the best team ever organized against American riflemen and seeing them one dozen better in the way of scoring.

Apart from all shooting interest in the match, it has a special importance as a means of making two great peoples better acquainted with each other. The Irish people are proud to welcome a really American body of citizens, under whatever pretext they may visit the old country; and if the match has no other significance it at least opens a broad current of friendship and good will.

OUR RIFLE SUPPLEMENT.—In addition to the exhaustive account of the Irish-American match, published in our Rifle columns to-day, we furnish our readers with an illustrated supplement, showing the exact position of each shot fired by the two teams at the 800, 900 and 1,000 yards ranges. For these diagrams we are indebted to the courtesy of the New York Herald, which, with usual enterprise, displayed on its bulletin board each stage of the shooting, while the match was still in progress, and on the following morning published full scores with the diagrams.

Much interest in the match was manifested in this city. Great throngs were gathered before the bulletins in the afternoon, and even delayed going home until they had a copy of the Telegram with its target illustrations,

THE FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENTS.

IN our Sea and River columns to-day we publish a communication calling attention to the lack of interest manifested in the fly-casting tournaments at the New York State Convention, and to the insufficient provisions made for the trials. The writer expresses what has long been in the minds of the anglers of the State, and now that the subject is started, we trust that it may be taken up in earnest.

Angling is, *par excellence*, the solitary recreation of contemplative minds, and the Lone Fisherman is, by general acceptance, the type of the craft. But it is hardly a sufficient reason why the competitors at our annual fly-casting tournaments should be so limited in number and so severely let alone by the other delegates present. The truth is that this part of the week's programme has been given too much the character of a side show, the success or failure of which had no appreciable effect upon the ebb of the occasion.

An examination of the records of the convention for the years 1873 to 1880, as contained in the FOREST AND STREAM, shows that the numbers of competitors in the fly-casting tournaments have always been meager, ranging from six to ten, and never exceeding a dozen. This representation is in striking disproportion to the number of skilled fly-fishermen in the State, and to the claims of the delicate accomplishment itself. The day of small beginnings, which was not to be despised, has never given place to the greater things which should follow.

This is manifestly wrong; it is putting the art of casting the fly on a plane decidedly below its merits.

We shall not attempt to point out where all the blame rests, for of that we are not fully convinced ourselves; but it is enough now to suggest that the remedy lies with the anglers themselves, and to designate one or two changes which are of imperative importance.

For the past ten years it has been generally understood that the first prize in fly-casting would, as a matter of course, go to one of two men, who, year after year, divided the annually dwindling honor between them. The first thing to be done, then, is either to bar out from the competition those men who have had things all their own way for so long, or else to provide another competition where less expert anglers shall have some chance of winning a prize. True, neither Mr. Seth Green nor Mr. Reuben Wood entered the lists this year, and it may, therefore, be objected that the drawback we have mentioned did not exist at Seneca Falls, and the field was open to all. But the interested public had had no assurance that Messrs. Green and Wood were not to compete; nor has it any assurance that they will not compete next year. Until it is understood that a competition in fly-casting does not imply a competition with these experts the trials will be sparsely attended, and will excite little interest. The Seneca Gun Club, who had in charge the arrangements for the last convention, conscious of this trouble, sought to obviate it by adopting the course we have suggested; but at least one of these experts very naturally retorted that the club was overstepping the bounds of its authority. We trust that those who do have the authority will consider the subject, and by taking early action insure a greater success in 1881 than in years past.

Mr. Seth Green and Mr. Reuben Wood have fairly earned a position outside of the ordinary fly-casters. Their skill and deftness are acknowledged, and they may safely rest on their laurels. Should they voluntarily offer to withdraw from the regular yearly competitions, and instead give an exhibition of their art for the entertainment and benefit of the younger anglers, the action would be at once appreciated as graceful and becoming. An expression of this kind from them in the FOREST AND STREAM would have a vast deal of influence in determining the success of the anglers' tournament on Long Island next year.

The second thing required is that fly-fishermen throughout the State should manifest their interest in this matter, and so elevate the importance of these contests. When their charms are suitably presented, they will be accorded to and provided for. Then, prizes which legitimately belong to the successful competitors with the rod will not be given for excellence in other branches of sport; nor will the fly-casting be ignored and slighted.

—After a brief and fitful existence amid the beautiful surroundings of Springfield, Mass., our late esteemed contemporary, *Out-Door Sports*, has succumbed to the inevitable and gone over to the majority. The general complaint was too much localism, which led to inattention, the immediate cause of the untimely taking off. In short, the field chosen by our friend was so utterly devoid of the nutritive herbage necessary to newspaper subsistence that the melancholy event we now chronicle was a foregone conclusion. We tender to those who watched over *Out-Door Sports*, as well as to those who did or did not support it with their subscriptions, substantial consolation at the rate of \$4 per year, or \$3 for six months.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.—"Canoe and Camera; or, Two Hundred Miles Through the Maine Forests," by Thomas Sedgwick Steele, price \$1.50; "Camps and Tramps in the Adirondacks, and Grayling Fishing in Northern Michigan," by A. Judd Northrup, price \$1.25; "Trouting on the Brulé River; or, Summer Wafaring in the Northern Wilderness," by John Lyle King, price \$1.50; "Bodines, or Camping on the Lycoming," by Thad. S. Up de Graff, M. D., price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

—When the State Association meets at Coney Island, our Western friends will have in addition to the many attractions at the shore, the opportunity of seeing how the Brooklyn, Flatbush and Coney Island Railroad is operated, which can dispatch trains of from eight to twelve cars every three minutes when necessary. They are drawn by engines as large and powerful as those of the Pennsylvania road, and weigh about thirty-two tons each. They have run as many as 250 trains a day without any crowding or inconvenience. The road is laid with all steel rails, and operated by telegraph and Rossom electric signals, which work automatically. The whole is under the supervision of Supt. Wm. E. Donovan who has been twenty-four years in the service and is a natural born railroad man as well as an expert telegraph operator, and when work is lively he never trusts subordinates, but is always on hand.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.

WE publish this week additional reports of the safe arrival of the migratory quail, and shall be pleased to hear further of the birds. Those who may this year observe the return to their nesting ground of former importations are particularly requested to transmit such information to us, for there are a great many interested ones who are watching for news of this kind.—

CHATHAM, Ont., June 20th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—
Two hundred migratory quail arrived here in good order, on the 9th inst., only one having died on the way. They were turned out at the Big Point Preserve, thirteen miles from here, on dry ground adjoining the marsh. Yesterday three members of the club went down and reported them calling in all directions. Their call is something like a young turkey. They were found very hard to put up, but by walking past three abreast to the spot from whence the sound came they generally managed to raise them, but not until they had been almost walked upon. They flew very fast when they did get up. One of the members, a slow shot, doesn't think he will care for them.

They have taken more to the wet ground, but have not gone far from where they were turned out. Our keeper is scattering food for them, which no doubt tends to keep them from wandering off. They are very fond of corn, which seems to be a large grain for so small a bird. I saw one swallow a large peanut, shell and all, that was put into the cage when they were in the express wagon.

NOTTOWAY COURT HOUSE, Va., June 21st.

Editor Forest and Stream:—
There have just been received at this station two hundred migratory quail from Turin, Italy, sent by Mr. Louis de Fernex, to be put out on his sporting farm near this place, which he has recently bought of Mr. C. D. Epis. We learn that Mr. de Fernex intends to put out many varieties of fish and game on this farm, and is especially pleased with the quail, as it has large quantities of corn in it; he also pleased with the health and climate. How is this for old Virginia by one from sunny Italy.
There are quantities of game here this season of all kinds, and particularly quail as we have had a dry spring, which was favorable for their raising their young.

VIRGINIA.

BIDDEFORD, Me., June 18th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—
The quail, for which some of our citizens subscribed, have been received in good condition, and distributed by George F. Calef, President of the Fish and Game Society. They were let loose in Biddeford, Saco, Buxton, Hollis and Parsonfield. Other parties have secured and let loose another large lot in Kennebunk. All apparently doing well.

Our river, the Saco, seems to be pretty well stocked with salmon, for they have caught some fifteen, weighing from ten to twenty pounds. Mr. Ed. Hanson caught a nice one this morning, Friday, June 18th, weighing eleven pounds. Our Fish Commissioner ought to take notice of this and have fishways constructed. The river once was famous for salmon, but none have been caught for a long number of years until now.

C. J. C.

PROTECT THE NESTING QUAIL.—The following hints from a Rockland (Me.) correspondent are timely and worthy of adoption:—

I want to say a word of caution in regard to the nests of the migratory quail. Having learned some things last year, I have not to learn them over again.

All the nests found last year were in the hay field, and were found while haying. In a number of cases the bird was killed or wounded on the nest, and so the eggs (in one case there were fifteen eggs) were lost. In other cases, where the grass was mown clean from the nest, leaving no cover, the nests were forsaken. But in some cases, where the grass was mown from one side of the nest, and it was discovered in season to place a tuft of grass back and over it, every egg (in one case fifteen) was hatched. A bunch of grass as large as a water pail will save fifteen quail; but where the birds lay so close it is hard to find them till the machine has passed

over them, and it is too late. The farmers are all right, and would gladly do anything in season, but are not expected to tramp through the grass searching for birds' nests. Hundreds could be saved by a person passing along before the mowers with a stick, rustling the grass and discovering the nests, so that a tuft of grass might be left to cover the nest. After the birds get to coming back they will nest earlier, and the young will be out of way of the haymakers.

P. S.—I let out 101 quail on the 10th, received from Hon. Everett Smith, who is deserving of great praise for his efforts in introducing the quail into Maine. They were all strong but five, and they were good runners.

JAMES WIGHT.

THE TILSTON MEMORIAL FUND.

NEW YORK, June 26th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I have to acknowledge the receipt to date of further subscriptions to the "Tilston Memorial Fund," as follows:—
Previously acknowledged \$393 60
W. B. S. 25 00
A. Laundy 5 00
James P. Hall 2 00
Total \$425 60

I enclose copy of letter received from Mr. P. C. Ohl, and would add that we are informed by several clubs that they are making up lists, an example which we trust that others will follow.

Yours truly,

FRED N. HALL, Secretary.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., June 26th.

Mr. P. H. MORRIS.—Dear Sir:—Yours concerning circular, etc., relative to the fund for the family of the late Wm. M. Tilston to hand. The same will be presented at meeting of the New York Game and Fish Protective Society June 26th.

I will also state of being at present engaged painting a picture of an English snipe, which I will donate to the fund, suggesting same to be raffled for, your committee setting a price on the picture.

The list I have headed with \$10; regret I cannot do better, but trust the call will be liberally responded to.

Yours very respectfully,

PERCY C. ORL.

GAME PROTECTION.

WORK FOR GAME PROTECTORS.—Editor Forest and Stream:—Your editorial upon what should be the true work of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game meets with a responsive echo in the hearts of thousands of devotees of the rod and gun. I confess that I feel very strongly upon the subject, and, while I do not presume to criticize either individual action, nor the intentions of the honorable body, it seems that their past proceedings are open to severe censure. For the past twenty years these representatives from different clubs have met in solemn convention, and with a grand flourish of trumpets have incontinently proceeded to the slaughter of thousands of pigeons, and then adjourned. At the last meeting, not even the pretense of work was indulged in, and the barren stubbles and woodlands of Western New York, which once resounded to the cheery whistle of the gallant Bob White, attested better than I the practical results of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. We all realize how our game is disappearing under the indiscriminate assaults of "pot-hunters," and others who, often enrolling themselves under the banner of sportsmen, and equipped with pot-metal guns and bags in preserving and introducing forth for the slaughter of everything they meet, from a sparrow to a young hog, while the farmer, realizing his loss, and not discriminating between people who carry a gun, wages war against all who shoot. The farmer must be shown that his best friend is the true sportsman, who protects his stock, fences and game. If we will only unite, gentlemen sportsmen, in emulating the good deeds of each other in preserving and introducing game, as we now do on deciding personal prowess at the trap, in a few years we will not only have the birds, but also the good-will and assistance of our farmer friends. I do not condemn trap-shooting *per se*, but object most decidedly to the practice that has obtained of trap-shooters banding together under the misnomer of sportsmen's clubs, and devoting all their time and money to the trap, without thought or care of how our miserable inefficient and changeable game laws are violated on every side.

HENRY F. ATEN.

NEW YORK, June 22d.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

In answer to your request, I beg to say that I did not attend the annual meeting of The New York State Association for the Protection of Game that was held this year, nor have I for a number of years past. I have no doubt the meeting was a genial assemblage of skilled shots, in which test trials with the shot gun, rifle and pistol absorbed several days of time. One evening was devoted to a supper, and but a few moments to casual and ineffectual talk upon the laws for the protection of game, their manner of enforcement, or the habits and history of game and fish. This, at least, has been my experience of the action of those meetings I have attended, and for that reason I have not been at the recent meetings of the Association. I prefer to find and kill my game in the open field and forest. I am frank to say that I consider this a higher amusement, more bracing to one's manhood, more congenial to gentle and humane tastes. There are, however, many gentlemen who prefer trap-shooting. If the vast amount of its money prizes and its betting accessories, there would be no objection to it as an amusement. As now managed, it brings together a great crowd of people who come to make money, and whose habits are totally at variance with those of a true sportsman. The different county societies for the protection of game have been the salvation of game in the State of New York, and have largely established a code of laws and decisions which will always aid by example and precedent those who are seeking to further this work. The State Association does but little in this regard. It would seem, therefore, as if its title was inaccurate.

CHAS. E. WHITEHEAD.

A WORKING SOCIETY.—Plainfield, N. J., June 21st.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I must, as a loyal member of my tribe, ask for a little space to express my opinion

about game protective societies, and the threatened violation of the woodcock law, as in your two last issues you speak so disparagingly of the present societies that sportsmen would hesitate of joining a society for the protection of game if his money was to be used toward some pigeon shooting tournament.

Now, the society of which the writer is a member has solely for its purpose the protection of the State's non-game and fish, and as the law of this State forbids non-residents from killing game within its domain unless members of a game protective society (which means \$2 per year), it is but just that said money be devoted to the propagation and protection of game. Such an association was needed, and such an association we have. Its members are empowered with authority to arrest any violator anywhere in the State. This society is known as the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, organized May, 1879; Secretary's address, W. L. Force, Plainfield, N. J. The society is in a very flourishing condition, and if sportsmen, farmers, land owners and others desire to see game and fish protected they should join it. In reply to "W.," who mentions in yours of the 10th the intention of property owners, somewhere in Passaic County, going in a body on the 4th of July to shoot woodcock, claiming they have the right to shoot them on their own land, it seems to me that any bird, wild by nature, and protected by State laws, unless proven to be of damage, cannot be killed on one's own land. However, if "W.," or any one else, will give this association the necessary information of any one violating the game laws, the offender will be prosecuted to the law's fullest extent. This September law for woodcock may be repealed next year, but while a law live up to it, and give these birds the first chance they have had in a hundred years to raise a brood in peace. Don't say, "If I don't shoot them some one else will," but say, "I won't shoot them and no one else shall."

VICE PRESIDENT.

Game Bag and Gun.

JULY IS A CLOSE MONTH FOR GAME.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

NEW JERSEY STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

THE third annual meeting of the New Jersey Sportsmen's Association was held in the spacious parlors of the Continental Hotel (the headquarters of the New Jersey sportsmen), in Newark, on Monday evening, the 29th inst. There was a large gathering of delegates from the different clubs and the best of feeling prevailed. Sheriff J. J. Toffey, of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club and President of the State Association for the year, presided in his usual felicitous manner. Representatives from the following clubs were present and took part in the exercises: Essex Gun Club, of Newark; Forester Club, of Newark; Palisade Gun Club, of Jersey City; Jersey City Heights Gun Club, Rod Gun Club, of Newark; Raritan Shooting Club, Our Gun Club, of Jersey City; Englewood Gun Club, Eureka Gun Club, Wagonbas, of Newark; Morristown Gun Club, Midway Gun Club, Fairview Gun Club, Hackensack Gun Club, Little Falls Gun Club, Newark Shooting Club and the West Side Game Protective Association. Several new clubs presented their credentials and were received as members of the Association. After the reading and adoption of the minutes of the last annual meeting, a committee of one from each club was appointed by the President to make arrangements for and to select the club to manage the next annual tournament. They reported very unanimously to give the honor of the same to the Palisade Gun Club, of Jersey City. The following officers were then unanimously and with good feeling elected for the ensuing year: President, B. S. Payne, of Palisade; First Vice-President, Dr. J. Burdett, of Jersey City Heights; Second Vice-President, Jacob Pentz, of the Essex; Treasurer, W. C. Conover, of the Midway (re-elected); Recording Secretary, Justice Von Lengerke, of Palisade (re-elected); Corresponding Secretary, Dr. J. Q. Bird, of Jersey City Heights, also a reelection.

It will be remembered that the running of the State tournament for the present year was given at the last annual meeting, unanimously, to the Jersey City Heights Gun Club, as to that club was due the honor of initiating a movement for the formation of the State Association, and it was by the efforts of its officers and members that the first annual tournament, last year, was such a triumphant success. But owing to unforeseen difficulties in the securing and fencing of the grounds of their club in time this year before the flight of the wild birds would be over, Jersey City Heights very reluctantly were obliged to decline the high honor, and it was therefore given of a late day to the Essex, of Newark. Too much praise cannot be given to this club for the Herculean efforts to make it a success. Coming so late—only two weeks to obtain prizes, arrange grounds, print programmes and attend to the ten thousand other incidentals of a four day's tournament the club has done wonders, as the programme will testify. The prizes are rich and ample. The grounds at Erb's have been fitted up regardless of expense, and the arrangements in every way bid fair for a very creditable result. There seems to be a genuine good feeling among all the delegates and the earnest wish for the Essex boys to meet with the success they so well deserve.

After the election of officers a very lively and interesting discussion ensued on the proper enforcing of the game laws and the propagation of game and fish. Eloquent speeches were made by Dr. Burdett, Dr. Johnson, Jacob Pentz, Mr. Beecher, President Toffey and others, and it was very evident that the recent hot shots in FOREST AND STREAM had hit the mark in more than one case. On motion of Mr. Pentz the following was unanimously adopted: That the State Association be requested to see to the more efficient carrying out of the present game laws, and for the procuring of quail to be let out in certain sections of the State, and also for the

The Rifle.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE IRISH-AMERICAN MATCH.

THE fourth of the series of Irish-American contests with the rifle was fought at Dollymount range near Dublin on the 29th ult., and for the fourth time the Irishmen were compelled to admit that the Americans were the better marksmen.

The Americans since their arrival in Ireland have been compelled to lead a pretty active life on account of many festivities, but they are not much given to such things, and Mr. Frank J. Donaldson, the Secretary of the American National Rifle Association; Captain Jackson, of Boston, whose bronzed face and manly figure attracted much attention; Rockwell, the Boston stationer; National Guardsman and member of the State Legislature, and Mr. Laird, the Government clerk from Washington, have had to sustain most of the "lionizing." Colonel Bodine has had a very emphatic way of leading his men away early from evening fêtes, so that they should get plenty of sleep and keep the clear eye and cool head so necessary to an expert rifleman. The members of the team have been if anything rather over-efficient—not in conversation, for a more modest set of men it would be difficult to find—but there was rather an individual testing of the range than a display of team discipline such as was expected. It was not until Saturday last that the men really did take a "long, strong pull" together. The men were all of them very anxious about the weather. The Irishmen wished for just enough of that Irish boisterousness to change the range to upland the Americans. Just a little twist of weather, and one of the Irish team expressed it. The visitors, on the other hand, wanted an American day imported for their use. They would gladly have had the mercury high up in the thermometer, and a wind from whatever quarter it cared to blow. A "fish-tail" wind might reduce the score somewhat, but the Americans felt confident that they were as well able to shoot with the most troublesome of all breezes as the Irish. The day really was cross, but not so cross as it seemed. The weather during the opening hours was threatening, but no rain fell.

At 11 o'clock the crowd began to assemble on the long sand bank opposite Dollymount. Tramway and janting cars had been well patronized all the morning, and discharged their visitors at the end of the long, narrow bridge which connects the North Bull with the mainland. This was the same ground upon which the victory of Col. Gildersleeve and his team was won in 1875. There were four targets, with a gap between the two pairs. The North Bull is a long sand bank opposite the pretty little village of Dollymount, from which it is separated by an inlet varying in depth and width according to the tides. The range is a mere hill of low drift sand, on which stiff grass is growing. Compared with Greedmoor it is bleak and uninviting. In the rear of the targets in place of the green soddied bank of the American range there is an open space, and the sea is seen as a thin, gray streak, beyond which appear houses, of course out of range. On a fine day the view from the range is striking and attractive. It is bounded to the north by the distant dusky outlines of Lambay and Ireland's Eye, and by the broad slopes of the Hill of Howth, which in clear weather appear checkered with varying tints of green and purple, amid which are seen masses of blue, gray and brown rocks. To the left are thickly-wooded uplands stretching far inland, with intervals of undulating meadows, contrasting prettily with the sombre green of the foliage above them. Here are the cottages and villas of the suburbs of Clontarf and Dollymount. Turning to the right the spectator obtains a splendid view of the bay and its southern boundary, with the numerous islands and reefs, the red and white outlines of the Dublin and Wicklow huts, with clusters of elegant residences in the middle distance. Right in line from the rear of the firing points is the dusky city, bristling with slender spires and tall factory and brewery chimneys and overhung by a murky canopy of smoke. There is a bit of a hut or house on the range, into which the members of the Dublin Rifle Club hurry when an unusually heavy shower threatens to break the range. There are few or none of the conveniences of the American rifle range. There are no pits for the markers, as it would be impossible to dig them in this low sand bank, but beside each target is a mantlet behind which the marker stands secure, thrusting out the disk from the thesides. Although the range was closed by its owner, Sir Henry Vernon, soon after the last match, five years ago, and although it was not re-opened for rifle practice until the 2d of June, there is scarcely any change noticed. A great convenience was given by the erection of a series of wires by which connection by telephone was established between the firing points and the markers' shelter.

For two days before the match day the weather has been stormy, and the Americans were somewhat afraid that the contest was going to be a sort of "save who is the best" match, in which every shot would be the weather. The Irishmen, however, looking upon the match as a piece of luck, but the weather in the morning hours was good enough to suit even the most exacting rifleman. The wind was a "G o'clock" one—straight down the range, making easy shooting so long as it held steady both as to direction and force. It was a wind, however, that was apt to veer to the right or left and become a "fish-tail" breeze. The day was warm and pleasant, and just when one would tempt a great crowd out. The plan of procedure laid down by the over-busy Major Leech was to have the shooting at the 800 yard point begin about noon; that at 900 yards about 2 o'clock, after luncheon, and then at 4 o'clock, after the people had been driven back from the 900 yard point, to begin the 1,000 yard shooting. By 10:30 the American team had started from their hotel. The rifles carefully wrapped up in the corners of boxes of cartridges, which the team seemed very unwilling to let out of their possession for a moment; telescope cases, and blankets or spreading on the ground, made up a very good wagon-load of baggage. Along the road to the range many attempts had been made at ornamentation. The American and Irish flags were intertwined over many a porch, while green boughs across the road were to be seen at intervals on the tramway along the border of the bay.

There were motes, too, such as "Hail Columbia!" "Welcome to Clontarf Plains!" and "Our Guests," at various points. The Irish team was first on the ground, but the Americans, having once arrived, soon settled down to business and opened their cases of cleaning utensils and examined carefully their rifles, their wind gauges and Vernier sights.

Major Leech offered to toss up for choice of targets, but Col. Bodine said he would be perfectly satisfied with the target upon which the Americans had been practicing since their arrival. The men as squadded were: At target No. 1, John Rigby, William Rigby and J. K. Milner; at the next target were George Fenton, J. Russell Joynt and S. S. Young, who shot in the order named. Targets 5 and 6 were set apart for the Americans. H. Rathbone, W. M. Farrow and F. H. Brown followed each other in that order on target No. 5, while on the next target, No. 6, the shooters in order were H. E. Clark, S. I. Scott and Homer Fisher. Mr. Laird, who, with Dr. Scott, represented Washington on the American team, was the coach at target No. 6, while Secretary Donaldson filled the same post for the squad headed by Rathbone.

A number of American travelers were present on the range. Col. Bodine exercised general supervision, so long as it did not interfere with the perfectly efficient work and keeping back the crowd that closed in about it.

It was 12:30 when the firing began, John Rigby discharging the first shot and bringing out the "magpie" disk for an "inner." Rathbone, who led off for the Americans, scored a bulls-eye, as did Fenton on the Irish side in opening for the other squad. Clark on target No. 6 got only a "center." The opening round left the teams separated, the center of the American line up with bulls-eyes, while two of the Americans had slipped into the center about the bulls-eyes. Young, who is an Irishman, living in England, uses a Farquharson-Metford rifle, but all the other members of the home team have the new Rigby breech-loader. Scott, of the American team, shoots with a Remington rifle. Farrow has the long range Ballard, and all the other Americans use the Borchardt and Sharps rifle. Having started in and reached a tie, each of the marksmen carefully adjusted his sights for the second shot and a dozen bulls-eyes all along the line was signalled by the markers. In the next round Rathbone made a center, while all the other Americans followed the Irishmen's example and scored bulls-eyes; the Irishmen thus got their first advantage in the match. In the next round Rathbone dropped again, as did John Rigby, and the center of the American line was broken. The Irishman had discovered that it was a day for high scores, and Major Leech, so far as he was able, was putting in practice a sort of team discipline. Wm. Rigby was as slow and considerate as ever, while the Americans, too, shot very slowly. More care in the fifth round by the Americans and a "nipper" by Young Joynt, of the Irish team, put the teams on an even footing, but Rathbone was unlucky and lost the center of the Irish in his first. All shots scored only three bulls-eyes. A little freshening up of the wind in the seventh shot caught Clark and gave him a center, but all the other members of the team were warned in time and got bulls-eyes, as usual. The teams were now shooting very evenly, and except the opening inner of John Rigby every shot had landed within the radius of twenty-seven inches which bounds the center, in the next round the center of the Irish was kept. John Rigby had in the first score a center, and William Rigby followed with a similar shot in the next round. The Irish manager felt that his men were falling behind, but at such an early stage in the match no great anxiety was felt. In the eleventh round Wm. Rigby hit the "magpie" section of the target. His cousin John became mistaken at seeing a "G o'clock" breeze, and a miss-shot, and he, too, made an inner. In the last three rounds of this distance the Irishmen made a great effort, the Americans had closed their work and had put on record a total of 436 or but fourteen points short of perfection in the highest possible. This the Irishmen could tie or possibly pass. On the thirteenth round they had reached 376, and two bulls-eyes all around would bring a tie. The word was passed along, and by taking plenty of time and extra care that result was accomplished and a great cheer went up when the fine double score was announced.

It will be seen from the scores that at the 800 yards range, of the ninety shots fired by the American squad, twelve were centers, one was an inner, while seventy-seven were in the bulls-eye. On the Irish team the figures were eighty-three, three inners and seventy-nine bulls-eyes—the three inners were made by the Irish.

The wind had been very steady during the morning, and the Americans were anxious to be on with their work, so, hastily disposing of lunch, at 2:30 they were again at the firing points ready to open the 900 yard stage. The cooling of the guns by the half hour rest had upset the calculations as to elevations, and the opening at 900 yards brought only twenty-seven in a possible thirty to each of the teams, maintaining the tie. The firing at this range was fully up to the average of the 800 yard distance. Clark was doing far better than at the lower distance, and the really fine weather for shooting led the Americans to stand ready to drop to the firing points with the utmost readiness after each shot, in order that nothing might be lost by change of weather. Rathbone, who had been the best in the consecutive bulls-eye right through the mid range of the match, and went back to 1,000 yards with a score of 145 in a possible 150, while Clark, having put in a perfect 900 yard score, retired to the last range with 148 points in the same possible. Scott, who had been very ill the day before, was causing some anxiety to Col. Bodine. His score of sixty-one at the 900 yard range was the poorest on the American team. Among the Irishmen the shooting was very even, and would have been deemed extra fine. They had dropped eight points in the range total from that reached at 800 yards, while the Americans, by holding up to the same total, had that much advantage. William Rigby had scored an inner, while John Rigby and Joynt had been equally indiscreet in the American team, by five centers each had reduced their scores to seventy, while Young was the only Irish shooter who did extra well at this range. Once during this range there was a dispute about one of Brown's shots, but an examination of the target showed it to be a center in place of a bulls-eye, though for a time it looked like a miss to the squad at the firing point. The analysis of the shooting at this

mid range showed that in ninety shots the Americans had secured seventy-eight bulls-eyes, ten centers and two inners, Farrow and Scott making these last. On the Irish side there were seventy-one bulls-eyes, sixteen centers and three inners—the two Rigbys and Joynt being the inner makers.

The admiration and enthusiasm excited by the match up to this point will be readily understood by the following table of anything like a miss or even an "outer" in the entire shooting at the 800 and 900 yard ranges. The cheering of the crowd was equally distributed to the contestants and to a number of celebrities who now arrived on the ground, among them Earl Cowper, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Edmund Dwyer Gray, the Lord Mayor of Dublin. The popular excitement was unmeted throughout, and the spectators never lost their interest in the proceedings. Ranged upon three sides of the rectangular space within which the contestants were grouped, the crowd craned their necks after every shot, and burst into storms of applause whenever a special bulls-eye or display of skill excited their admiration.

There was no delay in getting back to the 1,000 yard range, and at 4:30 the firing for the last distance opened. The sky was clouding up, more wind was coming on and rain seemed imminent. The crowd held on, however, for with a margin of less than two bulls-eyes, the interest ran high. The opening at the 1,000 yards struck the key-note of success, for the Americans put in six bulls-eyes, while Milner with an inner and the two Rigbys with a center each made a very scattered opening for the Irish team and increased the lead for the Americans. The Irishmen were again beginning to see defeat before them, and having no efficient team system to fall back upon, were soon hopelessly confounded. Each man for himself was the rule, and on the second round, when each of the Irish marksmen had steadied himself for a bulls-eye, unlucky Milner sent a bullet no one knows where, and the first and only miss of the day was put on record. Young, too, was beginning to waver, and shot an inner. These shots were the home key-note to the Americans, and considering that they had a sure thing of the match, were a trifle careless and not so exact as they would have been had the pushing been closer. The Rigbys had evidently become disheartened, and they followed each other off the target again and again. There was a rally towards the end, and twice the Irishmen put in perfect scores at this range, but the odds against them had become too great. The Irish team had a sure thing, when Brown put in an outer, the only one of the day, though a slight "pull-off," but on the next shot he recovered and the hopes of a break on the part of the Americans were dashed to the ground. Fenton opened his sleepy blue eyes very widely when he saw himself rewarded with an inner, the only one he was rewarded with at this range. Only two of the Irishmen scored over seventy points at this range, while three of the Americans were above that figure, and Scott came within a single point of a highest possible. When the last shot was fired from the Irish wing of the field, ready pencils footed up the figures and declared that America was the victor by twelve points. Clark was the leader, individually, with 340, as good a total as the famous one of Bruce, made in the Centennial match, but Bruce's was better, as he still held the last shot, and had a sure thing had never been seen shooting. Major Leech said he was almost reconciled to defeat by the fine scores put up. It was 6:30 when the match was finished.

Near the close of the shooting and shortly before 6 o'clock an untoward and exciting incident intervened to interrupt the contest. Smoke and flame began to rise from the ground and cross the space between the firing stations and the buffs. The flame was considerable, but the smoke rolled in such dense volumes across the ranges that the contest had to be suspended.

The interruption, it was ascertained, was due to the burning of the dry grass or furze adjacent to the range, which had been set on fire by the match of some careless pipe smoker on the outskirts of the target ground. The flames were extinguished, and after a delay of about fifteen minutes the shooting was resumed.

Farrow's eleventh shot was challenged by Col. Bodine as a bulls-eye, after it had been signalled as an inner. Col. Bodine wished to have the target examined, but Maj. Leech produced a rule prohibiting any examination.

This in brief is the story of the match, as fought out on Tuesday last. The exact record stood as follows:—

THE IRISH TEAM SCORES.				
H. E. Clark—Sharps Rifle.				
Yards.	Shots.			
800.....	4	5	8	5
900.....	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5
Total.....	210			
S. I. Scott—Hemington Rifle.				
800.....	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5
Total.....	218			
R. Rathbone—Sharps Rifle.				
800.....	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5
Total.....	215			
W. M. Farrow—Ballard Rifle.				
800.....	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5
Total.....	214			
Homer Fisher—Sharps Rifle.				
800.....	4	5	8	5
900.....	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5
Total.....	213			
J. P. Brown—Sharps Rifle.				
800.....	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5
Total.....	213			
Total.....				
Total.....	1,292			
THE IRISH TEAM SCORES.				
George Fenton—Rigby Breech-loader.				
Yards.	Shots.			
800.....	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5
Total.....	217			
J. Russell Joynt—Rigby Breech-loader.				
800.....	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5
Total.....	216			
S. N. Young—Metford Muzzle-loader.				
800.....	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5
Total.....	216			
Joshua K. Milner—Rigby Breech-loader.				
800.....	5	5	5	5
900.....	5	5	5	5
1,000.....	5	5	5	5
Total.....	212			

W. Rigby-Rigby Breech-Loader.		5-71	
500.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5	5
1,000.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5	5
500.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5	5
1,000.	5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	5	5

Total..... 1,280

When the match was over cheers were given for the American and Irish teams. Col. Bodine was presented with a handsome bouquet by one of the ladies present. Acknowledging the compliments paid himself and team, Col. Bodine said it afforded him pleasure, as captain of the American team, that they had won, but as a representative rifleman he felt regret at the result from the sense that the riflemen of Ireland richly deserved victory this time because of their exertions to secure victory, and he was sure the feelings he expressed were the feelings of the American people.

In the evening the American and Irish teams attended a private banquet given in their honor by the Lord Lieutenant. Col. Bodine says he does not intend to disband his team until the termination of the meeting of the Irish Rifle Association and of the festivities to which the Americans have been invited as a team.

The following table gives the running record of the match, indicating exactly where the gain was made or the loss sustained by each team. For purposes of comparison the score of the match of 1876 is placed in juxtaposition.

1876.		1880.	
Distance.	Irish Team.	Distance.	Irish Team.
50 yards.	20	50 yards.	28
100 yards.	25	100 yards.	35
150 yards.	30	150 yards.	40
200 yards.	35	200 yards.	45
250 yards.	40	250 yards.	50
300 yards.	45	300 yards.	55
350 yards.	50	350 yards.	60
400 yards.	55	400 yards.	65
450 yards.	60	450 yards.	70
500 yards.	65	500 yards.	75
550 yards.	70	550 yards.	80
600 yards.	75	600 yards.	85
650 yards.	80	650 yards.	90
700 yards.	85	700 yards.	95
750 yards.	90	750 yards.	100
800 yards.	95	800 yards.	105
850 yards.	100	850 yards.	110
900 yards.	105	900 yards.	115
950 yards.	110	950 yards.	120
1,000 yards.	115	1,000 yards.	125
1,050 yards.	120	1,050 yards.	130
1,100 yards.	125	1,100 yards.	135
1,150 yards.	130	1,150 yards.	140
1,200 yards.	135	1,200 yards.	145
1,250 yards.	140	1,250 yards.	150
1,300 yards.	145	1,300 yards.	155
1,350 yards.	150	1,350 yards.	160
1,400 yards.	155	1,400 yards.	165
1,450 yards.	160	1,450 yards.	170
1,500 yards.	165	1,500 yards.	175
1,550 yards.	170	1,550 yards.	180
1,600 yards.	175	1,600 yards.	185
1,650 yards.	180	1,650 yards.	190
1,700 yards.	185	1,700 yards.	195
1,750 yards.	190	1,750 yards.	200
1,800 yards.	195	1,800 yards.	205
1,850 yards.	200	1,850 yards.	210
1,900 yards.	205	1,900 yards.	215
1,950 yards.	210	1,950 yards.	220
2,000 yards.	215	2,000 yards.	225

To show the excellent quality of the work accomplished, the following figures taken from the scores of the important long range matches shot since the new targets came into use in 1874 are given. In 1874, the scores of the six leading members of the American team that shot for the Elcho Shield, the figures are as follows: Scotch team, 1,168; English, 1,071; Irish, 1,055. In 1875, when the Irish team won the shield with the advice of the American team on the ground, the scores ran: Irish team, 1,161; Scotch, 1,165, and English, 1,136. In 1876 the English team was successful, and the leading six scores from each team were: English team, 1,161; Scotch, 1,114, and Irish, 1,036. In 1877 another Irish victory occurred, with the scores as follows: Irish team, 1,230; English, 1,148, and Scotch, 1,061. And for the Irish team for the Irish team was scored in 1878, the totals of the scores of the leading six men being: Irish team, 1,203; English, 1,202, and Scotch, 1,186. Last year the Scotch team took the shield, and the scores of the best six men of each team were: Scotch team, 1,141; Irish, 1,123, and English, 1,143. When American riflemen defeated a "crack" Canadian team in 1875, the figures were 1,103 for the Americans and 1,057 for the Canadian six. In the Centennial match, when the Palma was first shot, the shooting extended over two days, and five teams were engaged. The totals of the scores of the leading six men on each team are as follows: First day—Scotch team, 1,202; Irish, 1,202; American, 1,199; Australian, 1,185; Canadian, 1,177. Second day—American team, 1,175; Irish, 1,182; Australian, 1,151; Scotch, 1,123, and Canadian, 1,101. In 1877, when Sir Henry Hallford came over with his British team, made up of the best English, Scotch and Irish riflemen, the scores were: First day—American team, 1,240; British, 1,232. Second day—American team, 1,273; British, 1,220. In each of the two days the best mentioned eight men were engaged on each side, but the figures are the totals of the leading six scores, giving, of course, the advantage of throwing out two men who may have failed. The only real duplicate of the present match was the last Irish-American match shot at Creedmoor on September 21, 1876, when, with six men on a side, the scores were: American team, 1,165; Irish, 1,151. In that match the average for the Americans was 214.6 per man, out of a possible 225, and for the Irish 215.54. In the present to-day the averages were: American, 215; Irish, 213. All the men who have taken in this match are men of experience with the rifle.

In the Irish team John Rigby stands out bold and foremost. Though the active, energetic, blarney-spouting Arthur Blennerhassett Leech is the nominal captain of the team, John Rigby is its real captain and head. He is the leading member of the house of John Rigby & Co., Dub in, gun makers. He is a general armorer, and you can purchase there a fowling piece for the knocking over of woodcock, or another style of weapon for the knocking over of your best friend should he say ought to displease you. In times past the "saw handle," muzzle-loading dueling pistols, for which the house became famous, were in great demand, but of late years the demand has fallen away. Taking the Elcho Shield record for J. Rigby is found in the first Irish team in 1865 with a

score of 131, old target, again in 1866 with 143, in 1867 with 139, in 1868 with 112, and a like score 1890. In 1870 his score was 145, and 149 in 1871. He led the team of 1872 with 154 points, and when in 1873 the Irishmen were successful for the first time, he was a member with a score of 154. In 1874 his score was 164, new target, and when in 1875 the Irish were again successful, he was in the squad with a score of 183. 1876 was his score in 1877, and in 1878 he headed the winning Irish team with the best score ever made in the match, 215 points. Last year he was again head of the team, with 195 points. He was in the first Irish-American match, and led the team with 155 points. In 1879 he was not in the second or third matches of this series, nor in the Palma matches of 1879 or 1880. He is tall and straight in stature, and an expert workman, a scientific rifle shot and an educated gentleman.

William Rigby is a cousin of John Rigby, and is associated with that gentleman in the firm of John Rigby & Co. He has visited America as a member of Irish teams, and in his quiet, almost solemn way of shooting, impresses the spectator as a formidable adversary. He is about forty years of age, and uses a position exactly similar to Milner's in doing. He has been a pretty steady representative on the Irish eight, and has in private competitions enjoyed a good run of success. In 1875 he led the Irish eight. Shot also in 1869, 1867, 1868, 1871, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878 and 1879. He was in Sir Henry Hallford's British team at Creedmoor in 1877.

Joshua K. Milner is a genuine Irishman. He is a young man, his years being about thirty, and in build he is lithe rather than bulky. As a rifle shot he has enjoyed great experience, and as a member of the Irish eight on several occasions has done gallant work. While at Creedmoor some years ago his spirit of fifteen consecutive bullseyes at 1,000 yards made him famous. His posture in firing is a peculiar modification of the back position—the barrel rests upon the upturned toes, while the heel is tucked into the right arm-pit.

Lieut. George Fenton is another of the Irish team men of great experience. His great, stalwart form and broad, resolute face have been seen on other occasions at Creedmoor. He is thirty years of age, full six feet tall and weighs 187 pounds. In all his shooting he expresses a firm belief in the superiority of the new target, and has been successful in his opinion. He is a member of the Irish eight at Wimbledon, and has been on the Irish eight several times. He was for a long time a firm advocate of the prone, or "belly" position in firing, and thought it as good as any other, though he now shoots in a back position.

J. Russell Joynt is one of the "colts" of the Irish team. He is a young man, but is able to do good work, and each year witnesses a steady improvement in him. He has shot on the Irish eight on several occasions. S. S. Young is an Irishman with an English residence. He is English in his habits and place of practice. In 1875 he led the Irish eight when they captured the Elcho for the first time. Unlike all the others mentioned, he has never been to Creedmoor.

The doings of the American team men are comparatively well known to readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, and a few personal facts about each will be given.

Col. John Hodge, who has been selected as captain of the team, is a native of New York State and a descendant of one of the old Huguenot families which settled in Ulster County. He is about fifty-three years of age. His business, until recently, has been agriculture, railroad and steamboat freights; but at present he is attached to the Court of General Sessions in New York City. His experience as a riflemen dates from 1845, and even then he was a remarkably fine sportsman. Later he began long range shooting, and has become so elegant a marksman that he has won the name of "Old Bullseye." He was a member of the first American team that contested with the foreign team at Wimbledon, and in 1876 won the match. In 1875 he was again a member of the American team in the great match against the Irish riflemen at Dollymount, and in 1876 was a member of the American team which competed successfully against all comers. He is about six feet in height and of fine presence.

W. Milton Farrow was born in Belfast, Me., in 1844. He is about five feet nine inches in height, and of spare figure. From early boyhood he has been devoted to running. In 1876 he took an interest in long range rifle shooting, and organized a rifle club at Belfast, Me. He was a member of the team which won the Palma in 1877, where he practiced at long range. He went to Creedmoor in 1878, where he was a member of the team which won the match on the American team which contested with and defeated the Canadians. He was the eleventh man in the competition for a place in the American team which shot the "walk over" for the international trophy in 1878. In the same year he won the first prize in the champion match at 200, 600 and 1,000 yards, with a score of 139 out of a possible 169. Last year he spent most of his time in Europe, and returned with a large number of prizes. Among these were the West prize of £100, shot for at Wimbledon, and a Severn china vase offered as a prize by the French Government, in a match for "all comers." He shoots with a Ballard rifle.

Col. H. P. Clark was born in Dutchess County, N. Y., in 1839. He is five and one-half feet in height, of spare figure, dark complexion, and has gray eyes. He is a dentist, and represents the Empire Rifle Club, of which he is president. He was for seventeen years connected with the National Guard; at one time was quartermaster of the Twenty-third Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. He has done considerable shooting with a military rifle.

He began shooting at long range in 1876, and in the fall meeting that year at Creedmoor won the first prize in the short range match against 23 competitors. In 1877 he tied the scores of Jackson and Hyde for the Stewart prize in the aggregate target, which was finally won by Mr. Hyde. He also won the third prize in the champion's match at the same shoot. He was a member of the American team of 1878, which shot the "walk over" for the international trophy.

Samuel I. Scott is a dentist at Sandy Spring, Md., where he was born in 1847. He was a farmer in his early days, and afterward learned dentistry. He began rifle shooting with the Maryland Rifle Club about three years ago. He joined the Columbia Rifle Club, of Washington, D. C., in June, 1879, and has won several prizes. His first noteworthy score was in a match last year, when he made 99 in a possible 100 at 500 and 600 yards. He won all the first prizes in the six day short-range matches in the same tournament, and in a match at 1,000, 1,100 and 1,200 yards made 180 in a possible 225. Last fall, in the competition for the Wimbledon cup, he won the second prize.

Homor Fisher is a native of Connecticut, thirty-nine years old. For several years he has been in the gun business at No. 269 Broadway. He began long range shooting in 1877, and has ordered many made good scores. He has won many short range prizes, and in consequence of his places on the American team of 1877 was a member of the team which won the match at Wimbledon. He next below T. Lamb, who was selected as captain of the team, won the first prize in the third class of the long range tournament at Creedmoor, and last April he won the Remington \$300 prize.

Ransom Rathbone was born in Salem, Conn., in 1831, and

until late years has been in the leather business. He is slightly round shouldered, has a dark complexion, a spare figure, dark hair, is five feet ten inches in height, and has blue eyes. He began long range shooting in 1875, and in 1876 won a place on the American team, making the highest individual total score ever made up to that time in an international match, making a tie with J. K. Milner, of the Irish team. He shot in the Irish-American match immediately after the international match. He was also a member of the American team of 1878, shooting in the "walk over." In a match at 300 and 600 yards last year he made twenty successive bullseyes, with T. Lamb, and in shooting of the tie made another clean score, and won the match.

J. F. Brown was born in Chester, N. H., in 1833, and now lives in Chelsea, Mass. He stands six feet in height, is strongly built, has a dark complexion and blue eyes. He began long range shooting on the Walnut Hill range in 1877, and had won a large number of prizes. His greatest achievement was making thirty-one consecutive bullseyes on the long ranges, closing with a score of 218, in a match between the Massachusetts and Walpole clubs. He was a member of the American team in 1876, and in the "walk over" made scores of 210 on each of the two days.

The series of Irish-American matches has no connection with the Palma competitions which were started in 1876, and which settle the international long range team championship of the world. The series, of which the fourth has just been won by America, opened in 1874 by the visit of Major Leech and his team to this country. In July, 1875, the Irish team for the first time had captured the Elcho Shield, shooting against teams of Englishmen and Scotchmen, and with a score better than anything which had ever been made by Irish riflemen. A general challenge was sent out "to the Riflemen of America" and accepted by the Amateur Rifle Club of New York, of which not a single member at that time had ever won a long range match; nor was there an American-made rifle capable of coping with the fine Rigby muzzle-loaders. During the winter of 1873-4 the American factories supplied rifles, and by dint of hard practice a team was put into the field which, on Sept. 2, 1874, was successful. At that time the old square bullseye was used, counting four, and making the range total sixty, with the highest possible per man 180 in the day. The totals of that match stood:—

American Team.		Irish Team.	
G. W. Farrow.....	171	J. Rigby.....	163
H. P. Clark.....	158	J. W. Lamb.....	160
J. Bodine.....	158	J. B. Hamilton.....	159
H. A. Gildersleeve.....	155	J. K. Milner.....	154
L. F. Fenton.....	149	G. Fenton.....	149
T. S. Dakin.....	139	P. Walker.....	144

Total..... 934 Total..... 931

The teams were only three points apart at the finish and the Irish team had really carried the match, for Milner, by putting a bullseye on the wrong target, had sacrificed four points. In the year following Col. Gildersleeve led his team to Ireland, and after a most hospitable reception the second match took place on June 20, 1875. It was like an American summer day on which the match was fought. The cable was brought into play, and each shot as it was bulletined in New York. The Irish team had been strengthened as was supposed by new men, but they fired in an individual sort of way without team organization, while Col. Gildersleeve's men displayed the perfection of team discipline, and each man in firing took his cue as to windage allowance for lateral deflection and Vernier scale allowance for vertical variation from the man who had fired before him. Forty years ago the Irish team was the best in the world, and the defeat of the Irish team on their own range by a lead of thirty-nine points, the score standing:—

American Team.		Irish Team.	
T. S. Dakin.....	165	J. Wilson.....	163
H. A. Gildersleeve.....	164	E. Johnson.....	162
G. W. Farrow.....	161	J. B. Hamilton.....	161
H. P. Clark.....	161	J. K. Milner.....	160
H. A. Gildersleeve.....	156	J. K. Milner.....	151

Total..... 968 Total..... 929

In 1876 the Irish team were among those who came over to contest for the Palma, and were given a very pretty substitution of marksmanship in that match with eight on a side, securing for themselves the second place on the roll of teams, the Irish-American series of matches was taken up. The new target, such as is now in use, had then been introduced. In this target the bullseye is three feet in diameter, counting five; the center is another circle fifty-four inches in diameter, scoring four. The inner, counting three, is the square six by six feet, in the center of which the bullseye is painted. The outers are two wings two feet wide by six feet high, and the center of the inner. They count two points. This makes a slab six feet high and twelve feet long, but it looks small enough at the distance of over half a mile away. The size of the target itself has not been changed from former years, but only the divisions upon it. On Sept. 25, 1876, the third of the Irish-American matches was shot. This match saw the defeat of Col. Farrow, and he has never been seen on the ranges since. The score stood:—

American Team.		Irish Team.	
T. S. Dakin.....	203	J. K. Milner.....	206
R. Rathbone.....	203	H. Dyas.....	196
H. P. Clark.....	199	W. Rigby.....	197
L. F. Fenton.....	189	G. Fenton.....	189
H. A. Gildersleeve.....	181	E. Johnson.....	184
W. B. Farrow.....	165	H. Joynt.....	159

Total..... 1,165 Total..... 1,154

On Tuesday last six men on each side competed over the same range where in 1875 Col. Gildersleeve and his men won their victory. The Irish marksmen have improved greatly. Since the series began American breech-loading rifles have found their way into the hands of English sportsmen, and just now the best score made by any of the twenty-four contestants in the Elcho Shield match at Wimbledon was from an American breech-loader. The veteran John Rigby, after insisting that the muzzle-loader was superior to the breech-loader for the finest work, has since 1876 been busy perfecting a breech-loader, having the finest of the American pieces before him as models. This new Rigby rifle is now in the hands of the majority of the Irish marksmen. On Sept. 25, when the two teams were scoring their last match, side by side, the Americans seem to have repeated their old policy of putting up a high score on the last day and so striking dismay into the hearts of their opponents; 1,273 and 1,245 were the figures respectively of the American team and the best Irish six. This was the last and best shooting before the match, but it was left far behind in the actual figures of the battle.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

Boston, Mass., June 19th.—The weather to-day was all that could be desired by the riflemen of Walnut Hill. The wind was steady and from the west during the afternoon, and did not influence the result in either match. There was a large attendance of spectators. In the repeated contest at 200 yards there were sixty-two entries.

club book of the Beverly Y. C. that it must be conceded the largest number of sail enrolled in any club in America. The fleet is composed of ten schooners, seventeen sloops, two steamers, three cutters and forty-eight catboats, a total of eighty-three yachts. Of these, thirty are members of the club; the proportion of owners to members, the majority being yacht owners. There are 101 members all told, or one yacht to each member, which is a record for any sailing organization equalled by no other organization. The Beverly Y. C. sailed ten races last year, with 171 actual starters and 157-8ix prizes. In 1912 entries, ninety-nine starters, and eighty-one yachts actually finished the course. That is business; that is yacht racing in its true sense. It is also business, because the association apparently gives information about last year's racing is valuable to the racing community as a whole. It is business, especially as regards the details of yachts, build, their arrangement, etc., which is so important to the racing public. It is business, too, inasmuch as it is apparently giving information about last year's racing is valuable to the racing community as a whole. It is business, especially as regards the details of yachts, build, their arrangement, etc., which is so important to the racing public. It is business, too, inasmuch as it is

gathering such reliable data concerning the conditions of racing, and the equipment of the boats, as will be of great value. The officers of the club are: Commodore, Walter Lloyd Jeffries; Vice-Commodore, Geo. Lee; Secretary and Treasurer, J. B. Burgess; F. C. Lowell, Geo. P. Gardner, J. G. Minto and R. S. Sears. There is a notable absence of admirals, fleet surgeons, commodores, etc., which is a pity, as they would have been organized for sport and not for dishng out gold lace to all bands.

NICE REGATTA.—As suggested in these columns, the Nice Regatta Committee has changed its mind, and in future will adopt the sailing rules of the British Yacht Racing Association instead of trying to reform the world backward. The Yacht Club de France, which has been the chief antagonist and the Société des Régates du Havre have assimilated their rules to those of the British Association, the promoters of various regattas on the French, Italian and Spanish coasts have requested the Y. I. A. to assist them in drawing up their programmes. This is a step in the right direction, and it is to be hoped that in the future the Y. I. A. will make it worth while for Englishmen and Americans to send racing yachts to those waters.

THE LARGEST CLUB.—Although the New York Y. C. takes precedence, as to tonnage, over all others, we list from the new

WANTED.—A good, second hand No. 10 double-barrel, breech-loading shotgun. Address, with terms, Jno. J. FERGUSON, Ferguson Station, Ky. July 1-1t

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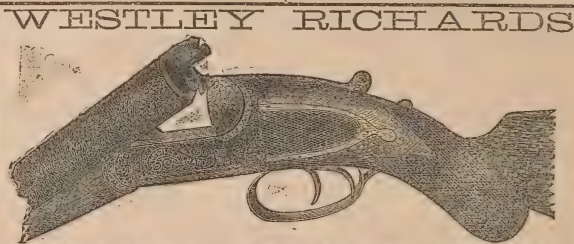
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FOREST & STREAM

ROUNDSHOTS

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

[Entered According to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington]

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A Relic of Waterloo.

"Some Guns I Have Owned."—ST. CLAIR.

FOR the amusement of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM each ought to contribute occasionally a song, a story, or a toast; something that will lead us back to our boyhood's thoughtless, happy days; to the times when a gun—no matter how ancient or ugly—was a gun, and we rejoiced in the ownership thereof; and I am fully satisfied that nearly every reader of your far-reaching paper can look back with a certain amount of pleasure to the time when he shouldered his first gun and went forth to frighten every cow-boy, bird and beast in the country side.

After reading St. Clair's experience with his pot-metal gun, and enjoying a good hearty laugh at the mishaps of the darkey and the ducks, I leaned back in my rocker and fell into a sweet reverie, retracing life's checkered pathway until I reached my boyhood—there I handled anew my first gun, climbed the heath-covered hills of my native land, scented the sweet perfume of the broom, the heatherbell and the hawthorn, heard the warbling notes of the lintey and the thrush as I wandered amidst the whins and the brackens, or watched for the rabbits and the hares amongst the bent hills; in fact found myself in the midst of the scenes of my youth, and the central figure around which all clustered was my first, my bent gun. It is the awakening of such memories as these that endear the FOREST AND STREAM to its thousands of readers in this and the mother country.

Born in the Highlands of Scotland, an only son, and the almost constant companion of a doting grandfather, who was chief forester, or, as the tenantry usually called him, "head gamekeeper," on the estates of Lord M—, in the North of Scotland, under whose guiding hand I drew my first inspiration and love for the gun and the field, how often I have watched the well-trained dogs, heads erect, quartering the ground, then to a stanch point, then the flush, and the old gentleman dropping brace after brace until Simms, the under keeper, would grun under the load. Then, returning to the castle at evening, grandfather would doff his flask and pouch, throw them across my shoulders, hand me his gun, and I would follow Simms to the gun-room as proud as if I had been the huntsman of the day. I had

often begged to be permitted to carry an old double-barrel flint-lock that stood at one end of the gun-rack unused, but without success, and I became impatient under the restraint. I must have a gun, must learn how to shoot; so I put my wits to work to accomplish that end. In the village lived an old pensioner, Sergt. Douglas, who had served in the Forty-second Highlanders through the Napoleonic wars, and was discharged on account of three wounds received at Waterloo. I was a great favorite with this old soldier, and, when not in the field or at school, I could be found stretched on the grass in front of his cottage, he, with an old musket across his lap, tell me thrilling stories, of the scenes he had passed through. Waterloo was the pride and glory of the old hero's life; there he would sit for hours, describing the battle, and the prominent part his regiment took in it, how the French horsemen would ride up within a few feet of the square, and by squadrons fire their pistols at the infantry, trying to make a gap through which they could spring to cut down the regiment, but with but little effect, as the men would close up the gaps as fast as made, knowing that their safety and existence depended on keeping a close front. Then the bugle would sound the retreat, and the regiment open up, fire one volley, when back the French would come in full charge to find the squares reformed to receive them. How at the end of one of those fierce charges the Duke of Wellington rode up to the Forty-second, and pulled the star from his breast, threw it in the square, telling them they deserved to wear it better than he. How the old veteran's eyes would sparkle, and his heart become erect as he would tell of the last charge of the "Old Guard," led by Marshal Ney, how the Iron Duke sat calmly on his horse behind the Highland Brigade which held the center, watching the approach to the flower of the French army, led by their bravest general, while the French cannon, concentrated on the devoted Highlanders, plowed broad furrows through every exposed part as they lay flat on their faces awaiting the dreaded encounter. And when the head of the column, led by Ney, began to climb the ridge behind which the allied lines lay, Wellington gave the never to be forgotten order "Up Guards, and at them." Then the old war-worn hero would spring from his chair, grasp the old musket, go through the motion of loading and firing, until when his strength was exhausted he would stop breathless and press his right side on the spot where the third French bullet had entered and prostrated him to the ground. How little did I think, while listening to the old soldier, that I, too, would pass through a fearful conflict, in a distant land, in defense of the flag of my then unknown, but now dear adopted country.

After one of these evenings, I proposed to purchase the old musket, offering all my wealth—five shillings. The old man shook his head; he would not sell. After a long silence he said: "My son, I am growing old and have no children. If you will promise me that you will never disgrace your flag, or bring discredit on your country, my old companion is yours as a gift." The promise was given, and, I trust, thus far faithfully kept, the musket placed in my hands: four feet and a half of it was an inch in length! fifteen pounds of it was an ounce in weight! sixty-two caliber of it was a hair breadth! and as to the lock, once a flint, now a percussion, it was the very embodiment of solidity and strength.

My eyes opened to their fullest extent; I was the owner of a gun, but such a gun! I could scarcely carry it. I stammered out a thanks and started off, the undisputed owner of a gun "to have and to hold" (St. Clair, is that quotation right?), but afraid to carry it home. After thinking it over, I resolved to take Simms into my confidence, and went to his lodge and handed him my prize. He, after inspection, said: "Why, also, this is 'Old Waterloo.'" After a parley she was placed in the gun-rack. I slept but little that night, thinking how I could lighten my gun. A happy thought struck me; I would cut her off, and with that purpose I was at the gun-room bright and early, just as Simms was started on his morning rounds. He left me in possession of the gun tools. I took the musket to pieces—a big job—measured twenty-eight inches and with a file cut the barrel off; cut two inches from the end of the stock, and shortened it to one foot in front. This had taken me the greatest portion of the day. I had forgotten all about dinner. Grandfather, who had been searching for me, dropped into the gun-room. He picked up the barrel, looked at it, then at me, while a dark frown gathered on his face. He then took up the stock; the frown grew deeper and darker. I moved toward the door. At length he placed the barrel in the stock, raised the piece to his shoulder several times, and slowly a pleasant smile took the place of the frown and I was safe. He said: "W-e-l-l, go on, you will have a gun after a while," then left me.

Next day Simms proposed to go to the blacksmith with me to have a thimble and a catch for the barrel put on, which he was doing, and the mainpring weakened and tumbled down to fit a common cap. I found an old ramrod, which took the place of the iron one, and after a week's rasping and scraping I brought the stock down to reasonable proportions, and finally ended by having a

short, heavy, compact gun, that fitted my shoulder to perfection. Simms was my instructor. I was an apt scholar, and was soon at liberty to enter the rookery, where I could shoot crows to my heart's content, but I was denied the fields under the plea that I would frighten off the partridges.

This was my first gun, and many were the hares, rabbits and birds that bit the dust before it. I have owned and do own some fine guns, but not one of them could or can throw the shot further, harder, or closer, and not all of them put together can awaken such pleasant memories as dear "Old Waterloo."

Toward Christmas I had to return home. Major Cummons Gordon owned a fine estate a few miles northwest from Elgin, known as Rosevalley, well stocked with small game. It was a custom of the Major to give his tenantry each year one week's hunt, between Christmas and New Year's day; a custom by the way that every landed proprietor in Great Britain would do well to adopt, as it would draw their tenants closer to them and make them their friends, and would be the means of preserving much game now destroyed; while the amount that they would shoot would be but small, as none of the farmers are expert shots. I had looked forward to this annual hunt with much anticipated pleasure. I was on the ground early. Mr. Finley, the local keeper, assigned me with George Hutchenson, John Laing, Eric Grag, John Hutchenson and James Forsyth. Westward from the bridge between the plantations at the outlet, thence through the whins to the Clarkly Knobs, thence east along the hills toward the "Old Granary," thence through the Charles-ton farm to the starting point; a circuit of about five miles.

We formed an open skirmish line, preceded by a lot of cur and colley dogs and followed by a "drop shot gang"—St. Clair must excuse me for drawing on him—bent on seeing the sport. Hares and rabbits were plenty, and my companions kept up a constant fusillade, bringing down no game however, I kept my place in line; Old Waterloo looked her best, but saying nothing. We had climbed half way up the face of the knobs, when a large hare started down to the left of the line, making straight for the hill, as hares always do, running the gauntlet of four guns, which were duly discharged at it without effect. As it passed in front of my stand, some forty yards distant, my eye caught the springing object; I raised Old Waterloo and fired; the hare doubled up and rolled like a wheel for twenty feet, when it fell dead; the dogs barked, the boys shouted and the men gathered to see the dead with as much interest as if it were a grizzly bear. They looked at me and at my gun in wonderment. Perhaps I was not the proudest being on that hill. It was the first thing killed by me on the run, and I was happy, and I think of it to this day with pleasure.

A new start was made. During the afternoon I got a fair shot at a partridge on the wing and dropped it. That made me the hero of the day. Toward evening we reached the bridge, the game was counted and I was the only person who had killed two. The grand hunt was wound up by a big supper and a dance at the "Old Granary," to which I had the pleasure of escorting Miss Annie B., a spruce little maid of some twelve summers, and the belle of the valley; this as a reward for success on my first grand field day. Can I ever forget it, or the clumsy old gun that I carried? Never while memory holds its sway.

Cape Girardeau, Mo.

CAPE ROCK.

THREE WEEKS IN THE WOODS.

THREE eventful weeks had Domas and I passed in the wilderness. Like boys we had roamed and revelled in the wild woods, gaining stores of strength and health from the clear balsamic air, the pure spring water and our close contact with nature primeval.

Comfortably domiciled at "Uncle Tom's Camp"—located near the shore of a beautiful forest-bound lake—we had taken it in an easy sort of way: exploring, collecting, hunting and fishing, as the mood sat, making daily excursions, whatever the weather, and nights we "slept the sleep of the weary."

Now a day devoted to botanizing, when numberless specimens of the charming boreal flora would be collected, followed by an evening's work in analyzing and in "putting to press" the rare species. The next a long tramp through the tangled forest, piloted by Edward, one of our guides, to a secluded mountain stream, inhabited by that always interesting animal, the beaver, finding astonishing evidences of their strength and sagacity in the extensive "cuttings," curious houses and succession of strongly-built dams, which met our view, a sight vouchsafed to but few sportsmen of the present day and soon to be a thing of the past.

Ornithology claimed a share of our time, as a list of over seventy species of birds seen and carefully identified will testify. Domas spent many anxious hours in perfecting this list, and many more in patiently preparing and preserving the skins of sundry strange looking fledglings, which will doubtless receive proper attention

at some future meeting of the "Nuttall Club," and the species be fully determined.

We had climbed Norton Hill, the highest in the immediate vicinity, and also the highest tree on top of it, and been richly repaid by glorious pictures of the grand forests, thousands of acres—hills, valleys, mountains, lakes and streams, mile upon mile of leafy billows, dotted here and there with gems of sparkling water, and, thank Heaven, unmarred as yet by the axe of the lumberman. An unobstructed view in every direction, a "vast panorama of nature" spread around us—Maine, New Hampshire, and the old Dominion of Virginia, would be a sight up to a ninety foot pyramid, with the absolute certainty of ruining his clothes and a fair prospect of breaking his neck, for such a reward?

We had occasional news from the outside world, for half a dozen hunters had straggled into camp during our stay, representing almost as many different cities, uttering strange, yet in a few days like old friends—such are the amenities of the woods. Pleasant, even, occasions one makes in this way, for only true sportsmen and lovers of nature care to penetrate its solitude, and such, wherever met, are always gentlemen.

Our evenings were spent much in the usual manner, rehearsing the events of the day, laying plans for the morrow, telling stories, smoking, discussing the habits of game and the merits and demerits of different makes of firearms.

Our presiding genius was "Uncle Tom," an ideal representative of that nearly extinct species, the "Northern Trapper." Well informed and not unfamiliar with the world, having served in the Union army under Gen. Banks in the late war and tasted the horrors of a Texas prison pen, after the disastrous Red River expedition, though the incident of a "bushy" beard, which he wears, though in his favorite pursuit. In winter he calls the life of a hermit, without even a dog for company. In summer the monotony is varied by the advent of a few sportsmen, but winter or summer, whatever befalls, unruffled, imperturbable, contented and happy. In fact he has dwelt here so long that he seems to have been assimilated by and to have become a necessary part of the wilderness, like the moose, deer and fur-bearing animals, whose habits he knows so well and with whom he seems to be on such intimate terms. Bluff, honest, thick-hearted "Uncle Tom" "may you live long and prosper."

The speckled trout had not been neglected, for we had tested their size and flavor from each inlet, stream and brook within range of trap, not forgetting an old beaver pond back among the hills where, in a deep, black pool, we had taken our largest string of all. Our trip to this pond Dumas will probably never forget, for he boldly and rashly attempted its navigation in a rude, half-finished dugout, and his breadth of beam exceeding that of the novel craft, he soon became fast wedged amidships, and when the inevitable capsize came the dugout seemed to have the life of it, and for a time was complete matter of the situation. Fortunately no serious results followed, and Dumas, though claiming to have seen strange visions while groping among the ancient canals and submerged dwellings of the original dam-builders, thinks on the whole that he does not care to try the inverted style of fishing again. What the trout thought when that benign countenance of an old beaver suddenly appeared so suddenly among them will never be known.

Did a lazy fit seize us? The lake was at hand and the "luuge,"—local for the *Salmo confinis*—were ever ready to be enticed from their quiet haunts in the deepest waters by the alluring trolling spoon; great fat fellows they were, of from two to six pounds weight, their yellow-speckled scales gleaming in the clear water like burnished gold. A little loggy for sport, but delicious when properly served.

Did "Uncle Tom" whisper that the larder was running low? A mysterious night out on the lake with Edward would set things to right, and venison steaks would be in order for breakfast, followed later in the day by famous roasts, savory stews and the not-to-be-despised "roast harpagon."

We had traversed and ransacked the depths and recesses of the primitive forest to our hearts' content, and felt that our vacation had been profitably spent. Another day and the curious little one-horse jumper would be due at camp, by agreement, to drag our worldly effects to the nearest house, and we should regretfully set our faces homeward. Our anticipations and carefully-planned hunt had been deferred for good reasons till the last night of our stay, the incidents of which I propose to relate.

FLOATING A MOOSE.

The sun was fast nearing the forest horizon when Edward and I left camp, prepared for our (to me) novel expedition. It had been one of those delicious dreamy days—reminiscent of the early forest—when in nature seemed in repose. Scarce a ripple disturbed the surface of the placid lake, nestling here among the dark green hills full 2,000 feet above the sea level. Even the bird music was hushed for the time, and silence reigned supreme.

The light boat—Adirondack model—was soon in readiness, and the "good fellows" of our friends follow us as we pull off from the little "float" where, at the landing and shoot out on the tranquil bosom of a—Lake, at this point about one and a half miles across.

The pale blue smoke curls in lazy wreaths from the smouldering camp fire behind. In front, on the opposite shore, the soft purple haze is beginning to shroud the sombre forest and creep up the sides of the nearest hills, finally engulfing all in a great sea of shadowy mystery.

A solitary kingfisher sits motionless on the dead top of a prostrate birch close in shore, and with head turned a little one side his keen eyes scan the depths below. A sudden swoop, a loud splash, and he silently resumes his perch and gulps down the finny morsel, fruit of his patience and skill.

A family of moose are plainly seen disporting far down the lake, near the outlet, the thin veil of mist rising from the water magnifying their bodies to unnatural size.

A pair of goshawks (*Astur atricapillus*) are wheeling and circling over yonder wooded point, their long sharp wings and bright gray plumage, as seen by the waning rays of sunlight, giving them much the appearance of sea gulls.

At an occasional "luuge" rises indolently to the surface, causing a frantic scattering of the schools of minnows which inhabit the shallows.

Suddenly, from a dark mossy ridge comes the liquid, silvery, flute-like notes of the hermit thrush; a song rarely heard, save in the very depths of the wilderness, and which, to me, never seemed to belong to earth at all, but rather to be the "voice of some spirit soaring in a heavenly sphere, it is so clear, so pure, so mysterious.

As we near the middle of the lake we are witnesses of the marvelous cloud effects sometimes seen in a "northern sunset," when, as the sun sinks in the West, the delicate rosy tints appear in the East, deepening into purple, gold and crimson splendors, till the whole sky is ablaze with a flood of swiftly changing color, reflected from cloud to cloud, from peak to peak, and mirrored in the glassy surface of the lake as well. When we reach the opposite shore all is changed, the sun has disappeared behind the dark line of tree tops and the gorgeous colors have faded and faded, and only a dull golden afterglow remains. The mountains reappear in their natural garb of blue, and the mist thickens over lake and stream.

The heavy drizzle and showers of Edward's shoulders his "pack basket" containing all things needed, and paddle in hand strikes into the seemingly "pathless woods"; but sharp eyes can detect the occasional "blazes," which indicate one of "Uncle Tom's saple lines," which we are to follow for a couple of miles to the head of the "quick water" on East Isle.

A typical preview of forest through which we pass, a vast boreal swamp, covered with a dense growth of majestic spruces, and carpeted and cushioned with velvet mosses and delicate vines, among which peep a few of the exquisite rose colored bells of the twin flower, the favorite flower of the great Linnaeus, and bearing his name (*Linnaea borealis*), though long past their usual season of flowering.

"In the richest moss of the lonely dells

Arcis rose petals found.

With the dark blue blades ever it spread,

And the lovely troch spread."

The long, low mounds, which lie blended like gigantic forest jack-straws in every direction, show where the huge monarchs have fallen, and are going the way of all things earthly; but nature has carefully and tenderly covered them all with a mantle of unbroken verdure, so that scarce a sign of decay appears. The partridge-berry (*Mitella*), the dainty oxalis (*O. acetosella*), the linnaea and snowberry (*Chiogenes hispida*) mingle their creeping tendrils and trailing vines, with soft, white, cottony mosses vie with each other in this kindly office of forest sepulcher. Great lichens, triple-leaved trilliums, bright clusters of the bunch-berry (*Cornus canadensis*) and masses of the dark, shining leaves and deep blue berries of the Clintonia (*C. borealis*) vary the scene.

As the trail approaches the stream the forest assumes almost a tropical appearance, from the profusion of ferns which grow here to almost a gigantic size, and at a time we are nearly lost to sight among the tall plume-like fronds of *Spinulosus* and *Osmunda*. The white-throated sparrows (Peabody) and the olive-backed thrushes are singing their vesper songs, and somber-robed snowbirds (*Junco hyemalis*) flit from our shadowy path.

A subdued tapping attracts our attention to a hollow crack close by, and we catch sight of a pair of banded three-toes (*T. americanus*) busily engaged in searching the decaying trunk, their movements plainly showing that the "early bird" is not the only one that "catches the worm."

We flush an occasional ruffed grouse, but the spruce partridges (*T. canadensis*)—by far more numerous—sit like chickens, with out-stretched necks, stupidly gazing, and if lost in wonder at the sight of the intruder, and visitors: a common habit of theirs, and one which leads to their sure extermination—for they are easily taken with a simple noose tied to the end of a short pole.

A brisk walk of an hour and we have passed the last "rips" and are near the foot of the "dead-water."

The stream we propose to float rises in a chain of low mountains which form the northeastern boundary line between Canada and the United States, and is defined by the "Ashburton Treaty" of 1842. From the foot of the mountains it flows sluggishly for about five miles, through a long stretch of cold, mossy bogs and tangled spruce thickets, to the head of the "quick-water," and then indulges in a mad, frolicsome race down the precipitous channel, gurgling and frothing round the smooth boulders and through the rocky gorges and naked talus which, through the rocky distance, skirted and overhung by almost impenetrable belts of alders and matted underbrush, and the shallow portions of the bed covered by a rank growth of coarse, succulent grass, on which the moose delight to feed, while the deep pools teem with greasy trout.

These cold, open bogs, known as "caribou bogs," deserve more than a passing notice. Lying at the base of a range of thickly wooded hills, and separated from the stream by a low ridge or "hog-back," they have every appearance of having once been a series of small lakes, which have, in course of time, become filled with an accumulation of leaves and vegetable debris, and are now covered with a dense, tough mat of the sponge-like sphagnum—still adrift in places—a quaking bog.

The clump-like, sunken, waxy leaves of the pitcher plant (*Sarracenia*), and the fringed leaves of the blood-thirsty little sundew (*Drosera*), and congenial homes; while spots of cotton grass and broad patches of short stunted bushes of the Labrador tea (*Ledum*), and the beautiful Andromeda (*A. polifolia*), find root in the firmer portions of the bog.

Little islands and clumps of dwarfed and venerable looking spruces are scattered through them, their gnarled and cone-topped tops heavily draped with flowing locks of the "old men's beards" (*Umea*), giving a strangely weird and desolate appearance to the scene, like funeral oases in a mossy desert. Late in the fall the caribou range through these bogs in search of their favorite moss, and the well-defined paths which cross them would indicate that they come not singly, but in droves. The moose are also said to frequent them at certain seasons, and probably a few stay in the vicinity the year round.

A previous visit to this locality on a trout expedition had demonstrated the fact that they occasionally "watered" in the stream, for the broad-pointed tracks in the soft bed were too fresh to pass unnoticed, and the indefatigable Edward had not only backed a light boat all the way from the lake, but had also, with a small hatchet and hunting knife, opened up a passage almost the entire length of the "still water" by lopping off branches,

cutting out narrow places and breaking through small drift-dams, which obstructed the channel, in anticipation of the present occasion.

Forcing our way through the alder belt, we emerge from under the leafy canopy and again get a view of the sky above—the full moon has risen, and the calm, cold darkness has settled upon the earth, and imperceptibly day has passed into night.

The light skirt is drawn from its place of concealment in the thick underbrush, a blanket is carefully spread inside, that no incautious blow of paddle or boot heel may awaken the echoes in the silent forest; even our conversation is kept sharp above, and in whispers, for this still air is a most wonderful conductor of sounds, and a slight indiscretion on our part might ruin our night.

Silently the frail bark glides, snake-like, into the vista of dark shadows, propelled by Edward's noiseless paddle, and we wind about between the black walls of foliage turning sharp elbows, piercing through little openings. Where the stream we turn out into grassy bars, now crouching low to escape a fallen log, and then fast in a sunken tree top; now in the full light of the moon, then passing suddenly into a dark tunnel of overhanging shrubbery, where the tortuous channel narrows to a few feet in width.

Scores of small birds flit from their roosts in the low bushes, and disappear in the deepening gloom. The water rats give one glance of surprise and make desperate plunges for their subterranean retreats in the river banks. With folded necks and outstretched legs a couple of herons (*Ardea herodias*) wing their heavy flight over us, bound for some favorite fishing pool far up the stream.

In a little meadow we catch the shadowy outlines of a deer, as he raises his head from drinking, and then bounds madly away, safe, for to-night our thoughts are on nobler game.

The distinct blows of an axe suddenly startle me. "Uncle Tom" is splitting his kindling-wood," whispers Edward. "The sound proceeds from camp, full five miles away," "as the crow flies," yet seemingly a dozen rods, so clear and still is this telephonic night air.

"This time our game was aloft. For nearly two hours we have been only waiting for the appearance of the noiseless stream, and are approaching a point opposite the main bog, where a moose path crosses. Hark! Edward's quick ear detects some disturbance in the water ahead; it may be the river heaver, it's too loud for the muskrats. Slowly the boat moves among the intervening bends; the noise grows more distinct: a constant sousing and splashing of the water; some large animal is in the stream. The pulse quickens, every sense is on the alert; a few more strokes of the paddle and I shall be able to see past a clump of tall rushes which hide the game from view. Alas! at the critical moment a treacherous root catches the bow of the boat and breaks short off with a loud snap, a sound which all the wild dajizens of the forest fully understand. 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breach-loader and following a veritable will-o'-the-wisp light.

The unearthly stillness of the forest becomes after a time almost unbearable, and the inglorious hoot of a dreary old owl (*Bubo virginianus*) is welcomed as an agreeable change. "Too-loo-too-loo," a pause, as if overcome with sleep, then a long drawn out "too-whar," and he relapses into his normal condition.

The proximity of the lake is heralded long before we reach the shore by the hoarse croakings of the great green-headed frogs (*Rana fontinalis*).

The snug boat is again launched, and we are once more afloat. The repertory concert suddenly stops; the dip of our paddles has alarmed the chorists, but their fright is soon over, for before we are fairly through the fringe of aquatic plants that border the lake shore they are at it again, old and young, great and small, a regular "go-as-you-please" affair.

'Tis a beautiful night—not a cloud in the heavens. The great full orb moon sails gloriously toward the West, shedding a flood of light on all below. The rippling surface of the lake shimmers under the bright radiance like molten silver.

Conspicuous in the southern sky are Jupiter, Mars and Saturn, ranged in line near by the three glittering diamonds in Orion's slant-wise belt, pointing upward to the Pleiades and downward to the great brilliant Sirius, just risen above the mountain top. The blue vault overhead is bespangled with faintly twinkling stars, and all around us lies the black, silent, courteous forest. A dim light appears low down across the lake; "Uncle Tom" has hung out a lantern for our guidance. The loons have now discovered our presence and their intensely mournful, wailing cries rudely break the solemn silence of the stillly night.

For half an hour the paddles are vigorously plied, when we "die up" at the little wharf, and taking down the signal light make our way to camp. "Uncle Tom" rolls out of his bunk as we enter, his bulky form clad in but a single garment. "I thought you were a-comin', boys, for I heard the old loons a-poopin'-er-up on the lake. What did you fire at?" The situation is soon explained, our early breakfast ordered, and then we stretch ourselves for a short nap; but no sleep for me, the events of the night were too fresh in my mind for that.

By sunrise we were well on our way, accompanied by Donkey; another half follows later with the Provost, who was much interested in all that pertained to "moose-dom"—and his guide.

The little clearing about the camp is alive with birds—purple and pine finches, crossbills, flycatchers, sparrows, wagtails, snowbirds, and even that little winged gem, the ruby-throated hummer, has found his way here and is busily settling about among the bright blossoms of the broomed (*Geothlypis*).

The lake and the long carry are passed, and we are again winding our way up the crooked stream, no longer flowing through a deep narrow gorge, as appeared last night, but between hedges of green shrubbery and graceful vines, bright with starry blossoms of the galiums, and what then were buttresses of jagged rocks are now innocent rushes and branches of brown-tufted sedges. Numberless warblers frequent these river thickets—yellow-rumps, black-throated blues, black-polls, blue yellow-backs, redstarts, black-and-yellows, the bay-breasted and the gaudy blackburnians, all find here summer homes and unmolested breeding-places.

Here, for the first time, we see the bright magenta plumage and hear the mellow note of the pine grosbeak—the Canada jays (moose birds) scream their discontented welcome as it already evincing a bloody feud, but even Donkey loses his interest in the feathered tribe—for a time—as we approach the scene of last night's foray. The paddle is found sticking in the river-bank, and close by, the trampled, muddy grass and deep foot-prints show where the wounded animal left the stream.

Silently we step from the boat, and, with bated breath and rifles at the "ready," follow Edward, who, I imagine, is "working" the trail. We wade our way through the tangled alders we come upon an opening or bit of "swale." Here the circle of crushed sphagnum, with a dark pool of blood in the center, gives abundant evidence that the game is "hard hit," and cannot be far off. A few rods further, through another brush belt, and Edward cries out, "here he is." We press forward, and there, in a little mossy glade lies the quarry.

I confess to a thrill of pleasure as I viewed the glossy black coat, the long, clean limbs, the ugly, dove-brown head, mule-like ears, and immense "moufle" of my first moose—the *Cervus alces* of Linnaeus, largest of all the deer family, and the noblest game of the North American forest.

DEER.

September, 1879.

Natural History.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

DO SNAKES HISS?

EVIDENCE THAT SOME DO.

CAMBRIDGE, Md., June 21st.

Editor Forest and Stream.

On the occasion of a paper for discussion two or three years ago before some literary or scientific club in Baltimore, Md., and at once attracted my attention. It seemed to me a curious fact that a belief so universal should not be established upon the evidence of observation so frequent, that in any company of persons familiar with the woods and fields, facts of this nature would recur to some one of them. And yet upon reflection, though quite positive that I had often heard this subtle sound from such a source, I could not fix upon the exact instance of the "time, place, and circumstance." A day or two subsequently, in walking to church on a Sunday morning, I was suddenly conscious of the presence of a viper, commonly known as the "putting adder," directly across my path. Stopping, I observed him contort his body to some degree, then dilated his head and neck until both lost all semblance of their former shape and proportions, dart out his tongue in quick and angry menace,

and then utter a hiss so loud and distinct that I had never heard it exceeded by parent geese in defending their young. In my astonishment and gratification at the incident I stood observing the creature for perhaps a minute, during which time the same sound became almost continuous, rising and falling in its force and distinctness, until finally I closed the interview in manner and form most customary. I at once wrote for publication in the *Baltimore American*, for the information of all interested, and for the special edification of the literati aforesaid, a brief account of the above occurrence. My recollection of the matter is that it was during the spring months, probably in May. At this season these snakes are most numerous in this locality—at least most often visible. A full grown one is about three feet long and perhaps one and a half inches at its largest diameter. They are marked across the back and sides with yellow and black bands or spots, greatly reminding one of some specimens of the rattlesnake. They should be entirely harmless, however, since they are destitute of fangs similar to those possessed by their venomous congeners—that is, of any fangs whatever.

Since writing the above I am enabled to add the following observations:—

Yesterday, my son and a young gentleman from Baltimore started out for a stroll, leaving me sitting on the porch. In a few moments I was startled by cries, and observed our visitor running toward the house. Soon as I came near enough to hear the conversation which he said, it was ascertained to be that his companion was then standing guard over a snake in the act of hissing. I hurried to the spot with commendable celerity, and found a viper which proved to be, on measurement, twenty-four inches long, exhibiting the phenomenal characteristics of his species. He was shooting out the tongue—not in ridicule or derision, but with true ophidian instinct, and hissing with a persistence and pertinacity that suggested his high estimation of the faculty, either as a weapon offensive and defensive, or as a valuable part of his business capital. Not in the least intimidated, we proceeded, with great care, to put him through his scientific paces, and held him under observation some ten or fifteen minutes. So soon as he discovered we were not frightened at anything he did, he seemed to be animated by the single purpose of withdrawing from our convention. This purpose, for the nonce, we resolutely thwarted, and had the satisfaction of noting that while in our company the reptile appeared to be in a chronic state of anger, not unmingled with fear. The flattening of the head and neck, the perpetual display of the tongue, the nearly constant hiss, all showed it. The hiss especially was its most intense act of intimidation. When the creature was held for the moment, he lay quiet, yet with the head and neck of twice their ordinary breadth, and protruding the tongue at intervals, stroking the head or neck with the point of a stick would instantly invite the threatening hiss. This act was accomplished during expiration. The creature would seem to inspire strongly, apparently inflating four-fifths the length of his body with air, and visibly increasing its diameter to twice its undilated size, and then forcing the air out, either through its mouth or nostrils, or through both, would produce audibly and distinctly the peculiar sound. It was very curious and entertaining to observe the dilation and contraction of its cylindrical body as the air was drawn in and expelled. The entire cellular tissue under the skin seemed to be the seat of the distension, as we sometimes see in emphysema, after perforating wounds of the chest, and the lungs, and the surface of the body, of its full length, seemed to have but little to do with the act. This, I speak of as the apparent condition, assuming, of course, that the act was palmonic throughout. Hoping that you and your readers may share with me some of the interest and amusement, no less than instruction, that this occurrence has caused, believe me, sincerely yours,

E. G. W.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., June 19th.

Editor Forest and Stream.

In your last issue, "Enquirer" expresses his doubts that snakes ever hiss. I only wish that he had been with me a few days since, when he would have been a quick convert to the contrary belief. I was gathering strawberries, and as I was kneeling with me when engaged thus, was on my hands and knees, and in one I was startled out of all propriety by a loud hiss, almost in my ear. That it was a powerful hiss you will readily believe, when I tell you that it actually lifted me bodily more than ten feet, and I am no light weight either. I recovered my self-possession as soon as I struck on my feet, and knowing that it was a snake, for I had heard this same hiss before, I approached to see what manner of reptile he was, and found him to be a common black snake, and, as near as I could judge, about six feet long; two feet of his length was erect, which brought his head just above the top of the bushes; his eyes were twinkling, I imagined, with delight, at the exhibition of "ground and lofty tumbling" that he had witnessed, and as I came nearer he opened his mouth and repeated the hiss; this he did three or four times, and seemed disposed to stand on his ground, but seeing "blood in my eye" he evidently thought better of it, and lowering his crest, made off at speed that defied pursuit. Several times have I heard this same hiss, and have always found it to proceed from the black snake. I have been credibly informed that the water snake has the same habit, but have never been able to verify it by personal observation. SHADOW.

Editor Forest and Stream.

In your issue of June 17th, "Enquirer" asks the question: "Do snakes hiss?" In one instance from my experience I can answer it in the affirmative. While gathering wild flowers near Croton Lake a few summers ago, in a rocky field grown up with bushes, while I was stooping to pick some flowers, I heard a distinct hissing noise, and, looking in the direction of the sound, saw a flattened adder (*Lepidophora, polytrichus*). The noise was quite loud and called my attention to the snake.

Sing Sing, June 22d.

Mrs. A. K. F.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass., June 19th.—Editor Forest and Stream.—Your Richmond correspondent, who signs himself "Enquirer," says he is by no means sure that serpents hiss, and is certain that rattles are never uttered. I have often seen a rattlesnake, when it was frightened, by pinning them to the earth with a forked stick, and they emit a hissing sound not unlike the spitting of

an angry cat, but more prolonged. Your correspondent has doubtless seen the snake referred to. As regards rattles, I am of the opinion that most of the first-class rattles at present in use are untrusty. It is not the fault of the rattle, but of the man that fires it, as may be proved by bolting a rattle to any immovable frame, and then firing at a mark.

L. R. L.

PUTNAM, June 20th.—Some forty years ago the hissing adder was frequently met with in Eastern Massachusetts. At one time Waldo Fuller, Foster Wiley and myself were on our way to Crossman's Pond. When near the four corners we heard our dog bark and heard a hissing sound. We hurried to the place and saw a large kind of a brown snake some three and one-half feet long, coiled up with head erect and somewhat flattened, and it was loudly hissing at the dog, which was barking at it. Waldo went back to the fence for a rail to kill the snake, while we remained near. The snake hissed loudly and continuously until it was killed. We saw one at Putnam, which reared and hissed at me and I killed it. I have frequently seen them and heard others speak of them, and they were quite common in and around Plymouth woods, say twenty years ago, but are not as often met with in late years. They were considered poisonous.

G. F. W.

MAN-EATING SHARKS.

IN view of the recent agitation of the question whether sharks really ever eat men, the cutting printed below, which appeared in the San Francisco (Cal.) *Chronicle* some time since was deemed worthy of investigation. The slip from the *Chronicle* is as follows:—

Dr. Swan, the surgeon of the Pacific Mail Steamship *Colima*, which arrived in this port a few days ago from the isthmus, reports an incident on the trip worthy of mention. He states that while the *Colima* was lying at Acapulco, on the trip up, she anchored one day close to the *China*. Some of the hands of the latter baited a shark and caught a shark of the man-eater variety about fifteen feet long. The shark was pulled up and cut open, and in the belly was found a human arm entire, just as it had been torn by the devouring monster from the shoulder. There was also found in the maw of the shark the heel and toes of a human foot. The remains had evidently been swallowed but a short time. The arm was the left, and upon it were plainly to be seen the initials, *W. C.* and a mark, "A. H. C." About ten days previous to the taking of the shark, a sailor from a British brig then lying in the harbor, while under the influence of liquor, fell overboard and was lost. It is supposed the shark had been feeding upon the body a short time before his capture. San Jose Joe, the monster shark of San Jose de Guatemala, was recently seen by the captain of the *China*. This shark has for many years been the terror of the coast from San Jose de Guatemala to Punta Arena. It has been so frequently seen that he is as familiar to the mariners of the coast as its most perilous headlands. He is said to be over forty feet in length, and is extremely ferocious, human kind being his favorite prey. Capt. Seabury, of the *China*, is ready to swear to forty-two feet and over, having once seen Joe passing behind his vessel, which is forty-two feet in the beam, and the head and tail of the shark extended past either side of the vessel. The captain of the *South Carolina* and Capt. Withberry bear testimony also to the shark's being over forty feet long. In the last few years "Joe," as he is known all along the coast, has devoured half a dozen men, and some years ago the Guatemalan government offered a reward of \$500 to any man who would kill the devourer. He has been shot a couple of times, and has been hooked thrice, but survived these assaults, and still remains his old haunts looking for his favorite morseau.

Through the kindness of Dr. J. O. Swan, of the steamship *Colima*, we are enabled to print the statements given below:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 3d.

Editor Forest and Stream.

At request that I should give you the facts in reference to the shark story was received on arriving in this port from Panama on the 29th ult. I inclose a statement signed by Dr. Whittemore, Surgeon P. M. S. S. *China*, and by Mr. Wm. Wafer, purser of the same, and vouched for by myself. The statement is literally true, word for word. The *China* is now in this port, where she may remain a month.

The shark eaten was doubtless the one who was lost off the British ship of war *Triumph* March 11th, in Acapulco Bay. Respectfully,
JOHN O. SWAN, M.D.,
Surgeon P. M. S. S. *Colima*.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 3d.

While the Pacific Mail Steamships *China* and *Colima* were lying together off Acapulco, Mexico, on March 21st, a shark about fourteen feet in length was hooked by persons on board the *China*. The shark was hauled upon the ship's guards by means of a lead cable, and its neck and tail cut open. Its stomach was found to contain a human arm, a foot bitten off at the instep, and a portion of a heel. The ragged and torn condition of the muscles about the shoulder showed evidence of the exertion of tremendous force in separating the arm from the body. The arm was in a good state of preservation; the skin over the half-closed hand a little dark and wrinkled.

F. W. WATKINS, M.D.,
Surgeon P. M. S. S. *China*.

JOHN O. SWAN, M.D.,
Surgeon P. M. S. S. *Colima*.

WILLIAM WAFER,
Purser P. M. S. S. *China*.

In another letter Dr. Swan says:—

In reference to the newspaper statement regarding San Jose "Joe," I will say to you that I believe it to be correct in every particular. A letter to the American Consul, or to the agent of the P. M. S. S. Company at San Jose de Guatemala, will corroborate it.

I am aware that many people hold the opinion that sharks will not attack a human being, and that the water on the beach. You cannot, however, make the point on the living along the coast of Mexico or Central America believe that sharks won't devour "the form divine" they have learned by bitter experience that a shark

rather bankers for a healthy human. A case in point: About two years since, while a negro was carrying a white man ashore upon his back at Panama, he was attacked by a monster shark in less than five feet of water, and his leg was so badly torn before the shark could be forced away that he bled to death before a surgeon could be got.

J. O. SWAN, M. D.

WINTER PELAGE OF *LEPUS CAMPESTRIS*.—Ames, June 14th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—If I read Coues and Allen correctly, the jack rabbit is not *Lepus campestris*, but *L. californicus* is the great northern or prairie hare, and does turn white in winter. Its habitat is from the Saskatchewan southward as far as Kansas. A specimen was shot near this place last winter, which I identified by Coues' description. It was white. The jack rabbit, or more properly jackass hare (*L. californicus*), has a more southern range, but the two species overlap each other in the western territories. *L. californicus* does not turn white. A friend who was on a hunting excursion in Dakota late last fall says that he saw both species in abundance, *campestris* just beginning to assume its winter coat, while *californicus* was of the usual color. Dr. Coues says on page 299 of his Monograph: "From the other American long-tailed, long-eared and long-limbed hares (*L. californicus* and *L. californicus*) [it *L. campestris*] differs in general color in the white upper auricles of the tail, and in changing to white in winter." And again on page 351: "*L. campestris* differs from *L. californicus* in its shorter ears, in wanting the black on the tail, and in becoming white in winter."

The whole difficulty is explained by the fact that we have on our Western plains two species of hares nearly the same in size, one of which the great northern (*campestris*), turns white in winter, while the other, the jackass hare (*L. californicus*), does not.

F. E. L. BEAL.

The true jack rabbit is of course *L. californicus* as our correspondent suggests, but *L. campestris* is commonly called "jack rabbit" from Kansas to British America, and it was about this latter species that the dispute, happily set right by Prof. Allen, arose.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I think you asked two or three weeks ago for opinions as to the change of color, with the season, of the jack rabbit. In nearly thirty years of quite intimate acquaintance with "John," I have never discovered that he wears a white winter overcoat. His color varies but little. In this latitude his tail is tipped with white—a veritable type of the "cotton tail"—two or three miles further south and beyond, the tail tuft of many is jet black.

The rabbit of the Rocky Mountains that becomes white in winter is the *Lepus bairdii*, commonly known as the "Snowshoe rabbit." It is short-legged as compared with the jack, but quite as heavy bodied, and often mistaken for the latter. Its color changes very rapidly in the autumn, and by the time it becomes general it is pure white.

Its flesh is about the best of the family.
Denver, Col., June 23th. Wm. N. BYERS.

The hare referred to by Mr. Byers as having the black tail is *L. californicus*.

This whole question was set at rest by Prof. Allen's article in our issue of June, 24th; and to that we refer "Sivad" and other correspondents who have written us on the subject.

ANIMALS RECEIVED AT CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 22th.—2 black-headed spider monkeys (*Atles bechtholdi*), mother and baby, presented by Mr. Joseph Jeffries, Brooklyn, 1 pinche monkey (*Alouatta palliata*), 1 gray-breasted parakeet (*Dolichorhynchus monachus*), 2 hab. Argentine Republic, 5 ring-necked parakeets (*Palaeornis torquatus*) all purchased, 2 banded buzzard hawks (*Asturina platyotos*), hab. Mexico, presented by Capt. W. Powis Gladwin, steamship Arran, 1 black hawk (*Coereba erythrura*), hab. Mexico, purchased, 1 mocking bird and 1 gold finch, presented by Mr. William Whalin. 1 horned toad, presented by Mrs. E. R. McCarthy.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Fish Culture.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

BERLIN INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION.

THE PRIZES AWARDED.

ON the 17th of June all was done in strict accordance, and at the exact time laid down in the printed programme, the directors, commissioners and exhibitors assembled in the rotunda, or "Grotto of Neptune," at 12, and the Crown Prince appeared at 1 P. M. Minister Lucius stated to the Prince the object of the gathering and requested him to sanction the awards as read, and then the Honorary President, Herr Marcard, read them as follows:—

I. ADDRESSES OF THANKS.

The united juries have determined not to award a prize of honor nor medal to the government of any nation for its collective exhibition, but, instead of this, an address of thanks, signed by his Imperial Highness, the Crown Prince, will be substituted. These addresses have been awarded to the following countries: Russia, Italy, Saxony, Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, the United States of North America, China and Japan.

II. GRAND PRIZES OF HONOR.

1. First grand prize of honor given by His Majesty, the German Emperor and King of Prussia: To Professor Spencer F. Baird, Commissioner of Fisheries of the United States of North America, Washington, D. C.

2. Second grand prize of honor given by His Majesty the German Emperor and King of Prussia: To Herr C. Lindenberg, Berlin.

3. Third prize of honor of the Emperor, etc.: To Herr von dem Borne, Bernau, Prussia.

4. Prize of honor given by Her Majesty the German Empress and Queen of Prussia: To Cavaliere Guiseppe Mazza, Torro del Greco.

5. Prize of honor of their Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and Prussia: To Oberbürgermeister Carl Schuster, Freiburg (Baden).

6. Prize of honor of His Majesty the King of Wurtemberg: To Professor Arrhenius, Stockholm.

7. Prize of honor of the Grand Duke of Baden: To Conrad A. E. Mass, Scheveningen, Holland.

8. Prize of honor of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin: To Prof. Dr. Dornh., of the Zoological Station, Naples.

9. Prize of honor of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg: To Herr A. Stortenbecker, Director of the Institution for the Promotion of Religion and Industry of Hollandshiem, Batavia.

10. Prize of honor of the Free City of Hamburg: To Herr Robert Eckardt, Lubbichsen.

11. Prize of honor of the Free City of Bremen: To Herr Harald W. Fiedler, Sterrede.

12. Prize of honor of the Agricultural Club of Berlin: To Selskabet for de Norske Fiskeriers Fremme in Bergen.

13. Prize of honor of the Teltower Agricultural Society: To Herr L. S. Michs, Berlin.

(These constitute the special prizes, and as the entire prize list is too long for publication it may be as well to give only the American prizes, first stating that the medals are not graded, but that all gold, silver, or bronze medals are of the same rank as others of the same material. The names are taken from the official list and are given alphabetically.)

III. GOLD MEDALS WITH SPECIAL DIPLOMA.

United States Department of Finance, Coast Survey.—For illustration of the apparatus used in the deep sea fisheries observations; coast charts of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; publications and maps.

United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, Washington.—For grand collective exhibit of implements of fish culture, fishways, charts, models of hatching houses and publications.

IV. CLASS I.

This class includes all water animals whether living, stuffed, in alcohol, or represented by pictures; foods, prepared or dried, salted, smoked, powdered, in tin boxes or in process of preparation; sponges, corals, oysters and their anatomy; mussels, pearls, mother-of-pearl, radiates, worms, insects and their larvae (as food for fish or destroyers of their eggs and young), crustaceans, fishes, amphibians, turtles and tortoises, tortoise-shell in different processes of preparation, salamanders, frogs and all the products of water animals living in water, and all the products of water animals.

GOLD MEDALS IN CLASS I.—Isinglass and Glue Company, Gloucester, Mass.—Fish bladders and fish glue, together with the different preparations therefrom.

United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C.—General exhibition of implements of pursuit and capture of fishes.

SILVER MEDALS IN CLASS I.—Alaska Commercial Company, San Francisco.—Pictures illustrating the seal rookeries of Alaska; specimens of skins of fur-seal from the raw, dried skin to the same when dyed and finished.

Capt. E. A. Atwood, Provincetown, Mass.—Oil of mammals, as harbor-seal, cowfish, porpoise, blackfish, jaw of porpoise, etc.

J. W. Beardsley's Sons, 179 West street, New York.—Dried salted preparations: "Beardsley's Shredded Codfish," "Beefie Brand Boneless Codfish," "smoked preparations: "Star Brand Boneless Herring."

E. G. Blackford, 72 to 80 Fulton Market, New York.—Specimens of fresh fish sent weekly, as brook trout, grayling, red snappers, pompano, striped bass; reptiles and batrachians: great American edible bullfrogs, hell-benders and salamanders.

A. Booth & Co., Chicago and San Francisco.—Canned salmon; entire salmon in tin fish-shaped box.

Potter and Wrightington, Boston.—Smoked preparation: halibut, boneless herring, salmon; cooked preparations, in cans: fresh mackerel, fresh lobster.

Portland Packing Company, Portland, Me.—Cooked preparations, in cans: "Fresh Seguin Mackerel, Star Brand," "The Farmers' Old Orchard Beach Clams" (Little Necks, star brand).

Russia Cement Company, Rockport, Mass.—Liquid fish glue (Le Page's).

Rosenstein Brothers, 332 Greenwich street, New York.—Preparations in spices or vinegar: sardines in mustard, "Sardines Royales Aromatiques" (in spices).

H. C. and R. E. Harlow & Co., New York.—Collection of prepared foods, in tin: "Genuine Georges Bank Codfish," whole fresh mackerel, "Deep Sea Mackerel," "One Pound Fancy Mackerel" selected boaters (mackerel), canned lobster (Emgmt Bay).

Prof. Henry A. Ward, Rochester, New York.—Collection of stuffed fishes and marine mammals, skeletons, reptiles, etc.

Hazeldorn, Hamburg and New York.—Fresh American oysters.

Bronze MEDALS IN CLASS I.—J. H. Bartlett & Son, New Bedford, Mass.—Mammal oils: whale oil "foots," bleached winter sperm.

J. B. McCarter, Fulton Market, New York, oysters and conserves—pickled oysters, pickled Little Neck clams, pickled soft clams, pickled scallops, pickled mussels, pickled oyster crabs.

Caleb Cook, Provincetown, Mass., mammal oils—oils from head of blackfish (sold as "porpoise jaw"), oil from the beluga (white whale), vatich oil, clock oil.

A. W. Dodd, Gloucester, Mass., mammal oils—black fish. Fish oils—oil from livers of codfish, medicinal oil.

Heick and Stoll, Hamburg, Germany, American oysters.

W. R. Lewis & Co., Boston, canned salmon.

Joseph Palmer, Taxidermist and Modeller to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., zoological preparations—series of plaster casts of American food fishes, collection of stuffed aquatic mammals, collection of stuffed aquatic birds.

Jasper Pryor, New York, mammal oils—sea elephant, crude whale, natural whale, bleached whale, whale oil (foots). Oils used for lamps, lubrication or medicinal—crude sperm, natural sperm, spermaceti.

J. Schmidt, New York, food preparations—(not specified).

R. W. Smillie, Photographer to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., series of photographs of American fishes.

William Underwood & Co., Boston, cooked preparations in cans—"fresh codfish," "fresh haddock," "canned mackerel, preserved fresh halibut.

W. H. Wesson & Co., Gloucester, Mass., smoked fish—"Grand Bank halibut," "Newfoundland halibut."

HONORABLE MENTION.—Max Amis & Co., 570 Greenwich street, New York, pickled or brine preparations—"American Caviare."

H. M. Anthony, 104 Reade street, New York, "Fresh Columbia River Salmon" (canned), "Star Brand," Eureka Packing Co., San Francisco.

A. Booth & Co., Baltimore, Chicago and San Francisco, canned salmon in large and small boxes—"Oregon Salmon."

Howe and French, Boston, materials used in the arts—fish isinglass made from the hake.

Kemp, Day & Co., 116 Wall street, New York, cooked preparations in cans—canned mackerel, canned lobster, canned oysters, Orchard Beach clams, Little Neck clams.

Marvin Brothers and Bartlett, Portsmouth, N. H.—oil of porpoise, oil from liver of sun-fish (*Mola rotunda*), "Pure Cod Liver Oil," steamed from cod liver oil.

Maryland Packing Co., Baltimore, Md.—canned hard crabs.

McMenamin & Co., Hampton, Va.—canned hard crabs, canned "devil's crabs."

Franklin, Snow & Co., Boston, dry salted preparations:—cod, Pickle, or brine salted preparations—haddock. Cooked, in cans—mackerel.

S. Schmidt, New York—pickled eels in jelly.

Livingston Stone, Charlestown, N. H.—specimens of salmon eggs (*Sal. quinnat*) in alcohol.

CLASS II.

Fishery apparatus of all sorts in original or in model. Boats for inland and sea fisheries in model or in picture. Material for apparatus in different stages of construction. Machines or implements for working the raw material.

GOLD MEDALS IN CLASS II.—H. L. Leonard, Bangor, Me.—rods of split bamboo for salmon, trout or bass fishing; pieces of bamboo showing splitting process.

SILVER MEDALS IN CLASS II.—James Everson, 459 Fish street, New York, E. D. N. Y.—"Shadow Canoe," with sails for fishing, hunting or cruising.

Wilcox, Crittenden & Co., Middletown, Conn.—general collection of accessories to the rigging of fishing vessels, as clews and hanks, choicks, boat-hooks, belaying pins, riggers, hooks, grommets, etc.

HONORABLE MENTION IN CLASS II.—Capt. J. W. Collins, assistant to the United States Fish Commission, Gloucester, Mass.—Collins' Adjustable Marine Drag; used by vessels when "laying-to" in a storm.

CLASS III.

The artificial culture of aquatic animals. Breeding apparatus in operation, collective exhibits of apparatus and implements used in the culture of fish, crustaceans and oysters, transporting apparatus for fry, eggs, or larvae, models of approved implements, models, or pictures of apparatus for fish protection, as fishways, etc. Aquaria. Development of aquatic animals, as oysters, fish, crabs, etc. Exhibition of the progress of fish culture.

GOLD MEDALS IN CLASS III.—C. G. Atkins, assistant to the United States Fish Commission, Bucksport, Me. Model of United States salmon-breeding house at Bucksport, Maine. Models of implements, trough, etc., used in American fish culture. Models of fishways.

T. B. Ferguson, assistant to the United States Fish Commission and Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of Maryland, Baltimore, Md. For improvement in fish cultural apparatus and invention of plunging baskets, worked by steam power, for shad hatching, as shown in models of United States fish-hatching steamer *Fish Hatch*, and also in original.

S. Green, Superintendent of Fisheries of the State of New York, Rochester, N. Y. Collective exhibition of implements in use by the New York Fish Commission for hatching salmonidae and shad, floating hatching box and "Holtan Box."

M. McDonald, Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of Virginia, Lexington, Va. Improvement in fishway.

F. Mather, assistant to the United States Fish Commission, Newark, N. J. Invention of conical apparatus for fish hatching (original shown). Apparatus for sending fish eggs across the ocean.

L. Stone, assistant to the United States Fish Commission, Charlestown, N. H. Models of fish cultural apparatus.

SILVER MEDALS IN CLASS III.—O. M. Chase, assistant to the Michigan Fish Commission, Detroit, Mich. "Self-picking" apparatus for whitefish (*Coregonus*) eggs, whereby the dead ones flow out.

Bronze MEDALS IN CLASS III.—B. F. Shaw, Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of Iowa, Anamosa, Iowa. Model of his patent spiral fishway.

HONORABLE MENTION IN CLASS III.—J. Annin, Jr., Caledonia, N. Y. Box for sending trout eggs to Europe. Successful sending of 5,000 eggs, which were presented to the Deutsche Fischerei Verein.

T. N. Clark, Northville, Mich. Improvement in fish cultural apparatus, "Clark's Hatching Box." "Self-picking" attachment to cone hatches.

CLASS IV.

Apparatus for transporting adult fish to market or for other purposes, in model or original. (No gold or silver medal for America in this class.)

Bronze MEDALS IN CLASS IV.—F. Mather, Assistant to the United States Fish Commission, Newark, N. J., improvement in transporting apparatus for use at sea, whereby the motion is utilized for aeration. (Nothing for America in class V.)

CLASS VI.

Models of fishermen's houses and costumes and such implements in use as have not been placed in other classes.

SILVER MEDALS IN CLASS VI.—C. S. Merriman, 241 Broadway, New York. The "Merriman Life Saving Suit," as in use by the United States Life Saving Service.

United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C., collection of fishermen's clothing, implements, and tools used in the commercial fisheries and in angling.

Bronze MEDALS IN CLASS VI.—H. D. Ostermeyer, New York, patent elastic felt mattress and life preserver. (Nothing for America in classes VII, and VIII.)

STONEHEHE tells us that, "although a class for this variety is often included in the prize list of shows, the exhibitors are generally of a most miscellaneous character, and I do not pretend to be able to settle the points of the breed with anything like accuracy or minuteness. The following description will probably serve to include all the variations: Head, long and narrow; eyes, small; ears, long and clothed with thick curls; body, moderately stout and barrel-like, but not so much so as the large spaniel; legs, rather long, straight and strong; feet, large and spreading; stern, bushy and curly coated; color, liver and white, varying in the proportion of these colors." While we quote above the description of the standard authority of what the water spaniel should be, it is very far from our intention to commend or decri any particular breed, or recommend any typical dog in this article, but rather call to the mind of our shooting friends that there is such an animal. Now that our wise legislators have decreed that damo woodcock shall be allowed a new span of life for the purpose of bringing up her chicks in the way they should go, and to give her time to don her new dress when her home duties are done—our pointers and setters have little else to do but keep cool and whisk away the flies. But the summer months are the happy holidays of both those who work and play, and lovers of the field must have their outing. Hence let us make a timely suggestion.

which if looked down upon by the old hands may afford the young ones, fresh from school and college, a chance to try their hands as trainers.

Dog-breaking like everything else, must have a beginning, and why should not our young friends begin to teach themselves and at the same time rear for their use a lovable field companion. In despite of the general opinion that spaniels are stubborn and hard to break—a notion which our experience has taught us is most fallacious—we cannot think of any breed better adapted to instruct the tyro than a close intimacy with one of these jolly little dogs. A spaniel can be put to a variety of uses that would utterly ruin a setter or a pointer; beside this, it is a sad mistake for any man to make of either a jack-of-all-trades. What comparative harm will it be if a spaniel or two are rendered worthless by the misdirected zeal of the beginner. None, we fancy; while it would be no joke to incapacitate for all future use a well bred, keen-nosed pointer or setter. These views are the foundation on which we wish to write.

It is during the long summer holiday, when the bay snipe are flying, that we would open our retriever school; nor is there any better place to have it held than by some salt meadow pond, or on some inlet shoal or sand bar. At the best, compared with field work, bay snipe shooting is but slow work, and at times it is oppressively tedious. The sport needs a fillip, and this perhaps can be given by the introduction of a four-legged friend. Whether the stools are set on the meadows contiguous to New Hampshire's Rye Beach, or by the best stand on Gull marsh, in Eastern Virginia, there will come days, in spite of both winds and tides, when no flight will be on. To those, therefore, who have followed this kind of shooting, it is well known how monotonous it is to watch for birds that never come. Far different from beating out a country in which there is a scarcity of game, for then one can walk away his troubles and have some change of scene; at all events there is something to occupy the mind. All holidays become a bore unless we have mental occupation, and partly on this account we suggest what old baymen would call "a four-legged innovation." Whistle, then, to your spaniel the next time you cross the bay; his size will admit of his being stowed away in the boat, and his weight will not pull you back. He will not be in your way, for he can be taught to charge and stay quietly in the blind or end of your sink box. Teach him to retrieve with a tender mouth, and circle the stools in going out for the birds in order to make him understand that you seriously object to his falling into the vulgar error of mistaking the decoys for the dead. Point out to him that he has sufficient nose to wind the hiding couple, and that it will save himself the trouble of many a long swim by devoting his attention to the winged birds first. Exact obedience, and make him stay at charge until ordered "to fetch." Instruct him to drop to land, no matter how far away, so that his movements may not sheer off a flock which is setting for the stools. Let him understand that he is to come in at once when he hears the whistle, the note of which, by the way, should be as far different as possible from "the calls" of the large army of the snipe family. If he is thoroughly broken in this respect you will be enabled at times to have him tole in a wide-flying flock, as we have often seen the marble willow allured to the gun in this way. In time his sharp eye will discern the birds long before they appear to the human vision, and he can with care be taught to give a timely warning. To dive for a crippled teal is but his instinct, and he can be worked to make the rail in the sedge take to wing. He will help you to bag many a bird you would otherwise have to go after in the boat, and probably then fail to pick up. He will save you time when birds are flying, and with him you will not be exposed to sight.

There are a score of ways in which our friend, the spaniel, can be made useful, and between the morning and evening flights you can amuse yourself in teaching him until he is perfect in "his tricks and his ways," as Jenny June would say. Of course you must expect to be unmercifully chaffed at first for being so absurd as to break into the old time custom of declining to be your own retriever, but before the day is out it is a hundred to one that some bayman will call out to you to "bring that ere dog over to help me find a bird."

MR. GODFREY'S ANSWER TO MR. DALZIEL'S LETTER. New York, July 1st.—Editor *Forest and Stream*—Mr. Dalziel's letter in *The Live Stock Journal and Farmer's Gazette*, republished in part by your paper, I would answer as follows: As to the protest in class 10, I think that nearly every one will agree with me that the whole matter was a mistake, and was rectified in the best manner possible. Mr. D. takes no notice of my protests in classes 16 and 33, but takes up the question of dew claws in the St. Bernard. I do not think that five points in 100 is a high value for the dew claws; at any rate, my simile was correct, for the value of "solid white in a bull terrier," though a most necessary point, is the same, viz., five points. Mr. D. refuses to submit to the "opinions" and "crochets" of "Stonehenge" and "Vero Shaw," as expressed in their books on the subject, and goes on to tell that "old champion Tell, Prince Selin's Courage" and other good dogs, were without dew claws. But in my opinion that proves only that these dogs were not perfect. Dalziel informs me that Darwin says that dew claws are "accidental monstrosities." That may be, but it has

nothing to do with the case, for in the St. Bernard the dew claw is not, as in most other breeds (when present), an elementary toe, but is a regular fifth toe, and has the advantage of giving them a firmer foothold in the snow. Any how, I believe Mr. Darwin is a much better judge of monkeys and tails than of dogs and dew claws. As to the demanded apology for the insult of presuming to doubt Mr. D.'s competency, if we doubt the correctness of a judgment we are not going to quietly submit. We express our doubts, and challenge the judge to prove their correctness. "Stonehenge" is our standard here, and we try and breed after it, and it was under this name that our dogs were to be judged according to "Stonehenge," not according to Dalziel or Darwin. As he takes up the question of St. Bernards, why does he not notice my other two protests in classes 16 and 33? Is it because he thinks I am right? Please read what the London *Field* says about the judging of class 16. I think it justifies my protest in that class pretty thoroughly. Then, for Mr. D.'s special comfort, let me ask this question: Why did my black setter Satan receive V. H. C. on Tuesday, when Chance was only C, and yet Chance received the special prize for the best black setter? In justice to Mr. D., however, we must remember that he did not judge the setters individually, but as he breaks a lance for his brother judges, and demands an apology, I cite the case. The only just ground for complaint is that some one offered to bet the judges that his dog was the best, and that they were wrong, but I am sure that this was the act of no true sportsman.

A. E. GODFREY.

ACCIDENT TO POINTER "SPORT."—*Atchison, Kansas, June 20th.*—The pride pointer in the West, "Sport," by Sensation, formerly from Bridgeport, Conn., owned by Mr. J. H. Garside, met with a sad mishap a few days ago, by accidentally breaking his hind leg in some machinery in an oil mill. The dog, I am happy to say, is doing well at present.

SALE OF MR. PRICE'S POINTERS.—In accordance with the determination of Mr. Price, the well known pointer breeder, to exhibit as little as possible in the future, but to breed largely, and to offer for sale by auction at Aldridge's, London, England, each year at the commencement of July, the dogs shot over in previous season by himself and friends, a sale of pointers from the Rhivlas Kennels, Bala, North Wales, will be held at Aldridge's on July 9th, when the following first-class draft from his kennel will be disposed of: *Mossy Face*, liver and white pointer bitch, whelped April, 1879, by Mr. Price's champion Vagg, out of Mr. Moss's *Trails*, liver and white dog, same litter as *Mossy Face*; by Vagg out of Moss's *Bastown*, bred by Mr. Leache, born November, 1875, *Peal O' Bells*, liver and white bitch, born January, 1878, by Mr. S. Price's Bang, out of Mr. Leache's *Bella*, *Merry Bells*, liver and white bitch, younger sister to *Bov Bells*, and *Yellow Drake*, liver and white dog, whelped April, 1875, by Drake, out of Nimble Ninepence.

IMPORTED LAYRACK ALDERSHOTT.—*Brooklyn, July 1st.*—I received June 29th, by the steamer *Roxburgh Castle*, the pure Laverack setter dog Aldershot. He comes direct to me from the kennel of John Ramford Robinson, Esq., of Sunderland. Aldershot's color is orange Belton, and he is about twenty-two months old. His pedigree is as follows: Aldershot, by Emperor Fred, 9,077, out of Blue Cora, 1,120; Emperor Fred, by Laverack's Blue Prince, 4,259, out of his Daisy, 6,181; Blue Cora, by Laverack's Blue Prince, out of Cora, 1,483. The numbers refer to the English Kennel Club Stud Book.

A BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH.—Mr. Charles H. Turner, of the St. Louis Kennel Club, has kindly sent us a photograph of Mr. Tracy's picture of the pointer, *Kewick* and *Jessamine*. It is an excellent copy of the finest picture we have ever seen. *Kewick* is shown in the foreground pointing, and *Jessamine* in the act of backing, while in the centre of the picture a sportsman stands awaiting "the rise." This photograph, as well as the one of the sister picture of *Faust* and *Bow*, can be had on application to Mr. J. M. Tracy, No. 1102 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 75 cents each.

MR. LIVINGSTON'S KENNELS.—Mr. Henry W. Livingston, of this city, has closed his kennels at Flushing, L. I., and transferred his stock to the kennels of the Titus Brothers, at Centerport, L. I.

A NEW REMEDY FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—M. Lesserteur has just given publicity to a plant which has a great reputation as a cure for rabies in the kingdom of Annam. This plant, of which the name is hoangnan, is a kind of liana, closely akin to the false angostura; its effects are similar to those of strychnine and brucine. M. Bouley, in speaking of this new remedy, in the *Revue de Médecine Vétérinaire*, regrets that so few facts corroborative of its efficaciousness are given.—*Live Stock Journal*.

EXERCISE FOR DOGS.—Exercise is most essential to the well-being of a dog. To witness the way he enjoys a good scamper would tell any one this. Without exercise the wheels of the poor animal's life seem to clog, bad habits are not only contracted, but the dogs get morose, dull, and sometimes even irritable and unhappy. Liver troubles come on, then jaundice, and then death. A dog ought to have at least two hours' daily romping in the open air.—*Live Stock Journal*.

KENNEL NOTES.

SALES.—*Buon*—Mr. Geo. D. Macdonald, of New Brighton, Staten Island, has sold back the cocker dog *Bijou* (1st Montreal), late to Mr. James Cunningham, of Montreal, the dog's former owner.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Flirt II*—Mr. Geo. D. Macdonald claims the name of *Flirt II* for his cocker bitch now in whelp to *Bljus*.

CORRECTION.—New York, July 2d, 1880.—In your last issue you say that my *Flirt* was bred June 24th. It was Mr. Godfrey's *Flirt* that whelped May 8th. To prevent mistakes occurring from the similarity of names, I shall call my bitch *Flirt II*, in future. GEO. D. MACDONALD.

WHIPPERS.—*Cleopatra*—Mr. H. W. Lee's (Boston, Mass.) mastiff bitch *Cleopatra* whelped June 24th, twelve puppies—seven dogs and five bitches.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Lela*—Mr. H. W. Livingston, of this city, claims the name of *Lela* for his Llewellyn setter bitch puppy, whelped Jan. 27th, 1880, by *Lelaps* (No. 130, A. K. S. B.), out of *Starlight* (No. 615, A. K. S. B.). *Beautiful May*—Mr. H. W. Livingston claims the name of *Beautiful May* for his setter bitch puppy, by *Lelaps* out of *Starlight*. *Minta*—Mr. H. W. Livingston claims the name of *Minta* for his setter bitch puppy, by *Lelaps* out of *Starlight*. *Lady Collie*—Mr. H. W. Livingston claims the name of *Lady Collie* for his collie bitch puppy, by *Watt's* May out of *Downey's Lassie*. *Cork*—Mr. W. A. Johnson, of Clinton, N. C., claims the name of *Cork* for his red Irish setter puppy, whelped March 25th, 1880, by *Derg* out of *Cora* (Elcho-Slida).

SALE.—*Nellie*—*Deatham*, Mass., June 7th.—My advertisement in your paper has enabled me to sell my imported Gordon setter bitch *Nellie* (formerly T. T. Sawyer, Jr.), to Mr. C. F. Mann, of Worcester, Mass., she is whelp to Jerry. FRED. A. TAYL.

Archery.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

TOURNAMENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE ARCHERY ASSOCIATION.

THE first grand annual meeting of the archers of the State of Michigan was held under the auspices of the association, upon the beautiful lawn of Recreation Park, in the city of Detroit, on the 23d and 24th day of June. The meeting was a success in every respect, and has done more for the promotion of archery in the State than even its most zealous friends anticipated.

The grounds chosen are peculiarly suited for such a meeting, and the preparations were of the most careful and comfortable character. The weather was beautiful, only a little too bright and hot for comfort; but all in all as fine as could have been expected. Thirteen ladies and thirty-one gentlemen competed for the medals of championship, and several visitors took part in the shooting who did not compete for these emblems. Among these visitors were Mr. Will H. Thompson, the present champion archer of the United States, Mr. C. S. Case, Mr. D. V. A. Manley, of Toledo, Ohio, and several other members of the Toledo Archers. The programme and prizelist were so arranged as to give general satisfaction, and the meeting went off without a jar or unpleasant incident.

The afternoon of the second day, the archers and spectators were called together in front of the grand tent, and the President, Mr. W. T. Brown, of Hastings, requested Mr. Will H. Thompson to present the champion and championship medals to Dr. W. R. Dorrance and Mrs. E. T. Church, who had made the highest score in the contest for the championship on the preceding day.

The presentation speeches were exceedingly happy and appropriate, and were met with hearty applause. Mrs. Church received the lady's medal with the same easy grace which marked her shooting, and Dr. Dorrance replied in a brief and very neat speech, in which he proved himself as skillful and brilliant in talking as in drawing the good yow-bow. The lady champion and Dr. Dorrance will each attend the National meeting, and will be found in the front rank of contestants. The ladies generally shoot better than the men, and Mrs. Church, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Phillips and Miss Sil, being especially fortunate in their scoring. The championship medal of the United States was won at Chicago last year by Mrs. Spalding Brown, with a score of 541, and it is very flattering evidence of improvement that Mrs. E. T. Church should have taken this medal with a score only six points less, when at the whole the medal was won by Mrs. Church, who shot 535. She was actually able to score 310 points at the same round. While at Chicago, she only obtained 101 points with forty-eight arrows at forty yards, she here obtained 210 points at the forty yards range.

Mrs. Church shoots in perfect form, drawing her arrows slowly to a point just below the chin, taking careful aim over the point of the arrow at the point of aim, and looking at the whole the whole time. She made a score of 600 at the Double Round may be expected from her at Buffalo. The championess was closely followed by Mrs. Caldwell, of the Battle Creek archers, who scored only seven points less upon the round (528), leading at the end of the second range by three points, and was only passed at the very close of the thirty yards range. Miss Sil, of Detroit, made a fine score of 499 points, leading the field at the thirty yards range with the good record of 245 points. In the ladies' handicap of forty-eight arrows at thirty yards she again led with 261 points. Both Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Phillips shot below their average scores at practice, the latter having often scored nearly 700 points at the Double Round. The English National Round of forty-eight arrows at sixty yards and twenty-four arrows at fifty yards was shot by the ladies on the last day, and Mrs. Church stood eighty-nine to eighty-six. While the occasion seemed one of great pleasure to all, yet the ladies especially gave evidence of the rare "witchery of archery," for they seemed to be "merry as a marriageable belle" during the entire meeting. A hard task, indeed, was imposed upon Mr. Will H. Thompson by the President when he required that gentleman to award the prizes, and Mrs. E. T. Church & Co. to be the most graceful lady archer. The champion was equal to the emergency, however, and his presentation speech was received with the liveliest applause. He said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—
"Well knowing that no one with a home in your midst would dare attempt the decision which I am asked to make, a delegate from a distant city is called upon to bear away with him the emblems of all your fair archers, with only one exception.

"I might in a spirit of gallantry declare that all the ladies are perfectly graceful, and, therefore, tied for first

place for this prize, but no two ladies would agree with me. Even if I should so decide, the tie would have to be shot off, as all your ties are decided, and the prize would be the reward of skill instead of grace. I might declare that where all were so graceful it was impossible for me to name the most graceful, but every lady would think that she could decide in a moment, only she would not care to tell who she had chosen.

"Knowing of no better way than the most direct one, I have decided that the three ladies who have yielded their weapons most gracefully are Mrs. Church, Mrs. Phillips and Miss Sil. Mrs. Church seems to be tied with Mr. Church, Mrs. Phillips with Mr. Phillips, for other prizes; but which I trust may neither be "divided" or "shot off," but strengthen as the years go on. Therefore, to Miss Sil, who is tied with no one, I award this prize, having no doubt that the gentle gracefulness which has won her this reward will easily charm into the golden tie whoever may be so blessed as to find grace in her sight."

Every one admired the fine tactics of the speaker, and no one could have borne off the prize who more truly deserved it than the recipient.

The gentlemen with a team shoot at the American round by gentlemen, and a team shoot at the American round by three ladies from one society. In the ladies' contest the Battle Creek team won with a score of 692. The best individual score being made by Mrs. Church, of the Crescent Bowmen, 65-319. This we consider a rare score for a public match.

The Crescent Bowmen won the first team prize for the gentlemen with a score of 1,442. Mr. Parns S. DeGraff, of that society, obtaining the first individual score, 80-428, closely followed by Mr. E. T. Church with 416. Mr. Will H. Thompson, who shot the round at the same target with the Crescent Bowmen, scored 501.

The only instance of three goals being made at an end during the meeting was by Mr. Parns S. DeGraff, at the last end at fifty yards. Much of the pleasure of the meeting is due to the care and business tact of the President, Mr. W. T. Brown and Mr. E. T. Church, of the executive committee, and Dr. Dorrance the Corresponding Secretary. Mr. Church was so closely engaged, that he could not give any care to his own shooting, and consequently fell very far below his average work. Though the shooting only ceased at 7 o'clock on Thursday evening, yet the totals were all found, the intricate prize list made out and the prizes distributed early on the same evening. To any one not so well acquainted with the mysteries of an archery score sheet, this will appear wonder, particularly when the extremely varied programme of the meeting is considered. The happy result was due to the perfectly arranged blanks, arranged by Mr. E. T. Church, and to the skill and intelligence of Mr. W. H. Thompson of the house of Richmond, Backus & Co., of Detroit, who served the association in the capacity of chief scorer. No one but an accomplished book-keeper could have succeeded so well, and few would have exhibited the patience and industry to have accomplished the work. To him, as much as any one person, the pleasure of the meeting is due.

Below we give the complete record of the scoring:—

Ladies' contest for medal:—

DOUBLE COLUMBIA ROUND.				
Name.	50 Yards.	40 Yards.	30 Yards.	Totals.
Miss Sil.	18-12	16-12	4-24	48-48
Miss Hazard.	5-19	23-27	31-112	62-238
Mrs. Phillips.	18-12	20-102	38-181	63-335
Mrs. Church.	18-12	20-102	38-181	63-335
Mrs. Green.	17-55	29-100	39-195	86-350
Mrs. Church.	34-82	42-210	47-243	113-535
Mrs. Church.	34-82	42-210	47-243	113-535
Mrs. Griswold.	18-63	22-90	37-123	81-281
Mrs. Sherwood.	10-20	23-25	27-111	60-216
Mrs. M. Goodrich.	37-14	38-74	41-127	116-328
Miss C. J. Graham.	1-3	1-1	12-63	14-72
Miss D. C. Graham.	5-20	13-29	22-80	40-145
Miss A. Early.	6-21	6-21	28-70	61-133

Ladies' handicap—48 arrows at 30 yards:—

Hits. Score.		
Miss Sil.	43	261
Mrs. Church.	43	261
Mrs. Phillips.	41	249
Mrs. Caldwell.	44	264
Mrs. Church.	47	281
Mrs. Smith.	23	72

ENGLISH LANCE ROUND.

Ladies shooting 48 arrows at 60 yards and 24 arrows at 30 yards:—

Name.				
Miss Sil.	12-18	14-50	26-68	
Mrs. Phillips.	22-36	15-63	37-149	
Mrs. Caldwell.	8-24	10-44	18-72	
Mrs. Green.	27-14	27-37	54-91	
Mrs. Church.	23-39	30-96	43-185	
Miss Early.	4-14	3-13	7-27	
Mrs. Church.	6-21	6-21	12-42	

Ladies' Team Shoot—Three ladies from one society:—

COLUMBIA ROUND.				
Name.	50 Yards.	40 Yards.	30 Yards.	Totals.
Mrs. Green.	8-26	17-73	21-71	46-170
Mrs. Church.	20-38	23-100	33-131	63-319
Mrs. Sherwood.	5-30	8-42	17-73	30-145

Grand total.

Waywasmio Archers.

Miss D. C. Graham.	0-0	3-6	14-51	16-60
Miss Ada Early.	1-3	10-40	10-28	21-71
Miss Hazard.	5-20	11-31	17-73	33-140

Grand total.

Battle Creek Archers.

Mrs. Phillips.	12-43	17-67	22-110	51-225
Mrs. Caldwell.	8-22	11-47	20-118	39-188
Mrs. Griswold.	8-22	11-47	20-118	39-188

Grand total.

Contest for champion medal:—

SINGLE RING ROUND.

Name.				
J. B. Roberts.	5-19	4-12	6-24	15-55
D. R. Griswold.	2-4	5-21	10-38	17-63
Frank Perry.	10-56	12-32	16-54	44-142
C. S. Case.	9-27	9-27	9-27	35-121
A. M. Phillips.	13-41	11-41	12-54	36-126
J. B. Roberts.	3-11	6-2	6-23	15-36
E. B. Avery.	1-1	6-2	6-23	13-30
L. P. Campbell.	2-8	2-8	2-8	6-24
C. H. Lathrop.	15-15	15-65	8-23	38-143
C. S. Case.	15-15	15-65	8-23	38-143
E. T. Church.	5-16	13-30	13-63	31-109
C. B. Lathrop.	4-14	13-43	11-39	28-96
C. S. Case.	15-15	15-65	8-23	38-143
C. S. Case.	2-14	12-38	11-27	25-59
C. S. Case.	8-9	8-40	9-41	26-50
D. S. Goodrich.	8-9	8-40	9-41	26-50
C. E. Baxter.	9-39	9-31	13-57	31-127
W. H. Lord.	17-77	12-54	12-57	41-188
H. W. Lord.	2-4	2-6	4-14	8-24

C. D. Waterman.	1-5	4-22	10-34	17-71
S. E. Parkhill.	8-24	3-3	23-56	34-83
P. A. Foy.	9-27	9-27	12-51	31-105
J. T. Sil.	0-0	3-4	6-23	9-23
G. W. Sherwood.	8-26	6-26	10-46	24-58
W. H. Thompson.	1-1	1-1	15-44	17-46
C. L. Clark.	3-13	10-23	6-33	19-41
C. E. Keene.	2-8	6-16	12-40	20-61
H. E. Palmer.	1-1	2-10	4-14	7-25
G. E. Smith.	8-26	1-17	4-10	19-53
J. L. Wilkins.	4-14	7-23	7-23	18-60

* Did not shoot all their arrows.

Gent's Handicap—30 arrows at 40 yards:—

Hits. Score.		
J. B. Roberts.	24	109
P. A. Foy.	24	109
D. R. Griswold.	23	103
Frank Perry.	28	150
C. S. Case.	21	83
A. M. Phillips.	23	127
G. E. Avery.	20	78
W. H. Thompson.	24	109
H. E. Lathrop.	23	103
W. T. Brown.	21	83
E. T. Church.	20	78
N. A. Osmond.	28	142
C. E. Beech.	23	103
F. Gould.	21	83
F. H. Gould.	19	81
C. E. Baxter.	25	147

Gentlemen—Free For All.

YORK ROUND.

Name.				
P. S. DeGraff.	9-29	16-62	19-73	44-164
Frank Perry.	11-41	19-64	14-60	44-164
C. S. Case.	11-41	19-64	14-60	44-164
C. B. Lathrop.	5-25	8-24	11-47	24-96
A. M. Phillips.	9-43	10-44	13-51	32-138
C. E. Beech.	9-43	10-44	13-51	32-138
Will H. Thompson.	26-108	36-144	23-99	95-411
W. T. Brown.	7-23	8-24	12-42	27-69
E. T. Church.	17-77	10-40	14-60	41-177
"O. O. Campen.	3-13	3-13	5-29	8-42
G. E. Avery.	6-18	3-13	5-29	15-50
F. Gould.	10-36	10-36	14-60	35-132
J. L. Wilkins.	3-17	7-17	9-29	19-63
A. E. Baxter.	2-8	5-23	2-8	9-37
W. H. Thompson.	12-48	12-48	15-61	39-156
C. B. Lathrop.	14-50	14-46	6-10	31-102
F. A. Daniels.	6-24	11-39	3-7	21-100
S. E. Parkhill.	9-27	10-40	10-27	29-94
T. A. Early.	3-7	2-12	4-20	9-39
C. D. Waterman.	11-41	11-39	6-14	23-94
P. A. Foy.	10-36	10-36	14-60	35-132
F. H. Gould.	6-16	7-21	9-49	23-86
A. E. Baker.	10-36	8-31	12-62	31-129
G. W. Sherwood.	10-42	12-40	8-30	30-118
D. V. R. Manly.	7-29	6-18	12-36	25-83
H. N. Smith.	12-43	14-46	12-44	39-133
H. E. Bidwell.	9-31	6-40	6-40	29-111

* Did not shoot all the arrows.

Gent's Team Shoot:—

AMERICAN ROUND.

Name.				
G. H. Lathrop.	14-68	23-103	27-121	64-282
A. E. Baxter.	9-25	12-58	19-75	40-158
P. A. Foy.	10-36	10-36	14-60	35-132
C. B. Lathrop.	16-63	18-73	23-144	63-285

Grand total.

Hastings Archers.

J. S. Wilkins.	15-40	11-63	20-88	46-181
J. B. Roberts.	7-29	13-57	23-89	43-175
C. S. Goodrich.	12-48	12-71	19-84	44-203
W. H. Lord.	14-62	18-68	29-133	61-233

Grand total.

Crescent Bowmen.

G. W. Sherman.	17-87	24-110	28-161	69-361
P. S. DeGraff.	23-111	27-145	30-172	80-428
C. E. Baxter.	16-68	10-81	22-88	57-237
E. T. Church.	23-115	27-151	39-170	89-436

Grand total.

Battle Creek Archers.

F. E. Perry.	14-68	20-113	23-154	65-332
D. R. Griswold.	18-56	22-108	26-144	66-308
A. M. Phillips.	13-35	21-99	29-104	63-238
C. E. Beech.	14-78	25-119	29-152	67-353

Grand total.

Robin Hood Archers.

W. H. Lord.	11-43	4-16	20-82	40-156
J. F. Sil.	10-46	4-16	18-60	24-80
D. W. Smith.	10-46	14-58	19-85	43-189
Lew King.	6-20	18-72	20-88	44-180

Grand total.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

A. C. L., Madison, Ind.—Powder does not deteriorate with age.

SACO.—We have no Heershoff time tables to spare. Some of the Boston yacht clubs might supply.

A. J. M.—A 20ft. Sharpie should be from 5ft. to 6ft. wide, 2ft. deep forward and 1ft. midship. Area of sails 200 square feet. Sides 1 or 1 in. line.

CAPTAIN.—The articles on dog breaking appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM on the following dates: March 18th, April 18th, 15th and 29th, and May 13th.

G. H. G.—The sketch you send is that of a "barkentine," if supplied with regular foresail, the foremast and with a round sail on the foremast, and lower mast about as long as the main or mizzen, it would be a "topsal schooner."

G. H. E.—Size of boat for cruise to Florida depends upon what comforts you desire. Should recommend a Boston schooner of 45ft., although the voyage can be made by skillful sailors in smaller boats. Unless you propose sailing in the shallow waters of Florida, get a deep boat, keel preferred, with ballast stowed low and well secured. Snug rig only.

L. E. W., Hayts Corner, N. Y.—Dr. Alfred L. Loomis, Willard Parker, Austin Flint, are all standard authorities on diseases of the respiratory organs—heart and kidneys. The fee per visit is about \$10. In the out-door treatment of some of the medical colleges, treatment is free. We do not know anything about Dr. S. Fitch, except the fact of his having published the books to which you allude.

J. V. S., New York.—Have mailed you pedigree of dog Leo A puppy of seven months is too old to be spared. We refer you to articles named in answer to "Sportman," in this column June 17th. The weight of a three months old setter puppy will vary depending on breed, care. Keep which will give a large margin from about twelve to sixteen pounds.

ESSIGN.—The best books on spaniel breaking are Hutchinson's "Dog Breaking," and "Breaking and Training Dogs" by Pathfinder. To prevent your dog from shedding of his hair, apply the following lotion: Sub. acet. of lead, two drachms; pure glycerine, one and a half ounces; thee. arnica, half ounce; rain water, six ounces. Rub well into the skin every other day.

one and a half ounces; thee. arnica, half ounce; rain water, six ounces. Rub well into the skin every other day.

A. C. C.—The compromise cutter, built by Piegrass for Boston parties, is named *Hesper*. She is 51ft. on deck, 45ft. water line, 13ft. 3in. beam, 7ft. 3in. hold, mast deck to cap, 47ft. 6in.; topmast, 15ft. to head, 31ft.; boom 46ft., gaff 26ft., 6in., bowsprit on water line 45ft. The *Rooper* is 45ft. 6in. long on deck, 46ft. 8in. on water line, 17ft. 5in. beam, 5ft., 10in. deep, and 6ft. 1in. draft without board.

MOOSE.—Where is derived the word "Moose," the name given in America to *Alce americana*—identical, as we are told by Judge Caton, with the European elk. By some it has been supposed to be the Indian name of this species of deer, but Lady Morgan in her "Flore MacCarthy" says: "The moose deer is the crest of the MacCarthy family, of Ireland, and is sculptured in stone at their old castle in that country," and also mentions the fossil horns of the moose ornamenting an apartment there. S. C. C.

W. O. C., Boston, Mass.—Do not feed any meat, but mix plenty of vegetables with cooling diet. Continue the doses of sulphate of magnesia twice a week, and stop the carbolic acid wash. Clean out the dog's kennel and put in new bedding. If the dog continues to be troubled, dress him all over with the following: Two ounces of oil of tar, four ounces of flower of sulphur, and one pint of olive oil. Apply with friction. Give with food, twice a day, for ten days, five drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic. Write result.

S. R. B., Kinsman, O.—In shooting in a bird match with the rule, if a gun misfire or fail to discharge from any cause, it shall score as a lost bird, unless the referee finds upon examination that the gun was properly loaded, and the misfire unavoidable, in which case he shall be allowed another bird. 1. The gun snaps and is taken from the shoulder and immediately discharges, would be entitled to another bird or not? 2. In using Wilson measure No. 1,107 for shot, what is measure, struck or heaped? Ans. 1. Not entitled to another bird. 2. Struck measure.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

AN OLD MAN'S BLESSING.—The following letter has been addressed to a writer for this paper:—

HOLLY, N. Y., June, 1880.
DEAR SIR—I am an old man, seventy-seven years of age, and for three or four years I have had diabetes, which kept growing worse and worse. I suffered, I think, from the disease, and the quantity seeming to increase week after week, and my strength growing less and less, forced me to think that I must soon die, which I certainly should have done had I not taken Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure, which I was induced to try upon recommendation of a friend who had used Warner's Safe Diabetes and Liver Cure, and was cured by it. I have used the Safe Diabetes Cure, it has cured me, and I think it is the best thing in the world. Yours truly, M. N. STODOLAND.

TRAITS OF FLORIDA BIRDS.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—Now and then I come across little items which I deem within the scope of your journal and interesting to your readers. The latest was a scene on one of our lakes—a flock of our beautiful birds. The roseate spoonbills are just coming in, and knowing a favorite feeding ground on the margin of Salt Lake I took down my gun and went out to secure a specimen. When within a hundred yards I tiptoed, and could see over the tall grass through an open space a number of our wading species—egrets, herons and spoonbills. I "lowered away," and on all four legs I stood around busily going through my traps. Beautiful, truly charming! On a turf, side to the large, snowy egret, his magnificent plumage flowing to windward and reflected in the water below, while on all sides the little egrets, with their little plumes curled up on their backs and the topknot flowing in the wind, skipped here and there after the minnows and crayfish, while the pink birds stood around busily going through their traps. Two of these, and the prettiest of the lot, were near the "old sentinel," and now and then, as they spread a wing, the beauty of the scene was at its best. I could not shoot; I wanted these three, but as I was either seen or smelled, away they went. Not satisfied with doing well, we often do worse.

Some weeks since I killed a great blue heron which had swallowed two mooseans snakes, one of which was over two feet long and fully an inch in diameter, while the smaller one was as large as a man's forefinger. This was a surprise to me, and enough to astonish any one. At another time I killed one, and I noticed that it was unusually heavy. In this bird I found a full grown mullet. The fish was some three inches longer than the body of the bird, and would weigh about half as much. I found one in the act of "getting away" with a eufish, which one might think the bird would not begin to tackle. I can but believe he would have swallowed the cat if he had not been disturbed, as I found the thorn or fin of one in the throat of a blue heron some time after. A gray pelican will probably eat more fish than a man, say in a week or month.

Wm. P. N.

Puella's Fla., May, 1880.

"ROCK" BASS.—North *Thetford*, Vt., June 21st.—My dear "Shadow":—There has been much research for the food on which the black bass subsists. The highest authority here says he never found a particle of food in the fish's stomach, although he has caught them with a hook for years. Since being here I have caught them daily and have solved the mystery—it is *stones*. The last one I caught in had a stone in its stomach as big as a walnut, and nothing else. This stone was evidently larger once than it is now, and had I not caught him would have lasted for some time to come. When I got to catching pounders later in the season I shall send you a stone as big as my fist, if I find one.

Springfield, Mass., June 23d.—My dear Professor:—I have just received your postal. I am glad to hear from you, although you give me nothing but a stone. I presume that you wish for my opinion upon it. Well, I think that it is a "whopper" for a stone of its size—and I should like it for my collection, for I don't believe that you will ever find another one in a bass. That they are voracious feeders I am well aware. That they ever dine off the granite boulders from the bed of the stream I am loath to believe, and after pondering over the phenomenon for a long time I have come to the conclusion that all bass that persist in the stone eating are not well balanced fish, and are obliged to take in ballast.

SHADOW.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

*Any publisher inserting our prospectus above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1880.

TO Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith, and be addressed to Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts.

Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

—The judges at Berlin have awarded to the FOREST AND STREAM a silver medal in recognition of the valuable literature pertaining to fish culture, angling, and natural history contained in its first thirteen volumes. Accepting the new honor with becoming modesty, we confess to a pardonable pride in attaining the distinction thus conferred upon us. The bound volumes of this journal contain a vast amount of valuable material in the departments which are its specialties, and from week to week it is constantly adding to the storehouse of knowledge and instruction. Deeds are always better than words, and therefore it may be unnecessary for us to add that we propose to make the next fourteen volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM just as rich, as instructive, and as entertaining as the first fourteen have been. The award at Berlin is to be accepted not simply as a token of past excellence, but also as an earnest of what is to come.

We publish elsewhere a full list of the American awards, and commend a careful reading of the suggestive details. The United States sent its exhibits to show to the European world the resources and vast industries of this Continent. It may be that the Berlin display will also open the eyes of Americans themselves to the riches of their own land.

INDIAN CURIOSITIES.—We have received from an Indianapolis correspondent a number of Indian curiosities, which the owner wishes to dispose of. The articles consist of a buckskin coat, ornamented with porcupine quills; a handsome tobacco sack; a fine redstone pipe or calumet; two Sioux arrows; a number of stone arrow heads, and a few human bones from the mounds of Indiana. Any one interested in these matters should apply to this office for price and particulars.

CONNECTICUT SHAD FISHING.—The close season for shad fishing in the Connecticut River begins Aug. 1st. Late reports from Holyoke, Mass., speak of very successful fly-fishing there.

—The latest phase of the "endurance" idiocy is the attempt of a "Dr." Tanner to fast forty days in a hall of this city. If the man dies, or becomes insane, as seems probable, we hope to see his assistants indicted and held for complicity in the affair.

SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.

THOUGH the progress which is made by game protection in this country is slow, and though its friends have to work against many discouragements, some steps in advance are being made each year.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the gradual spread of the sentiment in favor of abolishing the summer shooting of woodcock. The necessity for some protection of this species has naturally made itself felt first in the older and more thickly settled States, where game is least plentiful and gunners most numerous; and hence we have seen Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey amend their laws so that the woodcock should be protected, at least during the nesting season. There is to us something so repulsive in the idea of destroying a poor mother bird, which has under her charge a nest of eggs or a brood of tottering, downy young ones, that we cannot understand how any right feeling person can take the least pleasure in it. It has been pretty clearly demonstrated that woodcock rear at least two broods in the summer, if they are unmolested, and it would seem that the shortsightedness of interrupting the labor of reproduction, when it is but half completed, must be apparent to any one who would take the trouble to consider the matter. The woodcock lays ordinarily four eggs, and her first brood is hatched so early that we have seen, in advanced springs, young ones able to fly well by the 25th of April. As soon as the birds of the first hatching are able to shift for themselves, the old ones prepare their second nest, and the young of this brood are usually out of the shell by July 1st. We have more than once seen, in years gone by, the poor little things during the summer shooting, and been moved to pity by their grotesque helplessness.

That summer shooting is thoroughly wrong in principle is acknowledged by all the best class of sportsmen; but more than such an acknowledgment, and more than laws prohibiting the so-called sport, are required to protect the birds. Good laws are enough to protect woodcock from the respectable portion of the community during the close season; but what the birds require is protection from a portion of the community not so respectable. No self-respecting sportsman intentionally violates the game laws, but there are plenty of men calling themselves sportsmen who do not hesitate to kill birds out of season. We have the names of men in New York, Connecticut and New Jersey who call themselves, and perhaps think that they are, gentlemen, who have killed woodcock this summer.

It is a part of the business of the true sportsman to use every effort to educate this law-breaking class up to his own level. It will be slow and difficult work, but we believe that it can be done.

The farmers and land-owners will of course be on the side of the law in this case. They have grass and grain fields which they do not wish to have trodden down and ruined; and many of them know by experience what it is to have three or four men and as many dogs tramping through the high grass, looking for some unlucky bird that has been driven out of the swamp into the meadow.

Besides the salvation of the woodcock and their preservation till fall, the protection of the young ruffed grouse must be considered. The men who will shoot the brooding woodcock, warm from her nest, will not hesitate to knock over the chicken grouse, which will lie sometimes until the dog catches them in his mouth, and which, if they do fly are so easy to hit that a ten year old boy who could not kill three out of five ought to be soundly spanked.

The laws, as they stand in the four States above mentioned, are very well, and if they could be enforced would do a vast amount of good; but until the people generally have respect for a law it is hopeless to attempt to see its provisions carried out as they should be. We do not wish to be understood as saying that these laws are all that they should be, but they are vastly better than what we have had before, and if enforced would do no end of good.

People in America, misled by the abundance of its game, have until recently imagined that our game mammals, birds and fishes could never be exterminated. The consequence has been that where one article has been penned on the preservation of game, fifty have been written telling how to kill it. The wholesale destruction of our game within a few years past, the extermination of the buffalo, and the depletion of our trout and salmon streams, are slowly awakening the people of this country to the fact that some active steps must be taken if the next generation are to carry and use rods and guns. It is encouraging to see papers like the *Herald* take hold of a question of this kind, and we take pleasure in quoting a portion of a recent editorial, as follows:—

The ordinary sense of any man of sportsmanlike instinct should protest against shooting young birds and preventing the natural increase of the finest game bird of the Eastern States; but neither sense nor respect for the law, which in New Jersey forbids woodcock shooting in July and August, can prevent a mere stupid slaughterer from dragging his dog and his gun wherever anything to shoot can be found. There are two ways of discouraging the summer shooting of New Jersey's woodcock, most of which are taken by men from New York—one is for

leading sportsmen here to make the practice unpopular by "cutting" those who indulge in it, and the other is for Jerseymen to turn informers and have the offenders arrested and punished under the law.

This New Jersey bill, which was passed mainly through the efforts of Messrs. Geo. S. Duryea, of Essex County, and J. Gill, of Orange, N. J., would if enforced make New Jersey again what it once was—the paradise of fall woodcock shooters. We commend the *Herald's* suggestion to our readers.

YALE'S VICTORY.—The crew which Yale turned out this year was a great improvement upon her late representatives in point of weight and condition, and so once again victory perched upon her banners, the first time in four years. The course was well marked out, and the police kept it clear of boats, giving a fair opportunity for the universities to do their best. The race was rowed over the New London course, on the Thames, July 1st, to a fair crowd of spectators and the usual congregation of yachts and craft of all description. The Yale crew broke an outrigger just after starting, and the race threatened to come to naught but for the sensible provision which permits the umpire to recall the boats and start them over again. At the first mile Yale went ahead, and it soon became evident that Harvard was overmatched, the lead being rapidly spun out, Yale winning amid the frantic cheers of the spectators assembled in 24m. 27s., and her opponents some ten lengths astern. The day was unfortunately marred by the regrettable accident to Mr. Lincoln, President of the New London and Northern Railroad, and Mrs. Appleton, both of whom were killed by being thrown from one of the cars forming the "movable grand stand," which accompanied the racing boats over the tracks of the road running along the shore. The Yale crew is as follows:—

Bow—John B. Collins, St. Joseph, Mo., '81, 21 years, 170 pounds. No. 2—Philo C. Fuller, Grand Rapids, Mich., '81, 23 years, 167 pounds. No. 3—Frederick W. Rogers, Lexington, Mass., '83, 21 years, 176 pounds. No. 4—Nathaniel T. Guernsey, Dubuque, Iowa, '81, 23 years, 177 pounds. No. 5—Louis K. Hull, Lebanon, Conn., '83, 20 years, 180 pounds. No. 6—George B. Rogers, S. S. Lexington, Mass., '80, 23 years, 186 pounds. No. 7—Charles B. Storrs, New York City, '82, 20 years, 180 pounds. Stroke—Harry T. Folsom, Orange, N. J., '83, 20 years, 172 pounds. Average, 21½ years, 176 pounds. Coxswain, Mun Yew Chang, Han Shan, China, '83, 20 years, 90 pounds.

THE TEAM ABROAD.—Word comes that the team under Col. Bodine intend sailing for home on the 20th inst. They have done well; better than the most sanguine expected of them; and now everything is clear to the contest for the Palma next year. The Irishmen have shown themselves experts of no mean order, but they have been defeated by a team which was not considered as the most homogeneous and therefore the strongest that could have left our shores. Sir Henry Halford, if he will give up hobnobbing with irresponsible parties, who have not the right to contract for international matches on behalf of America, and devote himself to the organization of a team to visit America in 1881, will find himself fully engaged. He has the whole kingdom to pick from, and with such a high model as the recent winning average of over 215 set at Dollymount no second-rate marksmen can hope to find places on the team of either nation. If there should be any backing out on the part of Sir Henry or his men it can only be set down to fright after seeing the American scores made last week.

TEXAS JACK.—Our brief mention last week of the death of "Texas Jack," at Leadville, Col., June 27th, must have recalled to several of our readers their Rocky Mountain campaigns, spent in company with this noted guide and scout. In the summer of 1878 a party of New York gentlemen made an extended trip, under his leadership, and their very enjoyable experience were at the time detailed in our columns. "Texas Jack," whose real name was J. B. Omohundro, had long been noted for his frontier exploits, where the most of his life was passed. His nickname, by which he was better known than by his real name, was earned years ago by his exploit of conducting a cattle drive from Texas to Colorado.

In 1876 he was employed in Gen. Crook's campaign against the Sioux, and when the Indians were defeated he rode with the dispatches 325 miles in six days, displaying great pluck and endurance, eluding the hostile Indians on the way and sending the news through to the New York *Herald* twenty-four hours in advance of the military authorities.

In 1878 he came East, and while in this city frequently called at our office, always showing himself a gentleman in his bearing, and quite the reverse of the blustering plainsman, which he was depicted to be on the bill posters of his traveling theatrical company. "Texas Jack" was buried with military honors at Leadville.

—The *London World* thinks that the reason so many young men nowadays walk like crabs, is a consequence of their perpetual wobbling on the bicycle; and it says that the appearance is known as the "bicycle back." All this promises ill for the Boston bicyclers.

STUDIES IN ALASKAN NATURAL HISTORY.

SITKA, Alaska, May 25th.

AT last Sitka and its surroundings has done something toward redeeming its reputation with us as a country in which it was possible to obtain some little amusement with a gun. Months after month the good time coming has been postponed, until at length we gave up in despair and stowed away our Parkers; but for the last four weeks we have had as good shooting as any one could ask for, but within the last four days it has gone to "Hans Brideman's barly; where is dot barly now?"

First the ducks flocked, preparatory to their flight northward, and their numbers were beyond computation. And when a flock got up, from a shot among them, the noise of their wings could be heard a mile. We did not pay much attention to them; we were tired of ducks, and the flocks were very wary, and, beside, we had better business with the beach-birds, which came in immense quantities. While we were working at them the ducks disappeared. None of the sea fowl breed in this vicinity, but the Indians still bring in a few mallard, which is a pity, as they are now breeding in the lakes among the mountains. A few green-winged teal, too, have come. These birds winter further south; they were the first to come and to go last fall, and are now coming back after the others have left. The Canada goose also breeds here, and some of them, taken young, are in captivity ashore. I think that Barrow's golden eye also winters further south. I got some early last fall, none during the winter, and two during the last week. The mergansers, harlequins, surf ducks, oldwives, scoters, butter balls and scaups were plentiful all winter, but have gone probably to the valley of the Yukon. For two or three weeks, though, the beaches and marshes and flats have been alive with birds. One of our officers brought home one hundred and thirty snipe and plover from an afternoon's work on the flats, and bags of forty or fifty were common, among which would be, of plover, the semi-palmated, the ring neck, the surf bird, and another with four toes, which is neither the "beetle headed" or surf bird, as described by Coues, genus 189 and 193, as the only four-toed plover in the United States. I obtained from an Indian several of these, both male and female, but could not find out where they were shot. We got none on the beach that I know of. I will copy from my note book my description: Plovers, May 10th, male and female. *Male*—Length, 10½ inches; extent, 21½ inches; wing, 6½ inches; bill, ½ of an inch; gap, 2½ inches; tarsus, 1½ inches; toes, ¼, middle, with claw, 1½ inches; hind, with claw, 1½ inches; full tail, 2½ inches; 12 feathers; toes not lobate; legs yellowish green; tibia feathered two-thirds of length; colors: upper part, head, back and scapula, dark brown, mixed with lighter brown, the feathers on back having dark brown fields, fringed and tipped with yellowish white; rump, upper tail coverts and one inch of back adjoining, white; tail, dark plain brown; under parts, chin and throat white and brown mottled; belly and anal regions white, with a few black-tipped feathers; under wing, white. *Female*—Length, 8 inches; extension, 15 inches; bill, 1 inch; tarsus, ¾ of an inch; 4 toes, hind one little over ¼ of an inch; legs, olive green; colors: back, dark brown, fields edged with yellowish white; head the same, but lighter, and back of neck lighter still; upper wing coverts slaty brown, edged with white, the long outer feathers having white quills; under part mottled brown and white; rear of belly and anal regions white. At first I took this for the female of the surf bird, but there was one striking difference. In the bill of the surf bird there is on each side a V shaped groove, the apex toward the end of bill and nostril situated in lower posterior. With this plover—which certainly is not genus 189, as its belly was white—there were on the bill two short, longitudinal grooves, end to end, separated by a little partition, the nostril being in the rear of the hinder one. I have saved the skins, and shall send them to Prof. Baird.

From the marshes we have got a few golden plover. Of snipe I have identified as follows, using "Coues' Key": No. 203, Wilson's snipe. No. 204, gray snipe, of which, by the way, the cut of head and bill in "Key" is perfect, and the membrane between outer and middle toes very "evident." My bird is a large one; dimensions as follows: Length, 11 inches; extension, 19½ inches; wing, 8 inches; head, 1½ inches; bill, 2½ inches; tarsus, 1½ inches; middle toe and claw, 1½ inches, outer pair semi-palmated; legs, yellow-brown; tail, 12 feathers; colors about as described by Coues. No. 200, semi-palmated sandpiper. No. 207 to 209, least sandpiper, Baird's sandpiper, jack snipe. No. —, black-bellied sandpiper and jack curlew. The latter I didn't get, but feel quite sure I recognized.

For a few days we had flush times, but about the 20th the birds had about all gone from the immediate vicinity, and we had to search other fields. Hearing that at the head of a deep bay (Crab Bay, which penetrates the eastern side of Kinzoif Island, about twelve miles to the westward) there were extensive flats, which at low water were covered with birds, a party of us started on the 24th and explored the country. We found the flats, as de-

scribed, but instead of being covered with birds they were covered only with seaweed, stranded starfish and clam and scollop shells. Our day's work gave us but one black-bellied sandpiper, one shot at a goose, which, although hit, carried off the No. 8's, and one at a bald eagle. The day was, however, a splendid one, and as a picnic the affair was a success.

The starfish were wonderful as regards colors, which were purple, red and green, in different shades. One species resembled in shape the *Asterias vulgaris*, and another, with eight or ten short arms surrounding a wide body, resembled more nearly the *Ctenasteriscus crispatus*, so far as comparative length of body and legs went. All were of great size, some over a foot in diameter. In every direction the flat seemed to be filled out with fountains, for great spurts of water, three to four feet high, were constantly occurring, which of course we translated clams, and dug for them, and such clams! I brought some on board and weighed them, and they weighed one and a quarter pounds each, and were from six to seven inches long by four to five inches in length and breadth.

Desiring to preserve the shells, I sent them forward to be opened and cleaned, and my cook found in each a crab of light yellow hue, soft shelled, and with great quantities of eggs, almost ready for laying. The crabs were alive, and I would suppose had crept into the open shells for an asylum during their egg-laying season; but the man insists that they were inside the clam itself, and says that he first noticed the little claws projecting from the body of the fish, and that when he pulled them out a cavity remained. If this is so—and another Chinaman confirms him, only he says "Clab he inside that stomach"—may it not be that the crab was burrowing in the clam's flesh and thus obtaining food as well as lodging while "in the stomach"? Certainly they would not have been in the clam, and living, also; and these lived some time after extraction. Of course the man failed to give me a chance to look into this phenomena.

I believe if I shot a "phillaloo bird," and laid it aside for study, that cook would serve it up for my breakfast without a question, if not warned. He did serve me that way with an ousel. Well, I've got the crab in alcohol, and shall try to get a specimen intact of both.

Mount Edgecomb is on Kinzoif Island, and from a lake on its foot-hills flows through this Crab Bay flats a pretty little river, which I believe is the one from which the trout I sent you a description and drawing of in my last were obtained. I hardly believed the Indian who told me that these fish ran up into the lake in fall, lived there all winter and ran down in spring; but after a talk with Whitford, who, in his capacity of oldest inhabitant and trader, has more information about fish, game, etc., as obtained from the Indians, than any other man in Sitka, he fully confirms the story of the Indian, and says that every spring they are brought in not only from the lake on Kinzoif Island, but from the mountain lakes, in which, during winter, the Indians catch them through the ice. The Indian name for the fish is "quot."

During our flush times with the beach-birds every boy in town who could rig up a bow and arrows, or borrow a cheap shot gun, was busy with robins, which in countless numbers harried with us a few days and spent their time on the beaches feeding on herring spawn and small crustacea. They, too, have winged their way northward, and now the shore line and flats are devoid of life.

I learn that the question as to how many and what variety of crows exist in Alaska is now agitating ornithological circles. I will give my mite toward settling the question. During our year here three species have been more or less plentiful. I have not shot any, not banking particularly for "crow" as game, but shall soon do so now that they are "wanted" by science.

All summer, all winter, and until a month ago, ravens were very plentiful—living in the town itself, thronging the streets as plentifully and as impudently as does in our Eastern cities the pet (aversion) of Coues, the *Passer domesticus*. A month ago the cayote dogs killed a turkey on shore—I might almost say the turkey, for there were but two in town—and its body, well seasoned with strychnine, was hung up just high enough to enable the dogs to continue their repast. But the ravens got in ahead, and for weeks their dead bodies have been liberally sprinkled around the vicinity, and either nearly all were poisoned, which I do not consider probable, or those which escaped poison have been frightened away. I have not seen over half a dozen within the last month.

During the same season, and still continuing to be plentiful, a crow very similar to our ordinary crow, although, I think, somewhat smaller, and differing in its voice, lives among the islands and infests the flats at low tide, flying in immense flocks every morning to Indian River, where they all perform their ablutions and await the early ebbing tide to get their breakfast.

Last fall there were among the islands quantities of a small crow, not over twice the size of a blackbird, and with a note which, although very different from the ordinary crow's, was enough like it to stamp the bird as one of the family. It was my impression then that they were young crows, but since receiving "Coues' Key" I

am inclined to believe that they are identical with the fish crow, or the "crow, var. *carinus*, Baird." I shall look the matter up.

Besides the birds I have mentioned, those most common here now are bald eagles, ospreys and various hawks, and a few song birds, of which I have not as yet obtained specimens. The fact is my scientific turn isn't quite strong enough to completely overturn my sportsman's ideas, and I don't fancy crow and sparrow shooting.

I suppose my young friend, Prof. Merriam, who, when a boy, being hard up for a dog skeleton, killed and boiled his own mastiff in his mother's soup kettle, would not appreciate this sentimentality.

In the way of fish I have little to tell you. The salmon have not as yet come in to great extent. The first school came in, driven by a herd of porpoises, on the 13th inst., and a few were taken by the Indians; since then there have been three or four small schools, but the run cannot be considered as having begun. It is this late opening of the season which operates against the canning interests here. The Columbia River salmon are probably on the market at San Francisco by this time, and it is uphill work to establish a market for the Alaska salmon when it does not come to hand until the market is well supplied with a well-known article. The time for Alaska will come, when the fish, so scarce, get too dear to pay for further south. Here the cost of the fish is a bag-atelle.

I have been surprised at one thing. We arrived here June 15th last year, and it was well on toward September before the salmon began to run up the streams and change color. I don't think I saw a "dog" till late in August, but already this year numbers of them have been taken from Sawmill and other rivers; rose fully developed and colors changing.

The salmon trout have not as yet run into the streams, although they are hovering around in the bay, for they have been taken in nets, and arrivals from outside report salmon plentiful a few miles away. Can it be that the unusual quantity of snow water affects the salt water to such an extent that both classes of fish are waiting for a change? No more "quot" have been seen.

On the beach, where last fall the caplins and smelt came ashore in quantities, there has been captured during the last week quantities of sandlances, about five inches long, five eighths of an inch deep, half an inch broad, and long, sharp head. As soon as these creatures are left by the receding waves they burrow into the sand until but their tail is visible. As table fish they are excellent. Halibut are still plentiful and good, and a bass which resembles greatly the ordinary fresh water black bass is very plentiful, and is caught by trolling with any kind of a spoon; the Indians troll with a strip of halibut belly skin on a single hook. No *Foninalis* as yet, but expected daily.

I have quite a collection of fish in alcohol, and am impatiently awaiting Prof. Bean in the *Alcohol*, who will, I know, be glad to get them, and will be able to classify and describe them. The *Yukon* is expected daily, and by next steamer Prof. Dall will arrive (his chief assistant, Mr. Baker, having arrived by the last steamer), and the *Yukon* will go on surveying and other scientific work.

Pisteco.

GAME PROTECTION.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.

QUEBEC, June 30th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I read your number of the 24th of June in the expectation of getting some migratory quail news, especially with regard to the birds that were turned loose previous to this year, but I regret to find your correspondents are very shy about committing themselves to any statement on the subject. I must therefore report what I have noticed in the birds I have sent adrift. Eighty birds were placed in the county of Quebec, and fourteen were planted at the mouth of the Saguenay; one hundred went to Montreal. Of the birds (ten) I turned out on my own farm, one has been found broken up by hawks, who hunt the grass fields most carefully; but we find "dustings" of quail on the roads and paths, and we have seen one couple dusting. They appear to be as regular in this habit as chickens, seeking places not far from barns or buildings, evidently preferring the risk of the domestic cat to the danger of the chicken hawk. We have never heard any cry or call coming from the quail.

In the midst of my walkings I found a young partridge (*Perdix grisea*) just hatched. This was on the 14th of June, consequently any quail hatched in August will be very late broods, and very weak birds for a migratory experiment. Where there are no native quail the dustings are the surest sign of the old birds, as they will visit the same spot every day, and there can be no mistake about this sign, and the ground for quail is grass or grain land near a wood.

I hope some of your other correspondents will occasionally give you some news, as what is written in local papers is interesting outside the locality, and I know of no medium of communication for migratory quail news as good as the columns of a journal such as yours, having a continental circulation. W.M. RHODES.

DANVILLE, P. Q., June 28th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Your favor of the 18th inst. came during absence. The quail arrived in fine condition, on the 17th inst., and are now rejoicing in their freedom, except a dozen, which I am keeping over in confinement. Shall try to winter

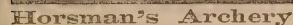
The dimensions and scantling are as follows: 157ft. over all, 152ft. on deck, 146ft. water-line, 140ft. keel, 18ft. beam, and 10ft. hold. Draft of water, including shoe aft, 9ft.; draft of the body 7ft.; least freeboard 5ft. 6in.; overhanging aft 9ft., and forward 10ft. extreme. A short bowsprit projects beyond the stem head,

ever known to be in this country; in consequence, many scores will have to wait over until next week's issue.

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From this point I go East, because there is no railroad to take me farther West. N. A. T.

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Double gut.	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	1.00	75	75	75	Double gut.	1.75	1.75	1.50	1.50	1.00	1.00	75	75	75	75	
Treble loops.	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	Treble loops.	1.40	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	
Gimp.	1.50	1.50	1.50	1.25	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	Gimp.	1.40	1.40	1.25	1.25	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	
Numbers.	8.0	7.0	6.0	5.0	4.0	3.0	2.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	Numbers.	7.5	6.5	5.0	4.0	3.0	2.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0	1.0

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Lady Belle, field, a beautiful black and white bitch, out of Champion Leicester and Orphana; price \$75.

Loli, a handsome white setter bitch; stanch imported liver and white; price \$75.

Perl V., a handsome lemon and white bitch, out of Russia and Champion Paris; price \$75.

One litter of handsome pups, out of Belle No. 1 and Warwick; price \$20 each.

One litter of handsome Irish pups, out of Nora, sired by Champion Jones Thompson's Belle; price \$12 each.

One litter of pups out of Lady Beaconsfield and Robin Hood; price \$20 each.

One brace of pups out of Loli and Robin Hood; price \$20 each.

One litter of pups out of Perl V. and Brussels, full brother to Champion Paris; price \$30 each.

One dog will be sold on consignment, and comes, and, to give satisfaction, I will take any dog and meet the buyer half way, to give trial, provided he will pay expenses and be deposited in the hands of this office. For pedigrees and particulars inquire of

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N. B.—A bad dog never left the Doctor's Kennels. dec19 tf.

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BREEDING KENNEL

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I KEEP ONLY COCKERS of the finest strains. I sell only young stock. I guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery. Every customer. These beautiful and valuable dogs cannot be beaten for ruffed ground and woodcock shooting. Correspondence, enclosing stamp will get printed pedigrees, circulars, testimonials etc.

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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE CURE is warranted to cure all kinds and conditions of mange or skin diseases of any nature on dogs or cattle without injury to the animal. One application is usually all that is necessary. FOR SCATCHES IN HORSES it has no equal. H. GLOVER, Sole Proprietor, 1001 N. 12th St., Philadelphia. P. O. Box 1, Taylor, 72 East Madison St., Chicago; Crookes, Hilder & Co., 601 North Fourth St., St. Louis. Price, 50 cents.

FOR SALE—A red setter dog puppy, ten weeks old, broken on all game, and a full pedigree. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

WANTED—An obedient, prime working English or Irish setter dog, not over four years old. Must be thoroughly broken on woodcock and must be well and have a fine nose, and be thoroughly stanch and obedient; pedigree not much object; extra field work a great advantage. No one unwilling to send his dog to me at my expense, both ways for one week's trial, need answer this advertisement. References, Forest and Stream, 1001 N. 12th St., Montreal, Montreal, Canada, Coburn & Co., Boston. Others given if desired. Address with full description, name and address, to

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N. B.—Setter and Pointer puppies; also, broken dogs, full pedigree. Address H. C. GLOVER, Toms River, N. J.

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GEORGE O. GOODHUE, Danville, Richmond Co., Province Quebec, July 4th.

ENGLISH MASTIFF PUPS FOR SALE.—Full pedigree. Address WM. H. LEE, June 4th.

FOR SALE—Three handsome red Irish setter pups, eight weeks old, large, strong and healthy, out of Nora, sired by champion York & Belle, and one brace of handsome setters, pups out of Belle, sired by Pride of the Border & Kirby and Warwick, both parents being thoroughly broken and prize winners. Prices reasonable. For particulars and full pedigrees, inquire of the CONESTOGA KENNEL, 535 East Franco street, Lancaster, Pa. June 4th.

PEDIGREES.—For samples and prices send two three cent stamps to M. VON CULIN. (See above.) June 4th.

FOR SALE.—Field Trial Setter puppies out of my Flirt (Rock-Starlight), by Avery W. Gore's Fred (Hink-Mollie), full pedigrees. For particulars, address W. A. LEE, June 4th.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Champion Rory O'More in the stud. The handsomest as well as one of the best field and best bred red Irish dogs in the United States. Winner of first prize at New York, 1877; champion at New York, 1878; champion at Hudson, 1879, and winner of the gold medal at New York, 1880. For sale, on consignment, pups. Address W. N. O'DRISCOLL, Albany, N. Y. June 4th.

MASTIFFS FOR SALE.—Six pair of pure bred English mastiffs, bred and raised to breed; price, \$150 to \$200 a pair. This is a rare chance to get first-class stock reasonable. Apply to W. H. GILFILLAN, 1001 N. 12th St., Lancaster, Pa. Pups four weeks old for sale. June 4th.

LACHINE KENN. S.

I HAVE moved my kennel of cockers to the vicinity of New York. Will have no pups before October. Cocker, Pint, Mump, all to be bred to Bijou, this week, June 21st.

GEO. D. MACDONOUGH, P. O. Drawer 432, June 21st.

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RECEIVES AND FORWARDS Dogs, Rabbits, etc., to destination. Kennel Clubs, Sportsmen and others who attempt to import dogs from Europe, should have their stock consigned to him. Information furnished in regard to the best methods of importing, shipping, etc.

PURE IRISH SETTERS for sale, very cheap—Champion Elcho, Pinkette and Rory O'More stock, comprising a litter of 12 pups, six weeks old, two bitches nine months old, and one broken dog one year old. Address E. J. ROBINSON, Wetherfield, Conn. May 29th.

Fleas! Fleas! Worms! Worms!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs.

A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER exterminates all fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work before I sell them, and guarantee satisfaction. The dog has all the natural instincts. References on the breed. Prices, \$50 and \$75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINFELD, Calro, Thomas County, Georgia. June 4th.

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WANTED—An obedient, prime working English or Irish setter dog, not over four years old. Must be thoroughly broken on woodcock and must be well and have a fine nose, and be thoroughly stanch and obedient; pedigree not much object; extra field work a great advantage. No one unwilling to send his dog to me at my expense, both ways for one week's trial, need answer this advertisement. References, Forest and Stream, 1001 N. 12th St., Montreal, Montreal, Canada, Coburn & Co., Boston. Others given if desired. Address with full description, name and address, to

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A RARE CHANCE.—For sale, English setters: Don, a splendid large orange white ticked dog, brother to Champion France, but superior every way; \$30; Mollie, a very beautiful bitch, orange white, black points, two first prizes, \$75; Dick, a very fine dog, orange white ticked; \$25; Fanny, a very fine dog, orange white ticked; \$25; second prize: see with Dick, \$100; the best brace ever shot over. Three orange white ticked dogs, twelve months old, very fine, full of bone, \$20 each; also puppies ten months old, Gordon and Laverack combined. Bob, black, white and blue ticks; Jim, black white and blue ticks; Grace, black and white, well matched, \$25. A black white tan gyp, live months old, \$10. Two pups two months old, out of Lili & Don, orange white ticked, a brace for \$10 if taken by July 1st. They cannot be taken for look and natural field qualities. This is a chance you cannot afford to lose if you want fine stock for very little money. Address ALA. D. BIRCH, 1001 N. 12th St., Lancaster, Pa. June 4th.

ST. BERNARDS FOR SALE.—The undersigned, wishing to reduce his kennel, offers for sale several magnificent imported Mount St. Bernard dogs and bitches, carefully selected from the best European strains. To be sold for no fault. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address

LE ROY Z. COLLINS, Sept 18th

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CHAMPION LIGHT WEIGHT POINTER

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Rush is lemon and white, a winner at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Louisville Shows. He is an excellent field dog; fine nose, fast, stylish and staunch. For full particulars, pedigrees and localities address

EDMUND ORGILL, 1008 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y. June 24th.

IRISH RED SETTER PUPS.—Capt. T. S. Trench, of Ireland, offers for sale three splendid pups, three months old, with liver and blue eyes. These pups took the first prize in Dublin, in May, 1889, and are considered to be second to none of their kind in the country. Address, apply to C. S. TRENCH, Child Depot, Va. July 1, 1890.

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For the cure of Diabetes, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of Bright's and the other Kidney diseases, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Urinary Diseases, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Bladder, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Prostate, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Seminal, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Gonorrhea, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Syphilis, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Scrophulous, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Eczema, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

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For the cure of the Alopecia, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Pityriasis, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

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For the cure of the Acne, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

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For the cure of the Dermatitis, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Ulcer, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Fungus, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Cancer, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Sarcoma, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

For the cure of the Melanoma, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

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For the cure of the Anemia, call for Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

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Sportsmen's Routes.

LONG ISLAND R.R.—SPRINGSCHOD-ING, taking effect March 14, 1890.—Leave HUNTERSBURG, Pa. (Flatfish A.V.) 5:15 m. earlier for

Babylon, 8:35 A.M., 3:35, 4:45, 5:25 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.

Col. P. & Whitestone, 7:35, 8:45, 10, 11:35 A.M., 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 10:45 P.M., 12 P.M.

Sundays, 9:45, 10:55 A.M., 1:35, 5:25, 7, 10 P.M.

Flushing, 6:25, 7:25, 8:45, 10, 11:25 A.M., 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 10:45 P.M., 12 P.M.

Sundays, 9:35, 10:35 A.M., 1:35, 5:25, 7, 10 P.M.

Rockaway Beach, 5:55 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 6, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 10:45 P.M., 12 P.M.

Rockaway Beach, 5:55 A.M., 4:35, 5:35, 6, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 10:45 P.M., 12 P.M.

Great Neck, 6:25, 7:25, 8:45, 10, 11:25 A.M., 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6, 6:45, 7, 7:15, 10:45 P.M., 12 P.M.

Saturday nights, 12:35. Sundays, 9:35 A.M., 5:35 P.M.

Garden City, Queens and Hempstead, 8, 10 A.M., 12, 3:35, 4:45, 5:35, 6:35 P.M. From Flatbush via Baychester, 10, 11:35 A.M., 12, 3:35, 4:45, 5:35, 6:35 P.M.

Monday, Wednesday, and from Hunter's Point, Monday, Wed., Fri. and Saturday, 12:15 night, Wednesday and Sunday only from Flatbush via Baychester.

10 P.M. Sunday, 9 A.M., 1:35, 5:25 P.M.

Glenn Cove, Locust Valley, Glen Head and Roseton, 10, 11:35, 1:35, 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 9:35 P.M.

Greenport and Sag Harbor, 8 A.M., 8:35 P.M. Huntington and Northport, 8, 10 A.M., 1:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M., 5:35 P.M.

Lakeland and Farmingdale, 8 A.M., 8:35, 5:35 P.M. Coram, 8, 10 A.M., 1:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.

Patuxent, 8:35 A.M., 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Sundays, 9 A.M.

Almond Hill, Glendale, 8:35, 11 A.M., 3:35, 4:35, 5:35, 6, 7 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, 9 A.M., 5:35 P.M.

Long Beach, 8:35, 11 A.M., 3:35, 4:35, 5:35 P.M. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 12:15. Sundays, 9 A.M., 5:35 P.M.

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GUN Stocks altered to fit the shooter. Guns General Full Choke, Modified, Taper, or for Game Shooting. Pistol Grips fitted, Pin Fines converted to Central Fires, New Barrels fitted, Extension Rifles, New Lamps, etc.
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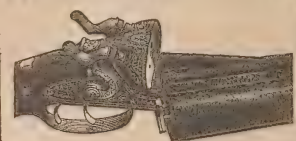
For Wing practice. This can be had from all gun dealers. Headquarters for Glass Balls and Traps. AGNEW & Co., 153 First Av., Pittsburgh, Pa.; A. L. BOGARDUS, No. 18 South Clark street, Chicago. Send for Price List For Traps. Hart & Sloan, Newark, N. J.
Field Cover and Trap Shooting, the only book ever published by a market hunter, can be had at the above address. Price \$2.

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It is a strict hydro-carbon, containing no mercury or animal oil; is not injurious or offensive, and will never gum or become rancid in any climate. To sportsmen it is especially recommended for sea-coast shooting.

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Sold by Schoverling, Daly & Gales, and Hodgkins & Haigh, New York, and John P. Lovell & Sons, Wan. R. Schaeffer, Bradford & Anthony, Pope Manufacturing Co., and dealers in sportsmen's goods everywhere.
CLIBBS & HOWARD, Proprietors,
uno, 15-ft. Modford, Mass.

Guns, Ammunition, Etc.

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BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN.

Wonderfully Simple. Wonderfully Strong.
The barrels slide one side.

No Hinge to get Loose.

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Send stamp for illustrated price list to

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THESE ARE NOT CHEAP GUNS,
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AT A
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Than they can be purchased for elsewhere. All of them
WARRANTED TO

GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION.

Send for Descriptive List.

WILL H. CRUTTENDEN,
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Eaton's Rust Preventor.

FOR GUNS, CUTLERY, AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. Safe to handle, WILL NOT GUM, and will keep in any climate. Sportsmen everywhere in the United States pronounce it the best gun oil in the market. Judge Holmes, of Bay City, Mich., writes: "It is the best preparation I have found in thirty-five years of active and frequent use of guns."
The trade supplied by sole manufacturer, GEO. D. EATON, 540 Pavonia Avenue, Jersey City Heights, N. J.

Sold by principal New York dealers, and by Wm. Read & Son, Boston, Mass.; B. Kittredge & Co., Cincinnati, O.; E. E. Eaton, Chicago, Ill.; Brown & Hilder, St. Louis, Mo.; Thos. W. Parr, Cleveland, O.; Drimble & Kibbaker, Baltimore, Md.; Cropley & Sons, Georgetown, D. C.; Jos. G. Grubb & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
CANNOT BE SENT BY MAIL.

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To Order.**

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**THE NEW AMERICAN
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**SIMPLE AND
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Rebounding Lock.
Chokebore Barrels.
For close, hard shooting excels all others. Extra heavy guns for ducks a specialty. Send stamp for circular. C. S. SHATTUCK, Manufacturers, Hatfield, Mass.

THE SNEIDER GUN.

THE ONLY POSITIVE
**DOUBLE-GRIP, SELF-CLOSING TOP
LEVER ACTION**

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Sizes, from 6 to 16 Bore.

Equal in finish, symmetry of outline, and material, to the finest English guns, and at more reasonable prices.

The Snelder Rebounding Lock used, the only rebounder with which mistakes will not occur.

HIGHEST CENTENNIAL MEDAL

For "Workmanship, Rebounding Lock, and Compensating Features of Action."

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STOCKS BENT TO ANY CROOK.

Pin Fire Guns Changed to Central Fire.

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EXPLOSIVE TARGET BALLS.

CHEAPER THAN GLASS. Samples sent by mail, 25 cents. Our Decoy Diving Apparatus is

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HAMMERLESS GUN.

These guns have Anson and Deely's Hammerless Patent Cocking Action with Automatic Safety Bolt, making the safest gun now in use. 10, 12 and 20 bores now in stock.

Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.

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Fox's Patent Breech-Loading Shot Gun.



THE SIMPLEST AND BEST GUN in the Market. NO HINGE TO GET LOOSE. Purchasers of our higher priced guns will receive an interest in the business. Call and examine, or send for circular.

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THE BALLARD RIFLE STILL VICTORIOUS!

SEE J. S. SUMNER'S FULL SCORE AT WALNUT HILL, 50 IN A POSSIBLE 50! FEB. 23, 1890

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SAME MATCH, 200 YARDS OFF-HAND, MADE WITH BALLARD RIFLE, NO. 61-2.

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THE BALLARD ALWAYS FITS THE SHOOTER

The Empire Rifle Club, in their trips to Boston, ALL used Ballards.

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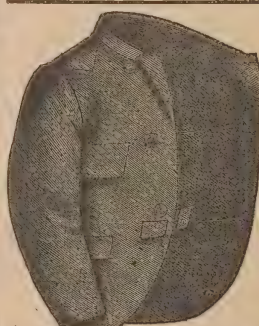
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Reminiscences of English Rivers.

ANGLING is the only one of the three principal field sports of England that is entirely free from the stain of what, for want of a better word, I shall call flunkysm. The stupid lad, with more money than brains, who yearns to be, or to be thought to be, a sportsman, finds in the showy and impressive externals of the chase, with the responsibility appertaining to its pursuit, an easier road, in the eyes of the gaping masses, to the coveted title than in the quiet, unostentatious and self-dependant science of Father Isaac. Hundreds again toil through shooting season after shooting season under the command of a keeper till their hair is gray, without an idea in their heads beyond blazing away at everything that rises within shot. But, unless it may be an occasional noodle who thinks it adds to his importance to be seen swinging a salmon rod, no one fishes "for effect." It would not pay at all. The gentle art has, to be sure, thousands of enthusiastic devotees of all classes, but each one of them goes to the river side, impelled thither solely by his own genuine love of the sport, and the most skillful performer commands no admiration outside his craft. There is no glitter and show about the business—not enough exclusiveness about it to dazzle the eyes of the vulgar. It is supposed to be slow by fancy youths, who might, with some difficulty, distinguish a pointer from a setter, but imagine they are "shooting men." It is voted unworthy of some wooden-headed, uncultivated plutocrats, who can sit on a horse just well enough to watch, at a very respectful distance, the handling of the pack they are proud to subscribe to, and who call themselves "fox hunters."

It is possible the comparative ease with which angling can be indulged in by the unprivileged classes may help to rob it of that peculiar prestige (inexplicable to any one who does not know England thoroughly) that hangs around the sister sports.

You will almost invariably find that the non-fisherman, unless he be a thorough sportsman, speaks of his aversion to, or his want of skill in, the art with a ludicrous kind of conscious pride, as much as to say, "You can't expect a dashing blade like me to care about such a slow business as that? No, indeed; give me a good day's hunting or grouse shooting." The fact that his angling friend has to

give him a lead at the one and wipe his eye at the other is quite forgotten in the conscious superiority of the moment. But this is a phase of English life more conducive to cynicism than description, and would, to most of my readers, be meaningless. Perhaps in the dim future—in the days of the "coming crown"—when time-killing as an art has become necessary on this side of the Atlantic, besides the army of men that sport as now for their own amusement and improvement, there will be another army entering the field bent, at whatever risk of discomfort to themselves, on doing the "correct thing." I hope so. It is infinitely better than the course of life pursued by the *jeunesse d'oree* of Continental Europe.

But enough. Let us take the map of Britain and glance over it with the eye of a trout fisherman.

Run a straight line from Berwick-upon-Tweed to the Isle of Wight, and the country left upon the east of that line, speaking generally, may be said to be the non-trout portion of the British Isles. By this I do not mean to say that it is entirely devoid of waters holding that most desirable of fish, but as it differs widely in its physical formation from the rest of the kingdom, the very features that form that difference are decidedly of an anti-trout order. Fens and level plains are, of course, with the sluggish winding rivers, ill-adapted for such a purpose, though there are occasional exceptions. Norfolk and Essex have one, I think, between them, while the group of counties that center around Cambridge are, as far as my personal knowledge and supposition go, entirely barren of this fish. There probably are some artificial, and possibly an occasional natural exception to these statements, but none in any way to affect the argument.

The Isle of Wight, with its beautiful hills and valleys, has only one miserable little ditch holding trout, while from the "dun wolds" of Lincolnshire all readers of Tennyson know at least one stream pours, where "Here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling," is to be found. From my own knowledge of the stream in question, though I am bound to add it is a very cursory one, I should say the "Laureate's" phrase of "Here and there" was not an exact one. Admirers of Charles Kingsley might be apt to suppose that the chalk downs of England were very paradises for trout fishermen. I was going to say the very opposite is the case, but that would be too strong. A deep-rooted prejudice against that (to me) objectionable geological formation nearly betrayed me into an inaccuracy, which, considering I first learnt the art on one of Kingsley's immortalized chalk rivers, would have been, to say the least of it, ungracious. Americans, on reading so constantly of the English downs in prose and verse, often evince a natural curiosity to know what manner of hills they are that seem to leave such deep impress on the minds of so many writers. I will try and explain, though it makes me feel very thirsty. They are round and smooth; bare, with the exception of a clump of fir trees sometimes on their summits—nowhere high enough to be imposing (the highest chalk in England is only 900 feet above the sea), always steep enough to make traveling slow, parched up and brown as to their stunted grasses in dry weather, and dusty beyond compare as to their glaring highways. The white thirsty chalk cropping out every here and there upon their bony ridges, abounding in deep valleys down to which the stranger from other districts and other lands would hasten in vain as he journeyed on summer days to slake his thirst; but a continuation of unpleasant surprises would meet him peculiar to these unwatered uplands; valleys, down which on any other formation would leap clear and brawling streams, here are guiltless of even the course of one. Some few famous trout rivers manage, however, to struggle out of these thirsty ranges—famous rather for the size of their trout than for their grandness and edible qualities. Notably the Kennet, and the Itchen (Mr. Francis' favorite river), while old Father Thames himself ranks all along his course as a trout river, or rather he receives a good many small streams, all famous for the size of their fish, and a certain number of patriarchs of fabulous dimensions known as Thames trout find their way into the baskets of a few fortunate anglers yearly, and are generally considered by the brethren, in that part of England at any rate, as the very *déité* among their order of fishes. One is reported this week of seventeen pounds. Of these rivers I may have something to say another time, but must now, having dismissed all the non-trout counties of the Eastern Division, hasten northward, pass up the coast of Yorkshire, which is broken by the egress of no trout stream for note, unless it is the Duifield water, once famous for its size of its silver anglers, till I once may reach the most high table lands where Yorkshire and Dunham meet, and where with Scott's traveler in "Rokeby" he may quote as he looks down over the scenes of that romance—

"Nor Tees alone in dawning bright
Shall rush upon the ravished sight;
But many a tributary stream
Each from its own high dale shall gleam."

The Tees, which rises among the bleak, heathery moors where Yorkshire, Durham and Westmoreland comes, and

divides the two former counties from one another, has been, in the days of yore, a famous trout stream; but alas! we are in the black country of the North, and mining and trout fishing don't agree. Ten years ago Teesdale anglers were getting despondent; how things are now I can't say. For several years in succession visiting friends in the neighborhood—I made a two days' pilgrimage to the headwaters of that romantic stream—not so much on account of the attractions of the fishing; for, though everything to the eye bade fair for success, and artificial pollution had not reached so far up; though accompanied on each occasion by the best fly fisherman I ever knew, persistent failure attended my efforts. Yet there was a charm about the stern wildness of the surroundings; a solemn weirdness about the bleak, waste uplands, that carried the same party of us there summer after summer, to the cozy little thatched inn with its swinging signboard, that welcomed our steps at night as we returned with light baskets, and worn-out with floundering over the roughest and most slippery boulders that have ever been anathematized by anglers.

To realize that this bed of polished boulders, with peaty-colored water trickling down between them, was some river that reflected on its surface the lights and glare, the flames and furnaces of Middlesbrough and Stockton was, of itself, somewhat difficult. One had also the pleasure of casting a line upon the same day at the foot of two of the highest waterfalls in England, and our principal hopes used to be centered on the dark-colored, seething pools, which churned and boiled beneath each cataract, the one about forty, and the other about eighty feet high.

I must hasten in a northeasterly direction, however, over the wild stretch of moorland famous for its immense stock of grouse, that in the breeding season resounds with their clucking and crowing, and all through the summer with the plaintive cries of the curlews and peewits, till the valley of the Wear, or Weardale, lies beneath, noted for its stalwart men, its fat church endowments and its charming scenery. Mining villages are scattered at pretty regular intervals all the way from its headwaters to Bishop Auckland, where the massive walls and turrets of the palace of the bishops of Durham, with its mediæval memories, look down over that dirty, thriving town.

I don't think there is a river in the world that has so many and such skillful anglers in a given space as the upper waters of the Wear, with its scant supply of warty little trout. In the days of old, before the fatal lead "hush" discolored its then bright waters, when the bishops of Durham compounded their fluctuating mineral tithes for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year and thought themselves hardly used, or long even before that, when they ranked as princes, and the country was preserved for their hunting grounds, splendid trout darted in myriads through its long, shallow pools and gently rippling rapids, what fishing these reverend lordships might have had then! Now the miner, the schoolmaster, or the parson, with their home made rods, which they swear by (and they certainly surpass anything I have ever seen turned out by a tackle maker), with their single strands of horsehair and flies tied by themselves on horsehair, with hand handled and antique landing nets peculiar to the Wear, wade deep in the water, and throw yards of line, dropping their flies, like gossamer, in far off holes and under distant banks, carrying more art, more care and more perseverance into the craft than any class of anglers I have ever met, and with certainly less possibility of a corresponding reward; for a few small trout, running six or seven to the pound, are all that the most successful could hope for. But the glory of the capture is enough, and these most fish-day troutrangers are certainly possessed of a very different order of intellect to their cousins in a West Virginia brook. In the days when as a schoolboy and an undergraduate I used to haunt the banks of the Wear, I used to "fancy" myself on the strength of Southern and Western performances not a little, but my conceit used to get most effectually removed as every summer found me turning out my basket with my West friend and my card in a laurel wreath minor to theirs. Their heaviest catches were such as in more favored rivers would have been the work of an hour; but to make a basket at all on that water required a master workman. They were a terribly bigoted lot, though, those anglers of Upper Weardale. Nothing was good pertaining to fishing tackle that was made out of Weardale. A "Farlowe" or "Armstrong" rod they looked on with the most supreme contempt. The first visit I ever made to the Wear was to the house of an intimate friend, a great piscatorial light in the locality. On arranging tackle the next day for a fishing excursion he asked to see my rod, which he supposed, with contempt in his voice, "was one of those infernal cockney blooming affairs." Now I was rather proud, as a youngster, of my rod, which, outside of Weardale would have been called a good one. He put it together, mathematizing the females as ridiculous inventions, and having felt the play of it for a moment gave vent to a huge guffaw, took it to pieces, pulled out his knife and proceeded very deliberately to cut what looked like little

bits. However, after a series of cutting and splicing and waxing he pronounced it as good a job as could be made out of such poor material, and apologized for shortening it a foot by saying it was better to have a ten foot rod, though it be an indifferent one, than eleven feet of nothing at all. They used to make all their own rods in those days upon the Wear, and for feathery lightness, and for balance, and for that inexpressible connection between butt and tip that manufactured rods are so often wanting in, I have never since seen them equalled.

Then as for fishing with even the finest gut after May, no one but a blunderer or a tyro would dream of such a thing. The hair from a sorrel stallion's tail (and a North Country stallion at that) was tied in single strands for five or six lengths, doubling it higher up, and twisting the ends together to make a boat hook line. You must tie your own flies, of course, too, on single hair—y-bonder, a yellow bloa and a woodcock and orange. Wear trout were supposed to greet from their watery depths Southern flies with shouts of derision. A landing net, too, you must have, as wading is the order of the day, but, "an you love me," said the Wearable mentor, "not one of those unethically cabbage nets that they use in the South, that float up in your basket, with flimsy short handles that hook onto your reel strap." Shall I tell you, gentle reader, what a Wearable landing net was like in those days? In the distance it looked like a standard, on to which the angler, in mid stream, was proudly clinging, but on a close inspection it was found to be an instrument with a pole, to begin with, eight feet long, with a flimsy line to boat hook the end, the net itself fastened on a wooden ring would have landed Nishes Nahma, the king of fishes, himself, who scared Hiawatha so badly, if I remember rightly, or would, at a pinch, have made an excellent hammock for a moderately sized man; but no matter, to insure the respect of the blunt North countrymen, who met you at every bend of the river, it was necessary to attach yourself to one of these monsters. So much for the net, which was supposed to be a great help in wading. I can imagine it have been an excellent thing for a drowning man to get astride of and come out of a deep pool on, to be sure. But enough. It was the only article in their equipment that gave me a chance to pay them back in their own coin, and I never lost the chance. It was fortunate for my cardinals friends that I was a fisherman, and that they scorned to fish any river but their own, and their tributaries, for they spiced their rods together after the old Irish fashion, and these, in addition to the net apparatus, would have been startling additions to a crowded fishing carriage, and decidedly imposing on horseback.

I must not finish this sketch without allusion to the champion fisherman, not only of the Wear but of the whole of that country, as he was not only an "angler great," but a scholar, an author, and a poet.

Mr. W. was master of what was by courtesy called the "grammar school" of the little town of B—, upon the Wear; one of those old foundations of Edward VI., that collapsed like many others of its kind, between the pressure of higher education on the one side and lower education on the other. When I saw it in its prime, it was a toll over the town and notify the inhabitants of the incomings and outgoings of this solitary being. Methodically and punctually the great piscator used to seat himself at his spacious desk, and for twelve months is said to have supervised the slumbers of this isolated individual. The plash of the pen, the rattle of the penholder, the fessorial ears, and the juvenile obstacle alone prevented his exchanging the rod of birch for that of hickory. The endowed school commissioners had not then swept those old defunct institutions from the face of the earth, and his salary was secure anyhow. Human nature could stand it no more—this obstinate urchin still kept the bell ringing—so at last, when the school was about to close, a good round sum to absent himself for the summer, he left our learned friend at leisure to prosecute his favorite sport. He edited a volume of poems, which sing of the natural beauties of the neighborhood for fifteen miles round, and some years before, while his school was still in existence, he had published a book on angling, which, apart from its scientific pretensions, was considered by the angling world as an excellent addition to its literature.

The friend I alluded to some time back sat in his youth at the feet of this Galileo, and has told me many an amusing yarn about the old gentleman. One especially, I recollect: It was when he was deep in his book on angling, and the poor fellow was having a great time of it. He was especially occupied then with the plate, which he executed himself. The hour struck for the arithmetic lesson, and he moved to the blackboard, chalk in hand. The boys rubbed the slates with their coat sleeves, shuffled their feet, cleared their throats and went through the usual programme that, among the schoolboys, is the prelude to any hushed mental effort. They watched the chalk eagerly for the first message, as it began its movements over the blackboard, hoping the fraction sum would not be too complicated, when behold! as the bulky person of Mr. W. removed from that position, and with the usual last flourish of the chalk in the air, moved back to the desk—not a vulgar fraction sum, but the outline of an immense trout stretched its great length across the sacred, and was still stiller titillations that prelude the coming storm roused the attention of this great preceptor. Some latent consciousness caused him of this great down before the board and discover his mistake, when the sensitive risible organs, so uncontrollable in youth, gave way, and the whole school shrouded with laughter till the roof rang again. Like all petty schoolmasters of the golden days, in the pedagogue's mind the fraction was a second nature, and was so in the mind of the boys before verbal; so ruler, cane, dictionary, chalk and all the paraphernalia that were used in such educational establishments as missives and, on that occasion, I believe many more, flew like hail among the dodging and bobbing heads of the youths. It was never forgotten, and to this day our old friend, whose heart has long ceased to be a familiar one upon the banks of the Wear, is still called the "Big Fish" by that generation.

RINGWOOD.

—An English angler caught a trout which had in its mouth an old rusty hook, this hook caught in his wrist, poisoning his blood, and the man died in three weeks.

Natural History.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

WOODCOCK CARRYING THEIR YOUNG.

WASHINGTON, June 12th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I notice with interest the statements in your issue of the 11th instant regarding the habits of woodcock, under various exigencies, carrying their young in their claws or between the thighs. The fact that woodcock have such a habit is, as you say, indisputable; too many reliable observers, both in this country and abroad have contributed information on the subject for it to be doubted. As regards the exact method in which this is done there appears to be a difference of opinion, or else, as is probable, the *modus operandi* differs with circumstances; and I agree with you that additional light in the matter is desirable. Especially interesting would it be to know if the male bird ever assists his partner in securing the young from danger, and if so, how, and how far he has never been accredited with this act of devotion.

Having had the pleasure this summer for the first time of verifying, with my own eyes, what before I had accepted on the testimony of others, I give the circumstances for the benefit of your readers. While watching some warblers in a small clump of pines near a little patch of ground, sufficiently moist to admit of "boring," I flushed four woodcock. Three of them, two males and a female, may be dismissed with the remark that their flight showed nothing peculiar: they went off unencumbered so far as I could see. But as the fourth bird rose, a female, I could plainly detect, tightly clasped between the thighs and close to the belly, a dark bunch of something, the effect of its weight being visible in the drooping of the wings. The bird, however, was of the old bird, which appeared almost perpendicular. Had I been in any doubt as to what that something was, the old bird's actions would have told the story. For, when a few feet away, she settled to the ground, but apparently without lighting on her feet, and with beating wings scuttled along the ground, using the old trick of the disabled bird, and all the while carrying the young in her claws, and followed her for some distance. She then rose, and after the use four or five times, when feeling doubtless, that she had decoyed me far enough away from her remaining young, she took a longer flight, and I lost sight of her. I take it for granted that she had more young near the spot where she first got up. Perhaps she had time to conceal all but one, as I approached but slowly. At all events, I did not succeed in finding them, closely as I searched. In this instance, then, her care was not one of them doubtless being her mate, showed no special interest in the fate of the young, but left the mother to take care of them as best she could.

Several of the accounts I have read state plainly enough that the young are carried in the claws. In fact, if I remember rightly, I have somewhere seen a woodcock of a female woodcock carrying a young one in her claws, and near her, the claws of either foot being so opposed to each other as to answer all the purpose of hands. It isn't easy to see how this is possible elsewhere than in a woodcock, inasmuch as the grasping power of the woodcock's claw must be next to nothing. However, such are the statements, and in some publication or other is the woodcock, where I can't recall, and both woodcock and statements may be all right, too; for most of us can recall theories which were sound enough until contradicted by facts; and so it may be in the present case.

Doubtless J. D. B. in the London *Field* is correct in suggesting that the female may, when in a hurry, grasp the young as she happens to get hold of them, and so they may appear between the tibiae, the tarsi, or possibly even between the toes. I should have added to my statement above, that I obtained not a glimpse of the legs and feet of my bird, and presume that the tarsi and claws were flexed upward so as to carry them quite out of sight. It will thus be seen how entirely different was the method adopted in this instance from that illustrated by the woodcock mentioned above, where, if my memory serves me right, the legs were represented as fully extended and at right angles with the body.

A woodcock such as our correspondent describes appeared in the *Scientific American*.

MOODUS, Conn., June 13th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

Last April I had a young setter dog, and being anxious to train him in the way he should go, I one day took him to a young growth on the edge of a swamp, where I had in times past often shot woodcock. I was walking leisurely through the underbrush when my eye caught a dog, who was a little advanced in years, and who stopped, and with one forefoot uplifted made as pretty a point as I ever saw. I stood a minute, admiring the beautiful attitude he was in, and then stepped carefully toward him. He neither moved a muscle nor looked around. It was a stanch, good point. I hit the underbrush with my stick, and he came forward. I expected, up flew the dog, but he did not. He looked at me and peculiar flight caused me to look after her in wonder and astonishment. Her legs hung straight down from her body, and her flight was laborious and slow, but she had nothing in her feet. This I noticed particularly, as I have heard that woodcock, when surprised, will carry their young a short distance in their feet. She flew a few feet to the ground, and lit about two rods from me. I went to where she landed, and she came down, when my dog pointed and I flushed her, but this time she shot off with the whistling, zigzag flight that is a characteristic of the woodcock, and was soon out of sight over the tops of the saplings. I carefully examined the ground where she rose, and found hidden in the leaves a poor little half-fledged woodcock, hardly able to crawl. This set the matter in my mind that woodcock carry their young, though not in their feet, as some writers have said, but pressed between their legs and close to their body. I went back to the place where I first got up the woodcock, and after looking the ground over thoroughly I had the satisfaction of seeing two young woodcock running briskly along through the

underbrush. A few days after I went with a friend to this place, and the same performance was repeated. The old bird, as before, taking the weakest of her brood to protect. On this occasion we both distinctly saw the young bird between the old bird's legs as she flew. Now was it by chance that the mother woodcock selected the weakest of her offspring to protect when she saw enemies approaching, or did she reason, and thus leave the strongest to take care of themselves? F. C. FOWLER.

ORNITHOLOGICAL NOTES FROM MONROE COUNTY, N. Y., 1880.—April 23d.—Examined nest of great horned owl (*B. virginianus*), built in a hole in an immense basswood tree; it contained one young owl about two weeks old. The old birds must be excellent purveyors, for on the nest lay three fish, and fowl for the day's provision, viz., three very large barn rats, one young crow, one redwing blackbird and two large suckers. By way of postscript I may add that the juvenile owl is now (July 2d) in my possession—a very handsome and well-behaved pet, with an enormous appetite.

April 24th.—Hawks evidently destroy a great many snakes in this country, before the weather is warm enough to give full vigour to their reptiles. The crops of three broadwing buzzards shot to-day were crammed with the flesh of snakes; one female red-tailed hawk shot yesterday had just devoured a very large snake. All had carefully skinned their prey before eating it, but had also swallowed the pieces of skins.

May 18th.—As I was searching for marsh wrens near the Ontario to-day a large bitter root rose from the weeds. I shot and secured it, when another flew up a few rods from me, which I also shot. On going to pick up my birds I found their nest, containing one egg of a light grayish-drab color. The nest was on a low tussock of reeds, and roughly formed of dead reeds and coarse grass. On dissecting the female I found several eggs of various sizes, one just ready for hatching. During the past two years I have seen the white-crowned sparrow has occurred here in extraordinary abundance; the orchards, gardens, helges and outskirts of woods have literally swarmed with them. During a ride of fifteen miles to-day I must have seen many thousands. This is unusual, for this species is generally much scarcer here than the white-throated sparrow; this season the reverse is the case.

May 23d.—Heard a sparrow-like song that was new to me. Shot the bird from a large batch of white-crowned sparrows, and found it to be Lincoln's finch, a species I had never seen here before. During the day I found it not uncommon among straggling bushes near the lake.

May 21st.—Found quite a flock of the green black cap warblers (*M. pusillus*); they were busily engaged insect-hunting in the long narrow bay of a house skirting the marsh. They were very active and restless, and would occasionally dart into the air after a passing fly, as the redbird does. I saw this species in the same locality last year, and then secured six specimens in one day. This time I could easily have procured a hundred, as they stayed all day.

June 14th.—On visiting a sick friend to-day I was shocked to find the house wren (*T. adon*) in a singular situation. A tin watering pot had been hung inverted on the branch of a pear tree. The birds had nearly filled the can with their nest and safely reared their young. As it was close to the window of the invalid's room, much interest had been taken in the little creatures, and many weary half hours had been beguiled in watching their movements. The number of times the young were fed were specially noted with care. On the day of my visit the parent birds carried them food thirty times in one hour and forty-two times in another.

June 19th.—While watching a pair of mourning wrens feeding their young I noticed something peculiar in one of them. I therefore secured the pair and found the female bird to be of the variety called "*Maculivora*." During the past two years I have seen the mourning wren was a longer bird than the male, which was a very high colored specimen. The mourning warbler is common in most of the low, bushy woods in Monroe and Orleans counties, but it is extremely difficult to find its nest until the young are hatched. PEREGRINE.

INTELLIGENCE OF A SPANISH.—Lincoln, Me., June 12th. Editor Forest and Stream:—Mr. W. W. Parks of this town, while trout fishing a few weeks since, found a wood cock's nest containing ten eggs. He carefully packed eight of them in dry moss, brought them home, and placed them under a hen who in due time hatched six active ducklings, they taking to water immediately after breaking shell. The gentleman is the owner of a fine blooded, very intelligent spaniel bitch, and upon seeing the brood for the first time, obeyed her first impulse and attempted to destroy the lot. Being reprimanded, and observing her master take especial care of them, she became very zealous in protecting them during the day, and every night goes to their pen and hovers them with as much solicitude for their comfort as ever exhibited by a hen for her chickens. They take to her very contentedly, apparently enjoying the warmth afforded them by the strange foster mother. It is a peculiar sight, and we all look upon it as something quite marvellous, as the bitch is an excellent hunter, by birth and breeding an inveterate enemy of the feathered tribe. F. C. B.

MORE PEACEABLE SPARROWS.—The following clipping is taken from the Port Huron (Mich.) *Times*. The occasion was no doubt an interesting one to the "ground bird"—

An interesting spectacle took place on Water street this morning in the shape of a battle between a ground bird and two sparrows, in which the ground bird was killed within five minutes, the sparrows driving their beaks through its head.

MORE ALBINOES.—Tainesville, Ohio, June 1st.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I have seen a good deal in your Natural History column about albinos, so I send you a description of one I saw to-day. It was a chipmunk, or ground squirrel, perfectly white, with a few dark stripes on the back, which were a yellowish, dirty white. The man who had him took him from a nest containing thirteen, of which this was the only white one. While going across the fields the other night I saw a "partial albino" robin.

JAMES C. BEARDSLEE.

WHEN DO BEARS BRING FORTH?—I have just seen the man who caught the young bear cubs. They were taken the 20th of February last by two men, Smith and Philander Collins, of Montague, who were gathering sugar corn in the big woods ten miles west of Louisville, on the Hills. They heard the cubs crying in the den, under the roots of a large tree, sent a boy with them home for shovels, axe and a gun; then, cutting open the mouth of the den, the bear attempted to defend it, but they shot and killed her. They found two cubs in the den, and took them home and kept them for three days before they got their eyes open. From that they supposed them to be six days old when taken. They were very small then, have grown fast since, and on the 20th of May one weighed thirteen and one quarter pounds.

H. W. HAYT.

THE SUBILITY OF FAITH.—Lebanon, Mo., June, 1880. *Editor Forest and Stream*.—I noticed in your paper of Aug. 28th, 1879, a little article concerning horsehair snakes. Of course Dr. Evans must be correct as regards horsehair; but to my certain knowledge the human hair, under favorable circumstances, will verily transform into snakes. A circumstance I shall state took place more than twenty years ago with an aunt and uncle of mine. They had combed in the evening, wetting their hair from the same bowl of water, and letting it remain until morning, when to their surprise two hair snakes were meandering in the water—one black and the other light, corresponding to the heads from whence they came. You can easily test this matter.

Mrs. F. MCC.

PET SQUIRRELS.—In March, 1879, I caught a red squirrel, and April 18th I found four young ones in her nest which were born that day; two lived and grew finely until some two months old, when Dick was caught and killed by a cat. Dilley, when some three months old, was left alone as I let the mother go, when she disappeared and was seen no more until last winter, when I was chopping wood near the same trees where I caught her before. I reset the old trap and she was again a prisoner, and I took her from the box trap, with my hand ungloved, and placed her in with Dilley. She seemed to know her, as she did not hurt her, but would let her play around and with her. I gave her to a neighbor, and she kept her about two weeks and let her go. That was about as long as I kept her with Dilley. Dilley was gone some four days last March toward the close of the month, and came home, when I placed her in her cage. May 6th she had five young squirrels. As she had her liberty, she would go up stairs and all around the place. She had her young up stairs, when I took them and placed them in the cage. She did not like that, so I took them back several times and killed two through rough usage. I have now three nice ones, smart and lively, yet this year their eyes came open four days sooner than last year. Last year they were thirty-five days old, this year only thirty-one days, when they could see. I would be pleased to hear more from any one who has had experience with all other varieties of squirrels, black, fox and gray, etc.

L. E. W.

New York, June 7th.—*Editor Forest and Stream*.—Some few years ago, when quite a boy, I made the acquaintance of two young men just from New Hampshire. Until they came to this city they had lived in the backwoods, and it was my delight to listen to their descriptions of life in logging and maple sugar camps. Among other things I was told that in falling trees it was a common thing to find a squirrel's winter quarters stored with beechnuts, and shelled at that. This I cannot vouch for, but I believe it to be true, as the young men were and are still of good moral character.

MEMO.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.

Trout, *Salmo fontinalis*.
Salmon, *Salmo gairdneri*.
Salmon Trout, *Salmo confinis*.
Land-locked Salmon, *Salmo gairdneri*.

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
Sheepshead, *Archamia probato-*
Striped Bass, *Morone americana*.
Weakfish, *Cynoscion regalis*.

Bluefish, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Spanish Mackerel, *Scomber mac-*
Cero, *Cyprinus regalis*.
Bonito, *Sarda pelagica*.
Kingfish, *Momotus nebulosus*.

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FLY-FISHING FOR BLACK BASS.

FOURTH PAPER—FLY-BOOK.

AMONG the necessary adjuncts to the fly-fisher's outfit are the fly-book, landing-net and creel. The former is now made in many patterns and sizes, and of various grades of quality and material. Those with the "Hyde," or metal clip, for holding the flies at full length, are the best and most satisfactory.

There is nothing better, neater, or more substantial in this line than Abbey & Fabrie's "Southside" fly-book. It is made of Russia leather, with parchment leaves, provided with the metal clip, and two leaves of heavy, porous cloth for drying wet flies. It is also furnished with large pockets, and compartments for leaders. It has a capacity for a hundred flies, and is made of a uniform quality which is of the highest grade.

It is also a valuable fly-book, Bisset & Mallett is one similar in style and construction, and is a first-rate article. The price of this book depends upon the material used in its construction, and its capacity for a greater or less number of flies. One holding four dozen is large enough for all practical purposes.

A few small hooks should be carried in the fly-book, to use with such natural bait as grasshoppers, beetles or dragon-flies, in case an artificial fly does not prove successful. Sprout hooks are the best, either Harrison & Son's or T. Hemming & Son's, the latter firm, I omitted to state in my article on hooks, somehow, make hooks every way equal to those of Harrison.

LANDING NETS.

For fly-fishing, a short handled net is the best, and should be as light as possible. Those with wooden rims are as good as any, though the sliding ring, and metal frame, are more convenient. The net should be of good depth, and of rather coarse mesh. When the fishing is done from a boat, the long handled net is preferable, but when fishing a stream by wading, or from the bank, the short handled net is more easily carried, and answers every purpose better than the long one.

RIGGING THE CAST.

The beginner being now provided with all the tools, it is in order to put his rod together, attach reel, reel-line and cast, and proceed to business. In rigging the cast, if the leader is provided with a loop, and the dropper, proceed as follows: to the small end of the leader attach the stretcher or tail-fly by passing the loop of the leader through the loop of the snell and over the fly, then draw together. Three or four feet from the tail-fly attach the dropper or bob-fly in the same manner, that is, put the loop of the snell over the loop of the leader, and push the fly through the latter loop and draw tight; if the leader is not furnished with loops for this purpose, slip a knot of the leader (about three or four feet from the tail-fly) apart, and after making a round knot in the end of the snell of the fly, put it through the opened knot of the leader and draw together; this will hold firm, and the dropper fly will stand at right angles from the leader.

If, however, the gut lengths of the leader are tied by hard, close knots, instead of the slip knot or double water knot, then the snell of the dropper must be attached close to, and above a knot of the leader, by a single knot or half-hitch, a round knot having previously been made in the end of the snell, to prevent the half-hitch from working loose; this is probably as good and safe a way as any.

The cast is now ready, for I do not advise the use of more than two flies. If, however, the angler wishes to employ three, the third fly, or second dropper, must be attached three feet above the first dropper, and in this case the leader should be nine feet long. But the beginner will have all he can attend to with a six feet leader and two flies. The leader having been previously straightened by soaking in water, or rubbing with India-rubber (the former method is to be preferred), and attached to the reel-line, the angler is now armed and equipped as the law directs, and ready for

CASTING THE FLY.

Casting the artificial fly is performed by two principal motions, a backward and a forward one. The former is to throw the flies behind the angler, and the latter is to project them forward and beyond. That is all there is in it. These are the main principles involved, and the first or backward motion is merely preparatory to the second or forward one, the latter being the most important.

But the style and manner of making these two motions are all important, and upon the speed, skillful and, I might say, scientific performance of them, depends the success of the angler. The main objects of the two motions are, first, to get the line and cast behind the angler in a straight line, without lapping or kinking, and, second, to project the line forward without snapping off the tail-fly, casting it perfectly straight, without confusion, and causing the flies to alight first, without a splash, and as lightly as possible, without dropping into the water. This can only be done by the angler, with a short line, about the length of his rod, and he should not attempt a longer cast until he is perfect in this. When he can lay out his short line perfectly straight before him, without a splash every time, he can then venture further.

But we are getting along too fast; we must go back to first principles, the two motions.

The backward and forward movements are each made in about the same length of time, but while the former is a single movement, the latter is a double one; that is, it is divided into two motions, or parts; though these two forward motions are made in the same length of time as the backward movement.

I will now try to explain these movements more explicitly, but it is extremely difficult to convey the exact ideas without diagrams.

The prospective fly-fisher having his rod, reel and cast in readiness, stands near the bank of the stream, with a clear space of fifteen or twenty feet behind him. Having the line about the length of his rod, to begin with, he takes the hook of the tail-fly between his left thumb and forefinger, and stretches the line taut; then by waving the rod slightly backward over the left shoulder, and at the same time releasing his hold of the tail-fly, the line straightens out behind him, the right elbow meantime being held close to the body, as the backward movement is made with the wrist and forearm entirely. The position of the right hand during this portion of the cast is with said hand grasping the rod just above the reel (the reel being at the extreme butt, and on the under side of the rod), and with the reel and palm of the hand toward the angler, the thumb looking toward his right shoulder.

When the line and leader are on a straight line behind him, which the beginner must learn to judge and time exactly, without looking behind him, he brings the rod forward with a gradually increasing rate of speed, until the rod is slightly in advance of him, say at an angle of 15° of the perpendicular; then, for the first time, the right arm moves the body—and, at the same time, the rod is turned in the hand in the opposite direction, that is, with the back of the hand toward the angler, so that at the end of the cast the reel is below the rod, while the back of the hand is upward—and without stopping the motion of the rod, the right arm is projected forward to its full extent and on a line with the shoulder; this is the second part, or motion of the forward movement, and consists in following the direction of the flies with the tip of the rod, so as to cause the rapid flight and allow them to descend without confusion, and to settle upon the water noiselessly, and without a splash. Thus, we see that the backward movement is in one time and one motion, and the forward movement in one time and two motions, as the military have it, or according to the formula of time above given.

Sometimes these movements are made straight backward and forward, and the rod is kept in the hand, but the best way is to make the backward movement over the left shoulder, and the forward over the right shoulder, the line thus describing an oval or parabola; by

this method the flies are not so apt to be whipped off, and it is withal more graceful, more en regle.

But these various ways of casting all come into play at certain times, and under certain circumstances; as the rod will be held more or less to one side or the other, or more vertically, as particular circumstances or emergencies demand. For the novice must remember that there are trees and bushes and rocks and winds to contend with in fly-fishing, and, moreover, as he becomes proficient he will choose his own style of casting, for no two anglers cast the fly exactly alike. Then there is the sideways cast, where the line is not thrown behind the angler at all, but to one side of the other; but I have not space nor facilities here to enter fully into the merits and details of the various ways of casting; they must be learned by practical experience.

We will now presume that the tyro has perfected himself in casting a short line, and can throw his tail-fly into his hat nearly every time at a distance of fifteen feet—and right here let me say, however of the angling bug who declares that he can cast his tail-fly into a glass of water at fifty feet, every time! It can't be done. Also fight shy of the long-range fisher who insists that he can cast a hundred feet with ease. It can't be done. The longest cast, with a single handed rod, I ever saw, without "loaded" flies, was eighty-one feet, and I believe the longest on record is Seth Green's eighty-six feet, while at the last tournament held by the New York State Sportsman's Association seventy feet won the first prize.

When the beginner can cast his fly into his hat, eight times out of ten, at forty feet, he is a fly-fisher, and so far as casting is concerned, a good one.

But let us go back to our tyro, who has now become proficient with the short line, and it is time to lengthen his cast, which is done in this way: After casting, and roving his flies on the surface by zigzag, jerky motions, to the left or right, and without provoking a rise, he pulls off from the reel with the left hand three or four feet of line, and lifting his rod, slowly at first, by a gradually increasing motion lifts the leader and flies, and throws them backward over the left shoulder as before described. The resistance of the flies, before they leave the water, takes the extra length of line from the rod, and it is unfolded behind the angler into a straight line when he casts it forward over the right shoulder.

In this way the line is lengthened, every cast, if necessary, until the maximum or desired distance is reached. But the angler should never let his flies touch the ground behind him, but must so time the movement as to propel the line forward at exactly the right moment to prevent this.

Another caution: The angler should never attempt to cast his flies by main strength, for he will accomplish nothing but confusion and it takes but little force to retrieve or cast the flies, with a well-made, springy and pliant rod. The rod, moreover, must never be carried back over the shoulder to a distance exceeding an angle of 15° of the perpendicular, for the backward throw is really accomplished by the line the rod is in a vertical position, and this might be said, also, to a certain extent in regard to the forward movement or cast proper; for by the time the rod is 15° of the perpendicular in the other direction (in front) the main part of the cast is made, and the second part of the forward movement is only to follow the flies with the point of the rod, to ease their flight as above mentioned; this latter part of the forward cast can no more aid or extend the flight of the flies than "pushing" on the reins can increase the speed of our horse.

I have written in the fewest words possible, and in the simplest manner, endeavored to explain the "mystery" of casting the fly, and I trust the beginner will be able to understand it. It is almost impossible to describe the art clearly and satisfactorily by mere words. One hour with a good fly-fisher will teach the novice more than a hundred written pages. I have purposely omitted many little details of art and of nature, which would only tend to confuse, instead of enlightening the beginner in the noble art of fly-fishing.

Cynthia, Ky., July 2d.

J. A. HENSHALL.

BLACK BASS VS. TROUT.

LAWTONVILLE, Ga., June 22d.

"Stance such a difference there should be 'twixt two such fish."

FINDING in recent issues of *FOREST AND STREAM* the old controversy revived about black bass and trout, and finding also some rather peremptory and unpleasant doubts from Dr. Henshall and other gentlemen concerning former articles written by myself for your paper ("Black Bass" and "Black Bass Fishing"), I must ask you to hear me.

In one of those articles I stated that a black bass proper could not be found in any stream in the South. I now reiterate that statement, and say that I will stand or fall on the scientific evidence of the best informed ichthyologists in the United States, the two fish (*M. salmoides* and *C. araricus*) to be dissected together.

I want this vexed question set at rest. It shall be set at rest, forever. It is true that we have a fish at the South, that is, to trout, which is not a trout, and to those who are not to the "main-born" look like black bass, and bite at all things that his congener will, including, of course, the fly, but which are no more black bass than they are salmon. It is true that they exist side by side in some streams, but in no Southern stream. They can be found in Kentucky and Missouri together, and even in Tennessee, in waters that empty into the Ohio, but not in others. The manner you cross some roaring brook in your pursuit of speckled trout, and say bye to all black bass fishing. There never was a black bass in any stream that empties into the Atlantic south of Maryland. And there never will be.

Dr. Henshall speaks of the striped bass (*J. chrysops*) as never weighing over two pounds. Now this is untrue. I believe I find the largest, through the solicitation of Chas. Hallock, Esq., former editor of *FOREST AND STREAM*, of introducing the fresh water striped bass to the notice of the public. No notice was taken of it, of course, as the articles were written by an obscure man, who cares nothing for what he writes, but something for the interests of scientific ichthyological nomenclature. Something, indeed, for the truth, if it can be found, and for the captive, and for the wild. Nothing to triumph, for I am wrong I earnestly desire to be so.

right. But to our muttons, or, rather, *revenue les poissons*.

I stated in one of my articles that the striped bass (*R. clypeosus*) was often found of the weight of six pounds. I caught one in the Missouri River, twenty-five miles below St. Louis, that weighed nine pounds. I stated these facts in my article, and Dr. Henshall must have read it. They are caught in the Green River, in Kentucky, the Doctor's own State, weighing five pounds. I must infer from these data, that the Doctor, like Herbert, "who never saw a black bass," must have never seen a fresh water striped bass. Fish are amazingly deceitful creatures. I've seen a wary old trout come up to my roach, smell it, and back away gracefully; and, indeed, with a fine look of scorn on his upturned nose. No man shall ever say of me that I endeavored to mislead. I must infer from these data, that I made a mendacious statement wilfully and knowingly. I have tried to do my duty with all the light that is in me; if I have failed, the fault lies not in good intentions; though Byron says that a certain place, unmentionable to ears polite, is paved with bricks made out of good intentions. How that may be, no gentleman has ever yet disputed my bare word. In carrying out the purity of the river, the scent and foam cannot afford the general result.

Dr. Henshall writes with discriminating severity about mingling the names "rock bass," "grass bass," "calico bass," etc., etc., in one chaotic mass. He is right. A rock bass is the "red-eye" of Kentucky, the goggle-eye of the Western States and the rock bass of the North. He is a true bass, notwithstanding his thick, short snout. And he is not a fish of the fish. Under favorable conditions, I have caught them with a minnow, with three strands of C silk, a light bamboo rod and No. 9 salmon trout hook, when they would prove to be game and plucky to the last; those weighing two pounds giving fluky as much trouble to capture as black bass of the same weight. The "raw mouth" perch in Southern waters is his congener. They are purely of a pond, weighing four pounds. The greatest of all writers, Shakespeare, has said: "What's in a name? a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet." Doubtless, too, a fish by any other name would eat just as well. But doubts of a strong inclination toward the beautiful as well as true, incline us to the belief that if we can unite the *utile cum decore* it is our duty to do that, otherwise the hard medical view of the matter is a matter of little moment whether we call our southern fish *M. salmoides*, or *M. pallidus*, or trout; but, as the time has surely come in our natural history that we must be accurate in our nomenclature, we beg to state our belief that our fish ought to be called "green bass." Different in anatomical structure, different in fins, different in times and mode of feeding, our green bass are not black bass, but an entirely different species.

From close observation, I should say that we have at least four varieties of the Southern fish, while I never saw but two kinds of bass, the black and yellow. These, indeed, differ in different streams; being long, slender and elegant in form in some streams, as short, thick and inelegant in others. In some they will not touch rawfish, while in others they will. In some they will catch them. I know streams in which the common angle worm is most killing; again, in others, the fly is the most certain lure.

Hear the conclusion. Misled by a similarity of mouth, and, to some extent, form, many well meaning but mistaken persons call our green bass black bass. Many Southerners call them trout, and trout they will be with them until the end of time. Mark my words. We have no black bass in the South, and no rock bass. We have the green bass, the speckled perch, the true perch (red-fin), jack, raw mouth perch, and, I beg to retract, in one stream that empties into Flint River, the rock bass. This is the list of our game fish, and we positively have no more in fresh water. More anon. Yours fraternally,

ST. CLAIR.

Our correspondent refuses to be convinced against what he conceives to be the evidence of his senses, but we fear that the advocates of the "green bass" are championing a hopeless cause, for the ichthyological experts of the city are against them.

CANADIAN SALMON ANGLING.

NEW YORK, July 12th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

For the information of any of your readers who may have contemplated a trip to the salmon rivers of Canada, I would say that a friend in St. John writes me that salmon anglers are having a tedious time waiting for the arrival of fish; that some of the lessees of the Nepisiguit have left that river tired out and unsuccessful, and that the New York club are having no better success on their new purchase of fishing grounds on the Metapedia and Resignouit.

The inclosed slip from the Albany *Evening Journal*, from Mr. Dawson, one of the disappointed, shows an equally disappointing experience for the anglers on the Upper St. Lawrence salmon streams, and goes to confirm what I have previously said, viz.: that while one man may one year leave home about the 5th of June, reach a salmon stream, and in the course of a week, make a good score, and be back at his occupation in two or three weeks at a cost of \$150 for traveling expenses, the chances are that in nine years out of ten he will either have to leave the river without killing salmon, or wait from two to five weeks at a cost of three or four times \$150, to say nothing of cost of rods, flies and other appurtenances. Many years' experience has shown me that nothing is more irregular than the arrival of the salmon in the rivers. On some parties waited on the Nepisiguit from the middle of June to the 1st of August. All fishing seasons for unadventurous fish are "unsartin."

I write on this subject because two or three friends of mine (with \$150 each, hardly gotten and scrimped out of small salaries) were crazy to have me lend them my salmon rods and gear in the beginning of this season, so that they might waste their money and scantly two weeks of vacation in a trip to Canada for salmon. They are now glad that I dissuaded them from going, unless they could get away for at least a month.

I have noticed that an early year for salmon is often followed by several late years. No woman is more fickle than salmon in some of their habits.

I was glad to see in the *Harvard* the other day an editorial remonstrating against and ridiculing the habit of some calling themselves anglers of taking trout only three to five inches long. I believe that a law limiting the size of trout, "had in possession dead," to let us say six inches, would be no more "impracticable" (as you call it) than are the game laws generally. Something must be done to stop this wholesale infanticide, or there will soon be no trout even for the present generation. Artificial culture will not make up for the slaughter; it will only stimulate the greed of these pot fishermen (if pot fishermen will please excuse my slandering their comparatively honorable designation) to greater boasts of catching 200 to 300 infant troutlings a day; and some of them printing their detestable exploits. Why in Vermont a man proudly showed me seven fish of these poor little frylings, which didn't weigh three pounds in all. I told him he ought to be tried for child murder. Put the hand of the law, as well as the scorn of all decent anglers, on such fellows.

Mr. Dawson's letter is as follows:—

"QUEBEC, July 8th.—The salmon drought continues. And this is saying that one of the most important factors in the trade of the Province is seriously affected. The salmon season (commercially) opens about the middle of May—the catch gradually increasing from that time on to the close of June, and then rapidly falling off to the 1st of August, when the netting season is practically over. Although there is a run of small fish (from half to two-thirds the average weight) during the last fortnight of August and the first week in September, but few are netted. This season has opened unusually. During the first fortnight, and down to the 15th of June, the catch did not reach one-twentieth of that of last year at any one of the most prolific stations. The count at Tadoussac, up to that time, was only twenty fish, against 500 last year, and very nearly this proportion was returned from Campbelltown, Dalhousie, Miramichi, etc., and from several of the most famous points on the north shore. But this early deficiency was expected to be made up later, and the fishermen continued to draw their seines hopefully, but to no improvement up to the 7th inst., when the nets at several points were taken up in despair.

"In conversing with dealers at Quebec to-day, I gathered a few facts which may be of interest, as showing the extent of the present scarcity of salmon. The last shipped more fish the first four days in June last year than during the entire month this year, and A. Fraser & Co., the largest dealers in the Province, report a like deficiency—their receipts and shipments falling off from millions of pounds to thousands. This firm have been in business for sixteen years, and really instituted a new era in the trade. Up to that time fresh salmon found their way to the city in large quantities, and were sent to almost every considerable town as far West as St. Louis and Chicago. During the season the amount of fish shipped to the States reaches into the millions of pounds, and is really one of the most important and profitable articles of Provincial traffic. Last year Messrs. Fraser & Co. sold their fish, packed in ice, for from five to eight cents a pound, and Quebec and Montreal. This year the price has not time been below twenty cents, and the quotation will be twenty-five cents hereafter. No single fact could show more conclusively the great deficiency of the season.

"In a long conversation with Mr. Fraser, I found him, like the rest of us, quite at sea in regard to the probable cause or causes of this unparalleled deficiency. With others, he thinks that the unusual quantity of ice in the Gulf may have had something to do with it. He believes, however, that the unusual number of sharks that have shown themselves in the vicinity of the best fishing grounds have had their influence. He thinks so from the fact that many of the fish taken in the seines appear to have been bitten. If the sharks do not destroy the salmon they may frighten them back into deep water, and thus prevent them from passing into the rivers. Porpoises have also shown themselves in unusually large numbers, and may also have had their influence in keeping the fish back from their natural haunts. But these are mere conjectures, and the mystery is rendered all the more mysterious from the fact that while the salmon are thus scarce codfish are more abundant than for many years. Why should not the same cause operate upon both fish alike is a question which will open a wide door for discussion. It is a serious problem how far this non-appearance of salmon on their usual spawning grounds will affect the future supply. It is barely possible that the late run will be larger than usual.

"Of course salmon anglers are quite as much disappointed as the net fishers. So far as I know they have had but very poor success thus far, with no cheerful prospect during the fortnight which yet remains of the season. All who are interested in the general subject of fish and fishing will be curious to watch the outcome of this unparalleled barrenness of the usually prolific waters of the famous Gulf."

CANADA—Montreal, July 9th.—At the present time there is good fly-fishing for bass in the Richelieu River near St. Johns, Quebec. The best grounds are in the rapid waters below the ice weirs. Some four pounders have lately been taken, and even one of about twenty. Peter Thuotte, or Duvalle, is a good guide for those waters.

All bull dogs young duck destroyers? Last evening my boatman, Thuotte, observed a young black duck struggling in the water among the reeds, and went to its assistance and found that a large bull frog had seized it by the head, and held on until Thuotte took them both out of the water and killed the frog. Among my catch last evening was a small black frog, who rose to the surface of the water and took the fly.

STANSTEAD.

✓ GOBOUT SALMON ANGLING.—Gobout River, Province Quebec, June 27th.—It may be interesting to some of your readers to know what sportsmen are doing in this locality in the way of salmon fishing. So far the result has been anything but satisfactory for a stream of such reputation as the "Gobout."

There seems to be a scarcity of salmon along the whole of the North shore of the St. Lawrence, as even the net-fishermen have not been doing much up to date. The season has also been much later than usual, and instead of getting salmon here about the 7th of June, as we generally do, the first fish killed was on the 16th, and for

more than a week after the fishing continued poor. With the last spring tides, however, they began to run in and prospects are brighter, and possibly I may have some good scores to send in July.

I give you below a statement of two weeks' fishing, by two rods, as also weight of heaviest fish caught by each. To make up for the want in number, the fish so far are larger than in former years and have averaged several pounds apiece.

Rod No. 1.—Mr. John Manual, of Ottawa. Number of fish, 45; total weight, 714 pounds; largest fish, 29 pounds; smallest fish, 8 pounds.

Rod No. 2.—Mr. David Law, Montreal. Number of fish, 29; total weight, 371 pounds; largest fish, 30 pounds; smallest fish, 8 pounds.

Total catch, 67 fish; weight, 1,085 pounds; average weight, 16 pounds.

NAP. A. COMEAU.

THUNDER BAY TROUT.—Prince Arthur's Landing, Ont., June 21st.—I inclose you a pencil outline of a genuine brook trout caught, unfortunately for sportsmen, in a net in Thunder Bay this A.M. Weight and size marked on paper.

G. T. M.

The fish measured 23½ in. length, 12½ in. girth, and weighed 4 lbs., 15½ oz.

VERMONT—Belvidere Corners, June 30th.—I have been here several days, trout-fishing in the streams running into the "Bog," and can report good success. This town is beautifully situated among the mountains, and a veritable paradise for bear hunters. Mr. Curtis Brown, one of the most prominent men here, is a successful hunter, and has scored his full four dozen black bears, and expects to add several more to that number soon.

STANSTEAD.

TIM POND.—Following is a note from Eustis, Maine, June 21st, addressed to Mr. J. Warren Tuck of this city, who first made known to our readers the attractions of Tim Pond. We fear that the fishing there will not last many seasons if 300 fish in five hours is to be the approved catch:—

I am having some company now; I have twelve men from Sabatis, near Lewiston. Dr. Hill has not yet arrived, but is coming as soon as he can leave his patients. A party of four—Dr. Hill's friends from Biddeford—left here a week ago. They caught on the 11th, in five hours, 300 good-sized trout. They went away feeling good. Evidently the *FOREST AND STREAM* is read by the right class of people, as shown by the result of my notice in that in many ways valuable paper. But my four cabins have not yet been crowded, and Tim Pond seems as full of trout as an English pudding is of plums, and they appear to bite better than they did last year. I have never known game in the woods so plenty. Every party has seen wild deer on their way from my house to Tim Pond. I have a backboard path from the house to the pond. I also have a nice saddle horse for those in ill health. M. W. Mead has recently repaired and refurbished the hotel at Kingfield, where you called last summer. He and his wife know how to keep a neat, clean, home-like hotel. The table is well-furnished with the fresh, sweet products of the country and the viands of the Boston market. It is a first-class place for you or any one to leave your family while at Tim Pond hunting and fishing. Clark's stage runs daily from Farmington to Kingfield on arrival of trains, and Clark will send parties of any size by private teams to my farm house.

KENNEDY SMITH.

WAS HE MIXED?—Camp Kenebago, Indian Rock, June 27th.—*Forest and Stream*.—I was very much surprised on reading my *FOREST AND STREAM* this morning to find the article dated Little Boys Falls, Magalloway River, and signed K. C. Now if K. C. has an idea of giving the Parmachenee Lake another "puff" I should advise him to take the trip he pretends to have taken, and see if he cannot get a better idea of the "Jay of the land," for it is plain to see by any one who acquires the least knowledge of the country, that K. C. never was there. I have been on the Magalloway River, between Lakes Umbagog and Parmachenee, quite a number of times—by boat, on snow shoes and on skates—and it is news to me that the Metallog ponds lay several miles to the east of the river. The first Metallog, as it is called, surely is on the west side, in full view of the river, and the upper end of the east side, ninety miles from the river, but instead of being seen from the river it is not over ten rods, hidden from sight by a high bank. When K. C. gets to Joe Danforth's carry, as he calls it, he gets entirely lost, as John Danforth's camp ("Camp Cariboo") is a strong live miles from this place; and if you have an idea of raising Johnny by shooting I should advise you not to trust to small arms, but to take a cannon along with you. This carry was formerly owned and run by one George Lewis, the Lindsey Pond Camp by Spofford Flint. This year Mr. George Lewis is the proprietor. The camp is half a mile from the river landing and two miles and a half from the lake. The carry team is still kept there, and I suppose the shooting arrangement brings it there just the same as it did before K. C. was there; though the magazine part of it is a sled. John Danforth may be a good fisherman, but he is not a good writer. When K. C. was here, and also Mr. Fickett, Danforth's cook, when my paper was received, and I read the article to them. They were very much surprised, and said they were very sure that they knew every man who had been to the lake this season, and they were sure that the guide (Amasa Ward) K. C. says was with him had not been there. George Lewis is within two miles of Little Boys Falls, and in going to them from the lake you have to pass within one-fourth of a mile of it. B. and F. report the travel to the lake light this spring, and the fishing good, and as for nets being used they say it is no such thing. If K. C. should have an idea of giving the Parmachenee region another "going over" about being overrun with fishermen and netters, he had better read the article in *Forest and Stream*, and published in *FOREST AND STREAM* last winter. He could get some ideas there that would be for his advantage.

F. C. BARKER.

✓ ST. LAWRENCE BASS FISHING.—New York, July 12th.—I have frequently been puzzled to know where to spend the summer, and, at the same time, have the pleasure of

good fishing. Through the influence of a friend I was induced to go to Clayton, N. Y., terminus of Ulster and Black River Railroad, last season, and, never having had the pleasure of good fishing before, I was surprised when my genial oarsman, Mr. "Sid" Griffin, informed me that one person could take in from 100 to 300 pounds of black bass in a day, from June 15th to Sept. 15th. I did not arrive until still-fishing season was over, so I devoted my time to trolling for pickerel, at which sport I passed many pleasant days, always coming back to the Hubbard House with a box full.

There are 1,800 islands in all, extending a distance of forty miles. Some of these islands are very beautiful, being nearly all wooded; and several in the vicinity of Clayton have an elevation of 200 feet to 800 feet above water level. A great many islands are owned by Eastern men of wealth, who have built elegant summer residences where they take their families the hot sultry weather. There is one island which can be bought for nominal sum, which contains the most natural fish pond imaginable, and, with a trifling expense, it could be so arranged that a portion of the St. Lawrence would flow directly through the pond. It is large enough for 10,000 bass, and one could stand on the rocks extending into the river and catch the fish and place them in the pond without any difficulty. I will join a party of five or six young gentlemen, who feel disposed, and purchase the island and fit it up to suit our pleasure and convenience. To prove more conclusively the sport one may enjoy, I give below a statement furnished me of fish caught by Ex-Speaker T. G. Alvord of New York.

From June 7th to Sept. 3d, 1878, sixty days' fishing:—
 Black Bass.....2,160 Rock Bass.....308
 Pickerel.....288 Eels.....12
 Porgies.....434 Bull-Heads.....5
 Total.....4,192
 One year's average, weighed 25 lbs.
 Year of 1879, T. G. Alvord and family:—
 Black Bass.....2,330 Pickerel.....373
 Rock Bass.....1,762 Chub.....179
 Porgies.....360 All other kinds.....35
 Total.....5,624
 Greatest day, July 17th, 1879. Fish with fly, 353.

ZEMTH.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 6th.—Black bass fishing at Nine Mile Point, in Lake Ontario, (a fourteen mile drive from the city), is unsurpassed just now. Two gentlemen were fly-fishing there a few days ago, and caught over a hundred good fish. The fishing is good only when the wind is blowing toward shore.

E. R.

BLACK BASS.—Tent "Hancock," Banks of the Delaware River, July 4th.—Will you confer a favor on the disciples of "Ike Walton" and more particularly to the lovers of black bass angling, and let them know that there is such a place as Narrowsburg, on the Erie Railroad, about one hundred and twenty miles from New York, on the Delaware River, where there is no finer fishing in the Northern States. Black bass are not only in abundance, but are perfection, both in regard to weight and flavor; none of the soft flabby kind that are in ponds. The river is only three hundred feet from the depot, with grassy slopes on both sides shaded by some of the most majestic sycamores in the country. Talk about sport! Just fly-joint Ruf, and you will be able to go with me for a day's fishing excursion, and I will guarantee that no more pleasant company, better fishing, nor finer bass, can be found anywhere. The village is one of the old fashioned kind. Pleasant and comfortable, with just enough of modern improvements of the outside world to leave one nothing to wish for but for it to continue. There is but one hostlerie of ye olden time, kept by Murray Brothers, where I can promise will give all one can desire, both of comfort and of sport. Take a day off and go up there, and if you are not satisfied, send your bill to me and I will settle.

WILLOUGHBY.

NEW JERSEY.—Riverside House, Forked River, July 9th.—We are now having fine weakfish, and during the past week quite a number of New York gentlemen have been enjoying the sport at this popular resort, among whom were Messrs. E. C. Fox, Thos. A. T. Knapp, A. G. Walker, G. Lewis King, F. W. Mead, S. T. Knapp, and a number of families. The average catch per boat has been from 25 to 40 fish, weighing from 1½ to 4 pounds each. The Riverside House being situated directly on the water, and in the immediate vicinity of the best fishing grounds of Barnegat Bay, offers superior inducements to families or gentlemen fond of the sports to be found in our bays. House open all the year.

A. B.

July 12th.—One of our yachts, the *Mattie*, with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Fox, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Spaulding and Mr. J. L. Kirkland, has just come in with eighty-nine fine weakfish, the largest catch of the season so far. They were caught in the bay near the Riverside House. The ladies in the party catching nearly half of them. We look for fine fishing from this time forward.

A. B.

FLY-CASTING.—Canton, N. Y., July 5th.—Reading your article on fly-casting in last week's FOREST AND STREAM reminded me of the interest taken in that part of the State shoot at Rochester, last season. I offered seat, fly and fixtures, worth about sixty dollars, as a prize for fly-casting, open only to those who had never won a first prize at any State contest. The prize committee wrote me, requesting me to allow them to place it where they pleased, saying they had already secured prizes for fly-casting. I consented, and the result was such that I do not care ever to give away another.

J. H. RUSHTON.

A RECOVERED HOOK.—Clinton, Conn., July 5th.—I went out fishing June 3d, using worms for bait, two hooks on a lead leader, hooks three feet apart. I was fishing in a deep pool when I snagged my hook, evidently catching on a submerged log. After trying to break it, I concluded to break it. I did so, breaking the leader. The second hook was joined on, leaving both hooks. Was out again the 22d, and happened at the same pool. At the first cast I took a nice pump trout, fully one pound in weight. Imagine my surprise on unhooking him to find a hook well down in his stomach and my three feet of broken leader hanging from his mouth. When I lost the hook it was a large stout wire, but when I took it from the fish the wire was not larger than a small fly

hook, and would easily powder up between thumb and finger like black lead. I forgot to say that there was but one hook on the recovered leader. The upper one is probably sticking in the log. It was put on with a loop, and a pull by the fish easily drew the leader through. The fish was plump and gamy, and appeared to be none the worse for having had a hook in his stomach nineteen days. From its appearance the hook would have been entirely consumed in ten more days.

C. W. R.

Fish Culture.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION AT BERLIN.

NO. VIII.—THE SEX OF SEVERAL EELS.

TODAY, June 18th, there was a gathering of a few men, who came to the President's room, by invitation, to witness the dissection of several alleged male eels which had been on exhibition as such for some time, and to determine the fact if it were possible to distinguish the sexes with certainty while the fish were still alive and unopened, as asserted by Prof. S. Jacoby and Cattie. Dr. Hermes, Director of the Berlin Aquarium, furnished the eels from the stock which has before been alluded to in these columns, and which were sent him, as male eels, from Trieste by Jacoby himself, and the dissection was to be conducted by no less a person than Dr. Virchow, the celebrated naturalist and one of the first anatomists of the world. The spectators were Herr von Behr, President Deutschen Fischerei Verein; Dr. Hermes; Herr Haack, Director of the Imperial Fish-cultural Establishment at Hueningen; Mr. Fred Mather, of the United States Fish Commission; Prof. Torgioni Tozzetti, of Italy; Herr von dem Borne, of Bernauchen, and one or two others, Prof. Goode being absent in Dresden.

Dr. Hermes stated that he had received the eels, male and female, with full directions how to distinguish the sexes, but that it was very difficult, and he would try to select them to the best of his ability, and taking one from the glass tank, he said: "Here is a male." The eel was thirty-eight and one-half centimeters long, and was laid on its back, where it was held in position by an awl through its jaws, while Dr. Virchow opened its abdomen with the scissors, and all watched the verdict which proved that the diagnosis was correct, a verdict verified by all present who were familiar with the subject. No. 2 was pronounced to be a female, but, on opening, there was a doubt on account of the season and the smallness of the specimen, the eel spawning in the fall and winter months, and therefore the eggs, if there were any, were not well advanced by the middle of June, or it might be possible that if this was a female, the eggs would not be ready to fill in a year or two; anyhow it was evident that whatever it might be it was not a male. No. 3 was also called a female, and it proved to be one, while No. 4, and last, was a male of 43 centimeters.

Dr. Hermes stated that the head of the male had a greater vertical thickness, the eye was smaller and the snout narrower, but that although he had been successful in the four cases above cited he did not feel authorized in saying that the rule was infallible. The sperm cells were then placed under the microscope and showed, with a power of about 250, very like ordinary testicle when in mass, but when spread out it was plain that the cells were sperm cells, and not fatty ones, although no spermatozoa were visible. A portion of the tissue of the doubtful one, No. 2, showed nothing but fat cells, the irregular grouping of their angular forms differing widely from the regular arrangement of the eggs which were seen depending like long clusters from a central cord with an artery, or rather a capillary, beside it, and thus ended the examination. Dr. Hermes, of course, was more confident after his successes, while the skeptics intimated that to make it certain that the sexes could be distinguished without dissection would require 400 eels to be examined instead of four. The American representative in replying to a question as to the possibility of thus determining the sexes, said: "It may be so, or it may not; the alleged differences in outward appearance are not strong enough for me to separate them with any certainty, and it is often hard to distinguish the sexes of brook trout in the summer." Herr von Behr then asked Mr. Mather if he would accept a few male eels for Professor Baird, and an arrangement was made whereby some will be brought to America when Professor Goode and staff return.

In this connection the following translation from the *Zoologischer Anzeiger** of June 7th may prove interesting:—

THE GENITAL ORGANS OF THE MALE EEL AND SEXUAL DISTINCTIONS.

By S. Th. Cattie. Phil. Nat. Cand., Dozent an der Realschule zu Arnheim, (Holland.)

As is well known, Darwin¹ has confirmed the experience of Gunther that female fishes are larger than males.

*The *Zoologischer Anzeiger* herausgegeben von Prof. J. Victor Carus, in Leipzig.

¹Charles Darwin. Die Abstammung des Menschen, übersetzt von C. H. Thell, p. 6 u. f.

Perhaps it may be that Syrski, in the year 1874, has followed this rule in seeking the small eels in order to find the males, at which time he had the good fortune to find an organ which is now generally called the "Syrski organ," or the male organ of generation.³ Dareste afterward found this organ in a variety of eel known in France as *Anguilla pimperneau*, and Professor A. S. Packard has seen the living spermatozoa in the male *Anguilla borealis*.⁴ The male eel being only about 430 m. m. long (17 inches), we need not wonder that it is found so seldom, as the young eels go in the deep water where the organs of reproduction are soon developed (six to eight weeks), and then they are ready for the spawning season, when the old eels, male and female, go to the bottom. Failing then to find the spermatozoa we must rely upon the cells of the testicle and the general histological structure of the Syrski organs to bring us the evidence of the sex.

By an examination of small eels it may be found that some have a rather broad ribbon fastened by the edge by a small fold of the skin to the swimming bladder, while the other edge is free. This ribbon goes from the liver to beyond the anal opening, and is covered with thousands of fat cells. A lobe-shaped organ, which consists of fat cells, covers the posterior portion of the intestinal canal and the ovary.⁵ The eggs which I found in a specimen of twenty to fifty centimeters in length were of 0.75 millimeters. Treated with vinegar and ammoniated carmine there was a grand nucleus and also a nucleolus to be seen.

In other specimens fat-lobes were found, but not the broad ribbon; but in the same situation are to be found along the back part and also through folds of the inside webs, and joined to the swimming bladder a very thin transparent strip of the liver which extends behind the anal opening. This strip is furnished with bow-formed appendages, or cuts, which are 0.75 m. m. in length and 0.05 m. m. in depth, with the convex portion hanging downward into the abdominal cavity. By the side of these Syrski's, or lobe-formed organs, a fine canal is found, whose duty it is to pass the seed out (sperm duct), and this shows well with cells from their bases with carmine. The histological structure has been examined by Brend, who found a network of inside webs (Balken) similar to the structure of the uripre testicles of fishes; a similar view may be observed in my own preparations in cases where the smaller specimens have been examined.

Among the larger eels which I have observed with the lobe-organs (445 m. m.) I found tube-formed cords which were filled with cells from their bases to the tops of the bow-formed cuts, and, after treating with the many different reagents, I never succeeded in distinguishing with perfect clearness the nucleus. My observations were conducted with Obj. K. Imm. Zeiss, Oc. 2 and 3.

After Jacoby,⁷ von Siebold has seen such cell formations (Zellenstränge) in a specimen of an eel where the lobes were strongly defined. These cells showed a decided similarity to the sperm-cells in the testicle, and I am of the opinion that mine are the same. In no specimens which have come under my notice have there been any spermatozoa. Before I began my examinations on the histology of the testicle lobes, I considered the question whether beside the mentioned differences in the size and length there might not also be other outside signs whereby the sex might be distinguished. On this point Jacoby says:—

1. "One decisive point is the broader jaw of the females, in contradistinction to the narrow and tapering ones of the males, or ones with the 'lobe organ' present."
2. "The lighter color of the females, which is of a greenish tint on the back, shading to a yellow on the belly, while the others are of a dark green, often an intense black, always with more of a metallic luster on the sides, and which commonly show a white belly."
3. "An important outside sign is the difference in the length of the dorsal fin, the females having it decidedly higher and broader than the fish with the lobe organs."
4. "A sign not always certain is the larger eyes of the males, while those with particularly small eyes are most generally females. Eels, with 'Syrski's organs,' have very large eyes; but also there are large-eyed females to be found."

Jacoby gives a few measurements as illustrations of his statements, from the great number of eels measured by him from which the correctness of his conclusions can be seen; but, I am inclined to consider some of his signs overestimated, while others, not less important, have been overlooked by him. From a great number of eels, measured by myself, I am enabled to give the following:—

	Length of body.	Breadth of the snout between the nasal tubules.	Breadth of the eyes between the snout.	Length of the mouth from the eye to the end of the eye.	Thickness of the head through the eyes.	Length of head from the eye to the end of the eye.	Height of dorsal fin.
	MM.	MM.	MM.	MM.	MM.	MM.	MM.
I.	h. 270.	—	8	8	4	35	—
II.	h. 305.	—	8.5	9	5.5	35	—
III.	h. 327.5.	—	9	10	6	37	—
IV.	h. 344.	—	9	10	6	40	6.5
V.	h. 355.	—	9	10	6	40	7.5
VI.	h. 359.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
VII.	h. 375.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
VIII.	h. 385.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
IX.	h. 400.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
X.	h. 410.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XI.	h. 420.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XII.	h. 430.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XIII.	h. 440.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XIV.	h. 450.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XV.	h. 460.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XVI.	h. 470.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XVII.	h. 480.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XVIII.	h. 490.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XIX.	h. 500.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XX.	h. 510.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXI.	h. 520.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXII.	h. 530.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXIII.	h. 540.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXIV.	h. 550.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXV.	h. 560.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXVI.	h. 570.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXVII.	h. 580.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXVIII.	h. 590.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXIX.	h. 600.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXX.	h. 610.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXXI.	h. 620.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXXII.	h. 630.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXXIII.	h. 640.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXXIV.	h. 650.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXXV.	h. 660.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXXVI.	h. 670.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXXVII.	h. 680.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXXVIII.	h. 690.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XXXIX.	h. 700.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XL.	h. 710.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XLI.	h. 720.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XLII.	h. 730.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XLIII.	h. 740.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XLIV.	h. 750.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XLV.	h. 760.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XLVI.	h. 770.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XLVII.	h. 780.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XLVIII.	h. 790.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
XLIX.	h. 800.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CL.	h. 810.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLI.	h. 820.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLII.	h. 830.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLIII.	h. 840.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLIV.	h. 850.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLV.	h. 860.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLVI.	h. 870.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLVII.	h. 880.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLVIII.	h. 890.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLIX.	h. 900.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLX.	h. 910.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLXI.	h. 920.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLXII.	h. 930.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLXIII.	h. 940.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLXIV.	h. 950.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLXV.	h. 960.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLXVI.	h. 970.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLXVII.	h. 980.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLXVIII.	h. 990.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5
CLXIX.	h. 1000.	—	9	10	6	41	7.5

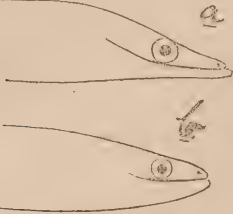
(The sign — means a little less, and X a little more.)

a, female; b, male.

2. Abhandl. d. Kais. Akad. d. Wissensch. Wien, April-Heft 1874.
3. Compt. Rendus, 1875, T. lxxxi., p. 139.
4. Zool. Anz., II. Jahrg.
5. For fear of misconception the original is here given: "Ein lapenformiges Organ, eben so nur aus Fettsellen bestehend, überlagert den hinteren Theil des Darmes und des Spermatozoa." (p. 139.)
6. Sitzungsber. d. Kais. Akad. d. Wissensch. Wien, 1877, Märzheft.
7. Dr. L. Jacoby. Der Fischfang in der Lagune von Commachio.

From this it may be seen that all females have a higher dorsal fin than the males of the same length of body, and probably with age this will not increase. The observation that eels with the lobe organs are large-eyed seems to me to be wanting in evidence, and not borne out by observation, but my examinations have led me to lay greater stress upon the broader mouth of the females as opposed to the small and tapering mouth of the male; not only is the mouth of the female broader, but it is even a great deal more flattened and has more projecting *(protruded)* eyes, a fact to which I had my attention particularly drawn, and which I did not find in the males. The mouth or upper jaw of the males is more convex. (See cut.)

If the width or narrowness of the dorsal fin, and particularly the broad flattened mouth of the females, with



their projecting eyes, together with the small convex mouth of the males be closely observed, then, with some practice, it enables one to distinguish the sexes with very little trouble.

On an average I have found among twenty eels, of from 300 to 450 millimeters in length, which I received from the fishermen, five eels with lobe organs, at least, twenty-five per cent, but when I began to notice the two before mentioned prominent marks as the dorsal fin and the mouth, and searched for male eels especially, then I found from eighty to ninety per cent. of the eels so chosen to be furnished with the "Sydney organ," but it has been impossible for me to find any rule whereby to distinguish the sexes by the color. All of those, both male and female, which I examined had a white belly shading into green, with metallic reflections upon the sides.

Arnhem, April 3d.

And thus stands the vexed question at present, your correspondent merely giving the facts and leaving your readers to draw their own inferences, and prove or disprove them by experiment and observation.

—Never look a gift horse in the mouth, nor into the muzzle of a gun.

The Kennel.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

JACK.

"A GREAT, ugly, awkward, yellow dog—a yellow dog unmistakably," I said, with scorn, for I had somehow acquired the notion that a yellow dog was the embodiment of meanness.

"He is well-shaped, and has a handsome coat," said my brother.

I could but acknowledge that as I noticed his broad, full chest, litho back and supple limbs; but he was a yellow dog, though his skin was smooth and bright.

"part Newfoundland," and he spread the webbed toes for my inspection, while the dog modestly winked and blinked his big eyes and slowly withdrew the paw as if unwilling to assert claims to merit on that score.

"Good dog! good old Jack!" said my brother, stroking his ears. "See there—what do you say to those eyes?" he continued to me, as, with a hand under the dog's closed jaws, he brought his eyes full in view.

Large, soft and bright they were, as a gazelle's; and with such an appealing, intense, human look I might as well call it, that I was conquered. "Good—fine," I said, laughing. "He'll do. The eyes are all right. But he isn't Prince."

"And he's a yellow dog," was the rejoinder, coupled with a quizzical grimace as the dog laid himself at my feet.

"Yes, He's not Prince. Handsome is that handsome does, though," I returned, rather pleased at this attention of the animal. Now Prince was a beauty, a splendid St. Bernard, with shining, curly, black hair—and such lovely, drooping ears—such a graceful curve to his long, full tail. But following his predilections, he had wrought so much mischief—excavated, completely uprooting young trees, and finally nearly undermining the barn, that he had been banished to the mountains. So Jack reigned in his stead.

And Jack's office as a watch dog was to bark—to bark, merely. He understood this, and performed the duty faithfully; his honorous voice could be heard of a clear half a mile away. Knew was his scent and he held his ear—woe to the mercenary who came within his range; that bark sent terror through every fiber of his being. Yet a more gentle, affectionate creature never was. And his sagacity in discriminating between welcome and unwelcome visitors on the premises was remarkable. He seemed to know intuitively who were friends of the family, and who were his enemy. Indeed, and as if proud of the protection he could grant them.

Docile, respectful and obedient he was, except in one particular. Being especially fond of accompanying any of the family to town, where we frequently went, he was often allowed to trot alongside of Major, the old roan, as he drove the buggy or open wagon, and sometimes was indulged with a seat in the back of the vehicle. And there were times when his fondness for this reputation got the better of his principles, and his duty as the home guard was neglected. He would watch wistfully

all preparations for the jaunt to town, and, if not invited to follow, with drooping ears would sink off to his kennel and crouch in its doorway with his head between his paws till the buggy was out of sight. Then, with the instincts of a hound, he was on the track, keeping a respectful distance in the rear till the vehicle had nearly reached its destination, when he would come forward, with lolling tongue and panting sides, and look up with such a pitiful look in his great eyes we hadn't the heart to send him back. An "Oh, Jack! how could you?" would make him hang his head sheepishly for an instant, only to come it again with a gentle, suppressed bark, as much as to say, "Forgive me!"—the bark, increasing louder and louder as he circled round and round old Major and the buggy. Finding he was not ordered home he would file into place beside the horse and trot complacently all the rest of the way. One very warm day I was going to take tea with a friend in town. The buggy needed repairing; I must go in the open wagon. I took an umbrella to shield my head from the sun. Jack watched me so narrowly that when ready to start I said "Can't have you, Jack. Go to your house and be a good dog." He slunk away much disappointed, evidently. I had my fears, and looked round repeatedly, meaning to send him back on his first appearance; and it was no easy thing to turn my head, with the umbrella in one hand and the reins in the other. I began to think how easily and good he was to take his disappointment so quietly, when, all at once, he appeared beside Major. I instantly ordered him home—repeated the order before he obeyed; then drove on more rapidly—for a moment, perhaps, and Jack dashed by me like a flash and wheeled himself in front of the horse, an entirely new maneuver, but one which he afterward repeated, only in exactly reverse. Again I commanded him, return. He obeyed. Suspicious that it was only a feint, I again turned and saw the old fellow, only a few feet in the rear, seated demurely on the roadside, watching me. My command was sternly reiterated. He sped homeward, to all appearance, like lightning. But in less than a minute came a bounce in the back of the wagon, and before I could turn my head he was at my side, the sweep of his ears indicating that he was ready to start at once. A little squeal of joy, the lapping of his tongue on my rein-land, and the victory was won—he had his ride to town, and in front of the wagon—an honor never before attained. A few short, sharp barks, as if he were chuckling over his *finesse*, and a roguski pat of his paw upon my knee, showed that he thought it a good joke. It was vain to say, "Naughty dog! bad Jack!" He didn't believe it, he just winked in my face with the utmost gravity, gave a few complacent raps with his tail on the floor of the wagon, then drew himself up with the dignity of a judge, and so held himself the rest of the journey. A most amusing spectacle, a comical group, we were—this big yellow dog and red-faced damsel (the worry about Jack had sent every drop of blood into my face) under a blue cotton umbrella—judging from the nods and grins of everybody we met.

The next week I had an engagement about half a mile distant—must ride, but did not want Jack—felt determined he should not go, so chained him and made him comfortable, with food and drink, in his kennel. He uttered such cries of distress before I started that I unfashioned the chain and contented myself with talking seriously with him about staying in the house. He seemed to understand and very demurely settled himself for a nap.

A few choice plants, of which I was not a little proud, stood on the piazza near by. Jack, blinking his great eyes solemnly, often watched me as I watered and tended these plants morning and evening. An elegant cactus (*Cereus grandiflorus*) was in bloom. It was my pet, and Jack knew it, I firmly believe. Little did I think that I was seeing its beauty for the last time as I passed along to give Jack a farewell pat on his neck, and then with a "Good old doggie!" hurried into the buggy.

Jack followed the team with his eyes till it was out of sight, listened to the rumbling of the wheel till it was lost in the distance, and then deliberately walked up my case, and, taking its stalk in his great jaws, drew the plant from its pot, and, with a low growl, completed its destruction by stamping on both leaves and blossoms, the large crimson flowers receiving the most of his anger. This over, he returned quietly to his kennel and composed himself to sleep. My mother, at a window near, saw the whole, but could not prevent it, it was done so quickly.

When I returned, he hurried out of sight, and it was several days before he would answer my kindest call. I believe he was heartily ashamed, and regretted that he had ever given way to his anger, for he soon began to show me many little kind attentions—as if in reparation. This was the first and the only occasion on which he was ever known to express a bad temper to any of the family. And he was not a destructive dog—did not tear and break things like his predecessor; neither did he steal and hide—he was no thief.

After this sad affair he was very gallant toward me. If I went out of an evening, he was sure to follow, as my guard. If, as it sometimes happened, I was belated in town, and had a lonely walk home, I was sure to meet Jack coming to escort me. And it frequently happened that when I was in town of an evening, he would slip away from home, and go from one place to another till he found me.

At last, my father moved into town, and Jack accompanied us. The unusual stir and noise kept him continually barking, especially at night, when the lightest footfall or car wheel was enough to start him on a rondeau to the neighborhood, to say nothing of the discomfort it caused us. We soon came to the conclusion that the country was his proper place. A purchaser was readily found, for Jack bore a good character. The new owner was an excellent, kind-hearted man—no other should have a good old creature. Yet was hard to part with him, except on the small new ground, and the look in those limpid brown eyes, as his collar was taken off, and the leather strap adjusted by which his new master took him into possession, and the stoical silence in which he received our fearful good byes went to my heart; he seemed struck dumb with amazement—was it grief at our base ingratitude for his untiring fidelity?

But he took kindly to his new home—soon became very fond of his new master, with whom he led a useful and a happy life for over a year, making good friends by day among the customers of the grocery store, guarding by night the barn occupied by his master's horses and cattle.

One night Jack's master was roused from sleep by a furious bark. At first he supposed it to be his usual salute to a passing traveler. But the bark was repeated—continued—with increasing vehemence. The man arose and hastily dressed. Passing out of doors he saw nothing unusual. Still the barking went on. He unlocked the barn door—flames and smoke burst forth; the barn was on fire. He ran around to the rear door and set horses and cattle free. The faithful dog, confined to an inner room, kept up his hoarse bark amid stifling smoke. The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, a crowd gathered, but no one dared attempt the rescue of the dog through that scorching, blinding fire. The barking went on, but fainter and fainter, till at last it ceased—nothing could be heard save the crackling and hissing of the blaze. When the flames were subdued his remains were found just where his master had left him the previous evening. The faithful creature had yielded his life a sacrifice to duty.

Dear good old Jack! He was only a *yellow dog*, but in life he had many admiring friends, in death many sincere mourners. It is my faith that he has gone "where the good dogs go." Shall we presume to say that the feeling, the instinct, the reason—call it what we will or may—that prompted such honest, faithful service may not be as enduring as our own feelings, our own consciousness?

ANNE G. HALE.

IMPORTED ENGLISH FOX-HOUNDS.

WE visited the steamer *Nevala* on her arrival in this city on Friday last for the purpose of having a look at three English fox-hound emigrants that were on board, on their way to a new home in Kentucky. These hounds, a dog and two bitches, were consigned to the well-known forwarding agent, Mr. A. E. Goldsmith, of 58 Wall street, and were reshipped by him to their new owner, Mr. Henry Bishop, Louisville, Ky. This trio is the most typical one of its class that has yet been imported by an American us. The dogs were selected for Mr. Bishop by Mr. George Lowe, as the best to be had in England. No dog has for so long a time been carefully bred, reared and trained in large numbers as the English fox-hound, and in many fox-hound kennels careful records have been kept of the breeding of every litter for at least one hundred and fifty years. At present there are one hundred and sixty-eight fox-hound packs in the United Kingdom, one hundred and forty belonging to England, nineteen to Ireland and nine to Scotland. Two of the new arrivals, a dog and a bitch, are from the "Grove" pack, of which, Viscount Galway, M. P., is master, and the other bitch from the famous "Dartmoor" pack, Admiral G. Parker, master. The following are the sires and dams, with some brief particulars of these splendid animals:—

Gratitude, bitch from "The Dartmoor," by Lord Yarborough's Glider out of Sunbeam, who by Royal, Jr., a great winner and said to be the best looking fox-hound ever bred. Gratitude has been bred to Chorister, by the "Meynell" Cerberus. She is a superb young bitch.

Bauble, bitch from "The Grove," by the "Meynell" Linkboy out of Beauty, by the "Bounty" by the "Rallywood." Bounty is grand-daughter of Brucetel, the dam of the celebrated Barrister and Furrier. She is beautiful in every point, with great muscular development.

Fairplay, dog from "The Grove," by Plunder out of Florence. This young dog combines the blood of "The Belvoir" Grinder, Drake's Duster and Furrier, the three most celebrated dogs in the Fox Hound Stud Book. He is a wonderfully fine dog and can well stand as a model for all breeders.

These are by far the most perfect hounds we have ever seen in this country. In despite of a long and somewhat rough voyage, the dogs arrived in fine condition, although showing signs of having been in the care of a too generous cook. They were much admired during their brief stay in this city by a number of *philopetres*, and we congratulate Mr. Bishop upon the success of his timely purchase.

SETTERS as "SITTERS."—Mr. Jno. M. Tracy, of St. Louis, Mo., is engaged at present in painting a picture of Dr. J. B. C. Lucas red Irish setters, Erin and Biddy.

IMPORTED LAVERACK ALDERSHOTT.—In last week's issue we published a letter from Mr. Erdman A. Horzberg, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Through an error his name was omitted; we are now glad to rectify the mistake, and call attention to the fact that Mr. Herzberg is the happy possessor of Aldershott.

IMPORTED BLACK AND TAN SETTER.—Mr. William Stanley, of Englewood, N. J., has recently received from Lord Minto's Kennels, in Scotland, a magnificent two year old black and tan setter dog. The dog, "Victor," was sired by Douglas, the well known "Fallow gait-maker," and now is in the hands of Mr. Forry, of Palmer, Mass., being trained.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.—The rules and prize lists of this show can be had free on applying to Mr. A. D. Stewart, of Osage Hall, Toronto.

KENNEL NOTES.

BRED.—Ruth-Count Dan.—Mr. A. H. Moore's imported English setter bitch Ruth to his Count Dan. *Bosnia-Aldershott*, Mr. E. A. Herzberg's Boska (Kate II.-Prize of the Borden) to his pure Laverack Aldershott.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Earl.—Mr. T. Weaver, of Danville, Pa., claims the name of Earl for his liver and white setter dog, whelped Dec. 1879, out of M. Goldsmith's Polly, sired by Brooks' Bismarck, out of Chas. Launings Sherwood's Gyn, sired by J. Buckley's imported dog, Dudley, from Earl Dudley's kennels. *Stoughton and Endora*.—Mr. M. P. McKoon, of Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y., claims the names of Stoughton and Endora for cocker spaniel dog and bitch puppies reserved out of his beauty by his captain.

WHEELS.—*Rose Bradwardine.*—Mr. Fred. N. Hall's, of this city, red setter bitch Rose Bradwardine (Bitch-Bess) whelped, July 23, eight puppies, four dogs and four bitches, by Mr. A. R. Gendro's Bover 11. *Belle.*—Mr. Wm Stanley's (135 Broadway) champion black and tan setter bitch Belle whelped, June 29th, three puppies, all dogs, by Toledo Kennel Club's Grouse. *Gussie.*—Mr. W. H. Pierce's (Courtlandt Kennels, Peekskill, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Gussie (own sister to Lincoln and Hollar's Arlington), whelped July 9th, 1880, fourteen puppies, eleven dogs and three bitches, by champion lory O'Moro.

SALE.—*Berkley-Rhine, whelp.*—Mr. Thos. A. Addison, of Chelsea, Mass., has sold to Mr. Alfred H. Bartlett, of Boston, a bitch puppy out of Rhine by Berkley.

Archery.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—*New York, July 12th.*—This club has commenced to shoot again in the Central Park, and it is hoped the weather may be such as to allow them to continue regularly. A match will be shot with the Multnomah Archers, Portland, Oregon, Friday, July 16th, at the American and Columbia roads, the team consisting of four gentlemen and two ladies. The Multnomah Archers have already shot, and we will publish the score of both teams next week.

The club has accepted a challenge from the North Side Archery Club, of Chicago, to shoot the York Round with four gentlemen. The time is not decided upon, but due notice will be given.

At the last meeting, the New York Club issued a challenge to the Nottingham Club, of Elizabeth, and the Brooklyn Club, to shoot with teams of four gentlemen and two ladies at the American and Columbia roads. Notice of the matches will be given hereafter.

JAS. W. AUSTIN, Jr., Secretary.

NEW YORK ARCHERY CLUB.—At the last meeting of this club it received challenges from the North Side Club, of Chicago, and the Multnomah Archers, of Portland, Oregon. It is also issued a challenge to the Brooklyn Archery Club, and Nottingham Archers, of Elizabeth. These matches all depend upon the state of the weather and the will of the Park Commissioners, but the members are in hopes of being able to resume practice some time this week.

CONSECUTIVE YORK ROUNDS.—M. Granger Smith, of the North Side Archery Club, Chicago, made the following record of fine shooting:—

Date.	22 Arrows 100 Yards.		45 Arrows 80 Yards.		24 Arrows 60 Yards.		Total Hits.	Total Score.
	Hits.	Score.	Hits.	Score.	Hits.	Score.		
June 15.....	35	137	25	109	16	76	76	318
June 16.....	10	121	35	147	22	114	68	332
June 18.....	28	112	31	111	23	105	81	323
June 19.....	24	88	32	122	19	69	70	286
June 20.....	14	108	27	147	19	69	70	324
June 23.....	30	108	28	110	20	82	78	319
June 28.....	28	120	29	135	19	73	76	316
June 30.....	14	120	26	121	21	83	61	347
Totals.....	234	924	233	1,005	158	685	623	2,614

Average total shots, 78. Average total score, 337.

All of these were in private practice, with the exception of those of June 18th and 19th, which were the winning scores in club shoots, where to save time shooting was simultaneous, a great disadvantage at sixty yards. The first 100-yard score is Mr. Smith's at that distance, and the total score of 332 his best to date.

BRITISH ARCHERS.—*July 7th.*—Below please find score made yesterday, July 7th, in a match with the North Side Archery Club, of Chicago; single York Round, teams of four. This is the first time our team have shot the York Round together. Strong cross wind at one hundred yards no sighting shots.—

	Gold.	Red.	Blue.	Black.	White.	Hits.	Totals.
100 yards.....	1	5	4	6	3	18	48
80 yards.....	1	6	4	10	3	23	97
60 yards.....	2	6	4	6	3	19	59
Grand total.....							244

	C. C. Moore.						
100 yards.....	2	1	5	1	5	8	22
80 yards.....	2	1	5	4	6	18	70
60 yards.....	2	5	4	5	3	19	91
Grand total.....							183

	W. C. Beecher.						
100 yards.....	1	1	1	3	2	8	32
80 yards.....	1	5	5	3	4	12	42
60 yards.....	1	5	5	3	4	18	52
Grand total.....							156

	W. Holberton.						
100 yards.....	2	2	2	1	3	7	37
80 yards.....	2	2	2	1	3	7	40
60 yards.....	1	1	4	4	4	14	62
Grand total.....							129

Complete Total.....							712
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CHARLOTTE, Mich., July 7th.—A match was shot July 5th between the Toledo Archers at Toledo, Ohio, and the Crescent Bowmen at Charlotte, Mich., at the American Round, resulting as follows:—

	CRESCENT BOWMEN.						
	40 Yards.	50 Yards.	60 Yards.	Totals.			
P. S. DeGraff.....	31-124	21-109	28-123	87-456			
E. S. Church.....	50-174	28-170	21-73	70-423			
C. K. Baxter.....	29-173	27-141	22-90	78-410			
C. W. Sherman.....	30-162	22-99	19-83	71-327			
Grand total.....	119-533	100-569	90-371	315-1,415			

	TOLEDO ARCHERS.						
Manley.....	53-207	Hidwell.....	58-232				
Smith.....	60-200	Baker.....	62-262				
Grand total.....				221-5,241			

I send you the total hits and counts of the Toledo Club, as that was all they sent me.

W. P. L.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

HUNDREDS OF LADIES, who have been unable to attend their duties owing to periodical sicknesses, have found Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure a real "friend in need." Being a purely vegetable compound, and containing all the elements of safety as well as those of power, it has become universally popular. During the summer, especially, it is a certain preventive for the numerous Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles incident to the season. All druggists sell it, and none, except those in perfect health, can afford to be without it.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

F. G.—The guns are dangerous, and you will do well to let them alone.

CRICKETER. St. Louis, Mo.—The Hamilton C. C. defeated the Young Americas at Stenton, Philadelphia, last year, by ten wickets.

J. A. McC. Hudson, Wis.—The guns are of good grade. You may rely on the representations of Messrs. Wm. Head & Son. The note book is no longer in the market.

S. H. Portland, Me.—For trout fry for stocking purposes, apply to the Fish Commissioners of your State, E. M. Stillwell, of Bangor, or Everett Smith, of Portland.

C. F. P. Moodus, Conn.—Each of the two guns mentioned is a good arm. If you have occasion to use the rifle barrel get that one; if not, it is simply a matter of choice.

B. P. Philadelphia, Pa.—Good food for pigeons is screenings, which can be obtained at any grain store. If the birds are penned up let them have plenty of sand or fine gravel.

W. P. D. Lockport, N. Y.—The tar paper on your dog's kennel will not affect the health of your dog. Change the bedding frequently and wash your dog with Spratt's soap.

HAMPTON. West Hampton, L. I.—For the information you require, you had better write to headquarters. A letter addressed to Mr. C. H. Turner, St. Louis Kennel Club, St. Louis, Mo., will receive a prompt reply.

O. C. O. Brenham, Texas.—Wash your dog's eyes with lukewarm water, and dust into the eye, twice a day, the following fine eye powder: Calomel, one drachm; sugar, one and a half drachms. This will go far to remove the filmy whiteness over it.

A. R. W. New York.—A book containing the Eastern Field Trial Club rules is being published; it will send you a copy as soon as we receive one. In Stonehenge's "Dogs of the British Islands" there is a chapter devoted to judging at field trials, with a scale of points.

M. E. H. Hancock, N. Y.—I am going to the Thousand Islands; what tackle should I take with me? What is the principal fishing there? Ans. Bass and muskallunge fishing. See extended sketch in our issue of July 1st, page 429, of present volume. See our angling columns to-day.

LUTULUS. Fort Clarke, Texas.—1. The firm is not reliable. 2. We should not advise you to buy the gun. 3. The firms who advertise in the FOREST AND STREAM may be relied upon. You can safely deal with them. 4. The Shelton auxiliary rifle barrel used in our columns is satisfactory. 5. A choke bored gun shoots closer than one not choked, other things being equal. 6. This he should be true for you.

J. H. M. East Saginaw, Mich.—Give your dog a large tablespoon full of castor oil; fast him then for twenty-four hours. Administer twenty drops of oil of male-shield fern; half hour later repeat dose, and ten minutes after give large dose of oil. The dog should be kept on good sound cooked food, and have daily, for about a week, a pill containing five grains each of gentian, quassia and sulphate of iron made with treacle. Write result.

T. R. L. Abington, Mass.—The locality about Parsboro, Nova Scotia, is an excellent one for game. The open seasons for game in that Province are: Moose and caribou, Sept. 15th to Jan. 31st; hares or rabbits, Oct. 1st to March 15th; other and mink, Nov. 1st to May 1st; grouse and partridge, Oct. 1st to Jan. 1st; woodcock, snipe and teal, Aug. 1st to March 1st; blue-winged duck, Aug. 1st to April 1st. Non-residents must take out a license; fee \$40.

AP-WB-CUM-NA. Upper Marie, Montana.—I have two Antelope, a doe and buck, which I am raising for myself, but could get plenty more to raise if there is any market for them. What do you think I could realize on a pair in New York when they are six months old? I also have a male big horn sheep one year old; what do you think it worth? Ans. Antelope are worth \$75 a pair; Rocky Mountain sheep \$150 each females; delivered free of all expenses in good health and condition in New York.

C. L. L. Cincinnati, Ohio.—Your puppy is out of condition. Allow feeding any meat. We would advise you to give him at once small dose of sulphur, say once a day for four days, and twice during the week a small teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia. Dress dog once a day with following mixture: Powdered bicarbonate of potash, half ounce; sub-sulphur, one ounce; large four ounces. Rub well into the skin. Mix vegetables with food. The dog should be kept in a clean kennel and his bedding changed daily. The disease is contagious. Write result of treatment after fair trial.

A. S. Bowling Green, O.—Can you inform me of some reliable manufacturers of first-class single barrel shot guns. If there are such I wonder that they do not advertise in the FOREST AND STREAM and let themselves be known through what I regard as the best advertising medium through which to reach sportsmen in this country. There is more demand for the single gun than most gun makers are willing to believe. For sporting piece, or for the occasional old-time hunter who does not care to be at the expense of one of the high priced double guns, and yet wants a good shooter, the single barrel fills the bill. Ans. The Shattuck gun, advertised elsewhere, is a good arm, as is also the Stevens gun.

Cricket.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FIXTURES.

July 17, at Prospect Park.—Manhattan (20) vs. Appleton.
July 17, at Frankford.—Glard vs. Oxford.
July 17, at Stenton.—Young America (20) vs. Workingmen's Club.
July 19-20, at Detroit.—Staten Island vs. Peninsula.
July 19-20, at Toronto.—Staten Island vs. Toronto.
July 21, at Prospect Park.—Manhattan vs. New York.
July 23-24, at Hamilton.—Staten Island vs. Hamilton.

—The Orange Cricket Club, of New Jersey, had an interesting scrub match on Monday afternoon.

—The Staten Island's first eleven leave on their Canadian tour on Saturday. The following is the eleven: Moore, Bance, Ronaldson, J. J. Eyre, M. C. Eyre, Allen, Manning, Filmer, Sprague, Lane and one other.

—An eleven called the United Eleven of New Jersey is being organized. All the players will be Americans and residents of the State. The following clubs will be represented: Newark, Paterson, Star, of Camden; Amerious, of Trenton, Orange and St. George.

THE GAME.—The Camden (N. J.) Cricket Club played a tie game with the Alert Cricket Club, of Frankford, Pa., both sides scoring 65 at the end of the first innings, the late hour preventing a continuance of the match.

—On July 10th, the Young America, second, defeated the Oxford at Stenton. Young America 54 and 43, Oxford 61 and 40 (four wickets). The Glard (second) and the Keystone met at Frankford, Pa., same date. The former scored 31, first innings, and the latter 30 for six wickets, when the game was brought to an abrupt conclusion by a disagreement as to boundaries.

GLARD VS. CHESTNUT HILL.—Played at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, July 10th. Glard, 133 (seven wickets); T. Hargreaves, 61; Brooks, 23; and Tomlin not out. 12. Chestnut Hill, 93; first innings, Borie, 43, and Butcher, 16.

CHICAGO VS. ST. LOUIS.—Played on the Grand Avenue Park grounds at St. Louis, Mo., on July 5th, and resulted in a victory for the Chicagoans for one innings and 22 runs. The visiting team was strong in every department, including Simmonds, late of Hamilton, Ont., and Powell, of Kansas City, who, with his two brothers, Grant and William, rank among the best cricketers in Canada. Mr. E. R. Ogden, who scored 63 in the above report, is an amateur of Upper Canada, at Niagara, Toronto. His hand has not evidently lost the cunning it acquired when he wielded the willow in the Queen City in former days. Score:—

evidently lost the cunning it acquired when he wielded the willow in the Queen City in former days. Score:—

CHICAGO.

Kemp, b. Walters.....	1	Dr. Ogden, not out.....	1
Powell, l. b. w., b. Stamps.....	0	MacLennan, b. Leslie.....	0
Simonds, l. b. w., b. Stamps.....	18	Clinch, b. Lycett.....	7

BOWLING ANALYSIS.	ST. LOUIS.
Stamps.....	10
Walters.....	8
Lyett.....	25
Rollins.....	50
Crutwell.....	25
Leslie.....	75

CHICAGO—FIRST INNINGS.	ST. LOUIS.
E. R. Ogden.....	40
Grissold.....	20

Second Innings.	ST. LOUIS.
E. R. Ogden.....	68
Shaw.....	63

Umpires: Chicago, Mr. H. Taylor; St. Louis, Mr. P. Adair.

—The Belleville Cricket Club, of Canada, was defeated by the Onondaga Club of Syracuse on the 5th inst., on the ground of the latter, the Onondagas winning by 30 runs.

YOUNG AMERICA VS. PORT HOPE.—First match of the Philadelphia's tour, played at Port Hope, Ont., July 5th and 6th:—

We have received detailed account of this match too late for publication. It will appear in next issue. Score:—

Total	18	Total	1
BOWLING ANALYSIS.			

YOUNG AMERICA.	PORT HOPE.
D. S. Newhall, c. Read, b. E. W. Clark, b. Read.....	0
Logan.....	21
A. P. Brown, run out.....	11
R. S. Newhall, c. Jones, b. T. H. Dixon, b. Read.....	6
Woods.....	14
R. S. Baid, c. Hall, b. Woods.....	4
R. N. Caldwell, c. Hayden, b. Read.....	17
Van Rensselaer, c. Rodgers, b. Lonzene.....	1

BOWLING ANALYSIS.	YOUNG AMERICA.
C. A. Newhall.....	14
D. S. Newhall.....	5
E. W. Clark.....	9

PORT HOPE.	YOUNG AMERICA.
C. A. Newhall.....	21
D. S. Newhall.....	10
E. W. Clark.....	20

Second Innings.	PORT HOPE.
Logan.....	25
Woods.....	5
Ward.....	9

YOUNG AMERICA VS. PORT HOPE.—Return match. Afternoon of July 5th. Score—unified.	YOUNG AMERICA.
H. Dixon, c. Hayden, b. L. S. Brown, retired hurt.....	2
E. W. Clark, c. Hayden, b. E. W. Clark.....	11
Bletcher, c. Van Rensselaer, b. Bletcher.....	1
R. S. Newhall, b. Read.....	13
R. S. Newhall, c. b. w. b. Read.....	14
W. N. Noble, b. Woods.....	0
Van Rensselaer, c. Rodgers, b. Jones.....	4
R. N. Caldwell, c. b. L. S. Brown.....	5
Total.....	183

PORT HOPE.	YOUNG AMERICA.
Hayden, c. Noble, b. Clark.....	4
Woods, b. Clark.....	1
Hill, b. D. Newhall.....	6

Second Innings.	PORT HOPE.
Logan.....	25
Woods.....	5
Ward.....	9

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Bletcher, c. Van Rensselaer, b. Bletcher.....	1
R. S. Newhall, b. Read.....	13
R. S. Newhall, c. b. w. b. Read.....	14
W. N. Noble, b. Woods.....	0
Van Rensselaer, c. Rodgers, b. Jones.....	4
R. N. Caldwell, c. b. L. S. Brown.....	5
Total.....	183

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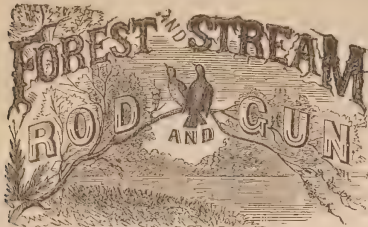
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W. N. Noble, b. Woods.....	0
Van Rensselaer, c. Rodgers, b. Jones.....	4
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R. S. Newhall, c. b. w. b. Read.....	14
W. N. Noble, b. Woods.....	0
Van Rensselaer, c. Rodgers, b. Jones.....	4
R. N. Caldwell, c. b. L. S. Brown.....	5
Total.....	183

Wand, c. Van Rensselaer, b. Clark.....	0	b. c. Newball.....
Read b. c. Newball.....	0	a. Russian b. D. Clark.....



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INDOLENT IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

PUBLISHED BY

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY.

-AT-

NOS. 37 AND 40 PARK ROW (TIMES BUILDING), NEW YORK

[POST OFFICE BOX 234.]

TERMS, FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Advertising Rates.

Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line; outside page, 40 cents. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Notices in editorial column, 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch.

Advertisements should be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted.

Nonadvertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

*Any publisher inserting our prospectus above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1880.

TO Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith, and be addressed to Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

THE DITTMAR POWDER.—We publish this week a second letter from Dr. Nash, of Mississippi, an account of whose lamentable accident with what purported to be Dittmar powder appeared in our columns some weeks since. For the publication of this first account we were severely taken to task by the present manufacturers of this explosive, who avowed their disbelief in the statements of our correspondent, and intimated pretty plainly that they had strong doubts that any such accident occurred at all. These doubts will be set aside, we presume, by the evidence on the subject which we publish.

We have none but the kindest feelings toward the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company, and, if their powder is all that they claim for it, we shall be only too glad to give the widest publicity to the fact. Such a powder, provided it is safe, is just what we, in common with all other sportsmen, desire to use. It must be remembered, however, that the Dittmar powder is still on its trial, and has not yet come into common use or even into general favor, far less supplanted black powder. It is true that Bogardus and other professional pigeon shooters use it very generally and speak of it in very high terms, but among the great mass of shooting men it has not yet made its way into public favor.

We do not propose to advertise in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM any article that is in any way objectionable, and especially do we wish to shun the responsibility of bringing to the notice of our readers anything that is dangerous. As we have before stated, we refused the advertisement of the Chichester Rifle Company because we believed that no safe arm could be manufactured for the price at which those rifles were to be sold, and the event has proved the correctness of our decision.

We have taken great pains to learn all the details about Dr. Nash's accident, and we have the sincerest sympathy for him.

We think that the present company are bound to warn the public by every means in their power against the powder manufactured by the old company or companies, since it is evident that this old powder is, or may be, dangerous.

—Eight of the citizens of Lansing, Mich., have signed their names to a conspicuous poster offering a reward of \$35 for information which will convict any person of violating the game laws of the State.

A WORD ABOUT GUN MAKERS.

OUR remarks some weeks ago relative to speculators in human credulity who advertise to send guns worth \$50 for \$10, has had good effect in choking off a fraction at least of the revenue which would otherwise have found its way into the pockets of these fire-arm swindlers. We revert to the subject again because we are in receipt of frequent inquiries from distant correspondents, who send us the glowing advertisements of these fraudulent concerns and ask us what we think of them. Just now there is before us a letter from Fort Reno, Indian Territory, asking if the writer shall forward \$10 to a Boston firm for a \$50 gun.

There is one reply, and only one, to a question like this: Use common sense; exercise the same discretion in buying a gun or a rifle or a pistol that is employed in buying a watch, a horse or a suit of clothes. No sane man forwards \$10 to a city sharper with the expectation of receiving in return a \$100 watch. None but a veritable simpleton would think to purchase a good horse for a song; sensible persons avoid the mock auction rooms of the Chatham street clo.' dealers; nor is there any different principle governing the manufacture and sale of fire-arms. It is a recognized law in every branch of manufacture and trade that the manufacturer must receive a fair equivalent of value given, and those who advertise to give this value without receiving the equivalent in return are set down as dishonest swindlers. This rule is just as imperative in the gun trade as it is in any other.

A good gun commands a good price, and if he would be sure of a safe and serviceable weapon the purchaser must pay the price. The manufacture of sporting arms is not in the hands of a monopoly. There are enough firms engaged in it to make the competition so close that the prices are cut down as low as they can be legitimately. No reputable firm would dare to risk its good name by attempting to palm off cheap goods for costly ones, and hence all such advertisements come from irresponsible parties.

The various dealers whose names appear from week to week in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM represent the legitimate and regular trade of the country. It has ever been our aim to keep the advertising pages of this journal free from misleading notices, and to make the paper the safe medium for dealer and patron. Time and again have we refused to insert the advertisements of firms which we believe to be irresponsible, and we shall continue our efforts to keep our columns equally clean in the future. In this we are actuated by simple business principles. The faith imposed by its constituency in the fair dealing of the FOREST AND STREAM is something that we cannot afford to lose, even for the large immediate returns the cheap fire-arm men would be only too glad to make for an opportunity to reach the mass of our readers. We cannot afford to risk our reputation by dealing with these firms; whether or not our correspondents can afford to risk their lives by tampering with the cheap guns, is a question for each individual to decide for himself, and he ought not to hesitate very long deciding about it, either.

THE NEW YORK DOG POUND.

WE paid a visit to the New York dog pound, on Saturday last, which is situated at the foot of Sixteenth street, East River, and through the kindness of the officials in charge had an opportunity of inspecting the building where the dogs are kennelled, and the machine of death in which they meet their doom. It is now three weeks since Mayor Cooper's order to seize all unmuzzled dogs went into effect, and from the 21st of June a determined raid upon the canines of the metropolis has been most persistently kept up. This is shown by the record of the receiving book, for no less than 2,280 dogs of all sizes and breeds, and no breed at all, have been received up to Saturday at the pound. Of this number twenty-three have been redeemed by their owners and three returned to their masters by the direction of the Mayor, on account of illegal capture.

The building in which the animals are housed is a long and narrow one, with plenty of windows, guarded by wire netting through which the air freely circulates. It is fitted up with stalls on the ground floor similar to those used recently at Madison Garden, in fact, it suggests to one the idea of a grand dog show of mongrels, free from the usual complement of disappointed exhibitors. Besides the apartment containing the long rows of pens, there are two large box stalls in which the most mangy and forlorn looking curs huddle together while awaiting their impending fate, occupying their time sitting on their haunches uttering the most piercing cries and enlivening their last moments and relieving their minds by munching each other's ears.

The sanitary arrangements are almost perfect, and the whole place is scrupulously clean and free from odor. Each animal is provided with an abundance of food, which consists of bread softened in water, and a pan of clean water is within each pen. Although there were 143 dogs in the pound, there were only two of any value—a

fine red setter and a moderately fair specimen of the black Newfoundland type. The Pomeranian or spitz dog seemed to predominate, and we were informed that there were two to one of this breed brought in to that of all the other varieties of dogs combined. The drowning days are Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, and the means employed to rid the city of homeless and dangerous pests is both simple and merciful. The dogs are confined in an iron cage which is rolled down to the edge of the river on a car running upon a track parallel to the building. When at the end of the wharf, the cage, by means of a swinging crane, is lifted off the car and lowered into the river. Death speedily ensues, and the bodies of the animals are heaped on the wharf, until removed by a boat which carries the carcasses to Barren Island. There they are skinned and the fat boiled out of them; in fact, almost every part is utilized.

DR. CARVER.—Dr. Wm. F. Carver, the famous rifle expert, ought to be satisfied with the reception given him in Europe. While in England he gave exhibitions of his skill before the Prince of Wales, and received as a token of the royal approval an elegant scarf pin and a valuable belt. From England the marksman extended the prowess of his arms to Paris, and from thence went on to Germany, where he appears to have been received with even greater eclat than elsewhere. Not only did he win all the prizes in several rifle contests, but, at the special request of the Emperor William, he gave an exhibition before the court and the royal family. The programmes were printed on white satin of lavish proportions, and the shooting of the American was so pleasing that an adjutant was dispatched the next day to convey to the Doctor an elegant diamond ring "From His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany," as the inscription read. Shortly afterward a special invitation came from the Crown Prince to the effect that Dr. Carver's exhibition seemed to interest the Crown Princess, who had been melancholy of late, and it was hoped that a second performance might be given. The Doctor was conveyed from the depot in the royal carriage, and the exhibition, which was given on a grassy lawn, consisted of shooting at moving and stationary objects with rifle and shot gun, on foot and on horseback; shooting with the bow and arrow, and throwing the lasso. Another scarf pin, bearing the monogram of Frederick and Victoria, was the royal token of approval.

—Farmers should bear in mind that the law prohibiting summer woodcock shooting will save much of their standing grain and grass, and that after their harvesting is over they will have leisure to start on even terms with the city sportsmen.

THE TILSTON MEMORIAL FUND.

NEW YORK, July 10th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I have to acknowledge the receipt to date of further subscriptions to the "Tilston Memorial Fund," as follows:—

Previously acknowledged	\$449 00	J. W. Munson	\$1 00
Forest and Stream	25 00	John W. Munson	1 00
J. C. D.	25 00	Little John W. Munson	1 00
Richard Hancock	25 00	Little John W. Munson	1 00
S. Dillon	10 00	Little John W. Munson	1 00
Turf, Field and Farm	10 00	Little John W. Munson	1 00
J. C. Higgins	10 00	Grampa Munson	1 00
Anthony Higgins	10 00	Grampa Munson	1 00
H. C. Place	6 00		

Total.....\$522 00

FRED. N. HALL, Secretary.

GAME PROTECTION.

RETURN OF MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Here is the first news this year of the return of migratory quail to their nesting grounds. We hope to add other notes of a similar nature, and urge our friends to give us the earliest information on the subject. Our correspondent writes from Boonsboro, Md., July 2d:—

I have the pleasure to inform you that the migratory quail turned out in the locality of Oakland, Md., in the spring of 1880, have returned to the same place, and are now hatching out their young. Some of them on the same farm upon which they were released.

WM. B. WHEELER.

BANGOR, Me., July 10th.—About the 1st of June I received my quota of the migratory quail, imported for Maine. They were loosed on a farm of a friend some five miles from the city. A week since I drove out to see how my proteges might appear. Found them in a pasture not twenty rods from the place where turned loose, as bright and cheerful as though never transported. That they have nests I feel sure, from the fact they hovered over and about me, and were continually sounding notes of alarm. The pasture is rather low ground, with long swale grass, suitable for concealing nests, with plenty of spring water. My friend reported excitedly about the buildings and quite tame.

H. A. FAIRBANKS.

FRANKLIN, N. Y., July 5th.—The 100 Messina quail which I procured through the kindness of Mr. Horace P. Tobey, arrived in most excellent condition, only four out of the 100 being dead. They were put out in three pair lots about our adjacent farms, mostly among bushes and briars, and heard every day by our farmers. One which I reserved for a cage bird and a curiosity has become very tame and quite musical in his style, besides being quite a comical little pet.

M. P. MCCOON.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 6th.—The first report I have heard from the European quail imported by the Monroe

County Sportsmen's Club is painful to relate. Five pair were liberated a few miles east of the city, and a friend on whose farm they were put out writes me that one pair nested in a meadow on a neighbor's farm, who in mowing came on the nest unexpectedly and cut the legs off one bird and the toes off its mate. There were fourteen eggs in the nest, and the farmer thought to save them by having a hen hatch them, but he can scarcely succeed. They appear to prefer meadows for nesting, and it is to be feared that the mowing machine will kill our stock and spoil our experiment. If there was any way of getting a supply a month earlier the young would probably be able to take care of themselves by the time haying begins, and if they should avoid this modern war chariot they might in time spread all over the land and justify the hopes of those who have tried the experiment.

E. R.

Game Bag and Gun.

JULY IS A CLOSE MONTH FOR GAME.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

A NEW GUNPOWDER.

A NEW powder has been manufactured by the Dupont Powder Company which is specially adapted for choke bore guns. An interesting trial of this powder was made at the Brooklyn Driving Park, June 25th, the test being to shoot at one hundred wooden balls without intermission and without cleaning the gun; also making a target, 21 inches diameter, at the end of each twenty shots. The gun was a Parker, 10-bore choke, of ordinary pattern; cartridges loaded with 4drs. powder, 14oz. shot. Two targets were made at 35 yards, twenty shots fired, two more targets at same distance, and so on, until one hundred shots had been fired at 35 yards, and twelve shots at 45 and 50 yards. The balls were, with one exception, all well hit, showing the marks of from four to eighteen shots each.

The patterns of the 21-inch targets, made as above, were: First target, right barrel, No. 9 shot, 390; left barrel, No. 10 shot, 635; second target, right, No. 10, 620; left, No. 10, 578; third target, right, No. 9, 479; left, No. 10, 638; fourth target, right, No. 9, 504; left, No. 10, 606; fifth target, right, No. 9, 493; left, No. 9, 444; sixth target, right, No. 9, 483; left, No. 9, 485. A seventh target was made, after an interval of ten minutes to allow the gun to cool, showing for the right barrel No. 9 shot, 840 pellets; left barrel, No. 10 shot, 537 pellets.

As to the particular point for which the powder was tested, namely, comparative cleanliness and the moisture of the dirt in the barrel, it was found that the dirt had not caked in the barrels even after sufficient time had been allowed for it to cool. Simply wiping out the barrels with a rag restored them to their proper condition, and, so far as this point is concerned, the trial amply showed that the powder is what its manufacturers claim.

THAT DITTMAR POWDER ACCIDENT.

BELOW we publish several letters relative to the Dittmar powder accident, of which an account was given in the June 10th number of this journal. The most noteworthy of these letters is that of Dr. Nash himself, and of Sheriff Johnson, which, with the can of powder received by us, establish the main facts as detailed in Dr. Nash's original communication. We consider it now sufficiently proven that the accident did occur as at first stated; that the powder employed was the Dittmar brand FFF, manufactured and sold by the "Dittmar Powder Company," which preceded the present firm, and that the gun was loaded with the charge stated, namely, 3drs.

We may properly say that there having had former correspondence from Dr. S. P. Nash, and that correspondence having been of a nature to show that he was no novice with the gun, we were ourselves perfectly willing to accept his statements as first sent, and published them, believing them to be authentic and reliable. The event has proved that we were correct. If some of Dr. Nash's statements were incoherent, or, as claimed, the things he described impossible, so much the more evidence was offered of his sincerity; for of such an accident, it is a well recognized fact, no two men would give the same account; and on the other hand, if a person were deliberately to manufacture an account of the bursting of a gun he would take good care to make it a clear and thorough story. That Dr. Nash's recital was somewhat confused was the very best proof of its inherent truthfulness.

What this may show as to the character of the Dittmar powder, probably each of our readers will have an opinion of his own. Our duty toward our correspondent, the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company and our readers in this affair is done when we have given all an opportunity to know the truth.

PHILADELPHIA, Miss., June 29th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

I have just received FOREST AND STREAM of June 17th, and in it I notice an article from the Dittmar Powder

Company in which they seem to be in a terrible fever about an article of mine, published in FOREST AND STREAM of June 10th, and, as you say, speaking nearly in the Louisville manner of the merchant who gave me the powder, and the name of the merchant from whom the Louisville merchant obtained the powder, also requesting you to have the original canister containing the rest of the powder from which the charge was taken which caused the accident sent to you, together with the small circular which accompanied the same, etc. I returned from Louisville this evening, where I had just been speaking nearly in the Louisville manner of just such things as the Dittmar Powder Company request you to have sent to you; and the result of this work I sent to Macon, Miss., to be expressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

The Louisville merchant who gave me the powder is Dr. E. Foster, physician, druggist, dealer in guns, ammunition, etc. I called on Dr. Foster for the bill of Dittmar powder, and I might give names and date of purchase. On examination of the bill, I find that I was mistaken about the powder being purchased in New York, but it was bought by Mr. Foster, of Louisville, Miss., from Crookes & Hilder, 604 North Fourth street, and 603 North Third street, St. Louis, Mo.

I obtained from Dr. Foster the canister, and a part of the powder, which he says is the original canister and powder that caused the explosion. Before sending the canister to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, I waited three days for Dr. Foster to look up the circular that came with the powder. He at first told me that he thought that he had given the circular to some of his friends, and did not remember who, but on the third day he handed me the circular that I send with the powder, marked No. 3, and said that he thought that it was the one that came with the powder, but could not be certain of the fact, as I had given him some circulars that came with Dittmar powder that I received from Bogardus & Co., after the accident with the Dittmar powder ordered by Dr. Foster. So I am not certain that I sent you the original circular that came with the powder, but am of the opinion that it is not. It will be seen by referring to my article in FOREST AND STREAM, from the 35d to 38th lines, inclusive, that I relied on what Dr. Foster told me about the circular (some one else having the circular for examination at the time), and cannot be certain on this point. From the information that I could get about the circular, before I fired the charge that caused the explosion, it seemed that the circular only gave a description of the powder, and stated that it could be used in both shot gun and rifles by using the same amount by measure. The circular I sent you (No. 3) gives other instructions, and instructions that I did not send until I received the powder I ordered from Bogardus & Co. Hence my reason for giving it as my opinion that it is not the circular that came with the powder ordered by Dr. Foster.

I will state here that Dr. Foster stands very high in Louisville and vicinity as a physician, druggist and gentleman, and if he has made a mistake in sending the circular I do not think that it was intentional, for he lost considerable time, and worked very hard for some of his age (he seems to be nearly eighty years of age), in trying to get the circular.

I wish here to make a correction in regard to what I said about the label on the canister. I had been moved home from Louisville (twenty-four miles) before I wrote my last letter to the FOREST AND STREAM, and nearly a month had elapsed since I had examined this label. I had to write from memory of what I had seen, and as I had been examining circulars that came with other canisters, I had gotten somewhat mixed, and my memory, although correct on the main point, was not altogether correct on the whole. In my letter to the FOREST AND STREAM I said that the label on the face of the canister stated that it was one of the brands of rifle powder, and was marked FFF. This FFF mark was not on the label on the face of the canister, but pasted on one edge of the canister, and although it is not on the label as I believed it to be when I wrote the circulars which I forced me to believe that if it is a genuine article of Dittmar powder it must be rifle powder. For instance, the printed instructions pasted on the back of a canister that is now in my possession, of Dittmar's Diamond Grain C powder state that: "The shot gun powder is lettered B and C, the latter the finer. The shot gun powder is not to be used in rifles. The rifle powder, F, works very well, and is preferable to B and C in 14 and 16 bore. The FFF can be used in muzzle-loading shot guns."

The canister just referred to, with two others, was bought by me from Bogardus & Co., Chicago, Ill. These canisters were delivered to the express company at Chicago on the 24th of March, and before Dr. Foster bought his Dittmar powder, but owing to some carelessness of the express company my powder was not received until the 1st of May—after Dr. Foster had received his and after the explosion of my gun. These canisters were wrapped in white paper with the letter C printed upon the wrapper, and a diamond, drawn with pencil, around the C. These canisters were all sealed, and had printed instructions for using the powder pasted on the backs of the canisters, and the letter C stamped on these instructions. The face of these canisters have the addresses of the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company, and the words Dittmar's Diamond Grain upon them. So I am in the hands of the canisters, and the words Diamond Grain C powder. A quantity of loose circulars accompanied the canisters, two of which I sent you by express, with the powder I sent you, and marked No. 1 and No. 2. Other kinds may have been in the package, but several persons called to examine them while I was in my bed, and carried off such as suited them, and I have now left only two kinds, samples of which I sent you. I give a description of the powder and circulars that were sent to me by Bogardus & Co., because I have been requested to do so. In calling on you for certain evidence of the accident, the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company also said that "without this evidence we think you will also admit that there is no case made out against us" (them). In my other communication to the FOREST AND STREAM it is not my intention to make out a case against the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company, but against myself. At that time I believed the accident to have been caused from a wrong use of the powder, and I wished others to be more careful than I had been. It will be seen by referring to my article of May 13th that I there state that I had not written it through any prejudice that I had

against the Dittmar powder, for I was satisfied that if rightly used it was a valuable invention. The small amount of dirt and smoke that it seemed to create, when burned, caused me to believe it to be valuable. I brought only one charge against the company, and that was they did not give the public a sufficient chance to become acquainted with the various grades of their powder in their advertisements, etc.

Since making the charge I have been making a more careful examination of the circular I sent you marked No. 1, and find that the Dittmar Powder Company say that "FFF, a very fine grain specially made for all muzzle-loading arms, might also be used in breech-loading shot guns," recommending it to be used in the very way that I used it when the accident occurred, and making it unnecessary to change their advertisement. The statement just referred to in their circular makes it necessary for the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company to prove that this powder, labeled Dittmar powder, that caused the terrible explosion of my gun and loss of my thumb, was not manufactured by them, or that it has since been tampered with. Should they fail to do this there will be a case, and a strong one, made out against them. In their letter of June 11th they most emphatically declare their disbelief in ever having been manufactured by them, and in their own say they can furnish you a dozen affidavits that the single grain of powder was ever put up or sold by their company which was not sealed and did not show their printed directions on each can or keg.

In justice to the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company, I will say that the canisters which contained the powder that caused the explosion of my gun, and bought by Dr. Foster, for Dittmar powder, had neither seals or printed instructions upon them, and I am in hopes that I will be able to clear themselves of putting such a dangerous article in the market. Their threat to spare neither time nor expense to ferret this matter out to the bottom pleases me very much, and they will find no one more willing than myself to lend all possible aid in this matter, and should they clear themselves of having been the cause of the suffering and expense which have had to bear, I am not willing that the reputations of the guilty parties are found and made to suffer. I do not see why the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company should complain that my accident was published in your paper, if, as they affirm, they disbelieve in this powder ever having been manufactured by them. It seems that they should be glad to know that there is a dangerous powder being manufactured and sold as their powder, and perhaps for the purpose of injuring their powder.

In their communication to FOREST AND STREAM the Dittmar Powder Manufacturing Company declare their disbelief in the possibility of such results coming from so small a charge of any powder in the world, unless made to specially produce similar results. If this powder is not genuine Dittmar powder, but an article put in the market to injure their reputation, it is possible it was made to specially produce such results; and if it is genuine Dittmar powder it is not sealed, and it is possible that some wicked wretch removed the seal and introduced enough fulminating silver, fulminating gold, dynamite, nitroglycerine, anything that would produce an explosion, and the charge that I shot being the first used from the can, it might have contained a part or the whole of the explosive substance.

It is a beyond successful contradiction that the accident which I reported in FOREST AND STREAM did actually occur, and that, too, when I was shooting only 3drs. of the powder from an 8 1/2 lb. gun that I had been accustomed to shoot 4drs. black powder out of. As evidence of this fact I ask, and shall expect you to publish the letter I sent you from Sheriff Johnson, and the article in the copy of the Winston County Index that I sent at the same time, also the note from the editor at the bottom of the article.

If this is not sufficient evidence, I will give as reference, Drs. G. Y. and G. P. Woodward, Dr. Conwell, Dr. E. Foster, Dr. J. Fox, and Dr. A. S. Rick, of Louisville; also, Mr. Duncan Eatman, of the firm of Woodward, Metts & Co., J. B. Gage, Hugh Hathorn (clerk), C. J. Woodward, John G. Barnes, and others, who will give me affidavits, but if this is not sufficient to convince anyone let the doubter come and see my crippled hand, and the thumb which was torn from it with sufficient force to be thrown forty yards from where I was standing when I fired the gun. I have my thumb in alcohol, and expect to preserve it to show the manner in which it was torn from my hand. It has healed, and I can use my hand as usual, and I still have to carry my hand in a swing, and it seems as if it will be a long time yet before I can use it. Since some of the swelling has gone out of my hand some of the bones of my hand were found to be badly broken that were not noticed before, and it seems as if my hand will be drawn in a manner that will make it inconvenient or impossible for me to practice my profession from my hand being so injured.

Sheriff Johnson, who had kindly offered to give evidence, through your valuable paper, of the accident, is very popular in Louisville and Winston County. He has once been elected to the Legislature of Mississippi, and twice to the office of sheriff, and is considered by all who know him to be an upright, honest and truthful man. He helped me to put the identical label upon the shell that caused the explosion of my gun, and afterward drew one of the loads from a shell that had been previously loaded and measured it, to see what charge of black powder I had been shooting. Hear what he says,

S. F. NASH.

OFFICE OF W. B. JOHNSON,
Sheriff of Winston County,
Louisville, Miss., June 24th.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

My attention has been directed to an article in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to an accident that occurred in our village on the 21st of April last, in which Dr. S. P. Nash was seriously wounded from the explosion of a double-barrel shot gun, charged with powder taken from a can labeled "Dittmar Powder, FFF." I was present and saw Dr. Nash load the shell, and there were 3drs. of this Dittmar powder put in the shell. After the accident I examined the shattered pieces of the gun, and am of the opinion that a double or treble charge of

Table with 2 columns: Innings, Score. Rows include Toronto, Second Innings, and various players like Townsend, A. Laing, etc.

BERMONT vs. MANHATTAN.—Played at West Philadelphia, July 5th. Unfinished on account of rain:—

Table with 2 columns: Innings, Score. Rows include BERMONT—FIRST INNINGS, and various players like C. H. Yarnall, C. W. Middle, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Innings, Score. Rows include ANALYSIS OF BOWLING, and various players like Norley, Hooper, Jackson, etc.

GERMANTOWN vs. BALTIMORE.—The fourth match of the Baltimore's tour was played on the Germantown grounds at Nicetown, Philadelphia, July 3d, and resulted in a victory for the home club by four wickets. Score:—

Table with 2 columns: Innings, Score. Rows include BALTIMORE, First Innings, Second Innings, and various players like T. Smith, C. Cupit, B. Brown, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Innings, Score. Rows include GERMANTOWN, First Innings, Second Innings, and various players like H. W. Brown, B. Smith, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Innings, Score. Rows include ANALYSIS OF BOWLING, and various players like Smith, Oulman, Thomas, etc.

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Table with 2 columns: Innings, Score. Rows include GERMANTOWN—FIRST INNINGS, and various players like Broomhead, Brown, etc.

BALTIMORE vs. STATEN ISLAND.—The fifth match of the Baltimore's tour was played at Tomkinsville, S. I., on July 5th, and on account of rain was declared a draw. The match was one of the most remarkable bowling games ever witnessed in the vicinity of New York. The island grounds have for a long time been considered as not favorable to large scoring, but still the small totals on Monday were "one of those things that no fellow can understand." We never saw Lane perform as well with the ball; his analysis was wonderfully good. Smith, of the visiting team (very fast round high delivery), also kept pegging away on the spot, and had good success in getting past the bats that were brought to oppose him. Oldham, too, was very straight, his first 4 balls yielding no runs. We were glad to see the gentlemanly visitors taking off to the Pavilion to lunch, for though, according to Dr. Tanner, we are fast approaching an area of chameleon diet, yet we don't believe in docking a man of his "grab" all at once. The Baltimoreans expressed themselves pleased with their courteous treatment, and everyone present, barring the Staten Island officials, took us aside, and with tears in their eyes thanked us for the good chance we had brought about. Score:—

Table with 2 columns: Innings, Score. Rows include BALTIMORE, First Innings, Second Innings, and various players like R. Winslow, B. Lane, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Innings, Score. Rows include STATEN ISLAND, First Innings, Second Innings, and various players like C. W. Bance, C. Goulding, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Innings, Score. Rows include ANALYSIS OF BOWLING, and various players like Lane, Sprague, etc.

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MacIntosh Waterproof Goods.

In ordering Stock or Pants please state the Size—you can easily obtain it from your Shoemaker—of the boot or Shoe you are accustomed to wear.

The quality of these goods is so well and widely known as to require no comment. It is not only unequaled, but also unapproached by that of any similar manufacture in the world. By a special arrangement with the Messrs. MacIntosh, we are enabled to place their goods in the hands of Sportsmen at prices which will certainly drive all inferior makes out of the market.

Stockings, full length, any sized foot, per pair, \$8 00
Pants, reaching nearly to the armpit, 14 00
Heavy flax ground sheets, weight 6 1-2 lbs.; size 7 1-2x4 1-2ft, each. 8 00

ABBIE & IMBRIE. 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

Sportsmen's Goods. For Sale. For Sale.

FOR SALE.—A Parker Breech-Loader, worth \$80, or \$80, 12-bore, 30in., 3in. drop, 141 stock, 9 lbs. Sold for no fault only because it does not fit me and is too heavy for me. Will throw in \$10 gun case. Address M. P. MCKOON, Franklin, N. Y. July 15-16.

FOR SALE.—A new Winchester Rifle, model 1875, reloading tools, ammunition, etc. \$30. U. S. Military Rifle, \$13. Maynard rifle, 35-cal. with victrola, 22-bore barrel, sights, etc. \$30. Stevens Pocket Shot Gun, \$10. BOX 618, Boston, Mass. July 15-16.

FLORIDA BIRD SKINS. STUFFED SKINS OF BEAUTIFUL Tropical Birds. Natural History Specimens from the land and sea. WM. P. NEEDLE, Pinellas, Florida.

FOR SALE.—Six hundred acres of marsh land on Back Bay, Princess Anne Co., Va. The best of the land is now in cultivation. There is on the bay Situated just north of Knott's Island, and a most desirable place for a club or gentleman's residence. The water is clear title. Address BOX 662, Norfolk, Va. July 13-14.

FOR SALE.—A very desirable country home, located in Ocean County, N. J., with two and a half miles of view of Tom's River; three-quarters of a mile from the river, and three-quarters of a mile from the ocean. The house consists of sixty-five acres of land, twenty-five of which under cultivation, balance woodland; vineyard of 1,000 vines in full bearing and fruit of all kinds. House, high ground, with view of bay and ocean. Numerous outbuildings. House thoroughly furnished, and all the buildings in splendid order. First-class club and partridge shooting on premises. Fishing of all kinds, trout and bass. Duck and snipe shooting in season. Place well stocked. Farming utensils, etc. For price and further particulars, apply to L. GLOVER, Tom's River, New Jersey. No incumbrance, July 14-15.

FOR SALE.—A very desirable country home, located in Ocean County, N. J., with two and a half miles of view of Tom's River; three-quarters of a mile from the river, and three-quarters of a mile from the ocean. The house consists of sixty-five acres of land, twenty-five of which under cultivation, balance woodland; vineyard of 1,000 vines in full bearing and fruit of all kinds. House, high ground, with view of bay and ocean. Numerous outbuildings. House thoroughly furnished, and all the buildings in splendid order. First-class club and partridge shooting on premises. Fishing of all kinds, trout and bass. Duck and snipe shooting in season. Place well stocked. Farming utensils, etc. For price and further particulars, apply to L. GLOVER, Tom's River, New Jersey. No incumbrance, July 14-15.

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The Kennel.

paid, \$1.50.

WILKINSON & LENNON,

212 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

MANUFACTURER OF

**MEDALS,
BADGES AND EMBLEMS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

Special Designs Sent Free

UPON APPLICATION.

Anything in the Jewelry Line Made
to Order.**Hotels and Routes for Sportsmen****BASS AND MASKALONGUE FISHING.**
UPPER ST. LAWRENCE RIVER,
AND

LOWER LAKE ONTARIO.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL AND BATHING
HOUSE (under one management), offer the
best facilities and accommodations for sports-
men at very low prices. Only twelve hours from
New York. Write for circular, with full particu-
lars how to get there, etc. H. L. FOX, Cape Vin-
cent, N. Y.**Lake House,**PRINCETON, MAINE.
GOOD Perch and Pickerel Fishing. Only two
hours' ride or sail from Grand Lake, so
best facilities and accommodations for sports-
men at very low prices. Only twelve hours from
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TREAT, SHINNECOCK BAY, L. I.BY A PRACTICAL GUNNER AND AN OLD
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Lake Superior,**Are best reached by the steamers of the long
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**RANGELEY'S and
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Close connections made at Portland with Grand
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SUPERIOR FACILITIESafforded by their lines for reaching most of the
TROUPE PARKS and RACE COURSES in the
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FROM ALL IMPORTANT POINTS, avoid the diffi-
culties and dangers of reshipment, while the ex-
cellent cars which run over the smooth steel
tracks enable STOCK TO BE TRANSPORTED
without failure or injury.

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also reach the best localities for**GUNNING AND FISHING**In Pennsylvania and New Jersey. EXCURSION
TICKETS are sold at the offices of the Company in
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other well-known centers forTrout Fishing, Wing Shooting, and Still
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TUCKERTON, BEACH HAVEN, CAPE MAY,
SQUAN, and points on the NEW JERSEY COAST
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The Route of the Sportsman and Angler to

the Best Hunting and Fishing
Grounds of Virginia and

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Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Vir-
ginia Blue Ridge Mountains, Valley of Virginia,
Allegheny Mountains, Greenbrier and New
Rivers, and Kanawha Valley, and including in
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turkeys, wild duck, grouse, quail, snipe, wood-
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Guns, fishing tackle, and one dog for each
sportsman carried free.

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through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery
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improvements in equipment.

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Full lines of Gun Covers, Cartridge Bags, Belts, Saddle-Bags, Leggings, etc.

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TRADE--"BEATS THE WORLD."--MARK.

Old Judge Smoking Tobacco.

The Only Tobacco Ever Manufactured that does not Bite the Tongue.

Something Important for Cigarette Smokers to Know.

THE MAJORITY OF SMOKERS
are perhaps not aware that the
smoking Cigarettes made of the in-
ordinary pure rice paper, they have been
issuing THE MOST DEADLY OF POI-
SONS, thrown off by all burning paper,
namely: THE OIL OF CREOSOTE. CHARLES
G. SMITH, of the firm of GOODWIN &
CO., manufacturers of "OLD JUDGE"
Cigarettes and Smoking Tobacco in-
vented and patented a process, March
5th, 1878, by which the Rice Paper used
as wrappers for "OLD JUDGE" Ciga-
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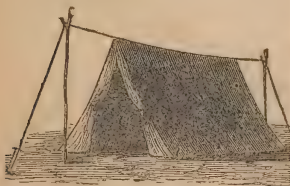
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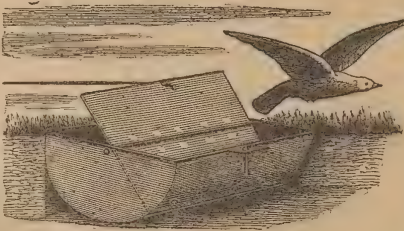
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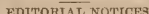
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Reminiscences of English Rivers.

SECOND PAPER.

THE conclusion of our last paper left us wandering somewhat aimlessly by the banks of streams whose names as great trouting waters live only in the fading memories of a generation fast passing away, and whose discolored waters form a melancholy contrast to the wild and romantic scenery reflected on their surface.

If personal associations have caused me to linger too long among scenes where tales of big trout told by gray headed men round winter firesides are more plentiful than any more solid realities, I must hold out as my excuse that these hasty sketches are in no wise intended as a recapitulation of the best British trout waters, but are rather prompted by the feelings that many of our anglers would be glad to take a peep, even on paper and in the hands of an indifferent guide, at those streams whose names are indelibly bound up with the whole history of our craft, and from whose banks has sprung that hereditary enthusiasm that nerves the arm of every Anglo-Saxon fly-fisher in every clime; from the mahseer slayer of the Himalayas to the colonists who have turned the sparkling rivers of New Zealand and Tasmania into what promise to be the finest trout streams in the world; from the mighty salmon slayers of the Metapedia and the Restigouche to those happy beings whom fate permits to revel in the fresh piscatorial pastures of "foam fleck'd Oregon."

The towers and spires of Durham's lofty cathedral and university are left behind as the Edinburgh mail train dashes northward. Streams that have once been bright and clear flow down beneath lofty viaducts that span their now turbid floods. Mining villages teeming with industry in its grimmest form, alternate with stretches of silent moorland that for a few moments might deceive the stranger with the idea that he was approaching some sportsman's paradise, till he finds himself gliding slowly over the high level bridge, beneath which the Tyne, black with filth, but dear to the hearts of professional carpsmen, is dimly seen through the fog and smoke of Newcastle. Upward through the murky air floats the roar and din of that busy city, giving way in turn to the bustle and the clatter of the finest railway station in the North.

Here are always to be seen, during the fishing season, a good sprinkling of anglers in tweed suits, and hats encircled by casting lines and flies; some with rod and basket only, bound for the higher waters of the Tyne, which afford good trout fishing; to the Coquet or other streams that they can snatch a few hours upon between trains. Others again carrying valises or having portmanteaus labelled for more distant haunts—the rivers of Western Yorkshire, perhaps, or the Scottish border—joy depicted on their faces and elasticity in their steps at the anticipation of a week or a fortnight's oblivion from office stools and counting houses. The two hours' run through the well cultivated plains of East Northumberland presents more of agricultural than piscatorial interest to the traveler. The Wandbeck, it is true, crosses our course, and we catch a sight of the Coquet, famous for its bull trout, winding off toward the sea, at the mention of which river the mind of every well-informed British angler reverts to the name of Rothbury, a famous resort of anglers.

Talking of anglers' resorts, it is strange, strange that is according to the generally received British traditions, that the best trout fisherman in England, more often than not, hail from great cities. A town-bred man is in matter of sport generally rated, till he has proved himself otherwise, as a mull by the squire, the sporting parson, the gentleman farmer and by the booted and breeched doctor, lawyer, or land agent of rural England; but in my opinion, your wandering city angler who has fished from the Orkney island to the Lands End and is at home upon every kind of water and with every breed of trout, is by far the most formidable antagonist you could well choose to fill baskets against. Neither is this so strange when one comes to look into the matter. In the first place he rarely fishes preserved rivers and consequently has to deal with all the varied and most educated trout in the country, from his youth up. In the second place there is more gregariousness among this class of British fishermen, and consequently a constant element of competition enters into his sport. He probably belongs to a fishing club or association in his native town, which meets quarterly or annually and perpetuates the glories and immortal memory of Father Laak around groaning tables and with flowing bumpers. Then there are the actual competitions for prizes which the different clubs hold periodically, the bugbear of country fishers whose more contracted lines may be thrown on waters selected for such competition. These are perhaps more common in Scotland than south of the border, and many is the time I have retired disgusted from the river bank before the ominous announcement of some rustic: "The fushin club's oot the dees." However, all these kind of things tend to create a class of fishermen more generally skillful and more uniformly successful than the country squire, the parson, or the doctor, whose efforts are naturally concentrated upon their own local stream, which is probably preserved by the former, and consequently contains a less educated race of funny inhabitants, and more numerous, from their comparative immunity from persecution. These men, again, though they may be most skillful performers in their own particular class, are often from the narrowness of their experience unable to make much show under altered circumstances. The Devonshire local angler, for instance, who is an adept at wading up bushy streams and picking out quarter-pounders with a short line from the most (to outsiders) unlikely looking holes, would be almost a novice, when started on the banks of the Itchen or the Kennet or any other of the clear chalk streams, to drop a fly at the end of fifteen yards of line over the nose of wary three-pounders. The latter individual, again, would probably lose all the flies in his book and his temper besides, upon a well wooded west country brook, and on an American mountain stream would most likely break his neck into the bargain; but for casting a long line deftly and handling big fish he has no superior. Now you see, if I may apply such an odious term to a disciple of Laak, is a rule equally at home among the wary monsters that lie beneath the willows and the osiers that fringe the slow gliding tributaries of the Thames, and among the tangled thickets, the over-arching boughs and the slippery rocks that exasperate the tyro upon mountain brooks. His ideas on flies are more liberal if not nearly so orthodox as the local sportsman, who firmly believes that there are certain flies without which it is perfectly useless to rig up a rod beside his stream.

Enough of this, however, for the train is standing on Benwick bridge, and far beneath us the bright waters of historic Tweed are mingling themselves with those of the German ocean, and washing the walls of the ancient and independent commonwealth of the North. The many-arched and moss grown bridge that has borne a host to blood side from either side, still spans the stream which carries to the sea the waters of a hundred more whose names have been dear to the hearts of generations of anglers. As we enter Scotland and traverse the fifty miles that lie between Edinburgh and the border, every bend in the line reveals some object of interest. To the right the Northern Ocean thunders against the wild and gloomy headland of St. Abbs—the

southern entrance to the Frith of Forth—and the spray dashes in clouds over the lonely ruin of Fast castle—remembered historical by the tears, that three generations of Anglo-Saxons have shed for the woes and the untimely ends of Edgar Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton. We must not linger, much though we should wish it, in the ancient town of Dundas, with its solitary street and its storm beaten castle; we must pass it and the hills above it from which the Scots rushed down to their doom on Cromwell's pikes. We must leave behind us the Bass rock, raising its gigantic frowning out of the ocean, and the wide plain too, of East Lothian, waving with the heaviest crops that in all the world can be found. We must be content with a distant sight of Edinburgh, with its cloud of smoke hanging heavy against the crimson evening sky, and turn southward to where the long low line of the Lammermuir cuts the horizon from the Frith of Forth to the Tweed. One river only of angling notoriety and two or three small streams empty themselves into the German Ocean between Edinburgh and Berwick, for it is westward throughout the valley of the Tweed and its many famous tributaries that course down the valleys of the Lammermuir and the Peebleshire Mountains, that the footsteps of the tourist angler instinctively turn—and away again beyond them to the Clyde and its feeders, and southward to the many streams that have made Dumfries famous as a fishing county. That the trout producing capacities of this picturesque and rugged country are pretty strong may be surmised by the swarms of rods and basket carriers, that upon any of the "fast days" or holidays set apart by the Scottish people fill the trains running south and west of Edinburgh. Let the angler upon Northern waters, unless he wish to be hunted from pool to pool and to sleep upon the floor in the village inn, be careful to ascertain that none of these auspicious days are embraced within one of his trips. Let him fall back for a space upon any private water that he has the run of, and let the great host of piscators gather back again to their work in the cities, and two or three days besides elapse for the recovery of the female autocrats, who preside over the "Anglers' Rest" and the "silver trouts," from the clean sweep of their larders and cellars, before he venture out among the moors and mountains where the capabilities of these little old-fashioned hosteries will be his sole dependence.

Snug and comfortable retreats are these little inns, however, in ordinary times. The spirit of "Meg Dods" still presides over many of them. The lamb is fresh from the mountains, the trout from the stream that ripples past the door. The bottled beer from the famous breweries of Edinburgh makes amends for a lack of variety; and the flavor of the toddy makes one forgive the want of externals and conveniences, without which the ordinary modern hostelry would collapse. These, however, are peculiar institutions; they are not intended for, and are not patronized by, tourists in the strict sense of the word. Neither the English or the Americans who swarm over the Highlands in July, August and September—except for a peep at Abbotsford and Melrose, perhaps—ever penetrate the south of Scotland, and these little inns are kept up solely for the use of anglers, who are generally quiet, easy-going people, who have enough at home of modern improvement and advance, and consequently prefer the old-fashioned and somewhat primitive characteristics that mark the houses with which often their earliest recollections of relaxation and holiday are connected, and would be the first to cry out if instead of the little cramped, familiar cottage some magnificent hotel should rise in its place before their sight upon their next Easter vacation. Camp life is denied at home to English sportsmen; that is, neither climate nor the surroundings are suitable for it, even if it were necessary; and yet the support derived from the temporary sojourn of a few anglers every spring and summer at these little inns is so modest as not to take the business out of the hands of the lower class, and consequently to retain for it the double charm of inexpensiveness and rural simplicity.

There is a great deal of unpreserved trout fishing in Scotland, more especially, strange to say, in the southern districts, and those most accessible to the stranger; unpreserved, that is to say, as regards fair rod-fishing, for the right is by no means abandoned by the proprietors, and netting is strictly illegal. As far as my experience goes, there is no other part of Great Britain where the owners of fisheries have shown their sense and their liberality to such an extent. Upon some streams the right of the public to fish has become a tradition of old standing; it has never been abused, and, contrary to the general opinion on such matters, finds those same waters to-day as well stocked as many others which, for half a century have been merely produced trout at a heavy annual cost for the minimum of benefit even to their owner. That the preservation of shooting in a densely populated country is absolutely necessary is patent to the veriest dillard; but with fishing it is a totally different matter, and the amusing jealousy with which some riparian owners close up their fisheries (I say some, for it is not the rule), even making it a favor to their very friends, argues an ignorance in regard to piscicultural matters. That there is a wide difference between the liberality of these

fortunate beings may be well illustrated by the fact that I have frequently been given unlimited fishing privileges by including my card to total strangers, and on the other hand have upon many occasions been refused access to a number of days by the host of a country house at which I was then staying as an invited guest. I was considered fortunate even to get that, as the old gentleman, though he had never seen a trout caught, was a monomaniac upon the subject of game preservation for its own sake only. No well-worn track would along among the ferns and sedges and rushes that fringed the banks of the most sacred stream. The trout of generations, when aggregated and grown lazy and idle in the pools and riffles of those neglected waters. There were thousands of them, and I think they would have risen at your boots or your hat had you run through your fly-book. Generations of keepers had walked thousands of miles in the vain quest of daring intruders who might have the hardihood to cast a fly upon that precious stream, whose contents never benefited, even to the extent of one breakfast per annum, their jealous and distant owner. Well do I remember those four days that an important looking document intimated to the keeper I was to have for an attack upon those unsophisticated troutlings. I was a sad young dog in those days where a fish was coveted, and I am sure I had and used for the first time the observation of that worthy functionary, who considerably stretched, till I began to get fairly ashamed of myself; not for my stolen license, I am afraid, but for devoting so much time to the slaughter of innocents who did not know a March brown from a bumble bee.

Heaven preserve us from the average English game-keeper. It is the fashion, because he can shoot straight while his brother can only drive a wagon or turn a furrow, to regard him as a mighty fine fellow. So he may be, doubtless, among his equals in the village, and it is natural he should be a demi-god among that large portion of the "jeunesse d'ore" whose sole aim in life is to acquire the arts in which he and their grooms have long ago attained perfection—but he is certainly not seen to advantage when ordering his master's guests to their posts in a pleasant cover, with a shrewd eye to their "tippling" capacities as to hunting, with visions of possible sovereigns floating before his eyes, the quiet, strong and independent angler who wishes him at Jericho, and to whom, when merely trout fishing, he can render no possible service. Catching trout in an open water must have a zest for the true sportsman that is utterly wanting in a prolific river that is very closely preserved. It is the difference between knocking over a cantering hare before the sticks of the beaters in an English covert and catching down a January quail at full speed in Virginia wood. While speaking of fish preservation in Great Britain, I should mention that there is an immense quantity of trout water that would not bear, from its immediate proximity to great centers, being thrown indiscriminately open to the public, and is rightly preserved in a liberal manner by private individuals or clubs, and generally utilized to its utmost capacity.

One distinct feature of the border stream were lately discussing is the presence of the "bull trout," a species of salmon trout that is found, with scarcely any exception, in the northeastern rivers and tributaries, and nowhere else, I believe, in the kingdom. These fish, which a novice could not distinguish from a sea trout, spawn the Wear, the Coquet and the Tweed in order to spawn, on average, rising to the fly the following February when they make most excellent sport, running from one to ten pounds in weight. These fish, of food, however, they are useless for polite tables, being, of course, poor and out of condition. In April they go down again to the sea, so are never to be had in a season when they are fit for food, and are consequently not thought worthy of legislation. I have had fine sport with them on smelt trout in English coverts. When the weather has been too cold for the trout to rise, and the field has been left clear for the "bullies." An eight-pounder on a twelve-foot rod, and a fine cast, is about as excellent an imitation of salmon fishing as could be procured. Right sociable are the evenings, too, at the rustic inns that are scattered along the banks of the Tweed that are the best of the hills which look down upon the Whiteadder and the Blackadder, the Tyne and the Tyne, and the hundred little fountains that feed them. Through April and May the chances are some eight or ten lovers of the craft will smoke their pipes and sip their toddy round the blazing fire that, in those latitudes, is at that season so doubly welcome. Every hole that contains a trout, from Edinburgh to Caithness, is a place of resort to Berwick, is discussed with the accurate knowledge of old habits. What fish are caught, as the second tumbler begins to circulate! What monsters are extracted from the waters of "Still St. Mary's Loch." What magnificent fellows are still lying beneath Kelso Bridge, with whole casts in their jaws. What prodigies have been performed in the days of old upon the very stream whose music can be heard, even though the densest of the ferns and the moaning of the pine woods, before the dawn of its waters, which these veterans declare has long since placed. The hard-worked lawyer from Edinburgh is there. The mercantile interests of Glasgow are well represented. Canny Northumberland contributes a couple of grave-looking beings glad to escape from the black-belted fields, and the two or three young gentlemen from England, who are supposed to be studying agriculture in the Lothians hard by, have driven over in a tandem, while an angling parson, from a neighboring parish, and a medical student from Edinburgh, complete the variety. The stuffy little bedrooms, too. I can see them now, with Robert Burns and his Highland Mary looking down at me, and the rattled unconscious of the dormitory, and the monstrous choker decorates the other. The looking-glass was always cracked across the center; the work probably of some too hilarious angler in days gone by, and gave each consecutive occupant of the room the impression that he had caught the nympha, while the windows rattled incessantly in the constant breeze. Early hours, such as American anglers from the nature of the climate partly, and partly from the national propensity to being up betimes, were the exception. Nobody in England begins fishing till about 9 o'clock, though I have known anglers in the Scottish rivers fish all night long with a worm in summer, wading up stream, and

with wonderful results. The hills of Peebleshire and Berwickshire, and the still wilder moors of Lanark and Dumfriesshire, and these rustic inns, that still exist in much the same state as they are depicted by Scott in his "St. Roman's Well," while the austere but kind-hearted dames that usually preside over them, if they are not such viragoes as "Meg Duds," are generally very well capable of keeping order in their establishments.

RINGWOOD.

CAMP NOTES.

BY HOMINES.

WHEN one grows weary with office work, but labors on through the dreary winter, anticipating with joyful emotion the good restful time in store when June shall at last arrive and bring to him a season of recreation in the woods; when one longs for the time to come, planning for it months beforehand, setting the day for the start and inviting a coterie of congenial spirits to join in a camping-out excursion, no greater disappointment could likely occur than to have a delay or postponement become necessary.

The usual arrangements had been fully completed for an annual camping out expedition. Tents, cooking utensils, provisions, and all other camping conveniences had been carefully packed in two large, iron-bound camp chests, and the dray on the barn floor ready to carry them to the depot. George, the cook, was on hand early, his black face shining with pleasant recollections of the previous year's experience. All the campers had collected in and about my yard, with rods, guns and other paraphernalia and bundles strewn around. But an hour intervened to train time. I had awakened that very morning with an excruciating pain in the joint of my great toe. So persistent was the pain that I was constrained to resort to crutches to admit of my superintending the loading of my fixtures. The campers looked on sorrowfully; and, eager to go as myself, yet, all advised against a fellow going to camp on crutches. Many were the sallies of wit discharged at my condition and at my expense. The swelling continued in the toe-joint, however, and by the time the dray was ready to leave the yard, I was completely helpless, and the cook, with a little sympathy, it very soon became evident that I must yield to the solicitation of friends, if not to the pleadings of my great toe, and postpone the day for our departure. This thought was exasperating, and pained me almost as much as the confounded toe, inasmuch as friends were expected, from a distance, before the week would end; indeed, two friends had already left New York for the camping grounds, expecting to join us there on the very evening. There seemed to be no way of apprising them of my misfortune and arresting their journey, hence my great perplexity. In my dilemma a good friend came to my relief and volunteered to journey to the rendezvous and bring them to my house. Letters and telegrams were dispatched to the others, and then, to nurse my afflicted member, I went to bed, where I remained for nearly two weeks, with the most painful of all diseases—inflammatory rheumatism.

At last, I was able to hobble about by the aid of a cane, when I at once gave orders for our departure; and here I am, on the Lycoming, the same delightful spot upon which we have camped regularly for the past nine years. The natives had been praying for our coming for a month, as no rain had fallen in the valley for more than a year, and we always heretofore had also appeared as the rainy season.

We landed, therefore, as usual, in the midst of a thunder storm, and pitched our tents between showers. I took a position under a great beech, and, while the rain trickled down my spine, gave directions about the arrangement of the camp, for I was too lame to attempt a more active part.

My lameness is dispensable to farmers—they could not well do without it—but to campers, and rheumatic ones at that, it cannot be regarded as a necessity nor even desirable. But, having passed two weeks here, with an abundance of rain daily, I have come to the conclusion that rain and rheumatism are not incompatible. I have slept soundly and well between damp sheets, and have in my head upon my pillow a wet rag, and, as the rain falling rain upon the tent has sprayed my face, yet have awakened every morning feeling better, until, at this writing, I am able to take my rod and supply my quota of trout for the breakfast table. I have sat, with my inflamed foot upon a camp stool, under a sheltering canopy, where the wet and dripping trees sent great drops of water through the canvas to spatter my paper, and have watched the birds pump their backs and squirrels whisk their tails in an endeavor to prevent the rain from penetrating to their skins. I do not believe that birds enjoy rain any more than do we. I am led to this conclusion by observing them under the ordeal. Now, there is the catbird, for instance, perched on a limb just over my head. He's not happy. He even looks melancholy, and at times I think he can detect an expression of sympathy disagree with the dampness of his surroundings. An hour ago, he was as lively as a cricket, and seemingly very happy, warbling and whistling right merrily, as he hopped from limb to limb, watching with much interest the mysterious movements of the invaders of his domain. But, the moment he heard the thunder pealing among the mountain crags, he cocked one eye heavenward, and, with a look of alarm, he became motionless in his hitherto busy tail, and became motionless and silent as an oyster. Not another note has he uttered; and now there he sits with his back arched, his feathers drawn close to his body, his bill elevated and his tail bent at a right angle, from which the rain is pouring in little rivulets, while he shakes his head occasionally to free his eyes from the blinding moisture. Just once has he deigned to look down at me to see how I am getting along, with an expression of face plainly indicating that he is prepared to say, if he only could, "confound the rain!" Poor fellow! Wonder whether he ever has had rheumatism in his great toes, and what his opinion is of the advisability of such a sufferer sitting out in a rain storm, just for fun!

Yes, here I sit, watching nature in her different moods, and waiting for the appearance of fairer skies. I note the constantly varying colors of the foliage upon the steep mountain, at the foot of which our tents are pitched. In the foreground is a clear mountain stream,

rock-bound and musical as tinkling silver bells. Above the rocks, rhododendrons, profuse in their blossoms, that peep out from the overhanging foliage of the great trees beyond, as though nature had constructed a well-arranged and delightful bouquet upon a grand scale. As I linger here admiring the scene, constantly changing my position to keep the rhododendron portion of my person out of the wet, the thunder rolls overhead, and the great black clouds shut out the light, changing all the hues in my great bouquet. Now flashes of lightning illuminate it with a new and weird brilliancy, revealing the dark, moss-covered rocks, ferns and more delicate flowers that before were unobserved in the deep recesses of the tangled undergrowth. Soon the storm has spent its force, and passes over the hills to wash and drizzle other valleys beyond our own; the sun peeps coyly out from behind some lagging clouds as though ashamed for having abandoned us so long, and again lights up and warms our camp, at once restoring every one to good humor. The birds are the first to give evidence to their appreciation of the change, and the mountain and valley musical with their wild and ecstatic warblings. The catbird is in the advance in expressing his joy, and is now whistling as though in an endeavor to outdo all his feathered companions.

An hour has passed, and with it all traces of the storm. The wind has shaken the raindrops from the trees, and the warm sun has already dried the ground. The birds continue their merry warblings, the bees hum and buzz among the flowers and about your ears, and the butterflies flap in zigzag courses through the camp, avoiding limbs and bushes in a surprising manner when the awkwardness of their flight is observed. Our surroundings have become cheerful and delightful, dispelling all thoughts of storm.

For an arm chair, constructed of a barrel and piece of jute, in one of the boats, I paddle down to the other side in the pond and anchor there under the shade of a tree, bait a hook with a wriggling worm, and bob for suckers. A sucker is so slow in making up his mind to partake of any tempting morsel thrown in his way that I have provided myself with a novel, in the perusal of which I can kill time and wait for the sucker. I find exceedingly engaging amusement for contemplative, rheumatic mind; for your attention becomes almost evenly divided between the bobbing cork and the startling situations of the characters in the novel. While thus employed, the heroine of the novel was preparing to escape from a prison through a window by the aid of a rope, and an anxious loved one waited in prison cells; and my mind quickly outran the story, enabling me to foresee what a splendid time those two loving young people would have hugging each other as they slid down the rope together, and as I was dreamily speculating upon what they would do when they reached the friendly cover of the garden, down went my cork, followed by the novel, also by the heroine, to give me a better opportunity for what was waiting at the end of my line. A vigorous jerk upon the rod brought to the surface a monstrous and solemn-looking sucker, which persisted in extending his proboscis and squeaking in a peculiar manner, in derision or perhaps dismay at the situation. While disengaging the hook from his tough snout, the lovers slid down the rope unobserved, and got nicely away, and the anxious loved one was brought to them, and in broad daylight we and the sucker, and the novel, and the young man had his arm about the waist of the young woman, and was constructing the usual sweet sentences for her attentive ear. He was again declaring his undying love, and making preliminary preparations to seal it with the usual kiss, always provided for such contingencies, and my thoughts became fully wrought up to the situation. I imagined even that it was dark (although the sun was just then scorching my nose); my olfactory caught frequent wiffs of the magnolia blossoms; I saw the pretty, coy young maiden and her pouting, willing lips; indeed, the vertebrae and inevitable smack had almost saluted my ears, so in sympathy was I with the story and the two young people; when, suddenly, that contumacious cork again intruded, interrupting my reveries, and the novel brought me at once from the contemplation of fiction to fact. My cork was under-way under, and becoming more so every moment. I couldn't help it! I doubt whether I could have done otherwise had I been the young man—I dropped the girl once more, and pulled on the rod, and delivered into the boat a squinty, slippery sucker, which, in its efforts to escape, made such a tempting mingling of romance and reality, that I almost corks! I contemplated that slimy, restless creature as he attempted to tie himself into "true lover's knots" in the bottom of the boat, and tried to reconcile his untimely appearance with my story. But he wouldn't mix. I philosophized over the affair for some minutes, but could not revive in my memory a solitary instance where an occupant of a lover's woeing before, had I seen a snake, history would have offered a parallel, but never having encountered a young woman who would fraternize with an eel, and fearing that the young man might lose his kiss, I threw the luscious rascal overboard and regretted my hasty action, most sincerely, ten minutes later. For, would you believe it? notwithstanding the favorable condition of affairs—magnolia trees—in the dark—pretty girl—pouting lips—and all that, the blundered fish didn't kiss me! I thought "something alarmed them, and they fled while I was fussing with the eel. So, having lost the felicity of witnessing the lover's salute, and being cheated out of my prospective breakfast, too, I permitted the lovers to continue their flight, while I perched up my line and paddled back to camp, queer phantoms of a snake, eel, and pouting lips, painful toes, and fair maidens leading the way.

Arriving there, I found two of the campers had just returned from up the stream with trout and woodcock for the mid-day meal. While George prepared dinner, we all lay off in the large tent and smoked our pipes. I dried my back in the sun, rubbed my great toe, and then fastened down the tent flap preparatory to receiving the next shower, which was heralded in by a loud rumbling noises somewhere among the distant mountains.

The Newport society has received a sad disappointment in the "official announcement" that since Leopold will not be able to keep his finger in the pie, in consequence of having sprained his ankle while salmon-fishing in Canada,

hatching troughs, and to the tables in the octagonal extensions. These pipes are admirably arranged with stop-cocks, so that any portion of the apparatus can be operated without regard to the rest of the building.

In addition to the supply from the spring, there are pipes by means of which an unlimited amount of water can be thrown into the filtering tank or ponds from the high service reservoir which is on the hill to the west of the hatching house. The water from the reservoir being influenced by the temperature of the atmosphere, and that from the spring being invariably, by mixing different proportions the temperature of the water used can be either raised or diminished at will. The pipes which conduct the water to the tables on which the Ferguson jars are operated, are furnished with 3/4-of-an-inch spigots, over which rubber tubes are slipped for the purpose of introducing water into the jars.

On the floor of the house is arranged the following apparatus:—

- A. Ferguson jars.
 - B. Flights of Coste tray.
 - C. Troughs of Williamson's patent.
 - D. Troughs of N. W. Clarke's patent.
 - E. Green & Holton hatching box.
 - F. Aquarium.
 - G. Reservoir tank.
 - H. Porcelain-lined sinks.
- In this house have been hatched:—
2,497,140 California salmon.
89,881 land-locked salmon.
331,980 brook trout.

HATCHING TROUGH AND BOXES—STATIONARY.

Model of the first hatching-box used in America, by Dr. Theodorus Garlick, in the year 1853. Dr. T. Garlick, Bedford, Ohio.

No. 20. Model of salmon-hatching-troughs and trays in use at the United States salmon-breeding stations at Bucksport, Grand Lake Stream, Me. Scale, full size. C. G. Atkins. The eggs to be hatched are placed on the wire-cloth trays.

Model of Clark's hatching-box for all the salmonidae. The eggs are placed upon the screens and the water flows in from above and out below. Patented by N. W. Clark, F. N. Clark, Northville, Mich.

Model of the Holton hatching-box for all the salmonidae. The eggs are placed upon all the screens except the top one, and the water flows in from below and out at the top. Patented by Marcellus Holton. Seth Green, superintendent, New York.

Holton box (without the frames), which has been in use. S. Green, Rochester, N. Y.

Hatching-trough, used at the United States hatching-house at Grand Lake Stream, Me. C. G. Atkins.

A circular-shaped hatching-can of tin, designed by F. Mather, which led to the adoption of the following:—
Shad-hatching cone, with screen at the bottom, devised by Charles F. Bell and Fred Mather. United States Fish Commission.

Frame and screen used for hatching lake trout, *Cristivomer namayegush*. M. A. Green, New York Fish Commission.

Salmon-egg hatching-baskets. Devised by Livingston Stone for use in the McCloud River, California. The baskets do not rest on the bottom of the trough, and the water flows through them from the bottom and sides and out at the top. L. Stone, United States Fish Commission.

Box of Trays for hatching-trough, devised by Chas. G. Atkins, Bucksport, Maine. United States Fish Commission.

Model of hatching-frame in use at Grand Lake Stream, adapted to use in a trough or in an open stream. Devised by C. G. Atkins. Scale, full size. C. G. Atkins. The eggs are placed on all of the trays except the upper one. The water flows through the trough, and the frame is shut it confines the trays securely in place. United States Fish Commission.

Grand Lake hatching-frame. For use in a trough or in an open stream. Adapted only to large fish-eggs, like those of salmon. Designed by Charles G. Atkins, assistant to the United States Fish Commission of Fish and Fisheries in 1875, and used then in constant use in the Schoodic salmon-breeding establishment at Grand Lake Stream, Maine, U. S. A. When in use, the water flows through the frame horizontally. Not patented.

The capacity of this frame is 35,000 eggs of salmon. Hatching-jars of glass, with self-picking screen. Invention of Oren M. Chase, Detroit, Mich.

Ferguson jars, full size. O. M. Chase, Michigan Fish Commission.

The Ferguson hatching-jar. A glass jar with trays. The water flows in at the bottom and out at the top. T. B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission.

Glass jar with screens for hatching trout. Devised by Thomas B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission. Miniature hatching-box, for hatching trout or any fish requiring running water. Arranged to place in the dwelling-house, or wherever water can be supplied by a pipe. Charlestown, N. H. Livingston Stone.

Model of fish-nursery for raising young trout less than six months old. Half actual dimensions. Charlestown, N. H. Livingston Stone.

Ferguson's improved conical hatcher, with removable top, used to prevent washing. Also arrangement for removing bottom screen. Valve used when bottom screen is to be removed or eggs and young fish to be transferred. Furnished also with hook for lifting vessel from frame. T. B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission.

Another form of same, furnished with Clark's self-picking gate attachment. T. B. Ferguson, Baltimore, Md., and A. Clark, Northville, Mich. United States Fish Commission.

Reversible plunging can, for hatching fish eggs, now in use on the United States steamer *Fish Hawk*—a part of the improvement in fish-hatching apparatus invented by T. B. Ferguson, Baltimore, Md. Patented. The ends are so arranged as to be easily removed, so that the can may be used as a hatcher or a transporting can by inserting either a wire-cloth or tin bottom. T. B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission.

Another form of same, furnished with trunnions by means of which it is swung in the frame of the conical hatcher when used for transporting fish in rough seas. (The tops are interchangeable with those of the conical

hatchers.) T. B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission.

Harvey's "Cam," and "Guides" for Ferguson's improvement in fish-hatching apparatus. In use on the United States steamer *Fish Hawk* for imparting a vertical motion to the hatching-cans. Designed by T. B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission.

Ferguson hatching-jar. A glass jar, with trays. The water flows in at the bottom and out at the top. Provided with trays for hatching salmon. Designed by T. B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission. (By the use of glass the growth of fungus is prevented, and every egg in the vessel can be seen at a glance.)

HATCHING-BOXES—FLOATING.

Shad-hatching box. Invention of Seth Green, Rochester, N. Y. Patented. S. Green, New York Fish Commission.

Model of the above. S. Green, New York Fish Commission.

Shad-hatching box. Invention of Isaac H. Wright, Baltimore, Md.

Shad-hatching box. Invention of E. A. Brackett, Winchester, Mass.

Patented. E. A. Brackett, Massachusetts Fish Commission.

Revolving shad hatcher, designed by Spencer F. Baird, United States Fish Commission.

Semi-rotating hatchers. Hatching-box for eggs of the codfish. Invention of H. C. Chester, Noank, Conn. United States Fish Commission.

Mechanical fish-hatching apparatus. Invention of Joel C. Parker, Grand Rapids, Mich.

ADHESIVE EGG APPARATUS.

Model of box for hatching the smelt, *Osmerus mordax*. Devised by George Riccio, Hackensack, N. J. One-half size. F. Mather, United States Fish Commission.

MODELS OF FLOATING-HATCHING HOUSES.

Model of the United States Fish Commission steamer *Fish Hawk*. Built by the Pusey & Jones Company, Wilmington, Del. Length on water line, 146 feet 6 inches; breadth of beam (molded), 27 feet; depth of hold (amidships), 10 feet 9 inches; draft of water, 7 feet 6 inches; tonnage, 485.

Model of the fish-hatching deck of the United States Fish Commission steamer *Fish Hawk*, built by the Pusey & Jones Company, Wilmington, Del. Scale, 2 inches to the foot.

ACCESSORIES TO THE HATCHING APPARATUS.

Wooden nippers for removing dead eggs. F. Mather. United States Fish Commission.

Wooden nippers with wire-loops, for removing dead eggs. M. A. Green. New York Fish Commission.

Cleaning net for removing dead shad eggs and dead fish from troughs. M. A. Green. New York Fish Commission.

Shad-hatching net for removing dead shad eggs and dead fish from troughs. T. B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission.

Hand net for removing fish from troughs. T. B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission.

Landing net for carp. United States Fish Commission.

Pans in use for taking and impregnating fish eggs. United States Fish Commission.

Tin dipper in use for supplying water, etc. United States Fish Commission.

Lamp or lantern. United States Fish Commission.

DEVICES FOR THE TRANSPORTATION OF FISH EGGS.

Box used in sending salmon eggs from America to Europe. Ice chamber on top and air space on sides. F. Mather. United States Fish Commission.

Box used in carrying fish eggs short distances. M. A. Green. New York Fish Commission.

Box used in sending eggs of brook trout to Europe. James Annin, Jr., Caledonia, N. Y.

APPARATUS USED IN THE TRANSPORTATION OF FISH.

Milk can. United States Fish Commission.

Tin water bucket. United States Fish Commission.

Rubber tube for siphon. United States Fish Commission.

Strainer-tube for end of siphon. United States Fish Commission.

Rubber tube for siphon. M. A. Green. New York Fish Commission.

Steamer-tube for end of siphon. M. A. Green. N. Y. Fish Commission.

Written bucket.

Ferguson's cylinder-can with adjustable top. T. B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission.

Ferguson's aerating apparatus. T. B. Ferguson. United States Fish Commission.

This apparatus is screwed into the top of a carrying-can, and a small stream of water coming in from a tank or reservoir above draws air in through the side aperture and discharges it at the bottom of the tank, when it rises to the surface in a foam. Apparatus of this kind was used in the Boston carp ponds of W. E. Baker in 1874, and by the United States Fish Commission in 1875 in the aquaria of its Sea-coast Laboratory at Wood's Holl, Mass. It was applied to fish-carriers by T. B. Ferguson in 1877.

Conical tank. Stone & Hooper, Charlestown, N. H. Can for hatching shad eggs while in transit, by motion of the water caused by rolling of ship or railroad car. Designed by Fred Mather. United States Fish Commission.

Can, with sponges, for self-aerating water by means of motion of a ship. Fred Mather. United States Fish Commission.

Conical glass feeders which keep the food in motion. Presented to the city of Baltimore by Thomas Winaas.

PREPARED FOOD FOR ADULT FISH.

Packages of prepared food. W. Koehler, Hoboken, N. J.

MAPS, PHOTOGRAPHS AND CHARTS.

Two maps of the national carp ponds at Washington, D. C. H. Bessel. United States Fish Commission.

Map of the Druid Hill carp ponds at Baltimore, Md. T. B. Ferguson. Maryland Fish Commission.

Map of the United States reservation for fish cultural purposes on the McCloud River, California. Livingston Stone. United States Fish Commission.

Map of the salmon-hatching works at Grand Lake Stream, Maine. Charles G. Atkins. United States Fish Commission.

Series of photographs of shad hatching at Avoca, N. C. United States Fish Commission.

Photographs of the salmon-hatching ranch on the McCloud River, California. Livingston Stone. United States Fish Commission.

Photographs of the steam yacht *Lookout*, showing equipment for shad-hatching on the bow. T. B. Ferguson. Maryland Fish Commission.

Photograph of section of the same on a larger scale. T. B. Ferguson.

Photograph of the United States steamer *Fish Hawk*, taken from the vessel. United States Fish Commission.

Photograph of the same, taken from the model No. 39,103. United States Fish Commission.

Photograph of the exterior of the *Fish Hawk*, showing the plunging buckets in position. From sectional model No. 29,104. United States Fish Commission.

Photograph from the same model, showing the anterior end of the hatching-deck. United States Fish Commission.

Photograph showing the posterior end of the hatching-deck from near the level of the deck.

Photograph taken from above the level of the deck. Photograph of the exterior of Druid Hill hatching-house. T. B. Ferguson.

Photograph of interior of the same. T. B. Ferguson.

Photograph showing three hatching-jars. T. B. Ferguson.

ENEMIES OF THE FISH CULTURIST.

Stuffed trout and the water insect, *Belostomatidae*, which killed it. From the ponds of H. D. McGovern, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Specimens of newts or salamanders, crawfish, "millers' thumbs" (*Uvulae* sp.) and sticklebacks, from Caledonia Creek, Seth Green, New York Fish Commission. (See also under section 1 of this catalogue.)

EGGS OF SALMONIDÆ IN PROCESS OF HATCHING.

Five thousand eggs of the brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, from the ponds of James Annin, Jr., Caledonia, N. Y.

Salmon eggs (land locked); one case, Bucksport, Maine. Charles G. Atkins.

EGGS OF SALMONIDÆ IN ALCOHOL.

Samples of eggs of the brook trout, *S. fontinalis*, at different ages, from the New York State hatchery at Mumfords, N. Y. New York Fish Commission:—
No. 1.—Twenty days old.

No. 2.—Thirty days old.

No. 3.—Forty days old.

No. 4.—Fifty days old.

No. 5.—Sixty days old.

No. 6.—Seventy days old.

No. 7.—Eighty days old.

No. 8.—Eighty-five days old.

Eggs of the lake trout, *Cristivomer namayegush*, eighty-five days old. New York Fish Commission.

Eggs of the California mountain trout, rainbow trout, *Salmo trutta*, two days old. New York Fish Commission.

California salmon, (*Oncorhynchus quinnat*). A series of eggs and young salmon preserved in vials, and showing the change in the eggs and the growth of the fish from the time the egg is taken from the parent till the young fish is fully formed; showing daily growth for 100 days. Livingston Stone.

SPECIMENS OF FRY OF SALMONIDÆ IN ALCOHOL.

Fry of lake trout, *Cristivomer namayegush*.

No. 1.—One day old.

No. 2.—Fifteen days old.

No. 3.—Thirty days old.

No. 4.—Thirty-five days old.

New York Fish Commission.

Fry of brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*.

No. 1.—One day old.

No. 2.—Ten days old.

No. 3.—Twenty days old.

No. 4.—Thirty days old.

No. 5.—Forty days old.

New York Fish Commission.

EGGS OF AMERICAN FISHES IN GENERAL.

Fifty-six specimens of ovaries of sea and inland fishes. Exhibited by United States National Museum.

FISHES IN ALCOHOL.

Hybrid between the California salmon, *Oncorhynchus quinnat* (male), and the brook trout, *salvelinus fontinalis* (female). New York Fish Commission. Seth Green, Superintendent.

Catostomus nigricans.

Anguilla rostrata (Les.) DeKay.—Common eel.

Amia calva, Linn.—Mud-fish.

Lepidosteus osseus, Linn.—Pike.

Acipenser sturio, Linn.—Sharp-nosed sturgeon.

Acipenser brevirostris, Les.—Short-nosed sturgeon.

New York Fish Commission.

LITERATURE OF FISH CULTURE.

Norris, Thaddeus.—American Fish Culture, embracing all the details of artificial breeding and rearing of trout; the culture of salmon, shad and other fishes, by Thaddeus Norris, author of "The American Angler's Book," illustrated. (Seal of the publishers.) Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co., 1874.

Green, Seth.—Trout Culture, by Seth Green, Published by Seth Green and A. S. Collins, Caledonia, N. Y. Rochester, N. Y.: Press of Curtis, Macey & Co., Union and Advertiser Office.

Green, Seth, and Roosevelt, R. B.—Fish Hatching and Fish Catching, by R. Barnwell Roosevelt, Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of New York, author of Game Fish, etc., etc., and Seth Green, Superintendent of Fisheries of the State of New York. Rochester, N. Y.: Union and Advertiser Co.'s Book and Job Print. 1879.

Slack, J. H.—Practical Trout Culture, by J. H. Slack, proprietor of Troutdale Ponds, near Bloomsbury, N. J. "We speak what we do know, and testify what we have seen." New York: Geo. E. Woodward. Orange Judd & Co., 245 Broadway. 1872.

Garlick, Theodorus.—A treatise on the artificial propagation of fish.

gation of certain kinds of fish, with the description and habits of such kinds as are the most suitable for pisciculture, by Theodatus Garlick, M. D., Vice-President of Cleveland Academy of Natural Science, giving the author's first experiments contained in a paper read before the Cleveland Academy of Natural Science; also directions for the most successful modes of angling for such kinds of fish as are herein described. Cleveland: T. D. Brown, publisher, Ohio Farmer Office, 1857.

Stone, Livingston.—Domesticated Trout; How to Breed and Grow them, by Livingston Stone, United States Deputy Fish Commissioner, in charge of the United States salmon breeding station on the Pacific coast, etc., etc. *Troutaria salmonea stellatus teropora gilis.* Ausonia, Ithaca, N. Y. "Males assurance doubly sure." Hineeth, Act IV, Scene 1, Third edition, revised and enlarged. Charleston, N. H. For sale at the Cold Spring Trout Ponds. 1877.

Atkins, Charles G.—United States Fish Commission. Cheap Fixtures for the Hatching of Salmon, by Charles G. Atkins, Assistant United States Fish Commission. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1879.

Wilson, Sir Samuel.—The Capture and Culture of Salmon, with an account of its introduction into Victoria, by Sir Samuel Wilson, member of the Legislative Council of Victoria. Melbourne: Sands & McDougall, printers, Collins street, West, 1873.

Reports of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of Maine, 1 to LXIII (1867 to 1879), inclusive.

Reports of the Commissioners of the Inland Fisheries of Massachusetts (1851 to 1879), inclusive.

Reports of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut (1875 to 1880), inclusive.

Reports of the Commissioners of Fisheries of the State of New York (1869 to 1876), inclusive.

Reports of the Commissioner of Fisheries of the State of Maryland (1876 to 1880), inclusive.

Specifications for building the screw steamer *Fish Hawk*, 1879.

1873-79. *Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun*.—Thirteen volumes of FOREST AND STREAM AND ROD AND GUN, a weekly paper by "Forest and Stream Publishing Company." New York City.

1873. **Baird, Spencer F.**—Forty-second Congress, second session; Senate: Mis. Doc. No. 61; United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. Part I. Report on the condition of the sea fisheries of the south coast of New England in 1874 and 1875, by Spencer F. Baird, Commissioner; with supplementary papers. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1878. (Svo., pp. xliii, 852, plates xxxviii, with 38 leaves explanatory to plates, two maps.)

1874. **Baird, Spencer F.**—United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. Part II. Report of the Commissioner for 1873 and 1874. A.—Inquiry into the decrease of the food fishes. B.—The propagation of food fishes in the waters of the United States; with supplementary papers. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1874. (Svo., pp. ci, 808, plates xxxvii, four maps.)

1876. **Baird, Spencer F.**—United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. Part III. Report of the Commissioner for 1873-4 and 1874-5. A.—Inquiry into the decrease of the food fishes. B.—The propagation of food fishes in the waters of the United States; with supplementary papers. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1876. (Svo., pp. lii, 777.)

1875. **Baird, Spencer F.**—United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. Part IV. Report of the Commissioner for 1875-76. A.—Inquiry into the decrease of the food fishes. B.—The propagation of food fishes in the waters of the United States. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1875. (Svo., pp. ix, 50, 1029, 36 plates, (Hist. of Whole Fish.)

Baird, Spencer F.—United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. Part V. Report of the Commissioner for 1877. A.—Inquiry into the decrease of food fishes. B.—The propagation of food fishes in the waters of the United States. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1879. (Svo., pp. 43, 972.)

Map showing the operations of the United States Fish Commission from 1874 to 1879, and the location of all stations of the United States and State Fish Commissions, and the dates of establishment of the various State Commissions.

INSINGLASS FROM FISH SKINS.—Gloucester, Mass., July 19th.—*Editor Forest and Stream.*—I notice you have our company as manufacturers of insinglass and glue from fish bladders. That is a mistake. The stock we use is the skin of salt fish. The fish is put up for market, in boxes, with the skins taken off, also bones taken out. The skins were of very little value before my invention.

JOHN S. ROGERS.

Our report was taken from the official catalogue of awards, which designates the award as follows:—

"J. S. Insinglass & Glue Co., Gloucester. Hausenblase und Fisch-Lefeln nebst Fabrikanten darents."

As will be seen elsewhere, the medals will not be ready before October, and it would be well, therefore, for our correspondent to write to the Fischerei-Verein at Berlin, to have the report of the award corrected.

THE RANGELEYS.—Hartford, Conn., July 17th.—I found the Rangeley Lakes (the 1st) very quiet; most of the anglers gone and very little fishing, although I was told that the month of June was as good as any they had seen for many years, the fish being more numerous, but smaller. The water was very low, but I was surprised at the number of camps which had sprung up since I wrote the "Rangeley Lake Trout Tales" for the FOREST AND STREAM in 1874. I left Mt. Kinross House June 25th, and the fly-fishing was excellent. My wife took a trout of 24 pounds, and a lady from New York who was with me took one of 24 pounds. I saw snow in the White Mountains, and missed those sweltering days in June. If I can afford the time this autumn, I want to go to Maine and pass from Moosehead Lake over to Churchill Lake, and then by way of Spider and Mousungun lakes and river to the Aroostook River, coming out at Caribou, Maine, and thence into New Brunswick. My brother-in-law, Col. Coff, was the first person to "bore" through that region last year, and beaver, caribou and moose abound, the law on the latter being off Oct. 1st, the first time in three years.

T. S. S.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JULY.

FRESH WATER.

Trout, *Salmo fontinalis*.
Salmon, *Salmo salar*.
Salmon Trout, *Salmo conflatus*.
Land-locked Salmon, *Salmo gairdneri*.

Maskegoner, *Esox nubilus*.
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatopterus*.
Striped Bass, *Morone saxatilis*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.
Weakfish, *Cynoscion regalis*.

Bluefish, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Spanish Mackerel, *Scomber maculatus*.
Cora, *Cybinus regalis*.
Bonito, *Sarda sarda*.
Kingfish, *Molletichthys nebulosus*.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE LATE APPEARANCE OF CANADA SALMON.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 16th.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

An explanation has been asked of me by a number of persons of the tardy appearance of salmon in the rivers of Canada and Nova Scotia; and, not feeling able to answer satisfactorily, I referred the problem to Prof. H. V. Hind, Windsor, Nova Scotia, a gentleman who is perhaps the best fitted of any in America to write on the physical agencies affecting the movements of migratory fish in the North Atlantic Ocean.

I have much pleasure in inclosing herewith my reply, the publication of which in FOREST AND STREAM will, I think, be of much interest to its readers.

SPENCER F. BAIRD,
Commissioner.

WINDSOR, Nova Scotia, July 11th.

DEAR PROF. BAIRD:—

In reply to your letter of inquiry of the 29th of June, I send some brief notes I have made on the subject.

The question you have proposed respecting the cause of the late appearance of salmon in certain rivers emptying into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, this year, is one of great practical interest, not merely to anglers, but in the study of the artificial propagation of the salmon, and the probable causes which have led to but inconsiderable returns from very great outlay.

I shall give you a brief resumé of the ideas which have occurred to me on this subject, which is subordinate to the far more interesting inquiry respecting salmon propagation.

I do not think that the unusual abundance of Greenland ice, or of local ice, has had much to do with the late appearance of schools of salmon in our rivers. In 1875 the Gulf of St. Lawrence was so choked with ice in May that several small steamers bound to Quebec were caught and entangled in it for many days and even weeks. Yet that year was not a late year for salmon, although it was a poor year in some localities.

Every river appears to have its own schools of fish, which visit it in succession, some for breeding, others for sanitary purposes.

But they come at times which are determined by hereditary habit formed through ages of acclimatization and adaptation to the conditions of the river and the sea into which it empties. All the schools of mature fish which ascend the river or play about its mouth are not spawning schools, for there are good grounds for the belief that at a certain age and under certain conditions the salmon becomes a biennial spawner.

The spawning school which ascends in July or August to spawn in October or November, is probably destined in many cases to become the first spring school which enters the river the next succeeding spring for sanitary purposes, remains for a short time, and descends to the sea again without spawning, it being an off year to them.

Should anything happen to these spawning schools which come in July or August, so that they become greatly diminished, then the next year's spring schools, which they would have become, will be much diminished also, and a year must elapse before the early spring school returns to the river.

Such an event appears to have occurred during November and December 1879, apart from the destruction occasioned by the rod and the net. This was the unusual cold of those months in the fall of 1879, the mean temperature in some parts of the Maritime Provinces falling five degrees below the mean of the same months in the preceding year.

At Manitoba the difference amounted to 20° Fahr. At Fredericton, N. B., the mean of December, 1879, was 6° 90 below the mean of 1878. At St. John's, N. B., it was 5° 4 lower than December, 1878. At Sydney, N. S., it was 5° 35 lower in December, 1879, than during the same month in the preceding year. The consequence of this remarkable and sudden reduction of temperature was the early and sudden closing of the rivers. The spawning instinct, or desire, as heretofore explained, was retarded by the cold, and numbers of the fish became land-locked, descending to the sea as slinks or kelts in the early spring, but incapable of so far resuscitating themselves as to return for sanitary purposes, or, in some cases, for spawning purposes, as early spring schools, which they would have done had they descended in November or December instead of April, when the rivers broke up.

Now, with regard to those fish which have not arrived at the age, or been subjected to the conditions which compel them to produce fat instead of developing ova, and become biennial spawners, the cold of November and December, 1879, put back the desire or instinct in the fish to spawn, although their ova might be fully developed, and they retained their spawn perhaps a month or six weeks longer than usual in the manner heretofore described.

Those that escaped to the sea after this late spawning, and continued to develop ova instead of putting on fat, would not have their ova sufficiently matured early in June of the present year to induce them to leave the sea, and they migrated long after their usual time.

A very curious illustration of the effect of extreme and prolonged cold occurred in the early spring of 1879, in the well-known salmon river Tyne, in the north of England. The fish there, which usually spawn in December, and were never before known to spawn in February, were concealed from the 1st of December, 1878, to the 20th of February, 1879, by a snow storm and prolonged cold of unusual duration. When the river broke up, large numbers of salmon were observed spawning in the third week of February. Such an occurrence was never before known, and, indeed, it is quite uncommon for salmon to spawn even in January in the Tyne.

The hook on the lower jaw of the male salmon has much to do with the spawning of the female, and plays an important part in that operation; a description of which I have not seen published.

I think you will find that the ovaries in the salmon are separated from the oviduct by a delicate membrane: in fact, a hymen. The purpose of the hook on the lower jaw of the male is to break this hymen. When the female is ready to spawn, and not before, she suddenly turns on her side, and the male, always in attendance, and instantly seizes her just below the pectoral fins, and with a sharp grip and pressure of the blunt hook on his lower jaw he fractures the membrane which separates the ovaries from the oviduct. The female resumes her normal position, and the operation of spawning soon after commences. The effect of the pressure of the hook on the side of the female is like what would be produced on the conditions for extruding the ova are suitable, and yield at the weakest place. In the female salmon this weakest place is the membrane separating the ovaries from the oviduct. Pressure with the hand, or even through handling of the fish, necessarily produces the same result: the ovaries are distended. The presence of this membrane gives to the female the power to retain the ova as long as she chooses, or until her instincts show her that the conditions for extruding the ova are suitable; then she lies upon her side, and the hook of the lower jaw of the male serves the purpose it was designed to fulfill.

It follows from this that there is always a certain relation between the development of the hook on the lower jaw of the male and the period of the year during which the females spawn. Hence it would be incompatible to propagate salmon in a river by bringing a female from a distant river, where the salmon spawn in a different time, with a male born in a river where the fish spawn in December. The hook of the future male would not be sufficiently developed to serve its purpose, and the female would be ready to spawn before the male.

The difference between the spawning habits of salmon in rivers quite close to one another is so remarkable that the force of this adjustment of hereditary habit by a proper selection of fish is easily seen. The Severn, for instance, in the southwest of England, is one of the earliest spawning rivers known. September is by no means an uncommon date for spawning there; whereas, the river Wyre, flowing into the same estuary, is a late spawning river. In the Derwent, whose waters lie some fifty miles to the northeast of the Severn, the latest fish, according to Mr. Buckland, run up in September and October. Whereas the spawning fish come in from December to February. In the Sackville River, emptying into Bedford Basin near Halifax, Nova Scotia, the salmon come directly from the sea into the river to spawn in the fall of the year.

In the Medway, a hundred miles to the west, salmon may always be taken with a fly in February and March whenever the river is sufficiently open, even should much ice be in the river; and while the flow is ascending, it often happens that the spent fish of the previous year are descending in great numbers. They have remained in the lakes during the winter months.

The development of the hook in the male varies very materially in point of time in different rivers, hence it would not be acting in accordance with natural laws to attempt to propagate salmon by taking a male from an early spawning river, and pairing him with a late spawning river.

Until we know more about the conditions which govern the development of the hook, it is reasonable to assume that the male and female fish resulting from the cross would have different hereditary periods of development, which would be unfavorable to the continued production of the species. Again, if a river be naturally a late river, there must be some excellent reason why it is so, and it would not be proper regard for natural laws to attempt to people such a river with early salmon ova taken from fish whose home was originally an early river. Experience, acting through ages, has determined the relations of salmon to the rivers they inhabit, and in order to succeed artificially it seems to me that we must imitate, as closely as possible, the results of that experience. But I am not aware that this method of reasoning has been applied to the propagation of the salmon either in Canada or the United States.

So far the chief results in our salmon rivers have been obtained by protecting existing fish, clearing the rivers of windfalls and jams, protecting the natural spawning grounds and giving the fish in the estuaries a chance to ascend by regulating the area covered by nets. This is certainly the surest way to repeople our rivers. When the propagation of the salmon is to be attempted, it is reasonable to suppose that the experience of the native fish, which shows itself in the form of an hereditary habit, should be our guide in the selection of fish from which we seek to breed and repeople any particular stream. Where no such guides can be found, late spawning males and females, and early spawning males and females should be rigorously selected, and not taken promiscuously.

HENRY YOWLE HIND,
Prof. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fisheries.

CALIFORNIA TROUT.—Wellsville, N. Y., July 14th.—In June, 1879, we put into the Genesee River, in this vicinity, a few thousand California trout fry, given us by Seth Green, of the State Hatchery.

Last evening several of these Californians were caught in the river, while fishing for our native trout; three of them were badly hooked, and were saved, and are now "lying in state" on ice. The three measured, respectively, 7 7/8, 7 1/2 and 7 1/4 inches, the longest weighing three ounces. A larger one was caught and put back that measured 9 inches in length. The party catching these told me that they take a hook as "business like" as our native *Salmo fontinalis*.

C. A. F.

BLUEFISHING AT LONG BRANCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

You like to hear of your subscribers having a day of real genuine sport, so occurred to me your readers would like as well to know where they can find just such a place and have just such a time as I have mentioned, within fifty miles of New York.

On last Friday I received a note from my old friend, Arthur L. S., stating: "Buy a bass rod, reel and line, and come with me to Long Branch. I can give you the best sport you ever had." Proceeding so well that Arthur Knapp, who is now at the Abbey, and I, with a party of five, on Maiden Lane, procured what he had written me, and at 3:30 P.M. I was on the train bound for Long Branch with Arthur. Thence we drove to Seabright, engaged Jack, "the best fisherman on the water," bought a bushel of moss bunkers of doubtful odor, and with the thermometer at 90 degs., we went over to the beach. Our boat was safely launched through the breakers, sail was raised, and a light breeze carried us out five miles from shore. Our anchor was out, and then the work commenced. Jack began to chop our odoriferous moss bunkers and to throw the pieces overboard, first on one side of the boat and then on the other, a process which is called "charming." We sat under the boiling sun for five minutes, with twenty yards of line floating away with the tide, and at the end of the line, to which was attached a foot or so of wire, a large hook baited with a piece of moss bunker. I saw Arthur's rod bent almost to the water. Turning to me he said, "John, I believe I have got a whale." The fish ran straight away, reached the end of the line up in the air, and jumped and shook his head, but his efforts failed; and as he was being reeled in to the boat with the line, which was struggling in almost every conceivable way. I had forgotten all about my hook, but just then my rod commenced to leave me as though I had thrown the line looped over the smokestack of an engine. Having braced the end of my rod under my seat, I tugged away, when Arthur said, "Give him line or he will break your rod." He pulled the line and away he went, until at last he was checked, and as he was being reeled in slowly to the side of the boat, I could see him swimming around and around in the water. After he was landed, I realized how very tired I was. The fellow weighed ten pounds.

When we had caught about twenty-five, all over six pounds, Jack said, "You will catch no more to-day; the line sharks are around us." Sure enough, those big fish, eight, ten and twelve pounds, began to swim about our boat, and occasionally they would make a dive for one of our large pieces of moss bunkers. It was not a pleasant sight, and because I stated that no non-eaters came in these waters, my companions attacked me with great ferocity and suggested that I jump overboard and try it; not, however, caring to prove my statement, I expressed my disgust. The fish did bite, and we landed forty-two, or, as Jack said, "about three hundred weight." Arthur caught an eight pound bonito, and at last hooked a shark. The struggle was terrible to me. Again it seemed as though his rod must go. Perspiration and blank dismay commingled were on his face, and after twenty minutes the fish was dragged to the side of the boat, his head was chopped half off, and he disappeared beneath our feet. This was not the large yellow-bellied shark, but a huge one of the dog fish order. To make it worse, I had a large fish on at the time, and our lines were in great danger of being mixed up and broken, but both were landed. It was just half past twelve then, and being thoroughly broken down, we concluded to stop for the day, and pulled for the shore. On my way Jack asked leave to sell our surplus fish, which we granted. We sold thirty to the pickers on the "Fletcher," who, no doubt took them home and talked long about the great sport they had had.

Arriving on shore we jumped into our wagon, gave some of our large ones to Mr. Hugh Hastings, of the Commercial, and to Mr. John McKesson, and then wended our way home with the balance, having had the best day's sport for a long time with the mutual determination to go soon again.

The fish were bluefish.

New York, July 16th.

J. L. L.

BLUEFISHING AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—Reports from the famous fishing grounds of Martha's Vineyard give glowing accounts of the sport to be had there with the bluefish and other varieties. See the advertisement elsewhere of the Norton House.

TROUTING.—Hornellsville, July 11th.—As Mr. Van Dyke suggests a "Blood Sufferers" corner, the following will be an appropriate item for it:—

A party of four gentlemen of the place lately returned from Pine Creek, Pa., with 1,000 brook trout; the lot weighed less than forty pounds. A little calculation will show that the fish weighed less than three-quarters of an ounce apiece. Do you not think an eight inch jaw or a lunatic asylum would be good for such "Blood Sufferers?"

JOHN.

NEW JERSEY.—Riverside House, Forked River, July 17th.—Large quantities of bluefish now in the bay, running from one to two pounds. Weakfish also continues good, thirty-five to seventy-five being the average catch per boat. Were it not for the net-fishing, which is openly carried on regardless of all law, we would have fine sheephead fishing, as it is not unusual for the net men to take fifty or more at a haul, and what they do not catch are frightened off.

Late arrivals at the Riverside House include Mr. and Mrs. W. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Mayer, South Orange, N. J., Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Ackers, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thompson and family, Messrs. R. H. Sauer, Jas. M. Edgar, Jr., N. L. Tunis, Chas. S. Farley, Chas. C. Jaclard, all of New York, who spend most of their time on the bay fishing, etc., the ladies enjoying the sport and catching as many fish as the gentlemen.

A. B.

WISCONSIN BLACK BASS.—Janesville, Wis., July 12th.—I have been reading the articles from J. A. Henshall on black bass, and I must say he knows what he is writing about. I think the black bass has got more game in him than any other fish that swims in Western waters. I don't know anything about the East.

Rock River has her share of black bass, also wall-eyed pike and pickerel. On July 10th, a small boy fourteen years old caught with a fly a black bass weighing four pounds; he had a hard fight as the water was very rapid and the bank very steep, but the little fellow was game like the fish, and finally landed him.

Last week, Wednesday, a party of nine gentlemen went up the river about ten miles in the little steamer *Bowser City Bell* and caught a large washub full of black bass, pike and pickerel. They had a splendid time. C. C.

BETTER THAN DOCTOR'S BILLS.—New York, July 15th.—I have made a clear cash profit this summer of \$113, and I don't mind imparting the secret to your readers. Last July (1879) I was taken sick, probably from overwork, with this result:—

Twelve visits from doctor.....	\$ 21.00
Medicines.....	5.50
Three weeks' loss of time.....	150.00
Total.....	\$182.50

Result: Felt weak and nervous for several months. This year I "grabbed" time by the forelock, and in June went fishing to the Rangeley Lakes (Umbagog) at this expense:—

Railroad and buggy fare—both ways.....	\$60.00
Two weeks' expenses in the woods.....	40.50
Total.....	\$99.50

Figuring thus:—

Sick man's expenses.....	\$182.50
Healthy man's expenses.....	60.50
Net profit.....	\$122.00

Result: Lots of fun, immense appetite, splendid health, and ready for oceans of business.

Moral: Get your medicines at the fountain head.

K. C.

ST. CLAIR FLATS BASS FISHING.—Detroit, Mich., July 12th.—My first visit this year to St. Clair Flats was made last week, Thursday and Friday. Found fishing just fair started. A friend from Ohio, Mr. E. J. Fairfield, and myself set out fifteen baits, running from one pound to five and a quarter pounds in weight, some six or eight pike, from two and a half to nine pounds, a half a dozen pickerel, or "wall-eyed pike" as they call them here, and five or six perch, the latter as large as I ever saw, certainly not less than a pound each. In all we got about seventy pounds. Friday's sport was cut short by a fearful storm, which commenced before 4 o'clock. Some very fine maskalagos have been taken in Baltimore Bay, in the flats, this year, but we were not lucky enough to strike any. The best time for bass will now soon be here, say from the middle or latter part of August to the close of the season, and there is room for a thousand rods. Mr. T. P. Wallace, one of your old subscribers by the way, of Marion, Ohio, paid the flats a first visit and expressed himself satisfied with his success. Next time I am able to go out, I hope to send you an account of such fishing as shall make you wish you were "thar."

UO.

RICE LAKE.—Port Hope, Ont., July 9th.—Maskalago and bass fishing, which ordinarily commences on July 10th, did not begin at Rice Lake until May 24th. Trolling for maskalago was good up to a couple of weeks ago, since when very few have been caught. Although a great many yellow or mud bass were caught in the early part of the season, the black bass did not begin to bite well until about June 20th. There has been good fishing since. Although very few ever try fly-fishing for maskalago on this lake, still when attempted it is generally successful. One gentleman caught twenty-eight one afternoon, using a bright red fly; another caught fourteen, going the short distance of three miles, four weighing over four pounds each. There is a good hotel at Gore's Landing, three miles from Harwood, kept by T. Harris, board \$1, boats 50 cents per day. It is the best place on the lake for fishing, well kept, clean and tidy. There is a good hotel at Harwood, kept by W. Garnet; terms reasonable, I believe. Route, *Northern* from Charlotte to Cobourg, train to Harwood. F. C. G.

The Kennel.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

—Dr. H. B. Wygant informs us that the pointer bitch advertised by him last week was taken suddenly with distemper and died last Saturday night. He wishes in this way to reply to the numerous letters received by him in response to his advertisement.

POINTERS IN THE FIELD.—Photographs of Mr. Tracy's paintings of the St. Louis Kennel Club's pointers, Faust and Bow, and Keswick and Jessamine, can be had at the sportsman's warehouse of Messrs. Schuyler & Dunne, 189 Broadway.

DEATH OF DIDO.—We are extremely sorry to announce the death of Dido, the setter bitch owned by Mr. J. O. Bonner, of this city, and recently purchased by him from the sportsman's warehouse of Messrs. Schuyler & Dunne, 189 Broadway.

CANADIAN KENNEL CLUB.—A meeting will be held in the Rossin House, at 8 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 8th, with a view of establishing a "Canadian Kennel Club" to act in harmony with the National American Kennel Club, and with the same objects in view.

BAUBLE.—Louisville, Ky., July 18th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I thank you for notice of the bounds, which was incorrect in one particular, through a neglect of mine to inform you that Bauble will not be shipped until she is bred. Abigail was the bitch you saw, and the one I saw at the Grove Revereer was the Grove Revereer, running back on this side to Mr. Meynell's farm, 1780, and through dam to Mr. Meynell's Guzman, 1780. The present importation is for "The Crystal Spring Jack," Waverly, Tenn., Mr. A. M. Wadell, master.

HARRY BISHOP.

TICKS ON DOGS.—Annapolis, Md., July 12th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—In your issue of June 24th I noticed an article on "Conditioning dogs for summer woodcock shooting," in which you state that the spot from which a tick has been taken should be dressed "with some mercurial preparation." I have had my dogs out for exercise daily, and for the last two months have every day taken ticks from them. I have used no dressing of any kind on the spots from which they have been taken, and no dressing has been needed. Ticks should be removed gently by twisting them around. What is the object of the mercurial ointment? If the tick is removed the same day on which it fastens to the dog I do not believe it can deposit any eggs. I have seen neglected hounds with sores containing ticks or grubs of some kind, but they were not well cared for animals.

R. W. H.

The object of the mercurial ointment is to effectually destroy any ova that may have been deposited. Your negative experience does not destroy the positive experience of others; of course, the more immediate the removal the less danger and the less need of any application as an antidote. We have simply given you a good antidote when required.

IRISH SETTERS.—New York, July 20th.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I suppose there never was a dog show—in this country, at least—where some of the exhibitors were not disappointed. The fact is, there are a great many who, having read "Stonehenge," think they are not only able to judge, but that they own the best dog. If the judge's opinion don't coincide with theirs, the judge must be at fault. We have had the best of English judges here, gentlemen who know as much, if not more, about dogs (especially setters and pointers) than "Stonehenge." With this class of judges he is not an "authority."

According to Mr. Dalziel's letter to the *Live Stock Journal*, the protest in class 40 was made simply because Mr. Davidson's dog had white on. I venture to say that no Irish judge would have considered that a bar to his winning. I have a letter from an Irish gentleman, who was in England several years last year, and who is a large breeder of Irish dogs himself, in which he says: "White is not considered a fault in Ireland, whatever it may be in America. The handsomest, best and purest Irish dogs I ever saw had white on; sometimes a stripe on face, spot on chest, or white on toes." Champion Palmerston is a rich cherry red, with white on face, which his owner says is the true type of the "Irish setter." Why, at the show I had the man tell me that my dog had English blood in him because he had white on his chest; there was no doubt about it. When I assured him that the dog was as pure Irish as any in the world, he looked as if he pitied my ignorance. This is the idea that some people get from the "protest"—that a dog to be pure Irish must be all red. Any candid man will admit that Irish breeders ought to know something of Irish dogs. The Irish classes here are always large. At the next show let us have an Irish judge, unhampered by rules laid down by one who perhaps never bred an Irish setter in his life.

Lo.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.—This bench show will be held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th, during the annual exhibition of the International Exhibition Association of Toronto, at the new Exhibition Park, Toronto, Canada, and judging from the prominent and well-known names connected with the management, promises to be a well conducted affair. The following is the list of officers: President, F. W. Jarvis Esq., Sheriffs, County of York, Vice-President, His Worship, the Mayor of Toronto, and Christopher Robinson, Esq.; Q. C. Committee: Messrs. A. R. Boswell, C. A. Brough, W. H. Doel, F. C. Draper (Chief of Police), Geo. Gooderham, J. F. Hellmuth, Stephen Llewellyn, J. Maughan, Jr., John Massey, R. Timming, Jr., James Watson and Lieut. Col. Otter. Honorary Secretary, A. D. Stewart Esq. Officers Industrial Exhibition: Vice-President, W. F. McMaster Esq.; Second Vice-President, Wm. Rennie; Treasurer, James McGee Esq.; Secretary, H. J. Hill Esq.

Premium List of Thirty-two Classes.—Classes 1 to 4, mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland and greyhounds, for best dog or bitch, \$10. For second best dog or bitch, \$5, each class. Classes 5 and 6, pointers, dogs and bitches; for best dog or bitch, \$10; for second best, \$5. Class 7, pointer puppies; for best dog or bitch, \$7; for second best, \$4. Classes 8, 9 and 10, Irish setters, same as pointers. Classes 11, 12 and 13, black and tan setters, same as pointers. Classes 14, 15 and 16, English setters, same as pointers. Classes 17 to 31, Clumber and Sussex spaniels, water spaniels, spaniels (other breeds), retrievers, foxhounds, fox terriers, dogs, collies, bull terriers, pug dogs, Bedlington and Dandie Dinmont terriers, rough coated terriers, other than Yorkshire; pugs, black and tan terriers, (any breed, five pounds and under); for best dog or bitch, \$7; for second best, \$4. Class 32, miscellaneous; for best dog or bitch, \$7; for second best, \$5; for third class, \$3. Special prizes: For best dog or bitch (sporting class) in show, silver medal, value \$20; same for non-sporting class.

The Great Western, Grand Trunk, Northern, Credit Valley, Midland, Canada Southern, Erie, New York Central and other railways will carry dogs free, if accompanied by a care-taker.

Entries close on Aug. 21st, 1880. Forms sent on application to H. J. Hill Esq., Toronto, Canada.

A WHOLESALE LITTER.—Joseph Meyer's lively stable at 62 George street, Cincinnati, Ohio, was the scene a few days ago of a canine phenomenon, unequalled in the annals of doggy matters. Here is what the Cincinnati *Enquirer* man has to say about it:—

Arriving at Mr. Meyer's, a crowd of curious, gaping men and boys was found surrounding a handsome brown and white English pointer which lay upon a pile of straw and shavings in the rear of the building. Clambering over the gentle animal were as quivering lot of little pups, all extremely anxious to get the first chance at supper, for there were entirely too many of them for all to get in at the first table. There were pups as black as the ace of spades; pups with white-tipped ears; spotted pups and

white pups; pups with black tails and pups with white tails. Twenty of them, at the score, on actual count. It was a sight worth seeing, although the mother seemed to think that she had more little ones to look after than she had bargained for. The first one made his debut into the light of the "Paris of America" at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the way the reinforcements began to come was a caution to the natives thereabout. The majority of them were of the female persuasion, but there were just enough boys in the lot to keep the other giddy things under control. The mother who gave birth to such a wonderful family is an English pointer of pure stock, and her present owner, Mr. Meyer, bought her only a few weeks ago from Joe Todd, a peddler, who resides in Avondale. She is as gentle a brute as can be imagined, and she allowed the bystanders to freely examine the diminutive beasts without interference. The present case is without parallel, we believe, in the annals of natural history, although it is a common thing for a sow to have a litter of young numbering quite as many. An English pointer is generally proud if his spouse presents him with a family of six or seven, but when the old gentleman who is responsible for this, learns the fact, it is probable that he will hardly associate with his fellows on terms of equality hereafter. The dam who thus has made herself famous answers to the name of "Rose," and every member of her family remains alive and exceedingly active. They are all of the usual size, and are as cute as little pups always are. "Rose" showed wonderful sagacity during the day, and when one small specimen was ushered into existence in a seemingly dead state she at once made endeavors at resuscitation, in which she was finally successful, and that little brute was just about as lively as the rest of the gang last evening. At last accounts the twenty were still on hand, none of them having got away, while there were no more additions to chronicle.

A PENSIONED DOG.—In the Territory of New Mexico the legislature, by joint action, recently pensioned a dog for noble services. In that country there are many sheep farms, and shepherd dogs are so well trained in guarding the flocks of their masters that it is their daily practice to take out the flocks to the pastures, and guard them all day and at night return them to the fold or corral. This work of the Mexican dogs is so common and so faithfully performed that it is looked upon as a matter of course and nothing more than should be expected from a well-trained dog. This being the case, it would appear that the dog worthy of a pension in that Territory must have performed some very marvelous feat, and, something out of the common line of canine achievement, and he did. He did not save his mistress's life from the murderous fury of the savage, nor her child from being brained against a door-post or being choked by a huge blacksnake, for his master was not married, and had no wife or babe, but led a solitary life in his solitary ranch in a very solitary part of New Mexico. It chanced that the dog in question, on returning one evening with his sheep to the fold, discovered that his master was not stirring about, but remained inside the shanty and kept very quiet. The next evening it was the same. The dog, when he penned up the sheep, repaired to the shanty, smelled through the crack in the door his master's presence, but the man was still quiet and did not breathe. The dog scratched, barked, and even howled, but no response came from within. The door remained closed, and the dog never from the chimney to find the early morn. But the dog, true to his appointed duty, went out with the sheep on the third day and cared for them while they cropped the herbage on the hillsides. But he was getting hungry, and that night when he drove the sheep into their pen the last one to attempt to get in became the victim of his appetite. This method of providing for his own wants became a portion of his faithful duty, and he kept on evening after evening the last sheep to try to enter the fold was seized by him and served for supper and breakfast and for dinner the following day. As stated before, the ranch to which the dog belonged was in a solitary part of the Territory and out of the track of travel and social intercourse or visitation. For two years from the time of the master's death—as ascertained by data left by the latter—the faithful dog kept the flock committed to his charge, and had no need of food for supper every night. The flock was not decimated by his steady drain upon its resources. On the contrary, it increased in numbers, and when, at the end of two years from the time of the death of the proprietor, the ranch was visited, and the remains of the poor fellow found, the dog was still at his post of duty, jealously guarding his flock, and driving them to the best pastures every day, and to the fold at night, before which he slept, to keep the wild sheep-eaters of the plains at a civil distance. Such fidelity excited admiration wherever the story was told, and the Arcadian legislators of the Territory, in a fit of generosity and enthusiasm, at their session two years ago (they have biennial sessions in that happy country), granted a pension for life to that dog, to be paid from the State treasury, as a reward for his fidelity, and no doubt as an encouragement to all other shepherd dogs in that Territory to be good dogs and faithful.—*Boston Globe.*

KENNEL NOTES.

WHEELS.—*Daisy.*—Mr. John White's (Bridgeport, Conn.) white and orange setter bitch, Daisy, by Calhoun's Sam out of Mallard's Belle, whelped eleven pups, all white, excepting three, which had orange spots, by Ranger II.

DEATH.—*Dido.*—Mr. J. O. Donner's English setter bitch Dido.

BRED.—*Alfreda Dash III.*—Mr. Walter H. Beebe's (New York City) Champion Miss (Leicester-Dart) to Champion Dash III.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Grouse and Dash.*—Mr. Titus J. Hodges, of Greenport, L. I., claims the names of Grouse and Dash for his two setter pups, the former lemon and white and the latter red, out of Dutchman's Dash I.—McLaughlin's Dutchman's Dash I. (Chippawan's Van-Governor's Lionheart). Both pups are being broken by Mr. C. H. Souvens, Hoekland County, N. Y. *Eudora.*—*Mr. M. P. McKoon, of Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y.,* desires us to state that the name of his spaniel bitch pup is Eudora, not Endora, as published in last week's issue.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

E. A. P., Madison Barracks, N. Y.—The guns you inquire about are good and safe.

L. C. W.—Douglas Frazar's "Practical Boat Sailing," \$1. Can forward.

St. Louis.—According to the rule, we should have given the man two more birds.

E. H.—No copies of Y. I. A. rules on hand. Order through book house, or Leavenworth Field.

T. J. H.—Silver City, New Mexico. We have forwarded your request to the manufacturers.

G. M. T. Kisko, N. Y.—The law on woodcock in New York is up Aug. 1st; quail, Nov. 1st; ruffed grouse, Sept. 1st.

E. C.—Falk's store, Idaho. We do not know the name of fur dealers at Fort Benton, Montana. Write to the postmaster there.

G. E. C.—Duke Center, Pa.—For an inspirometer for testing lung capacity, write to Giuseppe Tagliabue, 332 Pearl street, New York.

D. W. Albion, N. Y.—We can send you Stoddard's Map of the Adirondack Wilderness, which will probably answer your purpose. Noticed elsewhere.

J. M. G.—Washington, D. C.—Dogs with distemper should be kept as quiet as possible. It depends entirely upon the symptoms of each case how to regulate the feed.

H. G. D.—Upperville, Va.—For pinnated grouse (prairie chicken) shooting, go to Wichita, or Salina, Kansas. You cannot miss them after you get into that country.

G. M. S.—Accidental spilling of ballast, bag and spilling of immaterial amount of sand is not enough ground for protest. The judges ruled right in not allowing same.

A. B.—Best book on yacht and boat building is Dixon Kemp's, new edition, price \$12. For boat sailing, see also Douglas Frazar's "Practical Boat Sailing," \$1, Lee & Sheppard, Boston.

L. M. M.—Yonkers, N. Y.—The close time for moose in Maine expires Oct. 1st next. The season for deer and caribou there is from Oct. 1st to Jan. 1st. No chasing with dogs allowed.

S.—New York.—For striped bass fishing in the immediate vicinity of New York, you may go to the boat house at Fort of Eighty-Fourth street, East River, and there secure directions.

H. N. L.—Book on boat building not yet published. Doubt whether any book will exactly fill your wants. Possibly Kemp's "Yacht and Boat Sailing," which contains much upon the subject.

HARRIS, Austin, Texas.—1. Tom Stang, of Chicago, can furnish you with wild pigeons. 2. You can ascertain express charges at your home office. 3. Yes, send us the summaries and other items.

F. H. L.—Rock Hill, S. C.—In a glass ball match, if a cartridge fails to fire, is the party entitled to another shot, or must it be scored a miss. Ans. The shooter is entitled to another shot if his cartridge was properly loaded.

J. N. C.—Newburyport, Mass.—There is no danger of the shell expanding if it enters the chamber with such difficulty. The proper thing is to have the chamber slightly enlarged. Put your gun into the hands of a first-class workman.

J. W.—Cincinnati, Ohio.—The dog, from your description, has a case of mange. Adopt same treatment as recommended to C. L. L. in last week's issue, and, in addition, give four drops of Fowler's solution of arsenic, twice a day, in his food.

C. S. W.—New York.—An abstract of preceding the best publication teaching the training of setters. Ans. See the five articles in this paper on dog breaking, March 18th, April 8th, 15th, 22nd, and May 13th. Hutchison's book on breaking is the best work on training. Price, \$3.50. We can furnish it.

CARRIS, Philadelphia.—Will you please inform me the best baits for catfish. Ans. Large angle-worms, minnows, pieces of beef, liver, insect larvæ, and almost anything of a fresh animal nature will do for catfish bait in the Mississippi. Raw salt pork is the approved bait for the larger species. They feed best just after a storm.

E. J.—New York.—1. Is Spratt's biscuit good food for four months old puppies? 2. How much is a meal for a grown fox terrier dog? 3. Do not dogs fed on it require other food for a change, such as boiled liver, etc.? Ans. 1. No. 2. Half a biscuit is ample. 3. Yes, by all means. You can get the biscuit of Chas. Richmond, No. 913 Broadway, New York City.

P. W. P.—Please inform me through your paper regarding the rules of the National Rifle Association as to shooting from under a cover. Can they shoot from a house only open on the front, or must the cover be overhead only? Ans. It is entirely allowable to shoot from a house constructed in any way. The only restriction is that no artificial support be given the rifle.

J. P. A.—Sails for 14ft. canoe: Leg of mutton or sharpie style mainmast, 10ft. deck to head; mizen, 7ft. deck to head; main boom, 6ft. 10in.; mizen boom, 4ft. 10in. Step the mainmast 3ft. from bow and the other 3ft. from stern. The sails will be 6in. shorter on the luff than the mast, and 4in. shorter on the foot than the booms. Masts of spruce, 2in. and 4in. thick at deck; booms 1 and 2 in. in center.

A. A. R.—South Norwalk, Conn.—We know of no special laws for Dutchess and Putnam counties. The general New York State law provides the following open seasons: deer, Aug. 1st to Dec. 1st; no open season for moose; wild fowl, Sept. 1st to May 1st; quail, Nov. 1st to Jan. 1st; woodcock, Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st; grouse, Aug. 1st to Feb. 1st; ruffed grouse (or partridge), Sept. 1st to Jan. 1st.

TRAP.—Peake's Island, Me.—I believe the "cruelty" folks are going to make a strong effort to stop our shoot next fall. Do you suppose they can accomplish it without a special statute? They have been obliged to wait for such statute in other States before they could stop pigeon shooting from a trap, and one would think it would be so in Maine. Ans. Unless a law is passed making pigeon shooting illegal your tournament cannot be stopped.

T. M. O.—Washington, D. C.—Please prescribe for my pointer, which is just thirteen months old. His eyes are very much inflamed, little or no appetite, nose quite warm and a kind of twitching when he stands still. He has moderate exercise and is fed with table scraps. Ans. The probability is that the dog has had distemper, and in the present stage will be benefited by quinine, say two grains three times a day; also give a small dose of sulphur occasionally.

TRAP.—Newburyport.—Where can I obtain the game laws of the different States? I have a pointer dog about three years old

who has been lame for over a month; only a slight limp most of the time, but sometimes he limps a good deal. There is a swelling of some kind on the side just to the right of the jaw; the lump is hard and pains the dog on slight pressure. Ans. 1. Send to Orango Judd Co., Broadway, N. Y. 2. Avoid giving the dog exercise, and paint the part afflicted with tincture of iodine daily. Write more definitely after fair trial of treatment.

E. K.—New Haven.—When is the woodcock law off on Long Island this year? How much of Fowler's solution of arsenic would you give a Scotch terrier, about nineteen pounds weight, four and a half years old? He's got the mange. Ans. 1. Aug. 1st. 2. Three drops twice a day. It should always be given on a full stomach, and it must be withheld for a week or so if it produces redness of the eyes, running of watery fluid from the nose and a loathing of food. To prevent last result, give a tonic of one teaspoonful of Peruvian bark immediately after a meal.

A. & Co.—Boston, Mass.—For internal cancer of the ear the following is suggested: Take Goulard's extract of lead, one ounce; glycerine and carbolic acid, one-quarter of an ounce; finest olive oil, four and a half ounces. Mix the two first named, and add the oil, gently rubbing together in a mortar. The bottle must be well shaken before the liniment is used. Avoid giving meat, and feed vegetables with the wash. Give twice a week a teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia in water one hour before feeding in the morning. Dress the dog's legs with the following: Powdered bicarbonate of potash, half ounce; sub-sulphur, one ounce; lard, four ounces; rub well into the skin.

A. D. E.—Ans. 1. In case of diarrhoea, when the bitch is suckling, the diet must be changed and carefully regulated all through the disease. Light and easily digested food, as well-broiled oatmeal, rice, Indian corn meal, or arrowroot, should be given with a little milk or beef tea. When the dog is very weak, a little should be poured down her throat every few hours, and a little port wine be added to the food. An injection should be given: A quarter of a pint of gruel with two drachms of tincture of catechu and one drachm of laudanum. A dose of castor oil should be given at once. Write result of treatment, and if the injection does not check the diarrhoea, we will mail you a prescription that will not fail. 2. The open season for woodcock in this State begins Aug. 1st; deer, Aug. 1st.

A. D. N.—Monson, Mass.—It is supposed that the old Southern hound was used by the ancient Britons in the chase of the larger kinds of game. Its distinguishing characters are its size and general heavy appearance; its great length of body, deep chest, and ears remarkably large and pendulous. It was the slowness of the breed which occasioned its disuse. Several of the breed are still to be seen in Devonshire, England. See "Stonehenge on the Dog," a lengthy account. The rough-haired greyhound is now rarely met with, except on some show benches in England, mix with his larger brethren, the deerhounds, and assuming their name. He still exists in out-of-the-way places. The shape of the rough greyhound corresponds closely with that of the deerhound, but he is not so large or powerful, averaging about 26in. at shoulder against 23in. or 30in. in the deerhound.

F. H.—New York.—Mange is the most troublesome, and, in some forms, the most loathsome disease which we meet with in a dog. There are several varieties, the most common being virulent mange, mange with thickening of the skin, red mange, and eruption without thickening of the skin, and, finally, ringworm. The disease, under certain conditions, is contagious. A too stimulating diet, insufficient exercise, etc., are among the principal causes. In chronic cases, Fowler's solution of arsenic is often of great benefit. The doses from two to eight drops, given twice a day in food. The dressings used are very numerous, and depend upon the condition of the dog. The most simple is ointment of flower of sulphur and lard, one part of the former to four of the latter. The dog's bedding should be changed at least every other day; and the proper use of disinfectants is all about the kennel are of great use. Write more fully symptoms of dog, and we will mail you receipt.

H. W.—Newark, N. J.—To brown gun barrels: Thet. of muriatic iron, one ounce; nitric ether one ounce; sulphate of copper, four scruples; rain water, one pint. First, securely plug up both ends of barrels, leaving one plug in each end of sufficient length to be used as handles, then thoroughly clean with soap and water, after which cover with a thick coat of lime, slacked in water, and when that has become dry remove it with an iron wire scratch brush; this is to remove all dirt and grease from the barrels. Then apply a coat of the fluid with a rag, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, when a slight rust will have appeared; then take barrels and immerse them in a trough containing boiling hot water, after which scratch them well with the scratch brush. Repeat this until the color suits, which will be after three or four applications. When completed, let the barrels remain in limo water a short time to neutralize any acid which may have penetrated. Take great care not to handle the barrels during the operation, for the least particle of grease will make bad spots.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

—"O'Rourke's Guide to Coney Island and Rockaway" is a neat, handy and comprehensive handbook to the attractions of these popular New York pleasure resorts. Full details of routes, etc., etc., will be found in this little text-book. For sale by all news-dealers.

NERVE POWER.—Few people suffer so much from nervous exhaustion as newspaper editors. The wear and tear of getting out a good paper tell fearfully, and readers seldom know how much vital force a single item may have cost the one who wrote it. Editors have often been driven to drink in order to stimulate their exhausted faculties, but of late are using Warner's Safe Nerve instead. This valuable preparation acts as a soothing power, quelling the nerves and producing sleep with all the refreshment that it brings.—*Advt.*

TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—The summer travel over the Consolidated is heavier than ever this year, and the palace cars which run through to the White Mountains are particularly well patronized, the two cars this morning having seventy-seven passengers. The conductors on the through palace cars are ex-Conductor McKenney, of the Suffield branch, and Conductor Raymond, formerly of the New York and New England road.

—The skull and horns of an uncommonly large mountain ram were found embedded in a pine tree in Idaho. It is supposed that the beast was caught and starved in the tree when it was a sapling, leaving his head to be overgrown by the wood.



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INCUCLTATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND SPORTS.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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Advertisements must be sent in by Saturday of each week, if possible.

All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

*Any publisher inserting our prospectus above one time, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto, and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1880.

TO Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guaranty of good faith, and be addressed to Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All advertisements should reach us on or before Tuesday morning of each week. An observance of this rule will insure satisfaction to all concerned.

MR. FRED MATHER with the FOREST AND STREAM.—It affords us the most sincere satisfaction to announce what our readers and friends will with equal pleasure learn, that the FOREST AND STREAM has added Mr. Fred Mather to its staff. That gentleman will in the future conduct those departments of the journal which are devoted to Fish Culture and Sea and River Fishing.

Mr. Mather is so well known, both in this country and in Europe, as a practical fish culturist, an accomplished angler and a well-informed student of ichthyology and the related branches of natural history, that it would be out of place here to rehearse his qualifications for the discharge of his new duties. We are content to congratulate our subscribers on this accession to the staff of the paper. It is the right man in the right place.

We may add that Mr. Mather's very wide personal acquaintance among anglers, fish culturists and ichthyologists gives him unlimited facilities and resources for making the FOREST AND STREAM now more than ever the ablest, freshest and best journal of its kind in the world.

Mr. Mather will assume his active duties here with the new volume, the first number of which will be published Aug. 5th.

THE BERLIN MEDALS.—The prize medals awarded at the Berlin International Fishery Exhibition will not be ready for distribution before next October, and possibly November. Those coming to the American exhibitors will be received by Prof. Baird, the United States Fish Commissioner, who will deliver them to the Secretary of State for distribution to those to whom they have been awarded.

—The American representatives have returned from Berlin. Prof. G. Brown Goode, Mr. Fred Mather and Capt. J. W. Collins arrived on the *Neckar* last week. Mr. Rockwell was left in London seriously sick with typhoid fever. Messrs. True and Palmer remained behind to pack up the exhibits.

—Mr. Chas. Hallock has severed his brief connection with the "Sea World."

—Brooklyn will be specially favored next year. The New York State Association will meet there in June, and in July will follow the convention of the National Archery Association.

A SOCIETY ORGANIZED FOR WORK.

AN association has been organized at Utica, N. Y., which promises to confine itself very strictly, and, from the high character of its membership, very effectually, too, we should judge, to the work of game protection. The call for the initiatory meeting was signed by the following prominent sportsmen and citizens: C. W. Hutchinson, W. T. Dunmore, Fred B. Divine, I. C. McIntosh, Geo. D. Pomeroy, B. A. Wilson, R. B. Jones, Edwin Richardson, J. A. Erlhauer, Thos. McCorkle, Wm. Warring, Geo. Booth, W. G. Hubbard, David H. Gaffin, C. W. Keeler, C. T. Mould, J. A. Maben, Oscar A. Wheeler, W. I. Martin, J. Bailey, T. F. Budlong, Gain L. Fay, W. K. Gilmore, E. Z. Wright, A. H. Ballou, James G. Hunt, W. E. Lewis, Wm. Townsend, T. V. Leroy, W. Dimbleby, John Peattie, James Roberts, M. H. Griffith, W. Jerome Green, J. N. Hays, Fred A. Westcott, J. G. Cessford, H. C. Macy, John Gissible, Geo. H. Scranton, John D. Kernan, Wm. M. Storrs, John G. Brown, Chas. H. Childs, F. E. Hutchinson, E. T. Manning, Wm. B. Sutton, O. F. Golden, J. Gomph, J. J. Flanagan, W. F. Boynton, Geo. Westcott, M. J. Brayton, W. C. Harris, C. W. Shapley, D. Sabine, W. J. Dickinson, James G. French, H. W. Dunlap, E. H. Divine, John Gomph, R. O. Jones, I. J. Gray, Chas. H. Carr, F. H. Lowery, Geo. A. Reynolds, Hon. J. Thos. Spriggs and H. D. Pixley.

These gentlemen, with many others, were present at the gathering at Bragg's Hotel, Utica, and at the very outset of the new organization stamped its character.

Mr. W. T. Dunmore said that the need had long been felt of a society which should look to the strict enforcement of the law, and which should take enough interest in the cause to employ its own officers in the detection and prosecution of offenders. The Secretary of the meeting, Mr. Fred B. Divine, said that the old State organization was in disgrace, as conducted the past few years. Mr. J. J. Flanagan followed with the statement that local clubs could find no encouragement from the State Association to persevere in their efforts, and that if a society meant business it must withdraw entirely from any connection with that body. Chairman Hutchinson suggested that the Long Island sportsmen, under whose auspices the State Association tournament was to be held, had it in their power to effect a reform in these matters; and Mr. Flanagan added that, from his knowledge of the tastes and character of the Eastern gentlemen, he believed that they would effectually modify the character of the annual meeting.

Several practical and definite plans of action were discussed and acted upon, and after an informal discussion the meeting adjourned.

This action of our Utica friends is a direct and natural outgrowth of the dissatisfaction—long felt and recently culminated—at the lack of any concerted action in protecting the game and fish of the State of New York. Besides their good intentions in this work, the members of the new association possess abundant good sense and determination to insure success in their undertaking.

Just what attitude the new society proposes to sustain toward the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, we are not at the present moment clearly informed. Two courses are open to it. One of these is to conduct its own affairs entirely independent of the State Association, thereby withdrawing from the latter all the local support of sportsmen who are earnest in their endeavors to fulfill the work implied in its name. The other course is to cooperate with the State Association—to infuse into that body its own spirit, and by uniting with the other right-feeling sportsmen of the State, who are numerous and powerful, to determine the future character of the State Association. Whichever of these two courses the Utica society may adopt, the support of the FOREST AND STREAM will be given to its right protective measures cordially, fully and unflinchingly. But for the good of the sportsmen throughout the State, we should much prefer to see the gentlemen, whose names have been mentioned in this article, present at Brooklyn next year, adding their forces to the ranks of those who will be gathered there then. We need local societies; they can do, and do so, what a State society cannot accomplish; but we should not give up the general State Association, nor withdraw from it the support of the local clubs.

We are not of those who would seek to organize a general protective society in New York independent of or in opposition to the already existing Association. This latter, reformed and restored to its original character, would be stronger than any new society could hope to be. If it be found practicable then, let the friends of game protection hold to the present society; if this be not practicable, by all means let the other action be taken.

Abel Crook, Esq., the President of the State Association, is at present engaged in a codification of the game laws, and, with other members of the Society, is putting into action a comprehensive and well-defined plan of systematic effort to perfect the law and the agencies for its enforcement. We shall shortly lay before the sportsmen of the State the details of the work now in progress.

THE AMERICANS AT WIMBLEDON.

THE team men under Col. Bodine are doing good general work at the great English range, and showing the British riflemen that in individual shooting, as well as in team work, our men are able to hold their own. At long and short ranges in all the matches into which, by the conditions, they could gain admission, the names of the American riflemen are to be met, and generally about the head of the column. There is now quite a camp of the American riflemen on the common, and rifle factories here cannot complain that their goods are not liberally advertised.

The event of the meeting, however, so far as the Americans are concerned, is the Halford-Hyde match, to be shot on the 24th inst. It is to be a match with eight men on aside, and the Americans engaged on various teams to go into the match are Farrow, Brown, Scott, Hyde, Rockwell, Dudley, Laird, Gerrish, Clark, and Jackson. This list includes two who will drop into the reserve. It will be a very strong team if it is properly handled, and with any approach to team discipline ought to make a strong fight.

The only fault to be found with the Halford-Hyde match is that it has all along been sailing under false pretenses. It is nothing more than a match shot for the personal gratification and personal aggrandizement of Messrs. Halford and Hyde. Wittingly, or otherwise, it has been forced into prominence as an international match when it has none of the characteristics of such a contest. The men represent nobody but those by whom they are engaged and employed, and all pretensions to a representative capacity on their part are entirely false. No body or organization on this side the water sent them out. They are under no form of authority, and should defeat visit them it will not form a break in the line of American successes. If, as Sir Henry Halford says, the shooting of the present match will help him in his task of securing a team of British shots for a Palma contest in America in 1881, then by all means let the match go on. Let it go on in any event. There cannot be too many friendly meetings of riflemen to shoot out their little differences of opinion before the butts, but we do protest against the fly but shallow covering of gun peddlers twisting what should be the most gentlemanly of sports into a means of forcing themselves into public notice. Let the riflemen shoot freely, fairly and frequently, but let drummers take their place behind their counters and stay there.

TEAM DISCIPLINE.—There has been no end of ill feeling toward Col. Bodine, shown in Boston circles, over his rejection of Capt. Jackson as a member of the actual shooting six on Dollymount Range. It certainly does appear curious that one who stood in the front rank of American riflemen, and who could claim, by his sustained record, the title of the best all-round shot in America, should have wasted his strength as a reserve. There is no disguising the fact that the team was the best disorganized team that ever engaged for our side in an international match. So far as correspondence throws any light upon the matter, there was not much more harmony when Ireland was reached, and Col. Bodine is credited with being very much of a Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., in the opinion of many of his men. It certainly was a great disappointment to Boston to have Capt. Jackson so unceremoniously left out to cold oblivion and but a mere spectator of the fray in which he could have played so strong and important a part. Col. Bodine may expect to hear no end of caviling upon his return here, but he has but to point to the record of his team to silence all the grumblers. This is a case, above all others, where the end justifies the means, and that the judgment of the captain of the team was not very far wrong, no better verification than the figures of June 29th need be adduced.

MR. OBER'S EXPLORATIONS.—We have received and shall shortly publish the initial letter of a series from Mr. Frederick A. Ober, who it will be remembered is prosecuting scientific explorations in the Lesser Antilles. In a note written at the Island of Nevis, June 17th, our correspondent gives us some hints of the busy life he is leading, and of the very satisfactory results of his trip. He says:—

"Since reaching St. Thomas I have been on a continual jump, or rather a series of jumps, and have hardly settled in one place long enough to collect my thoughts. The fact is, I have undertaken to do in four months what six would hardly suffice for. Thus far, have been tolerably successful; have found one new bird, at least, and have carried out my programme to the letter. I am accumulating a lot of material that will keep me busy grubbing for the next six or eight months. I have climbed six mountains, and investigated four craters, and have done more walking since March 5th than I did all last summer and winter.

"Thermometer slides up and down between eighty and ninety-five, and does this regularly every day.

"To-morrow I go to St. Kitts, thence to Montserrat, thence to Dominica—the scene of very old exploits—

thence to Trinidad, then turn about for America. You see I have not yet done half my distance, though I have finished more than half my work."

THE VELOCITY OF SHOT.—Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, of the Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. J., has been for some time past engaged in an elaborate series of experiments to determine the velocity of shot. The scene of his experiments has been the deck of the famous "Stevens Battery," a man-of-war hulk which was never launched, and which has been lying for twenty years where she was first constructed. Prof. Mayer's experiments consist, briefly, in determining the time, as marked by the vibrations of the tuning fork, elapsing between the start of the shot and its striking the target, the interval being noted by the opening and closing of an electric circuit. To make the tests thorough and complete, a number of shots have been fired with different sized shot, different charges of powder, and at different distances, aggregating several hundred discharges. It would take a man of Bogardus' build to stand all this without flinching. Prof. Mayer deserves great credit for his pluck in carrying through the difficult task. We have not attempted to describe the experiments, because they are to form the subject-matter of a paper to be read before the American Association of Science at Boston, next month, an abstract of which the experimenter has kindly promised to furnish for the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*. It will be a valuable and important contribution to our knowledge of the subject. We may add that Prof. Mayer is a practical sportsman, a first-rate shot and a pleasant companion.

HOW DOES A DOG SCRATCH?—We are constantly receiving the best of evidence that the advertising columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* are very carefully read. Of course our advertisers all know this; they find it out in the regular way of plenty of returns for the notices they insert; but we are sometimes informed of the fact in a curious manner. For instance, among the cuts now in our advertising columns is that which accompanies the notice of "Cathery's Dog Soap," and represents a dog scratching himself. Now, we had not looked at this picture from an art point of view, nor even had we scanned it for its fidelity to or divergence from strictly correct canine portraiture. To us the picture represented so many inches of advertising space, for which we had received so much cash in return; and if we had any further thought about the matter it was that the picture of the flea-stricken dog would probably accomplish the aim of its author by attracting attention to the advertisement setting forth the merits of this approved brand of soap.

But it appears that this cut is not perfect, and its imperfection has already been noted. A friend of ours out in Wisconsin, who is the editor of a bright paper, and, as this incident shows, a lover of dogs also, prompted either by love of the true in art, or by jealousy, perhaps, because he has not the cut in his advertising columns, clips out the picture and sends it to us with this note:—

BELLEVILLE, WIS., July 10th.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:—

Pray ask Cathery if he ever saw a dog scratch himself standing up?

J. A. T.

We have hardly time to consult the authority requested, but we are very sure that we have seen a dog scratch himself while standing up. Like one of our correspondents, who said the other day that he had heard a snake hiss, but he could not give time and place, we find it difficult to fix the exact dog and the exact occasion, and we must leave the query for some of our friends to answer. Who ever saw a dog scratch himself while standing up?

WATER SKATES.—The bare enumeration of the devices and accoutrements designed to assist the modern sportsman in his pursuit of game and fish would furnish a striking catalogue of the fruits of human ingenuity. The latest addition to this stock is the invention of Mr. W. C. Soule, who has succeeded in constructing a pair of shoes with which it is possible to walk on the surface of the water. It seems that Mr. Soule had been seriously annoyed, as thousands of men had been before him, by the loss of numerous snipe and ducks which fell into the water in places which were too deep for wading and too muddy for boat navigation. He set himself to work to provide some mechanical aid out of his dilemma, and the result is a pair of sheet zinc shoes, soldered air and watertight, each about five feet long, ten inches wide and five inches deep, and pointed at each end. In the top is sunk a well for the foot, and on the bottom are two propellers, or gauge paddles, one at each end. These open and shut by the motion through the water as the walker pushes his feet forward.

The inventor recently gave an exhibition of the "water skates" on the Harlem River, demonstrating their practicability in smooth water.

CAPT. E. W. PAUL.—Capt. Edmund W. Paul, who recently died in St. Louis, Mo., was in his day a noted pistol shot, whose feats will be recalled by many of our older readers. Unlike the fictitious titles assumed by modern knights of the gun, Capt. Paul's was well earned in the Mexican War, where he commanded a

Missouri company. His fame as an expert with fire-arms was at its height in 1854, in which year he was accustomed to send out challenges containing proposals "to fit a dollar to the end of a twig two inches long, and while a second person will hold the other end in his mouth, so as to bring the coin within an inch and a half of his face. I engage to strike the dollar three times out of five at the distance of ten paces, or thirty feet. I will hit a dollar tossed in the air, or any object of the same size, three times out of five, or a knife blade, placed at the distance of thirty feet. I will wager that no person in the United States can be produced who will hit a quarter of a dollar at a distance of thirty feet oftener than I can on a wheel and fire."

Since the notice of Capt. Paul's death appeared, we have written to several persons, seeking to learn something of his exploits; and having been so far unsuccessful, we shall hope that this brief notice may be the means of eliciting from others some further account of a man who so outlived his fame.

A WATER CURE.—The most confirmed believer in the efficacy of the water-cure treatment would hardly send a patient afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism into the woods to live in a tent beside a stream and undergo diurnal showers. Damp sheets and rheumatism would be an unheard of combination outside of a fishing camp. Those who know "Bodines," a skillful physician of the regular school, may well be apprehensive that he has gone over to the water-cure people with a fatal simplicity; but we take this Lymington experience to be a merely temporary freak, incidental to the life of every devoted angler, governed in its periodicity by the condition of the waters and the biting of the fish.

We are promised a further account of "Bodines' camp life."

THE VIRGINIA CAMPING TRIP.—We again call attention to a projected tour through the mountains of Virginia. As stated in our issue of June 24th, a party of gentlemen, or possibly of gentlemen and ladies, propose to start from Lynchburg Sept. 10th and to spend a month in angling, shooting and sight-seeing among the mountains, returning to Lynchburg Sept. 29th. The opportunity here offered is one in a lifetime, and we urge upon those who would enjoy a trip of this kind to avail themselves of the offer of our friends, as already detailed in these columns. Communications should be addressed to Maj. R. C. Saunders, Careyswood, Evinston, Campbell County, Va.

ADIRONDACK MAP.—Mr. S. R. Stoddard, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., has just issued a map of the Adirondack wilderness, which has been compiled from all the latest and most reliable sources of information. Access has been had by the author to important State and private surveys not hitherto given to the public. The map shows wild trails, carries, ponds, streams, etc., the location of hotels and camps, distances, and many other details which the Adirondack visitor could not have. For sale at this office, price \$1; mounted on muslin and roller, \$1.50.

ENGLISH ANGLING STREAMS.—The second paper of "Ringwood's Reminiscences of English Rivers" concludes this author's chat on this entertaining topic; but we hope at no very distant day to supplement them with sketches of angling abroad by the same pen. The writer shows himself not only a thorough angler, but a close observer and a good story teller.

OLD GUNS.—We intended, at the time we published "Cape Rock's" description of his Waterloo gun, to invite others of our readers, who might have stories of similar interest about various old fire-arms, to narrate them in our columns. There were certainly enough Revolutionary muskets converted into the arms of peace to furnish material for reminiscences of this character.

THE RANGELEY LAKES.—The article published in our issue of Feb. 26th, 1890, entitled "A pamphlet and the Rangeley Circuit," is a complete guide to the Rangeley Lakes.

WILD RICE.—The water in Rice Lake was very high the last spring, and consequently the rice did not come to the surface as early as usual. The prospects are, however, that a goodly harvest will be gathered.

—Brooklyn has 10,232 dogs, or 2,617 more than last year. The license fee there is \$2, with a penalty of \$10 for non-compliance. Brooklyn pays, therefore, \$20,460 per annum for her canines.

—The numerous friends of Mr. Jacob M. Witmer, of Niagara Falls, will join us in congratulations upon his marriage on the 15th inst.

NEW YORK WOODCOCK SEASON.—The open season for woodcock shooting begins in New York State Aug. 1st, except in Oneida and Herkimer counties, where it does not begin until Sept. 1st.

GAME PROTECTION.

SUMMER WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—Pennsylvania should now follow the example of her sister States, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, and protect the woodcock during the nesting season.

CONNECTICUT WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—The law in Connecticut prescribes a close season for woodcock until Oct. 1st. Last year the season was observed very generally by the better class of sportsmen through the State, but it was found that the pot-hunters took all the birds, and when October came there were no birds to shoot. This year everybody shoots, sportsmen and pot-hunters alike, and the effect has been that even earlier shooting has been practical than when the law was up July 1st. Then the season was generally observed; now all hands began to shoot in the latter part of June.

DELAWARE WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—Dover, Del., July 1st.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—Since summer woodcock shooting is in order, perhaps you will allow a Delawarean to say a word on the subject, particularly as Maryland and Delaware have had to shoulder the charge of allowing their half-hedged long bills to be slaughtered. We have been shooting woodcock since the 1st of this month (as provided by the State association), and have yet to see the first half-hedged cock or the one to be caught by putting salt on its tail. Is it not rational to suppose that sportsmen would prefer hunting in the bracing and invigorating fall, to the hot, sweltering tramp through sawgrass and briar and along branches where millions of mosquitoes and sheep flies hold high carnival, raising innumerable welts on the reeking neck and torn hands of the intruder, and where the ever ready and faithful animal is often forced to seek a shady spot for a moment's rest, and will open his mouth to receive a few drops from your precious flask of water or tea to quench his thirst? But this cannot be; we must shoot in the season provided by our State laws or be content to find a few stragglers in the fall. Many have written on this subject, but none of them criticise a Southern law from a Northern standpoint. Our seasons are earlier than those of Northern New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, etc. Our children mature earlier, and so do our birds.

Has the Delaware Game Protection Association nothing to say, *pro or con*, on the subject?

EVERETT VON CULIN.

A NEW CANADIAN PRESERVE.—Hay Bay, Ontario, once a famous ducking ground, but of late years overrun and ruined by game-baggers, is to be preserved like Long Point, Lake Erie. A company, composed of the owners of lands bordering on the bay, some residents of Napanee and one or two denizens of Belleville, has been formed, and the shooting ground will be carefully protected, wild rice planted, and other means taken to induce the ducks to frequent the bay again.

MIGRATORY QUAIL IN MISSOURI.—The Jefferson City Sportsmen's Club have received an importation from Messina, and have turned them loose in the vicinity of that city, some at the farm of Dr. McWorkman, eight miles west of Jefferson City; some near Castle Rock, some near Osage City, on the Ewing farm, and some in Callaway County. Sportsmen in Missouri and Kansas are urged to look out for the birds, and to secure their protection so far as may be possible.

Game Bag and Gun.

JULY IS A CLOSE MONTH FOR GAME.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

GAME PROSPECTS.—We shall thank our friends to send us notes on the game prospects of their respective localities. The very open winter would seem to warrant the hope of a large supply of birds next fall. A Washington friend tells us that birds have not been plentier in that region for many years, and the brief notes we have received from other parts of the country point to the same conditions elsewhere.

NEW JERSEY.—Hammon, July 3d.—The last heavy rains have damaged the quail crop mightily, and the prospect for good shooting in this neighborhood is poor.

L. W. S.

SNIPE AT GOOD GROUND.—Good Ground, L. I., July 18th.—Bay snipe are flying fairly now, and some big bags have been made. Mr. C. E. Perkins, of Hartford, Conn., killed forty-seven large snipe on the 17th, and it looks very much like a good season here, as more snipe went North this spring than usual.

WILLIAM N. LANE.

FERNANDINA GUN CLUB.—Fernandina, Fla., July 15th.—The Fernandina Gun Club was organized on the 7th inst., with the following officers: President, F. B. Papp; Vice-President, Dr. A. C. Ford; Secretary, Dr. J. D. Palmer; Treasurer, H. E. Dotterer; Attorney, H. J. Baker.

CONNECTICUT.—Tolland County, July 15th.—The country about New England and the Middle States has been, according to reports, very dry this season. The highlands of Connecticut, in this section, have been favored with abundant showers for the past two months, and the growing crops were never in better condition. Woodcock are very plenty, coming here from all the dry sections north of us, and the law is well kept. The shooting here in October will be better than for many years past. This is always a favorite locality; no better, I doubt, can be found in the country.

MARS.

This statement conflicts with the reports we have received as to the supply of birds in other parts of Connecticut this year.

MICHIGAN DEER HUNTING.—Escanaba, Mich., June 15th.—Deer unusually plenty on northern peninsula;

they are in season here from Aug. 15th to Nov. 15th. Sporting men will find good deer shooting here in September. No other game to mention.

Always pleased to help hunters who come in my way. Went into the woods in 1873 with a bad lung. Health improved, and I threw up my business and live in timber most of the time.

MAINE.—The game and fish laws of the State of Maine are published in pamphlet form for gratuitous distribution. The Commissioners of Fisheries and Game are E. M. Stillwell, Bangor, and Everett Smith, Portland. They request that any criticism of the laws be reported to them.

The close seasons in Maine are—Salmon, July 15th to April 1st, following; trout, togo and land-locked salmon, Oct. 1st to May 1st, excepting on the St. Croix River and its tributaries, and all the waters in Kennebec County, in which the close season is Sept. 15th to May 1st; black bass, Oswego bass and white perch, April 1st to July 1st; moose, Jan. 1st to Oct. 1st; caribou and deer, Jan. 1st to Oct. 1st, use of dogs always prohibited; heavier otter and sable, May 1st to Oct. 1st; ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, and woodcock, Dec. 1st to Sept. 1st, following; quail and pinnated grouse, Jan. 1st to Sept. 1st, and quail are protected until Sept. 1st, 1883; wood duck, dusky duck, commonly called black duck, May 1st to Sept. 1st—does not apply to sea-coast shooting; plover, May 1st to Aug. 1st; insectivorous birds are always protected.

NEBRASKA GAME NOTES.—Omaha, July 10th.—The prospects for a fine shooting season are good—quail and chickens are plentiful all through the surrounding country—indeed, quail are to be found in large numbers, as far as the city limits. With Omaha, the center of the sportsman will be able to find good sport in almost any direction he may wish to travel. Conveyances can be hired at reasonable rates, and as the roads are good, a twenty or thirty mile drive is nothing. Good water can be found almost everywhere, as the bottoms are but a few miles apart. A trip up the Elkhorn valley will give plenty of sport, and the country itself is the finest section of country to be found in the West. The center of bass fishing (said to be) in the Elkhorn, but other streams will not give much satisfaction. Omaha boasts of two sportsmen's clubs, the workmen's having the most vitality and largest membership. Pigeon and glass ball matches are frequent, the last occurring on the 6th, when nearly 1,000 birds were put up. The bird trap used is a new one, the invention of Mr. Hathaway, a gamester, and is without doubt the simplest and best made. Sportsmen here uniformly overload their guns, and consequently do not make the best possible scores their guns are capable of doing. This fault, however, is a common one all over the country. I have seen good guns condemned simply because they were overloaded.

NAUTICUS.

CARSON, Nev., May 26th.—I notice that some of your correspondents are telling wonderful (?) stories about killing two snipe when but two birds took one barrel. I will relate my experience. In the fall of 1878 I was hunting jack snipe on a favorite ground when one bird rose, flying directly from me, keeping within a few feet of the ground. I pulled on him at about twenty-five yards, and he fell dead. As my dog—a retriever only—went to pick up the bird, my eyes lit upon another, a few yards off, and in a direct line with the one I had just brought down. Upon my dog bringing his second snipe, I found it to be badly hit. My theory for this singular double is that the second bird, flying in direct line with the one on the wing, the former came in for his share of the charge as the shot struck the ground. In the same field last fall I bagged two snipe with one barrel as they crossed—only two birds in the air at that moment. Only last week, while on duck shooting, I killed two birds with one barrel as they took flight; and the same day a friend who accompanied me flushed three doves, killing one with the first and two with the second shot. Doves are the only birds the law permits us to shoot at present; they are quite abundant. Messrs. Crawford, De Neuff, Rose and myself bagged 37 one day last week.

AN ECHO OF THE BIG SHOTS.—Editor Forest and Stream.—In your last issue I notice the announcement "California Ahead"—a reply from the Pacific coast, in which it is claimed that my score of eighteen snipe in thirteen consecutive shots is really beaten. To beat my score he quotes an account of Mr. Hathaway, a gamester, seven dozen snipe, also states that four were killed in one shot. I cannot see how or upon what grounds the gentleman from California can claim an offset to my score, for the reason that I only claimed to have killed more snipe in a given number of consecutive shots than any one that I had yet heard of. I made three double shots under one trip, and bagged three birds together only once, and I killed them. The gentleman from California mentions, also, that his friend also made a double shot, one bird on the ground unseen, the other on the wing. I have frequently done this and seen it done by others.

I claim that my double and triple shots were not "scratches." At the time this shooting was done, although a youth, I was as near perfection in the handling of a gun as I ever expect to be, and as an illustration of it, I will mention that I have called my shot and knocked the tail-feathers out of a dove flying to roost (and they fly faster than any bird in the world, especially at this time), without hurting him. To do this I used No. 10 shot, and I have done it often.

Seven dozen snipe in six hours is wonderfully good shooting, but I will give the bag made by two gentlemen in this county some years ago. This we told me when I quoted the exploit of the friend of the gentleman from California, which I also explained as an offset to my score previously given you, and which even they acknowledged to be the best on record. These two gentlemen killed over two hundred and eighty snipe in one day, and have frequently killed from one hundred to one hundred and fifty after 1 o'clock P.M. They killed sometimes five, six and seven birds at one shot.

Every sportsman here knows that it is the habit of snipe to flock in immense numbers just prior to their migration northward, and although they are wild, it is not an unfrequent occurrence to hear of several being killed at one shot. I have heard of sixteen being killed at one shot on the "Teche." I am almost positive that I can obtain a score from the so-considered best snipe

shot in Louisiana, of over one hundred birds scored in a day, and in a manner that will eclipse the bag mentioned by the gentleman from California. I have heard it from his own lips, but have forgotten it.

I am ready to yield the palm to any sportsman who will exceed my score—"honest Injun"—all things considered. I forgot to mention that I used, at that time, a muzzle-loader, made by J. P. Murray, of Columbus, Ga., 18-hore, with 24 lbs. powder for No. 7 shot.

Until you, Messrs. Editors, can supplant my record more substantially, I must claim my score still in

AD. VANCE.

SNIPE SHOOTING.—Hammon, N. J., July 8d.—In your last issue you published a communication written by "H. C." of San Francisco, and headed "California Ahead," in which he claims that the score of P. S. Mullin, killing in six hours seven dozen English snipe, as the best shooting yet heard of. I will and do agree with "H. C." that it was big shooting; but nothing very extra, considering the time and birds plenty. I will now give you, not in a spirit of bragadocio, the best snipe shot on record. In the spring of 1861 I was in Illinois, shooting in Menard County. On the 3d of April I went from Bee Grove to Middletown, Logan County, a distance of about five miles, of course taking my gun, and accompanied by my pointer dog Jack. On the Middletown prairie is a snipe ground of about sixty acres. On reaching it, I found it alive with English snipe. I never saw so many birds on the same ground. I had only four pounds of shot with me (had I had a bag of shot, I could have used it all). In a little less than two hours I killed sixty-six English snipe and five green-winged teal, killed once, three snipe with one barrel; and several times killed two birds crossing. I had to shoot very small loads, as I wished to see how many birds I could kill with four pounds of shot. I measured each load of shot in my hand, and can truthfully say that, toward the last of the shooting, the shot would not more than cover a twenty-five-cent piece. The birds were very tame, and jumped close to me—the smallest load killing them clear. In my arrival at Middletown, I counted out my birds in the country. I had killed 100 birds, the work of Hon. Colby Knapp, Drs. T. B. Perry and Hill, and Mr. M. Reed, all of whom will confirm my statement. On another occasion I left the house (situated on Bee Grove, Menard County, Ill.) to shoot a few snipe on Salt Creek bottom, not going off the place or out of sight of the house. Col. Wm. R. Roberts, of the Twenty-eighth Illinois Regiment, was on the front steps. He remarked to me as I passed that he would count the shot, and on my return told me how many snipe I killed. I laughed, and told him I would bet him a glass of tea that he could not. I was not gone very long, got a good mess and on my return the Colonel said: "Boy, you have twenty-five snipe." I replied I did not know how many I had (but I did know I had not missed a shot and that I had killed two snipe with one barrel). I asked him why he thought I had killed twenty-five birds. He said he had counted the shots and saw my dog bring me a bird after each shot. I said: Colonel, you have lost your bet; we had better go in the house and take that tea, explaining to him, as I counted out twenty-six birds, how I had been lucky in killing two with one barrel. Capt. A. H. Bogardus knows of this shooting, for Col. Roberts told him of it a few weeks since.

I have seen snipe in thousands in Illinois, and many and many a time have I seen more than a hundred jump at once. I would like much for Capt. Bogardus to state through your paper the greatest number of birds ever killed by him in one day's shooting. For those who have never shot snipe in Indiana and Illinois I would say they have no idea of good snipe grounds are, or how easy it is to kill (provided you know how to do it) your dozens of snipe a day.

L. W. SHARP.

POWDER MEASURES.—Manchester, N. H., July 9th.—During the last year I have become somewhat interested in glass ball shooting, and after skimming a few rounds in the days of the number of the club I asked him what the matter was with my shells. I told him I did not know, and that I loaded them myself and used the same grade of powder as other members of the club, and my score was as good as the average. I began to think of the matter and thought I would test my shot and powder measure. The measure I use is one of James Dixon & Sons, of New York, and is marked on its 18 lbs. for powder, which by actual arithmetical weight is 1 lb. and 20 grs., and the weight of the largest charge marked on the measure, as the full capacity, is 54 grs. and the actual weight is 34 grs. On trying it for shot I find it practically correct, according to the same scales and weights. Now the question with me is, why should there be this discrepancy between the quantity as marked on the powder side of the measure and the actual weight? while on the shot side it is practically correct? I have spoken with a number of our club in regard to this, and no one seems able to give any reason for it, and only say that "the Dixon measure is the standard measure and they all go by it." If you could give some explanation of this subject through your very interesting and valuable paper it would be a great gratification, not only to me but to other members of the club, who have become interested in it.

MEMBER MANCHESTER SHOOTING CLUB.

The powder measure is arbitrary, and does not agree with the avoirdupois weight. Dixon's measure is the standard.

SHOOTING MATCHES.

NORWICH, N. Y., July 8th.—Friendly match between the Haghampton Gun Club and the Norwich Gun Club, on the grounds of the latter. Card's rotary trap; 18 yards rise; 20 balls each. The Norwich Gun Club won the match by the following score:—

NORWICH CLUB.		NORWICH CLUB.	
M. E. Ross	20	W. K. Loomis	17
Levin	18	E. Eastman	16
Norman Waldron	18	R. E. Kiedge	16
S. Moran	18	J. R. Brooks	14
G. B. Wilson	13	C. H. Jones	14
A. C. Dittmar	13	H. J. Daniels	12
P. H. Cutler	13	G. B. Smith	12
W. A. Platt	13	C. Rippe	12
Chas. Stoue	11	Frank Shibley	12
		T. D. Miller	11
Total	117	Total	151

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 14th.—Regular shoot of the Manchester Shooting Club; Card rotary trap, 18 yards rise, ten balls each; score:—

	Single.	Double.	Total.
F. J. Drake	57 3 8	6	32
K. M. Reed	57 3 8	6	29
E. A. Durgin	57 3 8	2	29
A. L. Walker	57 3 8	4	27
C. L. Hartman	57 3 8	4	27
C. J. Darrah	57 3 8	3	24
G. B. Wilson	57 3 8	1	23
C. B. French	57 3 8	6	21
A. Foster	57 3 8	5	21
D. Wheeler	57 3 8	2	21
O. Greeley	57 3 8	2	21
H. F. Clark	57 3 8	5	20
W. E. Smith	57 3 8	1	20
C. O. Clark	57 3 8	3	17
G. Cross	57 3 8	1	17
A. Robinson	57 3 8	1	11
G. B. Morrill	57 3 8	1	11
L. Hutton	57 3 8	2	1

J. B. W.

NASDAQ, N. H., July 11th.—The ride and gun clubs had a meet on Monday, the 5th, and celebrated the 4th by breaking glass and punching bullecks. The following is a summary:—

Fairmount Range, July 5th—Match open to all; 18 yards rise; Card trap; prize, silver cup; three scores, 10 balls each:—

Hodgett	5 6 9-20	Young	4 5 4-13
Chase	10 5 10-25	Lowrey	6 7 4-17
Wesley	4 8 16	McClennan	8 9 2-16
Payne	4 7 7-18	Davis	7 4 W.
Small	8 8 8-24	Sargent	8 8 9-25

In the afternoon the members of the club shot torn and good badge. Rules, centres, Bogardus rules, 18 yards rise; traps, Card's and Chas.

Bixby	8 7 8-23	Whitmarsh	5 5 7-17
Towns	10 5 7-23	Lakomian	8 6 6-20
Brigham	6 6 8-20	Laton	5 6 8-20
Wesley	4 8 16	Burnham	1 1 3-22

Ride match at afternoon at the Stark Range. First match for silver cup; 200 yards:—

Bixby	40 39 43-122	Greeley	33 42 39-119
Dunlap	38 40 39-115		
Second match for bronze medal; thermometer:—			
Cutter	37 38 41-112	Fisher	31 30 33-70
Hunt	35 31 32-98	Puck	21 26 23-70
Dunlap	23 23 25-71		

WENN.

WESTBORO, S. NATICK.—This match took place at Westboro July 17th. Westboro Team—G. N. Smalley, Jr., G. B. Clark, S. W. B. Rice, H. K. Taft, C. H. Gates, J. B. Morse, J. J. Jackson, G. C. A. Harrington, G. C. P. Winslow; 8 total, 63. Natick Team—Dr. J. H. Wright, G. H. Bigelow, M. Brigham, S. W. J. Loker, C. O. Wilson, T. W. W. Clark, E. B. Bigelow, G. Ralph Bent, S. G. W. Gile; 7 total, 62.

MALDEN, Mass., July 10th.—An interesting glass-ball contest took place on the grounds of the Malden Gun Club, of Wyoming, Mr. Dutton, of the Malden Club, and Mr. King, of the Dorchester Club, shooting a match at 100 balls a side. Card trap, 18 yards rise. Bogardus rules. The match resulted in a draw, each man breaking 81 balls. It had previously been shot on the grounds of the Malden Club, the contestants tying on 73 balls each, and a third meeting, to decide superiority, will be had. Mr. Dutton's largest run was 20, Mr. King's 18. Mr. Goodale, of the Dorchester Club, acted as judge for Mr. Dutton, and Mr. Dean, of the same club, for Mr. King. Mr. Noble, of the Malden Club, referee, and Mr. Jones, of the Malden Club, scorer.

THE FALCON GUN CLUB.—Dexter Park, Jamaica, L. I., July 15th.—The prizes were a gold badge and a Westley Richards breech-loader, which, when won by Mr. King, was the third time that the trophy it will belong to him. Ten birds (six) each, New York State Association rules, plunger traps, and Falcon Gun Club handicapped rise, 60 yards boundary:—

Doscher.....	21 yards.....	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0-4
Hadin.....	25 yards.....	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	0-9
Van Snuden.....	23 yards.....	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	1-8
Kelly.....	21 yards.....	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1-6
Ofermann.....	21 yards.....	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1-6
Levin.....	21 yards.....	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1-6
Miller.....	23 yards.....	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0-8
Lacur.....	21 yards.....	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	0-5
Levin.....	23 yards.....	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	0-5
Vogt.....	21 yards.....	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	0-8
Bolling.....	25 yards.....	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	1-5
Hadin and Vogt shot off at the three birds each—won by Vogt.										
Radin.....	25 yards.....	0	0	1	1	Vogts.....	21 yards.....	1	1	1

BUFFALO, New York.—In the Buffalo Plains annual pigeon tournament the attendance was more numerous than for several years. In the match at 15, 21, 27 yards, there were 60 contestants, and in the ties of 15, at 25 yards, 5 birds, for the first and second prizes, the contestants were J. Snell, Geo. Smith and Chas. Weiss. Mr. Weiss was the victor, winning the first prize, a silver stem-winding watch, and Mr. Smith the second prize, six solid silverpoons. Mr. Weiss is a member of the Queen City Club, and Mr. Smith of the Foresters.

At 25 yards, there were 14 contestants, Mr. Chas. P. Tabor, of Meister, of the Audubon Club, winning the first prize, a silver stem-winding watch, and Mr. Robt. P. Hankin, of the Queen City Club, the second prize, a Roman gold scarf pin.

There were 12 contestants in the ties of 13, Mr. H. M. Strong being the winner of the first prize, a solid silver gold lined cup, and Mr. J. Rafferty the second prize, a half dozen silver spoons.

In the ties of 12 there were 10 contestants, Mr. Chas. P. Tabor, a member of the Audubon Club, winning the first prize, a solid silver watch, and Mr. T. B. Lodge the second prize, one 25 pound keg of Lullin & Land's powder, donated by E. J. Butler, agent.

In the ties of 11 there were 13 contestants, Mr. E. Taylor, a member of the Audubon Club, being the winner of the first prize, a handsome trout rod and reel, donated by Messrs. S. O. Barum, Son & Co., and Mr. H. C. French the second prize, a handsome case of trolling spoons.

In the ties of 10 there were 8 contestants, Mr. J. A. Seymour, a member of the Audubon Club, winning the first prize, 25 pound cans Falcon ducking powder, donated by the Oriental Powder Company.

ROME, Ga.—The Cherokee Gun Club held its weekly practice Tuesday, 6th inst.; Card trap, 18 yards rise:—

Name	Killed.	Ties.
Albin Omer	11011111111111111111	111-1
S. W. Wright	01101111111111111111	111-4
H. H. Harris	01101111111111111111	111-4
T. H. Elliott	11111111111111111111	111-4
D. E. Veal	11111111111111111111	111-4
P. B. Robinson	11111111111111111111	111-4

Balls and ammunition gave out without being able to break the tie on 25.

HAL, HAVERT.

—The first annual tournament of the Hawkeye Shooting Club, of Oelmaoos, Iowa, began yesterday and continues through tomorrow.

CAPITAL CITY GUN CLUB.—Washington, D. C., July 13th.—The shooting in Saturday's match, for two gold medals, resulted as

CHEBOYGAN TEAM.												
B. Mullen.....	4	4	3	4	3	4	4	3	4	3-36		
Chas. Kitchin.....	4	3	4	4	3	4	4	4	5	4-39		
T. A. Perrin.....	4	5	3	4	5	3	4	4	4	4-40		
W. S. Humphrey.....	4	4	4	5	4	4	3	4	3	5-40		

The teams shot in the order of their names. Barney Mullen, of the Cheboyan club, and Christain, of the fort team, leading off. It will be noticed that when three men on each side had shot it stood a tie, leaving Sergeant Downey and W. S. Humphrey to decide the match. With only two shots remaining to each side it was a tie, on next to the last shot Mackinnac led one, but Mr. Humphrey's bullexe to the three for Sergeant Downey settled it.

The representatives of the gun club shot under a disadvantage in both contests, owing to the fact that in all their practicing they had used peep sights at the breech, with globe, wind gauge sights at the muzzle, and in the matches they were discarded, they using only the plain, open sight. Then the fort team used the hip rest in shooting, while the Cheboygan team shot with arm extended. Under these circumstances we think the result highly creditable to the representatives of the gun club.

DETAILS WANTED.--In yours of May 6th I see John W. Oakden challenges any man in the world to shoot 40 shots 500 yards with him. How does he want to shoot--off hand, at rest, or under the rules of the N. R. A., at 4 foot target, 8 inch bulls-eye?

JAS. H. PITNEY Charlton, Saratoga County, N. Y.

Archery.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE GAND NATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

The second annual tournament of the National Archery Association was held at Buffalo, N. Y., July 12th to 15th inclusive. The regular delegates present were: Wabash Merry Bowman, of Crawfordville, Ind.; Jonn A. Booe, Des Moines Toxophilites, of Des Moines, Iowa, Taz Hussey, Highland Park Archers, of Highland Park, Ill.; E. L. Westou, North Side Archery Club, of Chicago, Walter Burnham, Hastings Archery Club, of Hastings,

Mich., W. T. Bryn. Buffalo Toxicophiles, John H. Sage, Brooklyn Archery Club, E. D. Horsman. Arden Archers of Marietta, Ohio, L. D. Peddinghaus. Toledo Archery Club, H. M. Smith. Crescent Bowmen of Charlotte, Mich., E. T. Church. Commodus Archers of Lawrence, Kas., E. P. Chester. Saratoga Bowmen, of Saratoga, N. Y., Frank H. Walworth. The following archers participated in the tournament: G. Frank E. Peursall, Brooklyn; J. Howard Jr., Williamsport; J. A. Brice, Buffalo; J. W. Devol, Jr., Marietta; E. C. Devol, Saratoga; Charles Mich., E. W. Devol, Jr., G. Devol, L. B. Devol, Marietta, Ohio; John K. Hoyt, Major A. G. Conable, Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. V. H. N. Menck, Tolyva; Will H.

Thompson, Mrs. J. Lee, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Harry L. Wright of Cincinnati, President of the Ohio State Archery Association; Theodore McMechan, Crawfordsville; Granger Smith, Jr., Wilkison, Chicago; A. S. Brownell, Boston; Ford P. Hall, C. Granville, Hammond, Ohio; W. Kyle, Highland Park, Ill. The convention assembled in the parlors of the Pierce Palace Hotel. Mr. Frank Sidway, of the Buffalo Toxophilites, the first Vice-President, being in the chair, Mr. D. V. R. Manley, of Toledo Secretary.

An interesting letter from the President of the Association Mr. Henry C. Carver, of Chicago, was read by the Secretary.

Chicago, July 10th.

Franklin Sidway, Esq., Chairman and Delegate of the National Archery Association, Buffalo, N. Y.:—

Dear Sir: Regretting my inability to participate with you in the good cheer and friendly emulation which shall characterize the second assembly of the archers of the United States, in the beautiful city of Buffalo, to do honor to the long bow and war-

The Rifle.
—♦—
RANGE AND GALLERY.

ward shaft. I beg to extend herewith to your body, to the officers of the Association, and all resident and visiting archers, my heartiest greeting and best wishes for that full measure of interest and pleasure which must always attend these national gatherings of lady and gentlemen archers. The future grand meetings of our Association shall indicate a steady and permanent growth in

Interest and harmony, until they shall become the acknowledged social events of each midsummer season; and I venture the prediction that no future gathering of the archers of our National Society will surpass in genuine enjoyment and hearty good cheer in geniality and aristocratic success the meeting which is appointed for the 13th, 14th and 15th insts.

The novel feature introduced of giving a choice of prizes to the successive and successful winners seems to me both admirable and just.

Personally I rejoice that your committee decided to abolish cash prizes. In my judgment the wisdom of this policy, if perpetuated, will be felt in the years to come, in that you will always secure the attendance and active co-operation of the ladies of our American society, whose presence is indispensable to the

your American friends; and the success of a pastime so wholesome, exhilarating and health-giving as archery. My own observation convinces me that the introduction of money prizes would be fatal to the healthy growth and elevation and perpetuity of this delightful recreation, that the ladies, generally, raise their voices in protest against such a policy, and I earnestly recommend that in your deliberations, provisions and instructions for the grand annual meetings of 1881 you give due consideration to the views of our lady members; in other words, should the question of money prizes come before your body on the evening of the 12th inst., that you submit such question to a vote of the individual membership of the

Association in order that such a provision may not be incorporated into the constitution without a majority concurrence of individual members.

With reference to admitting individual archers to the privileges of our Association, I should deprecate such a system as being prejudicial to the basis upon which archery is building and growing. The tendency of the custom, if adopted, would be to discourage the formation of new clubs throughout the country and to disintegrate old ones in many cases. I commend this subject, in its many bearings, to your careful consideration.

I would further suggest the advisability of so amending Article

for the constitution as that it shall read, "the champion medals shall be awarded to the individual member making the greatest number of points in the Double York Round," to be computed as follows:—

Greatest gross score, 2 points; greatest gross hits, 2 points; greatest score, 40 yards, 1 point; greatest hits, 40 yards, 1 point; greatest score, 80 yards, 1 point; greatest hits, 80 yards, 1 point; greatest score, 60 yards, 1 point; greatest hits, 60 yards, 1 point; total, 10 points.

In case of a tie in most or greatest score at any range, such point or points shall be equally divided.

In case of a tie in points at score, the medal to be awarded to the archer who shall have made the greatest number of hits.

In case of a tie in points, the medal to be awarded the archer who shall have made the greatest number of hits.

The champion medal shall be awarded to the individual lady member making the greatest number of points at the "Double National Round," consisting of 98 arrows at 60 yards, and 48 arrows at 50 yards, said points to be computed as follows:—

Greatest gross score, 3 points; greatest gross hits, 2 points; greatest score, 90 yards, 1 point; greatest hits, 90 yards, 1 point; total, 8.

Ties to be decided same as in the contest for the champion medal. I should consider that by this method every archer would receive full measure of credit for meritorious skill in his or her score at some one or more, or all, of the ranges of the round, even having lost the honor of winning the medal. With reference to a location for the Third Grand Annual Meeting to take place in 1891, I would respectfully submit that the National Association is yet young, and will require patient nursing at the hands of strong, ardent archers and patrons; hence I would recommend you to select a point that shall be central, and that thrives and abounds in archery.

In retiring from the Presidency of the National Archery Association I feel it to have been a great honor to have held the office. I trust sincere thanks to the officers and members of the Association for many courtesies received. In conclusion, I shall always consider it a special privilege to render such substantial aid as lies in my power toward strengthening and perpetuating a pastime whose "fascinations" shall keep hold on the hearts of men so long as the new moon returns in heaven a bent, beautiful bow." Very respectfully, HENRY C. CARVER.

The proposed change in the plan of giving championship medals was adopted by the convention.

After various measures relating to the business details of the meeting, it was moved and seconded, after some discussion, to bar out Mr. Burnham from the Association. From this meeting sincere thanks to the officers and members of the Association for many courtesies received. In conclusion, I shall always consider it a special privilege to render such substantial aid as lies in my power toward strengthening and perpetuating a pastime whose "fascinations" shall keep hold on the hearts of men so long as the new moon returns in heaven a bent, beautiful bow." Very respectfully, HENRY C. CARVER.

The shooting began Tuesday morning, on the parade ground, where twenty-six targets and five white tents had been prepared in the best possible manner. The weather was at first threatening, but sunshine succeeded the clouds, and the day proved to be a delightful one.

From 10:30 o'clock until 4 the arrows sped to their marks, the gentlemen contesting in the double York Rounds and the ladies in the double Columbia Round. Wednesday the weather was intensely hot, with a variable wind. The shooting, as on the previous day, being at the double York and Columbia Rounds. Thursday, came the team shoot, one of the most interesting events of the meeting. Following are the complete scores of the tournament:—

SINGLE YORK ROUND.				
Target A.				
Names.	100 Yards.	80 Yards.	60 Yards.	Totals.
W. H. Thompson.....	26-94	32-130	24-140	82-370
Walter Burnham.....	31-103	31-133	19-93	81-331
D. V. R. Manley.....	0-22	13-49	12-32	31-123
Target B.				
Edwin Devo.....	18-63	21-85	15-71	54-219
Granger Smith.....	20-84	21-71	19-61	60-216
E. L. Parker.....	27-85	21-61	15-59	63-204
Target C.				
Theo. McMechan.....	13-59	18-63	13-49	44-176
Ford P. Hall.....	17-59	19-73	19-85	55-217
L. L. Peddinghaus.....	27-103	28-134	21-109	74-346
Target D.				
E. B. Smith.....	8-20	9-21	12-60	29-101
Franklin Sidway.....	15-61	13-66	19-103	47-230
J. B. Devo.....	17-51	22-73	19-91	62-220
Target E.				
N. N. Granger.....	15-67	11-55	10-50	36-174
John Wilkison.....	0-23	21-87	15-63	42-173
John K. Hoyt.....	8-24	14-42	12-48	34-114
Target F.				
C. G. Hammond.....	5-9	21-79	22-102	48-190
A. S. Brownell.....	16-53	10-34	13-83	44-163
Tao Hussey.....	11-49	18-64	16-62	45-195
Target G.				
J. B. Devo.....	29-100	17-87	17-75	60-262
Frank Pearsall.....	4-23	12-38	12-48	28-108
O. W. Kyle.....	14-60	26-80	15-69	55-209
Target H.				
E. P. Chester.....	6-9	22-77	7-23	35-109
D. E. B. Weston.....	16-68	22-110	14-43	52-221
E. T. Church.....	13-69	16-69	19-85	48-224
Target I.				
Townsend Davis.....	6-62	11-37	14-62	31-121
H. M. Smith.....	4-18	5-13	12-50	21-81
F. H. Walworth.....	22-92	24-96	22-88	68-214
Target J.				
A. G. Constable.....	6-24	3-11	8-18	17-53
E. F. Horsman.....	2-14	3-13	4-6	9-33
John A. Booe.....	17-53	23-33	31-97	61-243
Target K.				
W. Holberton.....	10-34	8-33	6-29	24-96
J. H. Fry.....	3-7	6-18	8-36	17-51
H. S. Sullivan.....	10-32	13-45	10-77	42-174
C. D. Waterman.....	0-0	6-15	8-36	13-51

Target J.				
A. G. Constable.....	4-23	0-23	7-31	29-74
John A. Booe.....	13-41	26-110	15-73	64-224
E. F. Horsman.....	5-15	15-30	6-32	26-62
W. B. Brewer.....	5-15	15-30	10-42	27-85
Target K.				
W. Holberton.....	6-30	7-29	10-38	23-97
J. H. Fry.....	6-32	7-35	5-11	18-78
H. S. Sullivan.....	9-33	18-64	9-35	36-132
C. D. Waterman.....	6-30	7-29	8-23	21-79

RECAPITULATION.				
DOUBLE YORK ROUND.				
1st day.				
W. H. Thompson.....	81-331	78-242	159-573	
D. V. R. Manley.....	31-123	45-175	76-238	
W. B. Brewer.....	51-209	63-239	114-448	
G. Smith.....	60-216	68-233	128-472	
E. L. Parker.....	55-205	48-182	103-387	
P. P. Hall.....	45-176	45-179	90-356	
L. L. Peddinghaus.....	74-346	78-360	152-706	
W. N. Granger.....	36-174	40-148	76-322	
F. Sidway.....	52-200	62-199	114-429	
J. B. Devo.....	62-220	60-222	122-442	
W. B. Weston.....	35-228	41-155	76-383	
John Wilkinson.....	42-172	47-177	89-349	
J. K. Hoyt.....	31-114	27-87	58-201	
G. H. Hammond.....	48-188	48-188	96-376	
A. S. Brownell.....	44-165	33-100	77-277	
Tao Hussey.....	45-183	51-183	96-366	
W. B. Weston.....	35-228	41-155	76-383	
G. F. E. Pearsall.....	28-108	22-68	50-176	
O. W. Kyle.....	55-209	60-220	115-429	
Dr. E. B. Weston.....	41-155	41-155	82-310	
E. L. Church.....	48-214	51-203	99-417	
J. B. Davis.....	31-121	33-133	64-254	
H. M. Smith.....	21-81	22-102	43-183	
F. V. Walworth.....	68-274	70-316	144-590	
A. G. Constable.....	17-53	20-62	37-115	
E. F. Horsman.....	10-13	3-13	13-26	
John A. Booe.....	61-245	54-224	115-469	
W. Holberton.....	10-34	8-33	18-67	
J. H. Fry.....	15-59	18-78	34-137	
H. S. Sullivan.....	43-174	36-133	79-306	
C. D. Waterman.....	13-51	12-42	25-93	
G. B. Gibbs.....	12-42	12-42	24-84	
W. B. Brewer.....	27-85	27-85	54-170	

WINNING SCORES.				
Peddinghaus.....	152-706	Smith.....	128-472	
Thompson.....	159-573	Booe.....	115-469	
Burnham.....	159-573	Kyle.....	115-429	
Walworth.....	144-590	Devo.....	112-452	
V. R. Manley.....	103-387	Sidway.....	114-429	
Devo.....	118-476	Church.....	99-417	

W. H. Thompson, most hits, 160; Walter Burnham, most folds, 11; L. L. Peddinghaus, most reds, 35; John A. Booe, most blues, 35.

SINGLE YORK ROUND.				
Names.				
Mrs. S. Brown.....	10-57	13-57	20-105	44-200
Mrs. E. T. Church.....	9-38	39-85	24-132	64-255
Mrs. Smith.....	11-45	12-62	14-72	37-189
Mrs. L. G. Chaffin.....	12-38	12-38	12-50	36-126
Mrs. T. Davis.....	14-48	12-38	12-50	38-136
Mrs. Lee.....	10-38	15-65	22-146	47-219
Mrs. Lovinger.....	11-47	10-75	23-118	45-200
Mrs. R. K. Noye.....	12-48	12-48	21-91	45-200
Mrs. Geo. Dunbar.....	9-41	14-56	11-83	34-150
Mrs. Gibbs.....	12-42	12-42	22-112	47-216
Mrs. F. Sidway.....	10-42	9-24	20-84	39-150

Second Day.				
Mrs. T. Davis.....	10-62	16-89	23-137	55-285
Mrs. John Lee.....	16-62	17-69	24-132	58-263
Miss Mary Lovinger.....	11-47	20-85	22-122	54-254
Mrs. George Dunbar.....	7-23	20-68	23-111	55-285
Mrs. S. Brown.....	14-48	19-95	22-122	56-265
Mrs. E. T. Church.....	7-24	13-43	15-69	35-126
Mrs. E. B. Smith.....	10-40	14-40	21-94	35-134
Mrs. L. G. Chaffin.....	11-61	14-50	21-94	35-134
Mrs. A. H. Gibbs.....	10-22	21-115	24-154	55-291

RECAPITULATION.				
DOUBLE COLUMBIA ROUND.				
1st day.				
Mrs. T. Davis.....	50-313	55-285	114-598	
Mrs. John Lee.....	47-219	55-269	102-478	
Mrs. S. Brown.....	55-269	55-269	110-538	
Mrs. J. S. Noye.....	55-275	53-283	108-558	
Mrs. Geo. Dunbar.....	34-150	7-25	41-175	
Mrs. S. Brown.....	55-269	55-269	110-538	
Mrs. E. T. Church.....	54-256	55-287	109-633	
Mrs. E. B. Smith.....	37-169	35-129	72-298	
Mrs. N. N. Granger.....	45-203	45-203	90-406	
Mrs. F. Sidway.....	30-153	46-160	76-313	
Mrs. A. H. Gibbs.....	22-112	55-219	77-403	

THE WINNERS.				
1st—Mrs. T. Davis.....	114-598	Mrs. A. A. Gibbs.....	77-403	
2d—Mrs. John S. Noye.....	108-530	8th—Mrs. F. Sidway.....	85-350	
3d—Mrs. E. T. Church.....	107-533	9th—Mrs. E. B. Smith.....	72-298	
4th—Miss M. Lovinger.....	110-538	10th—Mrs. L. G. Chaffin.....	83-245	
5th—Mrs. John Lee.....	102-478			

Mrs. Davis won most hits, 114. Mrs. Spaulding Brown won most golds, 14. Mrs. John S. Noye won most reds, 23. Mrs. E. T. Church won most blues, 23.

GRAND TEAM SHOOT—AMERICAN ROUND.				
Names.				
L. L. Peddinghaus.....	26-116	27-145	30-166	83-456
L. D. Devo.....	16-76	20-166	23-152	74-394
W. B. Devo.....	25-113	26-116	28-136	79-385
J. B. Devo.....	24-114	26-134	28-153	78-401
Total.....				313-1,639

BUFFALO TOXOPHILITES.				
Franklin Sidway.....	23-97	27-151	27-150	77-399
S. S. Spaulding.....	23-129	26-104	29-155	80-382
W. N. Granger.....	24-110	26-131	28-146	78-394
E. L. Parker.....	25-121	26-142	28-170	79-43
Total.....				304-1489

The fleet was larger than heretofore. There was generally plenty of wind, and all hands bough well together under the flag or com-
mander's orders. The following got away as follows: according to orders July 18th.
The following got away as follows:
7:20. "Hawkeye," 1st Lt. J. M. Schuchman,
"Wanderer," 1st Lt. J. A. Sullivan, and "Clyde," 1st Lt. J. M. Sticks;
Sticks; "Magna," 42 tons, Commodore W. A. W. Stewart;
"Plover," 42 tons, Lieutenant J. M. Schuchman;
B. Dawson; "Wave," 19 tons, C. T. Barrow, M.D.; "Vulture," 24
tons, F. B. Hitchcock; "Petrel," cutter, 7 tons, John Hylant; "Venture."
The start was made in light airs, "Corsair" setting away first, fol-
lowed by "Hawkeye," "Wanderer," "Clyde," and "Magna," forming
the "Afterguard" in the doubtful wind. For several hours it was more or less of a drift, the order of sailing changing
frequently. At 10:30 a. m., however, a steady breeze sprang up, and P.M. welcome signs of a lively southeast wind appeared to the re-

At a meeting of the Committee appointed by the Yachting Convention held at the Denys Hotel, for the purpose of continuing the formation of the National Yachting Association of the United States, the ballots from the clubs now interested, numbered in order, received for the selection of an Executive Committee, were counted with the following unanimous election: For one year—A. J. Prime, Yonkers Yacht Club; R. V. Freeman, Hudson River Yacht Club; Henry Woods, New York Yacht Club; For two years—J. H. W. Hildworth, Columbia Yacht Club; A. J. Beach, Empire Yacht Club; John Price, Columbia Yacht Club; C. P. Kunhardt, Buffalo Yacht Club; G. W. Burdell, Oshkosh Yacht Club. For three years—W. H. Hildworth, New York Yacht Club; J. H. W. Hildworth, Columbia Yacht Club; Robert Austin, Quaker City Yacht Club; H. F. Griswold, Chicago

water, gave him a quart of beer, which he lapped up with satisfaction and demanded more. He was given a pint more. Considerably refreshed, the hunt was resumed; but Monte behaved strangely. He dashed about in a reckless manner, and tumbled headlong over fences. He barked in a maudlin, incoherent way, and quarreled without cause with Smith's dog. He seemed to have lost the control of his nose, and would run over a covey of grouse, and a moment after come to a dead point on a field mouse or a grasshopper. It was painfully evident that Monte was drunk—drunk as a fiddler.

The next morning Monte got up with a raging headache. He felt bad. His hair pulled. But he seems to have heard of the drunkard's axiom, "The hair of the dog is good for the bite," and he accordingly followed Ballard down town, and "rung in" on him while he was taking his medicinal whiskey and tanny. Ballard stood treat, and Monte "histed in" a glass of old stock ale. Several loafers thought it was funny to see a dog making a beast of himself, so they invited poor Monte to take another and another, until the upshot of it was he went home that night drunker than ever. It got noised around town that Monte liked beer, and everybody began to invite him. The consequence was that he became a sot.

Monte made frequent efforts to reform, but dog-flesh is weak. His good master, becoming alarmed, served

notice on all the whiskey shops not to let Monte have anything; but all to no purpose. He found means to get drunk every day. Beer got too weak for him, and he took to whiskey. Finally the end came. After an unusually protracted debauch, Monte began to see things. He would bristle up at the imaginary dogs, and then shrink in the most abject terror from some imaginary assailant. Then he would come to a dead point on nothing, and again he would hustle imaginary cats about the yard, and getting them in a corner, bark for hours at vacancy. He couldn't sleep; he couldn't eat; he couldn't do anything sensibly, and finally died as the fool dieth—of jim-jams. We buried him under an apple tree, with a headboard bearing the following inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
"MONTE,"
Only Dog of A. C. Ballard,
Who, (the Dog) Died Dec. 12th, 1858,
OF TYPHOID PNEUMONIA.
Superinduced by Overwork and Mental Anxiety.
"GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN."
We couldn't find it in our hearts to say that so good a dog had died of delirium tremens.

HUNTING THE WILD GOAT.—The residents in the

neighborhood of Lexington avenue and Sixty-ninth street within the last few days complained to Capt. Gunner, of the Twenty-eighth precinct, that enormous numbers of goats rendered that region unsavory, especially in the hot weather. Every circus bill in the district had been devoured, and a legion of fierce-bearded, frisky capricornians were devastating the garbage bins and gutters. In their petition to the police the suppliant taxpayers declared that even the paving stones were in danger and asphalt pavement was a luxury. Capt. Gunner, thus appealed to, fitted up a large truck, which he yesterday put in charge of Roundsmen Chun and Dalbec with ten patrolmen in uniform. They were sent out at 3 o'clock in the morning with instructions to capture all the lilly goats which roamed among the rocks and sported in back alleys. For ten hours the hunters continued their work, followed about by a crowd of scolding women, who every now and then rushed from the surrounding shanties to protect their ill-smelling pets. By 13 o'clock forty-one goats had been captured, two patrolmen had received black eyes, four had their coats torn, one was relieved from any desire to be seated for a week or so, and the entire neighborhood had been turned upside down. The noisy, odorous and rebellious band was taken to the city pound and there placed beyond the reach of fence bills and ash barrels. It is proposed to continue the raid when volunteers can be procured.

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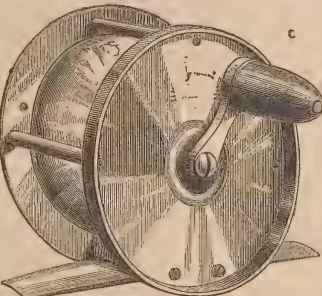
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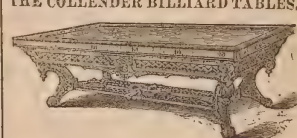
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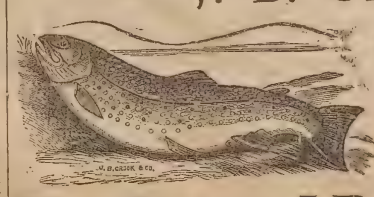
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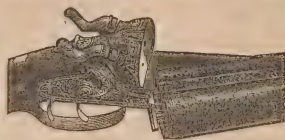
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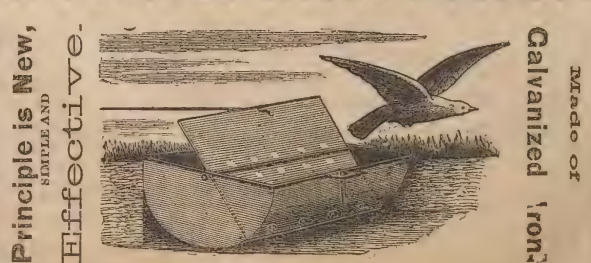
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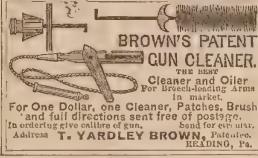
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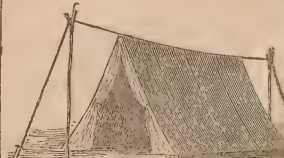


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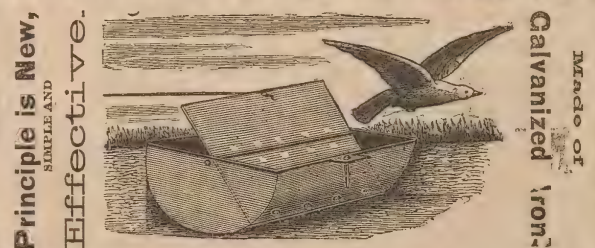
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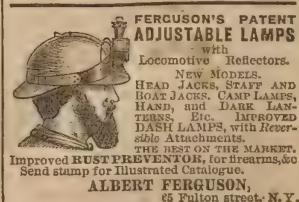
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Sailing Southward.

EN ROUTE TO TRINIDAD, July 3d.

THE promise made four months ago, that I would write a letter for FOREST AND STREAM every month, has haunted me like a nightmare; yet such has been the nature of my occupation—one day on board some coasting vessel, another in town, the next in the country, and again in the depths of the forest, that I have gladly procrastinated. The pledge was unexpectedly brought to mind some three weeks ago, and in this manner: It was in the island of Nevis, latitude 17°, while I was the guest of a large land proprietor there, Sir Graham Briggs. The library of Sir Graham is well stocked with English books, and among them I found one bearing the title, "Wild Life in Florida." Glancing it through I found my own *nom de plume*, and investigating further discovered that the author of the book above mentioned had copied entire one of my letters to FOREST AND STREAM, written six or seven years ago. He mentions having met "Prof. Fred Beverly," and then gobbles entire a letter of mine, filling ten pages of this purloined volume. I say purloined, for even the very title to his book was taken from the general one given to the letters I was writing for your paper in the times when we were young. This was enough to cause me at once to dip my pen and indit upon you a letter then and there; but other matters claimed attention, and it was postponed. Since then I have winged my way still further south, by way of Montserrat and Dominica, Martinique and St. Lucia, and last evening we left Barbados, and are now speeding toward Trinidad. As I write in the pleasant smoking room of the *Flamboyant*, one of the delightful steamers of the Q. and G. P. S. line, we are steaming past the island of Tobago. A host of memories rush upon me now, for I am right in sight of my old hunting ground of two years ago, Tobago! an island all alone, forsaken, half-abandoned, yet containing in its dark forests and behind the lines of cocoa palms that fringe its shores, such birds as belong only to the great southern continent, and such shooting as few other islands, except Trinidad, will give. Like a great wave these memories of my past wandering crowd tumultuously upon me, and the scenes of my former wild adventures invite me again and again,

But we will not go back so far as that, but confine our

attention to the opening of the present voyage. The first week in March I left New York on the steamer *Hadji*, commanded by that prince of true and gallant seamen, so long and so well known to Southern travelers, Capt. Faircloth. We were bound for St. Thomas by way of Porto Rico, and if I were to say that we arrived eventually in safety, I should but give utterance to a foregone conclusion. We sailed southward, crossed the gulf stream in due time, and successfully passed through the strong passage between Haiti and the Bermudas. The second day we could venture on deck without overcoats, and the fourth found us sighing for a touch of winter. And so the days passed on, and the North Star sank lower and lower, and the gales blew milder and balmy, as the *Hadji* plowed her way onward, with her prow pointed toward the Caribbean sea. There were but three passengers, and at least one-third of the number was sick. For the fortieth time I lay in my berth and resolved never again to venture on the sea. I always do this when I go to sea—decide that I do not mean to repeat it. But then, what's the use? Just as soon as my foot touches land the old longing for new scenes comes over me; I am just as much refreshed by a touch of earth as that old giant of mythology. But what a horrible thing is seasickness! I shudder at the bare thought of what I have endured when suffering from that affliction. And the worst of it is, one cannot overcome it. For seven years I have been a victim, and seven times seven is the number of my attacks. I have tried everything, but without avail; the nearest approach to a cure is to seek a shady spot and lie down as quietly as you can. You lie at full length in your bunk, and groan in misery, and there comes up out of the water a vague and watery shape, taking the form of a devil fish, and it squats upon your stomach and envelops you in its slimy arms, and squeezes out of you all life and all desire to live. The remedies prescribed for seasickness are as many and as various as those in vogue for a cold in the head.

OUTFIT FOR CAMPING IN THE WEST INDIES.

Every time I start out for the Southern forests the question arises: What shall I take with me? And every time I return, no matter how much I have taken, but a small portion of my original outfit returns with me. It is, of course, desirable to travel as lightly equipped as possible; it is equally desirable to carry one weapon; this axiom is thrown in gratuitously. Combining in myself the two occupations of collector of birds and the photographer, I am obliged to carry, in addition to what would answer the wants of tourists in general, special apparatus and equipments; yet I am not very heavily weighted with my trunks, having learned, from a bitter experience with porter and boatman, how to dispense with what we don't need.

Now, there is the matter of clothing; take nothing but what is light and loose and easy fitting—in a word, take all the old clothing you can collect. You will never find a people more grateful for old clothes than the negroes you will meet in the woods and in the country. A "Yankee coat" or shirt, is more preferred by them than great riches, and for a pair of trousers they will call down upon you the richest blessings of Heaven. I can almost trace my line of travel by the line of garments I have left behind me—"Here," I might say, "I gave away a coat, here a vest," etc.—it is such a pleasure to give away to a grateful recipient that for which you have no further use. The best material for clothing in this country is linen, duck, or drill; and though it is universally worn here, and the tailors here have made garments of it from time immemorial, yet it would be better to have them made in the States than out here. Most of the tailors here are either black or colored men. Now though there are some trades for which the negro is especially adapted, and in which he fairly shines, while the white man appears mean and despicable—such for instance, as that of the barber or waiter—it was very evident that he was not created for a tailor. That profession requires art and calculation, neither of which is possessed by the son of Ham. A "ready-made" suit from the States, even of the lowest price, will far surpass an ordered one here. Take, then, a fair supply of cool clothing, such as you would wear North in the months of July and August.

For the rough climbing in the mountains and the riding over rude trails, one needs an especial outfit. Fortunately for me, just previous to my departure I bought myself by the son of Ham. A "ready-made" suit from the States, even of the lowest price, will far surpass an ordered one here. Take, then, a fair supply of cool clothing, such as you would wear North in the months of July and August.

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head, etc., the spines of which wound one terribly. Several times I have had my knee-pan stuck full of these spines and have been made so lame that I could hardly walk. Threading the tortuous cork-tracks among rocks covered with these cacti, I have felt it a comfort and consolation to have on the canvas leggings; and as for the shoes—I can't render them justice. They were broad-soled, armed with hob nails well riveted in, and made of leather so well dressed that three months of almost constant wear finds them as soft and pliable as at the beginning. I have climbed hills and mountains, walked mile after mile over rough stony paths, and have waded for hours in shallow salt-ponds, and those shoes have not abraded the least particle of skin from my feet. Encased in these shoes and leggings I could bid defiance to thorns and rocks, and could leap down the steep mountain trails so rapidly that my negro attendants were always left in the rear. If there was one thing I congratulated myself in bringing out, it was that pair of shoes, for they gave me a feeling of real security every time I put them on; against dogs and snakes they were a perfect protection; with them on one could even kick at fate itself.

For a hat, wear anything but a black one; by all odds the best hat for a tropical climate is the "pith helmet" of the East Indies, which can be obtained in St. Kitts, Antigua, Martinique, Barbados and Trinidad; in fact, in nearly every island of importance. It is the only hat that is actually sun proof, though, from the porous nature of the material composing it, it will not do for rainy weather. It is sold at various prices, eight to twelve shillings (English) being the average. It is extremely light, helmet-shaped, protects the eyes and back of the neck; the rim is lined with green, to protect the eyes, and it is well ventilated. No nearer approach to a perfect hat has ever been manufactured. Imitations are much worn here of cork and caoutchouc; but, though a trifle more shapely, these latter are heavier and hotter.

As it is necessary, in a tour for the collecting of birds, to have a gun that will be useful in shooting humming-birds and the like, I had long looked in vain for the right article. Just before leaving, a friend showed me a small gun with a pistol handle—a sort of compromise between a gun and a pistol—which was breech-loading, with a barrel about two feet in length. There was no name to indicate the maker, but upon the breech was stamped the somewhat equivocal motto, "never miss." This prejudiced me against the gun, for it reminded me of that man who ordered his tombstone in advance of his death, and had inscribed upon it what the papers at that time called a "rather premature statement"—"none knew him but to love him."

It was a convenient weapon, however, and, riding or walking, I generally carried it in my hand, as one would a stick. For some time I did not even fire it; but one day (it was in the island of St. Johns), I went out with it to a frangipani tree that was full of blossoms and of birds. The first bird fired at was a large thrush, which fell dead, leaving me astonished at the performance of the spiritual little pistol. I then shot a humming-bird, with like result. Before I left the tree I had secured nine birds in nine consecutive shots. This, taking into consideration the small size of the charge fired, the few shot, and the minuteness of the body of a humming-bird, ought not to be considered bad for the gun. In all, I have fired about four hundred shots with it, and have had occasion to use it more than my larger gun.

Though but few of the island shot the Lesser Antilles contain animals large enough to be classed as game, yet one must have a gun suitable for shooting sea-birds, man-o-war birds, pelicans, pigeons, etc., as well as the monkeys and deer that abound in some islands. Such a gun, of 13 bore, 33 inch barrel, weighing seven and one-half pounds, I have always had with me as a mainstay. For the last eight years I have used a genuine American gun, and have never had reason to prefer any other; in fact, the "Fox" gun, made by the American Arms Company, of Boston, suits me better than any other I have ever used.

This preference I maintained several years ago, before the gun had arrived at the perfection of the present arm. But now, with all its improvements, I am only strengthened in my opinion that it is the best gun for the money, American or foreign, that the market affords. The one I now own, though a comparatively cheap gun, has every advantage that any gun can possess—pistol grip, rebounding locks, etc.—and has attracted attention everywhere I have been. The guns most in use out here are of two kinds—the cheap French, and the higher-priced English. The former are mostly pin-fires, varnished stocks, and with stiff, clumsy action, with a profuseness of showy engraving, and having a tawdry effect generally. The English guns are much inferior to equal priced guns of American make. In finish, action, symmetry and beauty, my American gun surpasses them all, and several gentlemen declared their intentions of ordering a similar one before the shooting season came round. Powder and shot may be bought at any of the sea-ports, and in Barbados, shells, cartridges, and all the requirements for a breech-loader,

The gun is the only arm one is likely to have use for, though a revolver or rifle may be of use in whiling away the time at target practice. So far as necessity for the revolver goes, there is none. Mine had no chain in my trunk since I left, and is rusty for want of use.

A hammock, a pair of blankets, a rubber blanket, and the various simple articles of use in camping out in the North—all these should be taken. Books should be taken sparingly, and then only such as you would wish to leave among the people, for the various and varied use to which one may put his time will permit of little time for reading. Paper, ink, pencils, note-books, &c., of course; and, if one is artistically inclined, he should by all means attempt to sketch the wondrous mountains and the scenery of hill and coast. Not being gifted myself, I long ago sought aid in preserving by photography these wonderful pictures that each day unfolds. A camera is an indispensable part of my outfit; formerly I worked the old-fashioned "wet process," and it took two large trunks to hold camera and chemicals; but now, all this is changed; my camera occupies but about a square foot of space, and plates for one hundred pictures are packed among my clothing in my trunk. The instrument to which I am indebted for all this saving of space and luggage is called the "Tourophagor," and is the invention of a young photographer of Boston, Mr. Blair. At first sight it appears only a square box, but by removing a slide the lens appears, and by drawing another an inner box is disclosed, which contains a dozen prepared "gelatine plates." These plates are contained in grooves, each in a separate groove, and held in place by screws, each one numbered. Each number corresponds with another on the focusing slide, so that, by an ingenious arrangement, all one has to do to expose a plate is to focus for distance, then, turning the focusing slide, slide the number of the plate wanted is in the right place, loose the screw, holding the plate in position, thus letting it drop into a rack below, by means of which it is carried into focus. The lens is then uncapped, and the exposure made; after which the lens is again covered, the rack carried into position by a thumb-screw, and the plate elevated to the dark and held in position by its thumb-screw. Mr. Blair has adapted a tripod upon which to mount the camera, so compact that, when closed, it presents the appearance of a large walking-stick; it makes a very good alpenstock, in fact, with a brass-capped head and sharp-shod point. Upon this tripod the camera can be mounted, by a few turns of the screw the plate exposed, replaced, and the camera compactly packed in a very few minutes. If this invention develops all it promises to, there is no reason why every tourist should not carry his own "Tourophagor" and take his own pictures. Thus far, I have exposed for about sixty pictures; but, as I have not yet seen one of them, I can not report upon the merits of the instrument. This may seem, to the uninitiated, very strange; that a person in his senses should go about over mountains, and in and out of craters and valleys, then, turning the focusing slide, and squinting through it at a certain angle, and then, after turning a few screws and making sundry motions, pack up his camera and depart, satisfied that he has obtained a duplicate of the picture seen on the ground glass. It does require a great deal of faith, especially when I transfer the plates, upon which I fondly hope are the images of beautiful objects, from the dark-box to the boxes in which they must be prepared, and which are only to be developed by a peculiar light, in the night shining through ruby glass or prepared paper. To the eye, every plate looks alike, whether it contains the undeveloped reflection of tropical vegetation, or whether it remains in a state of virgin purity.

It would be an easy matter to develop a few, as I have the chemicals for the purpose, but, but I prefer to remain in a state of delightful suspense, and defer this operation till my return to the States. But if—ah! if all this labor has been in vain! I have too much faith in the perfection of my "dry plates," and in the honesty of Mr. Blair and his work, to entertain any doubt; at least, I'll not cross the bridge before I come to it.

The preceding are, in the main, the articles comprising my outfit, but there are a few others which I deem that I may take, which will suggest themselves. By all means, if you come down this way, bring out fresh books and papers to give to the people. Though there is now direct communication between New York and Trinidad, still the inhabitants of these islands do not receive half the reading matter they could devour. English papers and magazines three weeks old are their staple supplies. Now, by introducing a few of our newspapers, there may be paving the way for the annexation of these islands by bringing about a change of sentiment.

This again brings me around to my starting-point—the facility with which we may now reach the larger islands. A direct line, started two years ago, is now running from New York, the Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Line, and tickets may be procured for any island between Porto Rico and Trinidad. As these steamers carry cargo, and consequently make a stay of a day or two in each port, a round-trip excursion ticket to Trinidad would enable one to see the best of all the islands, and at the same time make his home aboard.

This, the *Flamboyant*, the second steamer of the line, upon which I have taken passage, during this cruise, is as comfortable and pleasant an abiding place as one could desire, even with the thermometer at ninety or thereabout.

The Bocas are now in sight, those gateways to the Bay of Paria and Trinidad, and I must bring this roundabout ramble to a close. To-morrow is the Fourth, which, being Sunday, will be celebrated on the fifth. To-morrow and the day after I shall be in Port of Spain, and I'll wager I don't smell the smoke of a cracker. In refreshing contrast comes the memory of a fourth in Martinique two years ago. There were no crackers, no fireworks and no speeches, except one by our Consul. "Take another glass, my friend, in honor of the great American eagle." In my mind's eye I see him yet, beaming upon a half circle of chairs, said chairs ranged about a two-gallon jar of punch, each chair containing a patriotic American, for the time being. It was only a week ago that I heard him give orders to Sam, his servant, for the brewing of a multiplier punch, that of two years ago, when I was a child, I, three hundred miles away, with not even a brother American to grasp my hand and exclaim, "Long may she wave!" Here's to the flag, all the same, though.

FRED BEVERLY.

Natural History.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

BRIGHT FEATHERS.—Mr. Frank R. Rathbun, who is well known to many of our readers by his valuable ornithological papers, has commenced the publication of a beautiful work on birds, entitled "Bright Feathers." The author's purpose is to furnish, in cheap form, a series of illustrated biographies of ten or twelve of the more highly colored birds of the Northeastern States.

Judging from the initial number, the work will be one that all should have. It is a well printed folio on heavy tinted paper, with wide margins, and is illustrated by an excellent colored plate and a number of beautiful wood-cut vignettes.

The purple finch is excellently portrayed in the plate; the coloring is good and the attitudes natural and life-like. Figures are given of the male and the female, and of the egg—all natural size. The text is bright and interesting, and contains quotations from many of the best authorities. The present work will have a great value in arousing an interest in ornithology among many who, without such a volume to bring it to their notice, would never realize the beauty of the science. Mr. Rathbun's volume will, we trust, be as successful from a pecuniary point of view as it promises to be from an artistic standpoint; and we do not hesitate to recommend it to our readers. The price per part is \$1.

COUNT L. F. DE POURTALES.—We regret to notice the death of L. F. de Pourtales, long an associate of the elder Agassiz. He came to this country twenty years ago, and has devoted much of his time to the study of the *Radiata*. He has been engaged in deep-sea dredging, and was for some years an assistant on the Coast Survey.

Count de Pourtales was a Swiss by birth, and recently came into possession of estates in Switzerland. He was the author of many valuable scientific papers, prominent among which are his writings on corals.

THE SENSES OF ANIMALS.—A correspondent writing from Savannah, Tenn., gives an interesting account of the acuteness of the senses of certain birds and insects in perceiving the approach of an earthquake long before it was observable to human feeling. He says:—

"On the evening of the 18th inst., a few minutes before 8 o'clock, I was sitting on the front porch trying to get cool and listening to the katydids that were keeping up a racket all around. A large colony of martins have established themselves in the upper part of the porch and were quietly sleeping. All of a sudden the katydids stopped short, and the martins came flying out in a breakneck fashion, as if a snake had invaded the quiet of their home. In a few seconds afterwards we felt a distinct shock of an earthquake, which lasted about a minute, shook the house and rattled the windows. The shock was felt by every one in town, and extended for miles around. The wave seemed to travel from the southwest to northeast. What I want to know is why and how did the birds and the katydids feel the shock before the rest of us?"

A SNAKE STORY.—A correspondent has sent us an excerpt from the *York Pennsylvanian*, which gives the details of a remarkable circumstance, deserving to go on record. No one can cavil at this story or pretend to disbelieve it, for we have the most convincing proof of its truth. Our correspondent states most emphatically that he knows Locust Run well, and that it is a great place for pheasants (local for ruffed grouse), for he has killed them there; he does not, it is true, say that it is a good place for black snakes, but, on the other hand, he does not say that there are none there. What could be more convincing! We have Locust Run, the pheasants and an inherent probability that black snakes exist. No one but an extremely cautious person will be disposed to doubt the veracity of the *York Pennsylvanian's* little tale. Here it is:—

Several weeks ago, while clearing new land at the foot of Locust Run, in Lower Windsor township, there was discovered a pheasant's nest with twelve eggs. Thursday afternoon, last week, John and Peter Emenheiser, sixteen and nineteen years old, on looking at the nest, espied seven young pheasants, about two days old—five eggs remaining unhatched. At the edge of the nest lay a black snake, five feet ten inches long, the serpent having charmed the chirping birds. The youths killed the snake, and throwing it into the road a few feet from the nest, the seven rescued pheasants manifested astonishing excitement, and creaked with agony hastened to the serpent, some creeping under it, at a short distance the old bird, realizing the perilous situation of the brood, screeching and flapping her wings.

A PROLIFIC MOTHER.—Early in April last, a three year old short horn heifer belonging to Mr. Wm. Myers, of Pittsford, Monroe County, N. Y., died during the period of gestation. On examination, after death, it was found that she was about to become the mother of no less than six well developed calves. The sire was a Durham yearling sixteen months old. The remarkable litter, if such a term may be employed, are said to be now in the possession of Mr. C. K. Howlett, of Rochester, N. Y.

WHITE HARES.—*Corpus Christi, Texas.*—Editor *Forest and Stream.*—I have seen a dozen white rabbits in this State many times in the spring, but they were always the good ways off and I always had the sun at my back in

looking at them. On several occasions I have killed these apparently white jacks, and found, when I got to them, that they were ash colored, or simply dingy old fellows, which had not yet shed their long winter hair, which, like the hair of all animals exposed to the weather, gets dingy or faded, just as every black horse loses his gloss and is a dirty brown in color just before shedding in the spring.

The sun shining on this dingy, faded hair from the proper angle makes it look white, but the color green, red or yellow, would be as nearly correct as white for any specimen of jack rabbit it has fallen to my lot to observe. I have seen deer identically the same color, white at a distance apparently, but never white when killed. As to my opportunity of observation, you will be satisfied when I state that I have lived in Western Texas over thirty years and am fond of my gun. Of one thing you may be assured: In Western Texas jack rabbits do not turn white in winter.

The hare referred to by our correspondent is no doubt *Lepus collotis*, which is not known ever to turn white in winter. It is not probable that *L. campestris* would do so either, as far South as Texas.

HISSING SNAKES.—*Washington, July 3d.*—Editor *Forest and Stream.*—"Enquirer" asked, on page 389 of your issue of June 17th, "Do snakes hiss?" Our observations on the collection of snakes in the Smithsonian institution enable us to assert that snakes do hiss. This is especially the case with the *Heterodon*, the gopher, or indigo snake (*Spizelos eremicus*), and with the pine, or bull snake (*Pityophis melanoleucus*). The sound produced by them, apparently in anger, is a loud and distinct hiss. A sound closely resembling a hiss, but produced by rapid motions of the tail, is noticeable in snakes of the species *Basiscium constrictor*.

OBSERVER.

Manchester, N. H., June 25th.—Editor *Forest and Stream.*—One summer's day in 1870 I was hoeing in a garden, when my attention was attracted by a peculiar hissing—almost singing—note, different from any I had ever heard. I followed up the sound, and found that it came from a common striped black and yellow snake. He was coiled up under a projecting stone of the wall, and, with mouth partly open, was singing his little song. His voice was sharp, pretty high pitched, and with a harsh, grating quality. I am no naturalist. Was it *Heterodon platyrhynchos*?

Probably not *Heterodon*.

State School of Mines, Golden, Col., June 30th.—Editor *Forest and Stream.*—I had often doubted the same fact as "Enquirer" and two or three years ago, on the month of May I turned up a flat stone along the flanks of the Rocky Mountains and removed a pair of large bull snakes (a harmless species, sometimes attaining four or five feet, and marked not unlike a rattlesnake). They greeted me with a storm of hissing, that put at skepticism on this matter to flight; and their formidable attitude of defense and noise made me start back for a moment ere I attempted to capture the pair. This is the only instance of hissing I have met with in my intercourse with the snakes of this region, of which the bull snake, rattlesnake and blue racer are the commonest. I never heard a rattlesnake hiss. These snakes had him there all winter, and were probably hibernating.

A. LAKES.

Augusta, Maine, July 10th.—Editor *Forest and Stream.*—Some fifteen years ago, then residing in Wiscasset, Mass., I was preparing to go down the river to fish for sharks, when I was suddenly astonished by hearing our large mastiff dog, Barnum, violently barking. I had my shark spear in my hand, and went to the hedge and was startled to hear a loud hiss. Upon investigation, I discovered a large adder holding my dog at bay. His attitude of defense and noise made me start back for a moment ere I attempted to capture the pair. This is the only instance of hissing I have met with in my intercourse with the snakes of this region, of which the bull snake, rattlesnake and blue racer are the commonest. I never heard a rattlesnake hiss. These snakes had him there all winter, and were probably hibernating.

GEO. O. TOBEY.

Editor Forest and Stream.—On July 5th the remarks on "Do snakes hiss?" I am induced to relate the following incident: A few days ago I was fishing in a creek in Sullivan County (this State). Passing along down stream, I arrived at a point where the water, after tumbling over some rocks, formed itself into a small eddy. Here I was surprised to see lying on the bank of the stream twenty or thirty water-snakes—large and small and of a variety of colors. Most of the snakes disappeared into the water as I approached. Those that remained on shore coiled themselves up and raising their heads darted back and forth with remarkable rapidity their forked tongues, making at the same time a distinct hissing noise. The "hissing" was, in fact, so loud that it surprised me and I stood for a moment observing the different snakes, all of which coiled in a state of frenzied excitement. One in particular—about two feet in length and of a greyish white color—darted at me several times as if to drive me away, uttering the while this hissing noise. It was dispatched in the usual manner. Perhaps this will convince "Shadow" that water snakes as well as land snakes do hiss.

Another incident: Not long ago I was on the Hudson Poles with a friend. We were seated upon a rock, leisurely puffing our cigars, when suddenly we were startled by a loud hiss (similar to that sometimes made by parent geese), close to our heads. Springing to our feet, we found ourselves confronted by a red viper or copperhead (*Trigonophthalmus contortrix*) about three and one-half feet in length and one and one-half inches in diameter at the thickest part. Its head was almost flat, and would probably measure two inches across. The animal did not appear to be in its pleasantest mood, and had we not beat a retreat we would probably have felt the force of its wrath. We returned shortly, however, with a noose made of twine and attached to the end of a stick, and captured Mr. Copperhead as he was about to spring at one of us.

I have seen a snake the New York alive, but the porter into whose charge it was given tightened the cord, thereby strangling it.

OZIAS S. FREEMAN.

NORTHERN RANGE OF THE BLUE GROSBEAK.—In your issue of June 24th, a paragraph states that this species was shot in Massachusetts in May last. In order to give its most northern range, I may say that I secured a fine male specimen some years ago on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite Bic. I think I published this fact in the *Canadian Naturalist* at that time.
Montreal, Canada. WM. COOPER.

Fish Culture.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

HATCHING THE SPANISH MACKEREL.

THIS valuable fish, *Cybinus maculatum*, the first hatching of whose eggs by the United States Fish Commission we noticed last week, was first discovered to be spawning in Chesapeake Bay by Mr. R. E. Earle, of the Commission, who hatched the first fish on the 20th of June of this year. It seems that his attention was attracted to it by finding one with ripe eggs while he was gathering fishery statistics for the census in Mobjack Bay, an arm of the Chesapeake, and on going over to the east side of the latter he found the fish in much greater numbers in the vicinity of Crisfield, where it has been caught by the local fishermen for many years, but its movements and spawning habits were not at all known. Here Mr. Earle found that the fish were just beginning to spawn, and he immediately started for Washington to report his discovery to Prof. Baird, whose delight at the announcement far exceeded that with which he had just received a telegram from Germany telling him that the first prize, the Emperor's Cup, had been awarded to him at the International Fishery Exhibition in Berlin for the best collection illustrating the fishery resources and fish culture of America. Mr. Earle was immediately sent back to the spawning grounds with instructions to make a full investigation, hatch some if possible, and report. This he did, and with such hatching apparatus as he could gather he made the trial with perfectly satisfactory results, hatching about a half million of fish in three or four different lots. His first lot was washed out of the boxes by a storm; he then covered them and hatched some which went through the wire-cloth and escaped, although this was of thirty-two wires to the inch, a fact which gives an idea of the smallness of the young fish. He then fastened a covering of coarse cotton on the top of the wire-cloth and had the pleasure of seeing the fry remain after hatching. The water was 84° Fahr., and the fry hatched in eighteen hours after impregnation, but swam belly up on the first day on account of the large oil globule which prevents them from going below. The next day they righted and in two days they were enabled to go to the bottom. They are reported as being unusually hardy, forty of them having been kept for two days in a glass globe without change of water.

The subsequent experiments of Major Ferguson have confirmed the observation of Mr. Earle, and the next season there will no doubt be many millions of this toothsome fish hatched by the Fish Commission, for most fortunately its season begins after that of the shad has closed and at a time when the *Fish Hawk* has little else to do. It will be entirely feasible to transport the fry of this fish by steamer to Delaware Bay and other parts wherever they may be desired, and so to increase the stock in many places. Their great numbers of eggs, from 200,000 to 500,000 in an individual, and short period of hatching, render it possible to turn out immense quantities during their extended spawning season.

Another fact was established in these experiments; that is, the ability of the fry of the Spanish mackerel to live in brackish water, it being believed heretofore that this fish could only survive in very salt water. Mr. Earle certainly has reason to feel proud of his discovery, which is a most important one to the fish culturist, the epicure and the fisherman, for this dainty fish is very irregular in its appearance in our markets, and consequently varies in price greatly, being ranked by many as the best of all fishes for broiling, and when plenty seldom selling for less than twenty-five cents a pound, but when scarce often bringing a dollar.

McCLOUD RIVER SALMON.—United States Fishery, Baird, Shasta County, Cal., July 1st.—The salmon in the McCloud River seem to be more plentiful than ever this season. We caught with a small piece of net, about one-sixth the size of an ordinary seine, one evening last week, 150 salmon at one haul. This, of course, would be nothing to speak of over our bridge and rack for obstructing the salmon are in, but the river is now entirely free from obstructions.

The character of the river fishing is well shown by the fact that Master James Maynard, Jr., of San Francisco, caught opposite our house, with a bamboo rod, ten salmon before 9 o'clock last Thursday morning, the largest three of which weighed respectively 14 pounds, 12½ pounds and 10 pounds.

The trout ponds of the United States Fish Commission here are a superb sight, probably not equalled in the world. We have in all nearly a thousand trout, a large proportion of which weigh over four pounds. We are adding to the number every day as rapidly as we can, and hope to have nearly two thousand by this time next year. The subsistence question in this department prom-

ises to assume appalling proportions; as a whole deer now only lasts the trout two days. Luckily we have salmon to feed them on in the summer. Those that want McCloud River trout (*Salmo trutta*) for public distribution can probably get all they wish for this year by making reasonable application to Prof. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. Although a beautiful and delicious fish, the *Salmo trutta* will live and thrive in warmer and muddier waters than the *Salmo fontinalis*, and consequently particularly commends itself to the inhabitants of the States lying south of the natural habitat of the *fontinalis*. LIVINGSTON STONE.

IMPORTED SAIBLING AND WHITEFISH.—United States Fishery, Baird, Shasta County, Cal., July 11th.—Editor *Forest and Stream*:—I had the good fortune to receive last winter from the German Government, through the kindness of Herr von dem Borne, of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, a present of several thousand eggs each of two varieties of the whitefish of Lake Constance, Switzerland, and twenty thousand eggs of the variety of German trout known as saibling (*Salmo salvelinus*).

Most of the eggs arrived in good order. The whitefish, soon after being hatched, were turned loose, and the young sailblings I left with Mr. Gilbert, of Plymouth, Mass., to be reared in his ponds. I am happy to inform your readers that Mr. Gilbert gives the following favorable report of them: "The sailblings are doing finely. None have died, and they grow much faster than trout (*Salmo fontinalis*). As they grow they resemble a trout (*fontinalis*) very much; in fact, if they were together it would be impossible to pick out the trout (*fontinalis*) from the sailblings. Their habits, however, are different from those of the trout. I think they feed more off the bottom, picking up the insects. They do not seem to eat one another, as trout do. I think they are a hardy, rapid growing and easily raised fish."

From Mr. Gilbert's description of the young sailblings, it would appear that they might be quite a desirable fish to introduce into this country. LIVINGSTON STONE.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.

Trout, *Salmo fontinalis*. Muskellunge, *Esox nubilus*.
Salmon, *Salmo gairdneri*. Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
Lake Trout, *Salmo namaycush*. Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
Land-locked Salmon, *Salmo salar*. Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor*.

BLACK BASS, MICROPTERUS SALMONIDES; M. PALLIDUS.

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, *Centropomus viridis*. Bluefish, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
Sheepshead, *Acanthurus probac-* Spotted Mackerel, *Cybinus mac-*
leopardus. lepidus.
Striped Bass, *Morone saxatilis*. Cero, *Cybinus regalis*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*. Bonito, *Sarda pelamys*.
Weakfish, *Cynoscion regalis*. Kingfish, *Menticoccus nebulosus*.

MORE AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.—The quantity of silk-worm gut at present in New York City is far greater than ever before, but the quality is, as a rule, very bad. As anglers, we must see this fact and mourn over it, for without good gut, good fishing tackle is an impossibility. What is comparatively a small matter to us is a great matter to manufacturers. Our friends, Abbey & Imbrie (who consume rather more than half of the entire importation of Spanish gut), found each year that the grades were lower than the preceding year, and that each year there was more and more rough and worthless gut admitted in every hundred. Last spring, therefore, Mr. Imbrie went over to Spain to see what could be done. He found that all the best gut was produced in Murcia; that made elsewhere being entirely unfit for use. After a long and careful investigation, he concluded to establish a factory there for his firm, as otherwise it would not be possible to guarantee quality or be certain of a regular supply. This necessitated a great deal of trouble and the outlay of a large amount of money. But success has crowned his efforts, and his firm are recently in receipt of the "first fruits" of their factory. They have restored the old grades, and the gut is the smoothest and roundest we ever saw. We know that all anglers and all makers of fishing tackle will rejoice in the possibility of obtaining good gut from this time forward, and we congratulate this firm on this still further evidence of their undaunted pluck and perseverance. We know that they do not go into anything heedlessly, and we are sure that they will make money out of their venture, though it does almost take one's breath away to find an American firm establishing the largest factory of its kind about 4,000 miles away from home.

ARE THERE TROUT IN THE FRENCH BROAD?—Will you kindly tell me whether there is any good trout fishing to be had in that part of North Carolina called the "French Broad," the western part, I believe. I am anxious to take a trip through there on account of the beautiful scenery, but do not particularly care to unless I can throw a fly most of the time. A. F. J.

Can any of our readers give us definite information about the fishing in the stream named and about the distribution of trout in North Carolina; in what counties and streams they are found? There seems to be no reliable information at hand upon this point.

SALMON IN THE PENOBSCOT.—A dispatch from Bangor, Maine, July 27th, says: "Just returned from a day's salmon fishing on East Branch Penobscot. Hooked two salmon. They are plenty and readily take a fly."

H. L. LEONARD.

A HINT TO TACKLE DEALERS.—New York fishing tackle dealers would find it very profitable to exhibit their fine fishing tackle at the coming Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, which is now advertising for space allotments. Cincinnati sportsmen are almost altogether dependent on New York dealers for fine fishing tackle.

TROUTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE rounds to my bear traps usually took three days, but to gain a day for a visit to the "Kilburn" I made it two days, finishing up at noon by bringing in a fine bear.

Section boss Wm. Glew, with whom I was camping at Sugar Brook, on the line of N. B. & C. R. R., kindly permitted his sons, George and Bob, and their cousin, Tommy Tuck, to accompany me. At 3:30 p.m. the last train passed north, leaving the track clear. A sack was stowed with bread, salt pork, salt, tea, sugar, frying pan, tin pail for boiling tea, and two drinking cups; my top-coat and blanket tied compactly for a seat in the birch, case of rods, landing net, rifle and gun, and a couple of the luggage. The hand-car was rolled on to the track to receive us, and "all aboard!" and we were off for a four miles run, as fast as three pairs of muscular arms, incited by anticipated sport, could propel it.

Arriving at 56 Carry, the car was put off on a turnout in a jiffy, and the one and a quarter trail entered. This brought us, in due time, to the head of dead water on the lesser inlet. In a few moments George and Bob produced their birch from its resting place in the woods, and while it was being launched and trimmed, I thung up my rod with a black palmer and black may for a bait. The distance to the lake is about a mile, as the crow flies, but its sinuous windings double the distance. It is a lovely stream, and the lower half discloses deep, broad reaches of water at every bend, where the trout most congregate. At each of these pools we made a brief tarry, and by the time we reach the lake a dozen or more fine trout are taken. It is then decided to cross the lake, one mile, to "Camp Stewart," have an early supper, so as to enjoy the best fishing between sunset and dark.

Arriving at the landing George proceeds to dress some trout, while Bob and Tom go up to camp and start the fire. The essays the roll of cook by virtue of having once served in the capacity of steward on a coaster, and while the culinary affairs are progressing I light my briar-wood and lie down on what was once a luxurious couch of cedar boughs, and muse upon the past.

Here, in the hunter's camp, built by old Pete Sebatiss, four of us met annually, and spent a season of unalloyed happiness, which again passes in review. Again Neal, Will and Jack surround me, recounting the sports of the day, and mapping out the future. Now, it is near midnight; the wood is piled on for the night, and the nights here are cool, howbeit the days are warm; the light flashes upon strings of duck, partridge and trout suspended around, and Jack's rich, deep voice wakes the echoes of the wooded hill with "Three Black Crows" and "Paddy O'Doyle," by way of benediction, as we turn in, Ah! dear old camp! Thy pleasures will be ever green in memory.

But supper is ready, and the deacon seat serves for table, slices of bread for plates, which absorb the drippings of the luscious trout, which are dissected thereon by fingers and hunting knife. Trout and plate disappear together.

I would here digress to say that to fry trout evenly they should be scored across slightly in several places on the sides; it prevents curling. The meal ended, pipes are lighted, the remaining food hung up out of the way of vermin and "varmints," and we again launch the birch, this time for the upper or main inlet, where we arrive in time to find the water fairly boiling with jumping trout. The same cast of dark flies (No. 8 hook) are taken soon as they touch the water. Singles and pairs are killed and landed till "you can't rest." No time now for light flies, which settle down upon one as a cloud, though ever and anon the eyes are gathered there to the extent of blinding, when they must be brushed out. As twilight deepens, the jumps suddenly cease, and no efforts can get another rise. The sport was brief, but grandly exciting. But pen of mine cannot portray it in detail; besides, the theme is hackneyed, and those who have been there know all about it. When we return to the lake, the boys decide to have their sport (3). Drift-wood is piled on a flat rock and fired. Sticks, poles and cod hooks, attached to improvised poles of alder, and with chunks of pork for bait, each takes position on a rock and enjoy themselves lifting out the beautiful fish attracted there by the light. This is kept up till Tom slips from his rock and fetches up waist-deep in water. This is a damper, surely, and necessitates a fire at the camp, and as the sky is now dark, the boys build by the lumbermen last fall a few rods above the one described, where the boughs are comparatively fresh, we lie on to it, and soon Tom is seen with simply vest and hat on, drying his other garments by a fire built against a large birch stump in front of camp. While this is going on, the lads amuse themselves with a greasy pack of cards, playing the game of forty-fives. At 11 o'clock we turn in, and the work is passed to turn out at daylight for a brief trip up the main inlet. Four o'clock finds us there. The sport is just as good as the previous evening; but, in the cool of the morning and absence of flies, quite enjoyable. We are back to camp, cook breakfast; string of trout some thirty pounds, running from half a pound to one and three-fourths, and start on our return before 8 o'clock. The rod is tried in lute returning, but not a rise is obtained. The sky is again clear, and the rays of the sun are too scorching. The birch is again laid away to rest. The next week, the trail taken, and in due time the car is reached, and we return to Sugar Brook after an absence of less than twenty hours, every moment of which was rife with supreme enjoyment, and another red letter added to the calendar of life. CORPORAL LOT WARFIELD.

Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., July 15th.

NEW JERSEY.—Riverside House, Forked River, July 24th.—Wet-fishing continues to be very good, and all hands are enjoying the sport, including the ladies and children. The *Bella*, Capt. John East, with Prof. A. M. Mayer and Mr. D. W. Lee, in two days took 143 weakfish, some of which would turn the scales at three pounds. The Professor uses a light fly-rod, which he handles with great dexterity, and has no end of sport when he hooks a big one. The *Mattie*, with Messrs. D. A. Acker, Jr., and H. Thompson, of New York, on the 20th caught seventy, and on the 21st, forty. These were all large fish, some of which weighed as much as four pounds. They had fine sport; nearly half of the fish were caught by the boys and children of the gentlemen, who generally go with them. Our other yacht, the *Idle Hours* has also

had a party, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. Everett Herrick, and Mr. Jas. Ford, of New York. They have made an average of fifty fish during the past three days. I could report much larger scores if the weather had been pleasant. We have had rain and no wind for the past few days, and it has been difficult to get bait, and we are longer getting on the grounds. The old patrons of the Riverdale are beginning to arrive daily, among whom are Mr. W. C. Rogers and family, who will remain with us till late in the season. Also D. W. Lee and wife, Prof. A. M. Mayer and family, Everett Herrick and wife. I would also wish to inform others of our patrons who have not as yet been here that Mr. A. H. Corwin, who was proprietor of the house last season, is now in no way connected with it, but that it is under the direct supervision of the owner, Chas. A. Smith, which is a sufficient guarantee to those who know him, that the house will be better kept than ever before.

A. B.

BLACK BASS VS. GREEN BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:—

It is at a sacrifice of time, taste and inclination that I notice the communication, "St. Clair," on "Black Bass," in FOREST AND STREAM, of July 15th. I feel constrained to do so, however, in justice to myself, inasmuch as he, indirectly, by implication and innuendo, charges me with mendacity and misrepresentation.

"St. Clair" begins his article by saying: "Finding in recent issues of FOREST AND STREAM the old controversy revived about black bass and trout, and finding also some rather pungent and unpleasant doubts from Dr. Jordan and other gentlemen concerning former articles written by myself for your paper ('Black Bass' and 'Black Bass Fishing'), I must ask you to hear me."

Now the fact is, I have never given "St. Clair" or his articles a second thought since I read them on their appearance, two years ago. I have never alluded to them in any shape or manner, or expressed any doubts—"pecuniary," "unpleasant," or otherwise—in regard to them.

A reference to his articles, at this writing, confirms the impression made upon my mind at the time of their first perusal, viz.: that they were indisputably *outré*, and contained statements in regard to the black bass that were unmistakably rash, inconsistent and erroneous, and which stamp upon the communications of "St. Clair" the opinionated. I remember he was quite eager for a war of words with some one or any one in defense of his unique views, and "threw down the gage of battle," and offered to "break lances" with any gentleman upon the subject.

To my mind he seemed firmly entrenched in a "rut" on the question of the identity of the black bass, out of which it would have been a very simple matter for him to have tried to extricate him by arguments; for my impression, based upon his dogmatic style, was that though convinced, he would be "of his own opinion still." No doubt my impressions were shared by others, for so far as I know, no one took up the offered gage of battle. That it would have been futile to have done so has since been proven, and my recollections have thus been confirmed; for several of our ablest practical ichthyologists subsequently published in FOREST AND STREAM forcible and convincing articles on the identity and nomenclature of the black bass, notably those of Profs. Teche, Gill and D. S. Jordan. Prof. Jordan's paper, especially, covered the whole ground, reviewing the matter from the first description of the black bass by Lacépède down to the present time.

But all in vain. "St. Clair's" faith in his own opinions on the subject remain unshaken; for in his last article he seems to be only willing that the mountain shall come to him, for he expresses no inclination to go to the mountain. He is apparently as firmly rooted to his previous convictions as Rhoderick Duth to his rock, and states positively that he alone is right in the matter, and that all others of a contrary opinion are wrong, in the following plain language:

"I want this vexed question set at rest. It shall be set at rest, forever. It is true that we have a fish at the South called trout, which is superior to this and to the black bass. It is not the black bass or trout, but which is the black bass? The black bass and trout are salmon. There never was a black bass or trout in the South. Any Southern ichthyologist who says so is a liar. I am a fisherman, and I know the difference. And there never will be. Misled by a similarity of mouth and to some extent, form, many well meaning, but mistaken persons call our great black bass, *Micropterus dolomieu*, a trout, and trout they will be with them until the end of time. Mark my words: we have no black bass in the south, and no trout."

Could any assertions be stronger? Now if it is really essential that this question should be set at rest by one to the "manor born," then for the sake of science let him be born quickly; or if he be already born, let him be "born again." If necessary, for it seems that the efforts of all others have been unavailing, in the estimation of "St. Clair," let us see what such "superior" observations and "well meaning" but mistaken persons, as Prof. Agassiz, Gill, Jordan and Cope (who have been "misled by a similarity of mouth, and, to some extent, form"), have to say about the matter.

I will, however, premise by stating the fact, that the first scientific description of the black bass was made by Lacépède, a celebrated French naturalist, in 1800. His description was based upon a brown and black description of the "Southern fresh water trout" sent to him by Mr. Boss from South Carolina, labelled "trout perch"; this he called *Labrus salmoides*, or the "trout-like bass," which specific name (*salmoides*) is retained to this day for one species of the black bass. Lacépède afterwards received a specimen of this same "Carolina trout," but which had a deformed dorsal fin, its latter portion being separated by an injury from the balance of the fin. On account of this peculiarity (the little fin), he named it *Micropterus dolomieu*—"Dolomieu's small fin," in honor of his friend Dolomieu; and this generic name (*Micropterus*) is retained to the present day for the genus black bass. Cuvier subsequently identified the latter specimen as belonging to the genus *Grysetes*, and to be identical with *Labrus salmoides*. He then named this species *Grysetes salmoides*, but the older name of *Labrus salmoides* has been restored, and this species—the small-mouthed bass—is now known as *Micropterus salmoides*. Prof. D. F. Jordan, when in Europe, a year or two ago, examined the original specimen sent to Lacépède, which is still preserved in the Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle at Paris, and fully identified it as a small-mouthed black bass. He also fully identified the specimens sent to Cuvier and

Valenciennes by Milbert, from New York, and Le Sueur, from the Wabash River, Indiana.

Thus we see that the genus *Micropterus* (black bass) was founded upon the Southern "trout," and, moreover, upon that particular species of "trout" or black bass (the small-mouthed) which is held by many, both North and South, to be the only true, real, Simon-pure, clear-cut, Jacobite black bass;—they regarding the large-mouthed black bass (*M. pallidus*) as the "off-ox," or "least-handed" black bass.

Yet "St. Clair" denies that either species of Southern "trout" is the black bass, and furthermore declares that the black bass does not exist in Southern waters. Now let us see what this denial amounts to:—

In 1873, Prof. Teche, Gill at the request of Prof. S. F. Baird, United States Fish Commission, thoroughly investigated the genus *Micropterus* to determine the number of species. After examining specimens from the Great Lakes (Champlain to Michigan), the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama, Texas, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, and after a thorough investigation of the specimens regarding their morphological and anatomical features, he says: "No differences could be found much, if any, greater than such as could be detected among numerous individuals from any given locality." And further: "No deviations have been found, from the ordinary standard, of such a character as at all to compare, for example, with the differences between the large mouthed and small-mouthed forms, or to indicate that there are any specific differences among the small-mouthed or large-mouthed forms." Prof. Gill's monograph, embodying these results, is published in the "Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," Vol. XXII, 1874, pp. 55-72.

Prof. Agassiz, in 1854, identified the "trout" from the Tennessee River in Alabama, as a black bass, which he named, provisionally, *Grysetes nobilis*. This was a large-mouthed bass.

Prior to 1870, Prof. E. D. Cope took and identified the large-mouthed black bass in the Catawba, Neuse, Great Pedee and Santee rivers in North Carolina; these streams all flowing into the Atlantic.

In 1877, Prof. Jordan and his assistants, A. W. Brayton and C. H. Gilbert, fished the streams of the Allegheny region of South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, most of which were the headwaters of rivers emptying into the Atlantic. Prof. Jordan published the results of these investigations in his "Contributions to N. A. Ichthyology" No. 3, in "Bulletin of U. S. National Museum," XII, 1878, from which I select the following quotations:—

"Prof. Cope obtained this species (*M. pallidus*) in the Catawba. We collected none in the Santee or Enoree, but were told that 'trout,' as the species of *Micropterus* are universally called in the South, are frequently taken there." Page 15.

"This species (*M. salmoides*) is abundant in the tributaries of the Savannah, where it is known as the 'trout.'"

Page 31.

"Abundant (*M. salmoides*) in the Oconee and Ocmulgee."

Page 35.

"Not very abundant" (*M. pallidus*), Chattoahoeche River. Page 40.

"Very common" (*M. salmoides*), Chattoahoeche River. Page 40.

"Abundant" (*M. pallidus*), in Etowah, Coosa and Oostanaula rivers. Page 46.

"*M. salmoides*," in Etowah, Coosa and Oostanaula.

"Abundant; but less so than the preceding (*M. pallidus*)."

"The two species are known indiscriminately as 'trout.'"

Page 46.

"The 'white trout,' as this species (*M. pallidus*) is often called, is common in the Cumberland."

"The 'black trout' (*M. salmoides*) occurs with the preceding (*M. pallidus*), and is still more abundant."

Prof. Jordan, in his "Contributions to N. A. Ichthyology," in the "Annals of the New York Lyceum of Natural History," vol. xi., 1877, page 314, he says of *M. pallidus*:—

"Abundant in the Etowah, Oostanaula and Coosa Rivers, rather more so than the next species (*M. salmoides*), and everywhere confounded with it under the name of trout."

Now, if this evidence is not conclusive and convincing to "St. Clair," that the "trout" is the black bass, and exists in the streams of his own and other Southern States, he is not open to conviction.

"St. Clair" further says:—

"As the time has surely come in our natural history that we must be accurate in our nomenclature, we beg to state our belief that our fish ought to be called 'green bass.' Different in anatomical structure, different in habits, different in times and modes of feeding, our green bass are not black bass, but an entirely different fish."

To which I reply that there is no essential difference, anatomically or physiologically, between the black bass and what he calls "green bass" (trout). He proposes to call the Southern "trout" "green bass" and to call the black bass, to him, the distinguishing characteristic, for he speaks of black, green and yellow bass. But this will not answer. Color is of very little importance in the differentiation of the species of *Micropterus*, for they are of all colors, black, green, yellow and white; and it is this very confusing system of nomenclature that needs to be abandoned.

The term "green" is called "black bass" because it is the most universal common name for it, and, therefore, the one to be adopted; without reference, however, to the term "black" as a distinguishing color.

In the same way that a blackberry is a blackberry, though it is green when it is red—this, although seemingly paradoxical, is a fact which we all understand.

Some of the "blackest" bass I ever saw were in Southern waters, and were of course called "trout."

Then again both species of *Micropterus* are indiscriminately called "trout" in the South, when they should be distinguished as the large-mouthed and small-mouthed black bass. It must be evident to any one, even to "St. Clair," that this is the only practical and sensible plan of nomenclature; for the term "trout," as applied to a person, is applied to the large-mouthed bass in the Northwest in contradistinction to the small-mouthed bass, which is there known as the black bass. Now, if the term "green bass" was applied indiscriminately to either or both species of Southern "trout" what inextricable confusion would ensue,

"St. Clair" has repeatedly stated what the black bass is not, but has neglected to tell us what the black bass is, unless he does so in the second paragraph of his last article, when he says:—

In one of those articles I stated that a black bass proper could not be found in any stream in the South. I now reiterate that statement, and say that I will stand or fall on the scientific evidence of the best informed ichthyologists in the United States, the two fish (*M. salmoides* and *C. atrarius*) to be dissected together.

Now, as "St. Clair" tacitly admits in this same article that the "Southern trout" is *M. salmoides* or *M. pallidus*, we must conclude that by *C. atrarius* he means the "black bass," for what in the world *Centropomus atrarius* has to do with the matter I can't imagine, unless we take this view of it. If he really holds the view of *C. atrarius* to be the "black bass," then the whole matter is explained. It is simply another case of mistaken identity, and he has, for the first time, furnished the key to his peculiar views. But the *Centropomus atrarius* really has no more to do with the black bass (*Micropterus*) than the black snapper or the black grouper. The *C. atrarius* is a true marine fish of the Atlantic coast, generally known as the "black snapper" or "black grouper," and the coast is locally known as black sea bass, black will, black perch and black fish, and it was formerly called, on a portion of the Jersey coast, "black bass," though this name has fallen into disuse since the introduction of the black bass proper into the inland waters of that State.

But upon reading the third paragraph of "St. Clair's" article we take the same ground all over again. He adds nothing, for he tells us there that they exist side by side in streams, but in no Southern stream. They can be found in Kentucky and Missouri together, and even in Tennessee, in waters that empty into the Ohio, but in no others. No, he cannot mean *C. atrarius*, the sea bass, for it exists in no inland streams, and—what can he mean? I give it up.

If "St. Clair" really wishes to be set right in this matter there is a royal road open to him. Let him send specimens of "Southern trout," or, as he calls them, "green bass," in alcohol to Profs. Baird, Gill or Goode, of the Smithsonian Institution, or to Prof. E. D. Cope, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, or to any other naturalists whom he considers the "best informed ichthyologists in the United States," with the request to identify and name the fish, and if they pronounce them black bass (*Micropterus*) will admit that "St. Clair" is the "best informed ichthyologist in the world," so far as the black bass is concerned. So much for the "black bass."

And now let us see how reliable "St. Clair" is upon other Southern game fishes. In the last paragraph of his article he states that there are no rock bass in the South, except in one tributary of the Flint River. In a former article he said it existed in three streams emptying into Flint River (perhaps he has caught them all out of the other two). Now what are the facts? Prof. Jordan and his assistants took and identified the rock bass (*Ambloplites rupestris*) in tributaries of the Chattoahoeche, Alabama, Tennessee, and Cumberland rivers, where they were "abundant."

"St. Clair" further says: "Dr. Henshall speaks of the striped bass (*Roccus chrysops*) as never weighing over two pounds." He does not give me even the benefit of the saving clause, Pinaforically speaking, of "hardly ever," but, having set up this man of straw, he proceeds to belabor it, and infers, from these *data*, that I never saw a trout (or a striped bass) that weighed over two pounds, the kindest cut of all, to use a garbled quotation for such an inference. What I really did say, and, like Jack Bunbury, "what I says I sticks to," was that the weight of *Roccus chrysops* "seldom exceeds two or three pounds." If I had placed the maximum weight at three pounds it would have been entirely correct, for it is the fact. I have caught thousands of these pan fish in the lakes of the Northwest, and I have seen to my great disgust and annoyance when angling for black bass. I have also taken them in "Green River," Kentucky, but they "seldom exceeded two or three pounds," never reaching five pounds in weight.

While I do not doubt that "St. Clair" caught one weighing nine pounds (in a former article he placed it at seven pounds; perhaps by next year he will grow up to seven, for it is evident from these various statements that it is weighed in its own scales), the mere statement of the fact amounts to nothing in science; even if he had preserved the specimen—as any naturalist would have done—it would still amount to nothing as establishing the maximum weight of the species. It was simply a monstrosity, an exception to the general rule, as is, indeed, a white trout, a white bass, a white pickerel, a white perch, upwards of 5,000 pounds, a mule nineteen and a half hands high; a hog that weighed 1,200 pounds; a man seven and a half feet tall; a woman balance the scales at 700 pounds; a six-legged calf; the Siamese twins; and a double headed girl; but what do they all prove? Nothing. They are simply exceptions to a general rule—monstrosities.

In place of conducting a case, by presenting the argument of the opposing side in a distorted, incomplete, or garbled form, and then, Quixotically, booted and spurred, with lance in poise, making a terrific onslaught on the windmill of his own creation, is one much practiced by the average village lawyer, and is styled "pottfogging." I take it that "St. Clair" is a lawyer, for he put words into my mouth that I never used, and misquoted my printed statements. I therefore excuse him upon the ground of force of habit, and cheerfully exonerate him from all seemingly sinister motives.

Perhaps he thought I was making light of the fresh water striped bass, for he seems to feel a fatherly and proprietary interest in this fish, as he says:—

"I believe I first had the honor, through the solicitation of Mr. Henshall, Esq., former editor of FOREST AND STREAM, of introducing the fresh water striped bass to the notice of the public."

Oh, no, "St. Clair," it was first described and "introduced to the public" by Rafinesque, in 1820, probably before you were born; and it still retains the specific name (*Chrysops*) which he bestowed upon it. He caught his specimen in Kentucky waters, too. It has been a well-known fish ever since, being very abundant in the great lakes and lakellets of the Northwest, but has never been considered much of a fish, except by juvenile anglers. Its praises are yet to be sung.

Finally, as examples of "St. Clair's" system of an "accurate nomenclature," he enumerates the Southern game

fishes as green bass, speckled perch, true perch (red fin), jack, and raw mouth perch; names that mean anything or nothing outside of his own immediate neighborhood. While I have none but the kindest feelings toward "St. Clair"—or any other brother angler, for that matter—I do not desire to again allude to these matters. Life is too short and art too long to indulge in profitless discussions. When "St. Clair" has forwarded his specimens of "black bass" and "green bass" to competent ichthyologists of his own choosing, for dissection and identification, I will be much pleased to learn the result. In the meantime, he can ventilate his "green bass" ideas without any interference on my part, in the future as in the past, so long as he does not misrepresent me.

J. A. HENSHALL.

Cynthiana, Ky., July 22d.

MR. DIPSY CATCHES TROUT.

MR. DIPSY found himself in the pleasant Island of Prince Edward, which, as all readers of FOREST AND STREAM know, is a hundred-and-forty-mile-long bank of red sandy loam in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in shape like the crescent moon with the high point to the north. No hills break its surface, and consequently there are no brawling streams tumbling from rock to rock with a pleasant murmur; with the exception of three or four, all the "rivers," so called, run but a short course through badly cultivated fields and patches of second-growth woods, until they debouch in narrow creeks or estuaries, sometimes of two or three miles in length, up which the sea-comes which have been eroded and eaten out by the ever-encroaching action of the ebb and flow on the level and friable soil. These small rivers are fed by numerous springs, and are filled with a cold, translucent water, so pure that it is really spoiled by the admixture of whiskey. Once Prince Edward Island was an angler's Eden, but alas! its streams have been fished out—not legitimately, but by systematic poaching. Hon. J. C. Pope, the present Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, himself a native of the island and a skillful angler, has, during his one year's tenure of office, done a good deal with the aid of a zealous staff of subordinates to protect the small restige of fishing that remains; but it takes a long time to restore a plundered stream. There are still a few cozy nooks where fair catches of trout may be had if you know where to look for them. Which reminds me that the writer is authorized to mention that Col. Dwyer, Dominion Inspector of Fisheries, whose post office address is Alberton, will do all in his power to direct any legitimate angler to the best places wherein to try fisherman's luck.

Nobody knew to what nationality Mr. Dipsy belonged. When questioned on the subject he would wink with one of his funny little eyes, pat his paunch—for he had a paunch—and remark that he was a citizen of the world. This was doubtless true, for he must have been born somewhere. And as he stood about five feet two in his fishing boots, had very spindly legs to support his "fair round belly" (see Shakespeare), and moreover as he wore reddish side whiskers on a round face with a salmon-colored nose in the center of it, and as he frequently aspired at a *la* in the wrong place and sometimes left off aspirating it altogether, there were reasons to believe he was a native of England.

It was on the pleasant 1st. of May the writer was woke up from a not very comfortable bed, consisting of a pine board and a Scotch plaid on the floor of a cottage, by a voice singing out "lillo" "lillo" "hillo yourself!" was the reply. "Wake up! rouse out! hevery thing is lovely for fishing."

The dewdrops hung on the grass in the gray morning like little pearls. Also on Mr. Dipsy's whiskers. We trudged on to what is called Lot Ten River, Prince County, and set up our rod just as the sun rose and we seen through the trees like a great ball of fire. Mr. Dipsy in a high state of excitement made a cast and caught—a trout.

Next time he was more successful; hardly had his two flies touched the water when two trout appended themselves and were whisked out far into an adjoining field. Mr. Dipsy ran after them with his short legs, once baskotted them with every appearance of satisfaction, then back to the river and commenced thrashing again; more trout. The finny beauties seemed determined to be taken that morning—two, one, one, two, one and at length a one-pounder. Dipsy hauled him out by main strength, sat down on the bank, applied his mouth to a green bottle and then broke forth in a stentorian voice in the angler's song—

"A birr! a whirr! a salmon's on,
A goodly fish! a thaupor!—that's so."

Not wishing to have his eyes lashed out by Dipsy's flying flies the writer proceeded up stream to a sheltered bend he wot of, and where he speedily extracted two dozen of fair sized fish in what he flatters himself was rather a neat manner. His companion was concealed from view by a little headland, clothed with low spruce trees, now green and golden in the rising sun. Suddenly from behind the clump arose a tremendous yell, as of a man in mortal agony, accompanied by what seemed a roar of thunder. Casting down his rod and making his way through the copse, the writer found that this time Mr. Dipsy had caught a bull of the obnoxious kind, with wide-spreading horns and a shaggy, buffalo mane. The animal was fairly hooked in the eye, and was wildly shaking his head and tearing over the plain, Dipsy following him with loud shrieks of dismay, but keeping his butt well forward, as recommended by the best scientific anglers. The writer followed in much alarm of mind until Taurus leaped a mud ditch, and with his thirty point of view disappeared. When Mr. Dipsy's water-proof boots, sticking up, were almost the only part of him to be seen. A good scraping down and another application to the little green bottle partially restored him, and we resumed our fishing. By this time the sun was too high for the fly, so Dipsy tried bait.

It would take too long to enter into details of the sport. Suffice it to say that when your correspondent had made out, as nearly as he could, the weight of his companion. What was his astonishment to see four domestic ducks, with their necks wrung, neatly arranged on the grass and Dipsy himself in the act of bawling in a drake that quacked and flashed and flittered and made a gallant defense for his life!

Expatriation and remonstrance were alike thrown away on the "citizen of the world." Having landed his drake and killed him, Dipsy took another suck of his pocket companion, and producing a small game-ledger he then and there entered his day's work, thus:—

"Mr. Dipsy, Lot Ten River, Prince Edward Island, Canada, Trout, 14; bulls, 1; ducks, 5."

This is the last time I mean to go fishing with Mr. Dipsy.

HURO.

A BLACK BLACK BASS.—Clinton, Ark., July 1st.—Some time ago—a year, perhaps—I wrote a short account of a very black bass I had observed in some of the waters of this region. The other day, while angling in Archery's Fork with a trolling spool, I caught, among others, one of the identical fellows. He was a true *M. salmoides* in all save color, and more than true in that. The inkly blackness extended to every part, covered the belly as well as the back, and even went so far as the inside of his mouth. I saw several other specimens following my spoon, but failed to hook them. I had no means of preserving this one. The appearance was certainly unique. The fish seemed in perfect health, and was "game" to the last.

SALMON ROE.

THE RUSHTON BOAT PRIZE.—Rochester, N. Y., July 21st. *Editor Forest and Stream*.—Your paper of the 15th inst. contained a letter from Mr. J. H. Rushton, which I think calls for an answer, as it seems to convey an implied censure on the managers of the Sportsman's State Convention in 1879.

It is true that Mr. Rushton offered his boat as a prize for fly-casting, but when the Prize Committee requested him to let them put it up as a prize in a shooting match, he gave no unwilling consent, and his boat (which was a fine one) was made second prize in the second shooting contest—the first being a \$253 Baker gun. For the purpose of attracting attention and as an advertisement, it was in far the best place by the change, for scores of people took interest in the shooting where individuals did in the fly-casting, and if I remember right there was a sharp contest in "shooting" for the boat. It was owned by a sportsman in Danville, and has probably brought its maker's name to the attention of more men who shoot on water and require boats than if won by some trout angler who does most of his fishing from shore.

EDMOND REDMOND (Ex Secretary).

THE ELK HORN VALLEY.—West Point, Cumming County, Nebraska, July 20th.—As I have never seen anything in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the Elk Horn Valley and its numerous ponds and rivers, I take it upon myself to give a short description of its attractions for sportsmen. It is not exactly a wild country, nor is it so thickly populated but that there is plenty of game and fish to be had in their season. The Elkhorn River rises in the Northwestern part of the State and flows in a general southeast direction and empties in the famous Platt River. It abounds in catfish, suckers, whitefish, pickerel and salmon trout, and a few eels, but the greatest sport we have is in the ponds along the side of the river, which are well stocked with both black and rock bass; they weigh from one to five pounds; also pickerel, which run from one to eighteen pounds. They are mostly taken with spoon hooks. Last year I tried to take the bass with a fly, but met with very little success, owing, probably, to my inexperience in fly-fishing.

Sportsmen come from Omaha to fish in these ponds, and claim they are the best in the State.

WHO CAN BEAT THIS?—Elm Green, Ind., July 20th.—On the morning of the 18th inst. I went out on one of the small lakes near this place—a lake about four miles in circumference—and in running once around I landed in the boat forty-five black bass, and probably lost half as many more in trying to get them in. I used Mann's No. 20 spoon, on line with rod, which proved too small to hold well on large bass.

T. A. S.

The Kennel.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

COCKERS FOR COVER SHOOTING.

IT is now quite time for those sportsmen who have not already done so, to fix their kennels for the coming season. The first consideration for each individual, before providing himself with dogs, should be, What sort of ground am I going to hunt over? For open ground, a pointer or setter is undoubtedly the proper dog, and the only point then to be determined is as to the individual animal best adapted to that ground. Where heat is considerable and water scarce, the pointer is likely to be the most serviceable; where wet and cold is expected the setter will be found to do the best work. Where the hunting grounds are partly open and partly cover, the pointer or setter is still the best sort of dog; but when it is all, or nearly all, cover and swamp, the well-trained spaniel will be found to be by far the most satisfactory animal you can find, especially if ducks may be expected in addition to woodcock, ruffed grouse and snipe. To those whose shooting grounds are to be of the latter nature, I would suggest that care should be taken to select spaniels of the most suitable strain, as there are a good many to choose out of, some adapted to one kind of country and some to another. In the North a field spaniel, such as the one that was awarded the first prize at the last New York Bench Show, would be, judging of his appearance, a fair specimen of what is most useful for this service. His water spaniel blood being suggestive of superior pluck, hardness and retrieving qualities.

In other parts of America, where a very hardy dog is unnecessary, I should recommend a Sussex or a cocker, according to the fancy of the sportsman. I am sure that there is ground in the Eastern and Southern States, as well as in the Northern, where a price of good spaniels would secure to the sportsman as live water spaniel sport as he could possibly wish for; but the whole pleasure will be spoiled if the dogs do not know their work. They should hunt close, keep within range, drop to shot, wing, or hand, and retrieve handomely. Plenty of ad-

vices has now been given in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM as to how all these things can be taught, and there are very few places in the country where it cannot be done.

Setters can, of course, be made to do the work of spaniels, but in thick cover their size is against them; and also, it can only be done at the expense of spoiling their style and ranging qualities. If setters are not allowed to range out of sight they cannot be better than spaniels, and if they do range out of sight one must be forever bothered by having to look for them when they are on a point. I know that some setters will flush game in cover and be quite steady in the open, but these are exceptional spaniels, and not the rule.

Another thing in favor of spaniels is that, being small and handsome, they make nice house dogs, and a pointer of them does not cost more to keep than one setter or border.

TAEX.

For woodcock shooting in the tall corn there is no dog like the well-broken cocker spaniel. When either pointers or setters are used the birds, nine times out of ten, will not "top," but flit off diagonally across the rows and consequently present no shot. But behind a well-broken brace of cockers there is music in the air, and a drifting lot of feathers besides.

IRISH WOLFHOUNDS AS DEER AND BEAR DOGS.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., July 9th.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

Take pleasure in complying with your request to give a description of my pair of imported Irish wolfhounds. I had for a long time desired a breed of dogs for deer hunting, which were larger, faster and more savage and courageous than those in use, which are largely of foxhound blood in all degrees of purity, or rather impurity. The same breed I also designed to use in bear hunting, for which purpose the above-mentioned qualities would be very essential.

After reading descriptions of the supposed to be extinct breed of Irish wolfhounds, I became convinced they would fill the bill, with the exception of running by scent, and upon this subject I could obtain no reliable information. Noticing in the advertisements in FOREST AND STREAM that Mr. Frank Adcock, of Shevington Hall, W. Wigan, England, made a specialty of breeding large and powerful dogs for attacking and pulling down large game, I wrote a letter of inquiry, and learned that he had some fine specimens, which he was breeding, and the result of this little advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM was that I purchased a pair of puppies (dog and bitch) by his celebrated "Ranger," out of his "Atalanta," both prize winners, Ranger having taken first prize at the Dublin show in April, 1879. They were admitted duty free by the custom house authorities at New York, being imported for breeding purposes, but I doubt if the privilege is worth the bother and red tape necessary to secure it.

They arrived last December, and are now about nine months of age, and tough and hearty as one could desire. In general appearance the male, though but about half grown, is tall (twenty-six inches at the shoulder) and majestic looking, head of good size and well shaped, jaw strong, with dangerous looking fangs, ears erect, with nervous tips, neck long but strong, body of great length and tail nearly touching the ground; legs large, long and muscular, with feet which make a track as large as a full grown wolf. No dew-claws. Coat rough, long and wiry, especially under jaws and on the breast, with tufts of long hair over the eyes and hanging from the under flanks. Color gray, blotched with black and fawn-colored spots.

The bitch is somewhat smaller and more slender, quite like a greyhound in build, and very active and wiry. Color and markings exactly like the dog, but the coat is short and soft, a characteristic of the bitches of this breed, I am told.

In disposition they are gentle, obedient and affectionate to a remarkable degree; in fact they surpass, in this respect, any spaniel or foxhound I ever saw.

Their crowning glory is their speed, which is something marvelous, their jumps averaging ten or twelve feet while running at play. What they would stretch it to in an exciting chase after a deer nobody knows. Though I have not tested their speed with greyhounds in this city, I should say they were fully as fast, with four times their endurance. I could not give a better description of my pup, "Dragon," than to refer you to the description of the champion Irish wolfhound, "June," a list of the Irish Sportsman, and reprinted in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 18th, 1879, page 115, to which description he seems to constantly grow nearer.

The importation of the breed for deer hunting purposes was largely an experiment, as it is a matter of doubt whether they will by nature or training run by scent. If not, I shall cross "Dragon" with my tan-colored, imported Irish wolfhound, "June," a list of the Irish Sportsman, and reprinted in the FOREST AND STREAM of March 18th, 1879, page 115, to which description he seems to constantly grow nearer. "June" is a beauty; tall and of good size, deep voice, extraordinary scent, gentle and affectionate disposition, and one of the fastest hounds in the State. Of the results of the cross I have great expectations, and hope to produce a new race of dogs for deer and bear hunting, which will combine the keen scent, tongue, sagacity and tenacity of the bloodhound with the immense speed, size, intelligence, muscular power and courage of the Irish wolfhound. I am in hopes, however, to be able to use them in their pure state for tracking deer, without the necessity of crossing with the bloodhound to get the necessary quality of running by scent.

Recommendations in this direction are based on their unmistakable intelligence and quickness to learn, and their naturally good scent, which is evinced in a dozen ways. I will keep you duly informed of the success of the experiment, which will be tested in the coming fall. As far as my information extends, this is the only pair of Irish wolfhounds in this country. Should there be any others I shall be glad to know it. The difficulty of the nature of the animal which American gentlemen have in sending cash remittances to breeders in England who are entire strangers, and to whose honor must necessarily be left the selection of dogs, I do them a favor and myself a pleasure in testifying to Mr. Frank

Adcock's reliability and fairness, and to whose extensive kennels and stables I would recommend all who desire to import rare dogs and blooded horses. H. B. ROSEY.

FATAL DISEASE AMONG DOGS IN THE SOUTH.—*Savannah, Ga., July 20th.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—I send you a slip from one of our daily papers concerning a very strange disease, that has been advancing southward for the past eighteen months. As far as I can learn, no such disease was ever known before. I lost five hounds with it a year ago, and several of my friends have lost dogs this year. If anyone can give any light on the subject through your paper it will be gratefully received. I know of hogs and cats that were bitten; they took the disease, and died. GEO. L. APPLETON.

The following is the cutting referred to in Mr. A.'s letter:—

"We learn from gentlemen living in South Carolina, along Black River and the vicinity, that a disease of a malignant character has for some weeks been prevalent among the dogs in that neighborhood, and many valuable animals have been sacrificed. The symptoms are similar to rabies, and the disease affects man, but a disposition to avoid people, but are very savage toward animals. Several planters have lost live horses and cows which were bitten by dogs affected with this madness. Strange to say, a few people who have been bitten have not apparently been affected in the least, whilst the horses and cows that were attacked suffered greatly and died. The exact character of the disease is not known, though from the symptoms it would seem to be akin to hydrophobia; the animals affected rushed at once for water. A youth, who was bitten by one of these "mad" dogs a week or two ago, was brought to Savannah for medical treatment, and speedily recovered, and has exhibited no evil effects of the bite.

We learn that the mortality among the canines has been very great, and several gentlemen have lost entire kennels of fine dogs. The dogs affected with the disease have been killed in many instances before they had time to spread the infection by biting. The disease still prevails, though for lack of material not to the same extent."

We know of no such disease, unless it be "rabies," which we are inclined to think this must be.

COURSING DEER IN A TWO-ACRE LOT.—Since the days when Barnum conducted his "Greatest Show on Earth" in the Madison Square garden, coursing deer has not been carried on to any great extent in the cities of the United States. But in Cincinnati the exciting sport seems to have revived within the last few weeks, and that was fortunate enough to witness the impromptu circus on Major Morgan's property, declare that "there's nothing like it." Col. Thos. B. Paxton of the Porkopolis, owns an Irish greyhound of the female persuasion, who is believed to be of the purest origin. She is of a creamy white color, with finely pointed black nose and black eyelids, symmetrical in build, with a thin, gracefully sweeping tail. A greyhound of tip-top condition should be all fire, animation and sprightliness, gaiety expressed in the sparkle of the eyes and the bounding elasticity of the limbs. Should be also so refreshing to the beholder as to produce the idea that the excellencies of the animal could be carried on further. This is all claimed for Lady, Col. Paxton's bitch. It is said she can run like the wind, and, in fact, go so fast when the spirit strikes her as to resemble a long streak of dancing moonshine, making it an even bet as to which end is her ladyship. Major Morgan owns a herd of six deer, which he keeps on his lawn, a plot of ground of about two acres in extent. A few evenings ago a party of gentlemen visited the Major, to see the greyhound and the doggy stock, which he takes much pleasure in showing to his friends, when, somehow, a greyhound of the "Lady" speed on the deer. The newspaper report is as follows:—

"The latter stood in a group near the north wall of the ground, observing evidently with some interest the movement of the visitors. Lady was started after them, and the whole herd scampered off to get out of her way. As she pressed too closely the bucks turned at bay and drove her off, sometimes leaping in and in a narrow space, giving out sport of this kind, and, possibly from lack of training, was a little slow in warning up to it, or the deer, being indisposed to active exertion, were unwilling to take part in a chase they had not sought. Lady persisted, however, and finally started them, and an interesting chase followed. The rear grounds cover probably about two and a half acres, two of which are in lawn, divided by a broad broken stone wall, and the remainder occupied by large buildings, the longest of which, on the east, was separated from the high wall by a narrow roadway. The buildings, of course, shut out much of the view. As the chase advanced, the whole herd at times came leaping over the lawn past the group of spectators, one with great, graceful leaps of twelve or fifteen feet at a stretch, of course leaving a greyhound in its rear. Some running out on one of the deer, however, Lady directed her energies to that one alone, and the others discovering it, quietly dropped out of the chase, and took position near the south wall merely as spectators and watched the subsequent proceedings with apparently as much interest as that felt by the group of human spectators, except that their sympathy was entirely in favor of Lady, and she pursued her ladyship with the chase became quite exciting, both pursued and pursuer straining every nerve as they almost flew over the ground. As the deer increased the distance from the pursuer it slackened its speed until the hound came within eight or ten feet, and at that distance between them half a dozen circuits of the ground were made. At this time the deer was in a narrow space, looking out on the big gate on the west side, and here the spectators feared the two animals would come in contact. It was with some relief that they saw the deer bounding out again into the lawn with the hound no nearer than when they entered.

"An amusing incident connected with this period of the chase was the fact that the latter, in a single, and surprising little dog that a few would think of looking at twice. He had been an interested spectator of the sport for some time, and had made frequent essays to take part in it. Unable longer to restrain himself, he gave himself up to it fully, and joined in the chase with as

great a show of vim as the greyhound. Whilst unable to keep up with his fleet-footed rival, his tact enabled him to make a good showing by cutting across the circles, while the hound followed every curve and turn of the deer.

"Fearing that the deer was being too closely pressed, Major Morgan attempted to call off the hound, but without success. Half a dozen times as the animals passed him closely he stepped between them and tried to frighten Lady away, but without avail. Both, after a chase of fifteen minutes, showed such evidence of fatigue that he determined to stop it, and the spectators quickly formed a line as the animals passed on the next round, and succeeded in separating them.

"Deer and hound were both thoroughly tired and nearly out of wind. Their mouths were wide open, their tongues lolled out, and each panted unaccountably for breath. The chase showed the blood of Lady, and that unless interrupted, as it was, the chase might have continued until one or the other had fallen from exhaustion."

MEASUREMENT OF BEAGLES.—*Essex County Hunt, Montclair, N. J., July 27th.*—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—At your request I have carefully weighed and measured some of our champions, and would say that a good beagle in thorough working condition should weigh one pound and one ounce (avoidpound) to every inch at shoulder and ears from tip to tip same as height; more the better.

HARRY HOWARD, Huntsman.

"We call attention to the notice of Mr. E. Z. Miley, of Lancaster, Pa., who advertises for a man to take charge of his kennel.

TORONTO DOG SHOW.—In another column we publish the notice of the Grand International Bench Show of Dogs to be held in Toronto, Sept. 8th, 9th and 10th. This promises to be an excellent exhibition and worthy of the attention of all dog men.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF DOGS.—Messrs. Notman & Sandham, the well-known photographers of Montreal, have sent us two excellent prints of two groups of dogs. They are wonderfully clever, and portray with life-like accuracy many of the various breeds.

KENNEL NOTES.

SALES.—*Dec. 27th.*—H. Dwyer, of this city, has purchased from Mr. E. C. Alden, Dedham, Mass., the Gordon setter bitch Bess, Bessett's Queen Bess-Donno's Tom. Sancha.—Mr. A. H. Evans, the President of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club of Washington City, has purchased of Mr. Chas. F. Kent, of Birmingham, N. Y., the famous pointer dog Sancha, said to be one of the best field finds in America. Victor-Lucy, whelp.—Mr. N. Elmore has sold to Mr. L. E. Burke, of Westfield, Mass., a fine English blue beagle puppy by Victor out of Lucy.

DEATHS.—*Pride of the Border.*—Mr. Chas. H. Raymond's famous Laverack setter dog Pride of the Border died some time ago. Fritz.—Mr. E. M. Le Moine, of Yonkers, N. Y., has lost by death his beautiful liver and white cocker spaniel Fritz, out of Mr. McKoon's Fanny Per and Sane.

PRESENTATION.—*Sis.*—*Ethel Green, Ind., July 20th.*—I am pleased to acknowledge a present of the red Irish setter puppy Sis, from Mr. James Chubb, of Cleveland, Ohio. She is the finest bitch in this section: Champion Elcho-Gipsy dog, and is most fully appreciated. T. A. SMILES.

NAMES CLAIMED.—*Bounce.*—Mr. W. H. West, of Belfast, Maine, claims the name of Bounce for his red Irish setter puppy whelped April 11th, 1880, out of Bridget Plunket by Dirk Hatterick; purchased from the kennels of Mr. E. J. Robbins, of Wethersfield, Conn. Nellie.—Mr. Edward P. Aborn, of Elizabeth, N. J., claims the name of Nellie for his liver and white pointer puppy, presented to him by Judge Gildersleeve, of this city. The puppy is two months old.

Bark.—*Fairy II.*—*Pontiac.*—Mr. John C. Higgins' Fairy II. to his Pontiac.

WHELPS.—*Petrol.*—Mr. John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del., Petrol whelped July 15th to his Dashing Monarch. *Petrol II.*—Mr. John C. Higgins' Petrol II. whelped July 15th to his young Laverack. *Flora.*—Messrs. Hitchcock & Hellyar's (formerly Lincoln & Hellyar) imported bitch Flora whelped on July 9th six puppies—one dog and four bitches—by Arlington. *Gipsy Queen.*—Dr. Henshall's setter bitch Gipsy Queen (Royal Duke-Queen), whelped June 4th, 1880, eight—three dogs and five bitches—by Col. Howard's Irish setter Bragg (Bob-Duck); colors, all red and all black. *Norah.*—Mr. Chas. H. Jayton's, Peekskill, N. Y., red Irish setter bitch Norah, first New York, 1880, whelped July 21st ten puppies—six dogs and four bitches—by champion Rory O'More.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE FISHING GAZETTE KNIFE.—We have received from Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, a knife designed by him for the use of anglers, and called the "Fishing Gazette Knife." The tool is a very useful one, and contains sixteen distinct implements, including screw-driver, English and French measures, file, disgorger, scissors, etc. Our angling friends will appreciate the value of such an addition to their equipment. We are informed that this knife can be obtained from Messrs. Thornhill & Co., 144 New Bond Street, London, and that the price is £2 10s.

A TEMPERATE DEPARTURE.—The following communication explains itself:—

James H. H. Warner & Co.—ALEXANDRIA BAY, N. Y., 1880. "I have been doctoring the last four years for rheumatism in the back, shoulders and limbs, and have been at no time free from pain until I commenced taking Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, which has entirely cured me. I want to keep it in the house to treat my friends with, instead of wine and liquors, as it will cure the diseases they will produce. Very truly yours, CHAS. WALTON.

"We call the attention of our readers to an advertisement of the patentee of the Fox Gun, which will be found in our columns of special inducements to those wanting one of these fine breech-loaders, so favorably known throughout the country. The gun is a most practical one, and from the well-known respectability of the maker, we are enabled to advise any one wanting one of these guns to send for an illustrated catalogue to the office of Geo. H. Fox, agent, 39 John Street, New York."

Archery.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

THE GRAND NATIONAL MEETING.

NOTES ON THE SHOOTING-LESSONS FROM THE WORK DONE.

To say that the meeting at Buffalo was a success, does not convey a sufficient idea of the entirely satisfactory conduct and results of the meeting. The attendance of contestants was smaller than the Committee anticipated, particularly of lady archers, the long distances to be traversed causing many of the leading toxophilites of the West to forego the pleasures of the Tourney.

The arrangements at the grounds were perfect, and but for the intolerable burning of the sun, and the severe breeze constantly sweeping across the ranges, the pleasures of the contest would have been unmarred. No doubt archers are prone to attribute their poor scoring too much to bad weather, and too little to the influences of a public meeting. Yet there can be no question

that the first two days of the meeting were trying ones upon the long endurance of the archer, and that the third day was a trying not less than eight feet. It may not be profitable to suggest to archers in general a few of the principal causes which produce the low scoring at national meetings as compared with private practice rounds. Some of these causes may, to some extent, be removed and others modified in their effects, but several are without remedy. The first trial which the majority of archers in our country have to undergo, and the necessary effect of which is to weaken the desire to preserve the control of the weapons, is the journey of from three hundred to one thousand miles from home to the place of meeting. If any archer will make such a journey immediately before shooting over his own range at his home, he will discover a serious falling off in his scoring. The next matter to be mentioned scolding in itself, but its effects are always observable in diminished scoring, and this is the change of diet and loss of sleep, which can scarcely be avoided when one attends one of these great public meetings. The animal and nervousness attendant upon a public contest also to some extent militates against accuracy, but the chief cause, and the one for which there seems to be no remedy, comes from the changed surroundings. At home the archer shoots the York Round from 4 o'clock to 6 o'clock in the afternoon, when the air is cool and pleasant, and the shadow of the great trees protect him from the scorching rays of the sun, the familiar background enables him to find his point of aim, and, in fact, his mind is so much at ease because his bow does not weaken in the shade to any appreciable extent. He occupies only about two hours in completing the round, and his nerves are kept well strung up from the beginning to the end. There is nothing to distract the attention from the work in hand, and all the energies are directed to one matter. At a great public meeting, however, the archer is compelled to shoot upon a strange field, under the glare of a summer sun, from 10 o'clock A.M. until 6 o'clock P.M., to drag through a single York Round. He misses the familiar background, and hunts in vain for his point of aim on the shining sky above his target. The noonday heat weakens his bow several pounds, and his point of aim constantly rises. He has not met his old friends on the target field since the last national meeting, and in his anxiety to note their style and accuracy, he suffers his attention to wander from his own target. These things, with many others unnecessary to be here recalled, combine to reduce the scoring at every public meeting about 20 per cent. below the average of the same archers in private practice.

The records of the Private Practice Club for the month immediately preceding the National Meeting clearly proves this to be true. Only one archer, Mr. Frank H. Walworth, approached his private practice average. The winner of the champion medal, Mr. L. L. Peddinghaus, averaged for June in the Private Practice Club only a trifle better than his work at the public meeting, getting an average double round of 734 against a score of 684 in the Private Practice Club. The two exceptions already named, the average falling off was about 20 per cent. A list of the 6 highest scores made at the Buffalo meeting by members of the Private Practice Club, opposed to the averages of the same archers for the month of June, will show the true effect of a public meeting:—

	June average.	Buffalo meeting.	Gain.	Loss.
L. L. Peddinghaus.....	734	702	—	32
W. H. Thompson.....	685	696	—	108
W. H. Walworth.....	734	734	—	—
Edwin Devol.....	684	684	—	98
Edwin Devol.....	684	474	—	210
W. H. Kyle.....	684	474	—	217
J. B. Mott.....	594	452	—	142
Total.....	4980	4980	—	500

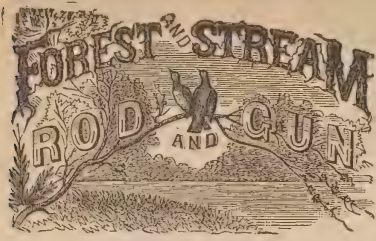
Even this is not a fair test, since only the 7 highest scores secured by members of the Private Practice Club are chosen as a basis, and, of course, those scoring nearest up to their average would be most likely to secure the highest records. An examination of all the scores made by the members of the Private Practice Club at the Buffalo meeting will show no instance other than that of Mr. Walworth, where an archer equaled his June average.

We have called attention to these discrepancies at a public meeting, not for the purpose of the two exceptions already named, but in the hope that every contestant may be fully aware of his own position, and bearing with great patience those which cannot be overcome.

That systematic effort will greatly reduce their evil effects cannot be doubted, and the wonderful improvement in the general scoring since the national meeting of last year, gives us every reason to be encouraged. Looking to the records of the two national meetings, we find progress everywhere. Three scores this year exceed that by which the medal was won at Chicago, while the average of the 6 highest scores exceed it some points. Last year there were only 5 scores exceeding 500 points, while this year there were 12. At Chicago the 15 highest scores only averaged 401 points, while at Buffalo an average of 500 points was obtained. Such an increase, if continued through another year, would bring us to almost even terms with the veteran archers of Great Britain. On the 23d, 24th and 25th of June the first great public meeting of the archers of England occurred at Leamington, upon grounds famous for the surprisingly great scores made there, and the attendance of archers was greater than this annual meeting ever before called together. The English champion (Mr. Walters), together with such renowned toxophilites as Fitzpatrick, Elliott, Col. Lewin, Piers Leigh, Yates Foote, Aston, Eyrre Hussy, Nesham, Sagar, Bull, and many others of twenty years' experience, among them the two last winners of the champion medal of the United Kingdom, shot there during two days, the first of which the London Field pronounces, "also

I have in my possession the tooth of a grizzly bear, which was killed by one of the Indians whose shots are in the inclosed tag, with the same kind of bow and arrow which he used on the 4th.

LIVINGSTON STONE



A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO FIELD AND AQUATIC SPORTS, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY, FISH CULTURE, THE PROTECTION OF GAME, PRESERVATION OF FORESTS, AND THE INOCULATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST IN OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the money or they will not be inserted. No advertisement or business notice of an immoral character will be received on any terms.

*Any publisher inserting our prospectus above one character, with brief editorial notice calling attention thereto and sending marked copy to us, will receive the FOREST AND STREAM for one year.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880.

To Correspondents.

All communications whatever, intended for publication, must be accompanied with real name of the writer as a guarantee of good faith, and be addressed to Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Names will not be published if objection be made. Anonymous communications will not be regarded.

We cannot promise to return rejected manuscripts. Secretaries of Clubs and Associations are urged to favor us with brief notes of their movements and transactions.

Nothing will be admitted to any department of the paper that may not be read with propriety in the home circle.

We cannot be responsible for dereliction of mail service if money remitted to us is lost.

Trade supplied by American News Company.

PURCHASE OF CARROLL ISLAND.—One of the most renowned shooting grounds for canvas-back ducks is Carroll Island in Chesapeake Bay, not far from the mouth of Gunpowder Creek, and but 14 miles from Baltimore. This island has an area of 1,200 acres, and the extent of the shore is 10 miles. In season it is the resort of multitudes of ducks, including, in the order of their arrival in these waters, teal, black-heads, canvas-backs and red-heads. The teal appear about the 1st of October, and two weeks later the larger fowl put in an appearance. The excellence of the feed and its abundance make this a favorite resort for the birds. The celery, the tea-weed and other plants which grow in the brackish water, and on which ducks delight to feed, grow here in the greatest profusion, and attract the fowl from far and near.

Carroll's Island belonged originally to the old Carroll estate, and more recently to William Slater. Many attempts to purchase it have been made by shooting clubs, and we believe that \$100,000 was at one time offered for it and refused. The shooting privileges have been rented in previous years for \$300 per annum.

We understand that this property has just been bought by an association of twenty gentlemen, of whom ten are New Yorkers, five Philadelphians, and five residents of Baltimore. Each member has subscribed \$2,500, as an admission fee, and the deeds have this week been delivered to the association. Many improvements are to be made on the island, and a new club-house built.

The shooting is principally point shooting and bar shooting, and those who are familiar with the conformation of the island will appreciate the excellence of the sport that the owners of the island are likely to have this fall. The bags made here average from twenty-five to fifty birds to the gun on shooting days.

A DISGRACEFUL SQUABBLE.—In the quarrel between the agents of the Sharps and Ballard Rifle Companies, as reported by cable from England, the travelers for both companies have enacted rather a shameful part. It might have been thought that both men would have cared more about the success of the team than they did for the few dollars difference between the prize each wanted and the one he got; but any one who credited them with so much patriotism and liberal feeling did them a manifest injustice.

From beginning to end the exhibition of the American Rifle Advertising Team has been such as to cause Americans to wish that some of its members were citizens of any other country than the United States.

THE HALFORD-HYDE MATCH.

"SERVED them right" was the general verdict when the cable announced on Saturday last that the squad of shooters gathered together by Gun-Agent Hyde had been defeated on Wimbledon common by an equal number of small-bore celebrities from that side. Since this match was first suggested and so industriously misrepresented by its projector as an international match, the FOREST AND STREAM has been vigilant in declaring its true character. Defeat was predicted by us, simply because from the very nature of its composition those elements which have gone to make the victories of previous and bona fide American teams were wanting in this nondescript company. They were either self-appointed, or possibly, what is worse, hired for the work. The team, if it can be so dignified, had no recognized head, and discipline was at the lowest ebb. The team had no backing from this side the ocean, and whatever of importance attached to it was in the possible mischief it could accomplish in breaking down the prestige which had grown up about American rifle doings here and in Great Britain. The match itself was of no moment whatever; nothing depended upon it; the Palma does not change hands; it was not a championship contest; and having defeated eight Americans by a score which has never been surpassed at Wimbledon, Sir Henry Halford wins merely the empty honor of having carried off the victory from nobody in particular. Had Messrs. Hyde and Halford carried out their original programme of having a bit of a private match, in which each would be assisted by three gentlemen of his choice, nobody would have aught to say about it. The FOREST AND STREAM would probably have said not a word about the immaterial event, beyond a ten line report of the scores. But, swelling with conceit, the manager of the match had worked it up to an offensive prominence under false pretenses. The Board of Directors here did a very dignified and proper thing in ignoring any direct allusion to the match, and providing against the contingency of having the official Irish-American contest of 1880 mixed up in any way with this miserable mushroom match. If it is not understood on the other side by the British National Rifle Association and its members that Hyde had not a scintilla of authority to act as a representative American, it has not been for want of outspoken utterances from this side. There seems to have been an apprehension on the part of the public that the match was nationally insignificant, for the cable informs us that the spectators were but a handful, and that the affair passed off with supreme dreariness, without enthusiasm of any sort until, at the finish, Capt. Halford began the usual talk about "our cousins from the New World," etc. Hyde, in responding, seemed to have some appreciation of the cause of his collapse, and struck the key-note of his opponent's success, and made a confession of his own preliminary carelessness when he said that the British team discipline had won them the battle.

It does not appear that there was any special mishap coming in to throw the Hyde team so far in the shade. The day was palpably good, and the weather conditions not unfavorable, else why the superb score of the British team. The marking was fair and just, and the Americans got all they earned; but with far finer weapons in their hands, they were whipped in a disgraceful manner by men to whom they should have given the closest sort of a struggle, and according to all precedents have shown a clean pair of heels. If everybody who should read or hear of the match could be made to understand precisely its real insignificance as an international contest, no special harm would result, and the press of America very generally understands the situation; but in Great Britain, now that victory has inclined that way, much stress will no doubt be laid on the "International" character of the contest. If our friends over the water find any satisfaction in this, they are abundantly welcome to it; but they must remember, in their congratulation, that America is still the champion, and so long as the Palma remains on this side of the ocean they cannot claim championship honors.

The mere accident of similarity of numbers in the make-up of the team, and of the distances fired over permits comparisons to be made with Elcho Shield contest scores, and by this test the work of the British team stands out very well. Sir Henry Halford has had the first chance of showing that the lessons of his defeat at Creedmoor, in 1877, have not been thrown away. The men were capably squadded, and the steadiest sort of work is shown in the detailed list of scores. The men had caught the idea from the genuine American teams of former years, of each giving the cue to his follower at the same target. Had the Hyde men been able to do the same there would have been one of the finest long-range contests on record, and a score to have beaten the British one must needs have been very fine indeed.

The match, such as it was, will not be without its good fruits. It may teach American riflemen that they are not invincible, as indeed they are very far from being as individual shots. The reliance placed by all good team captains thus far on a good team discipline has not been a misplaced one. There was need of it at all times, and in the

future more even than in the past. What our American riflemen are without it, Gun-Agent Hyde has most thoroughly demonstrated. Sir Henry Halford may take heart now in his promised work of bringing a band over for the Palma match next year. That match of 1881 will be more nearly a trial of men than any we have yet had. The Britishers have caught our secret of team organization. They have taken careful observation of our weapons, and are not a whit behind us now as rifle makers. Nothing now remains but a test of men, and this we are likely to have next time, when the record will be resumed from the point where it was dropped in 1877, though the interim has been given up to such by-play as walk-over matches and gun-agent farces.

THE RISE IN SEAMANSHIP.

THE prize for seamanship, or "neatness" in the keep and outfit for the year, offered to its members by the San Francisco Yacht Club, has been awarded to the sloop *Annie*, Capt. Jabez Howes. She is thoroughly equipped in every respect, as one might suppose from the experience of her owner as a ship captain. Beside handsome furniture, bright paint, smooth sides and brass-work throughout, her boatswain's and navigator's department are fully supplied with all the requisites of a long cruise. Binnacle, taffrail, log and lead, charts, mathematical instruments, sailing directions, barometer, life preservers, fenders, watch tackles, storm gear and sails, ship's library, signal codes, side lights, deck and riding lights, night signals, oil-skis, fog horn, scrubbing gear, boats and fittings, racing sails and spars, housing, topmast, taut rigging, eyes leathened, chafing gear, rope ends hitched and grafted, ample ground tackle, kedge and spare anchor, pumps and plumbing, galley and fittings, sailmakers' and carpenters' supplies, tarpaulins, skylights and hatch covers, all these, and the multitude of lesser things which go to make up a sailor's yacht, were found aboard the *Annie* sloop in regular "ship-shape and Bristol fashion." Of course, skipper Howes would have had his beauty in thorough trim anyhow, prize or no prize, but the attention drawn to his craft, and the manner of her keep, will induce members of the San Francisco Yacht Club to cut their jibs accordingly, save on the beer and grog, and put their money into a tidy ship instead. The Seawanhaka Yacht Club and the Salem Bay Yacht Club have followed suit, and we venture to assure large results from their action in a season or two, for if there is one thing we are more deficient in than another in our New York squadrons it is in a seamanlike outfit of our yachts. We have been absorbed almost entirely with attempts at great speed, and every other feature of the sport has been allowed to remain neglected. We guarantee that not one yachtman out of three can "box the compass," not one out of six can "mark the lead line," and not one out of a hundred can "work a day's reckoning." This is not said altogether in disparagement of our amateur tars, but rather with a view to calling their attention to matters wherein we are still sorely deficient. So many yachtmen are annually new to the sport that they are naturally lacking in all that calls for time, experience or study to acquire; but from the well-known adaptability of Americans to anything they undertake in earnest, we argue that a few years more will work a great change for the better, especially when we once have some sort of standards set up as an example to follow. Hence, we have been foremost among our contemporaries in advocating everything that seemed to drive us nearer to the desired goal, and we would like to see other clubs fall into line with those mentioned in devoting a portion of the year's prize money to something else than racing—to rewards for seamanship, for the greatest number of days underway, for the best kept log, for improvements and useful devices in rig, or fittings, or, generally, for the display of superior efficiency in any of the principal features, the attainment and spread of which would promote the interests of the sport.

—A Long Island negro last week mistook a boy's head for a woodchuck and shot at it, killing the boy. The jury brought in a verdict of accidental shooting. It should at least have censured the man for culpable carelessness. This is not the first instance of the kind on record. Too many men and boys have been shot because the shooter thought that they were wild animals. A wholesome disciplining of the responsible parties would have a salutary effect.

The man who does not know the difference between a boy's head and a woodchuck has no business with a gun, and the gunner who discharges his rifle in the woods at what he supposes to be a deer, but which proves to be a man, ought to be kept at home and not allowed to go into the woods. The simple possession and handling of firearms appear to deprive some men of common sense; they become crazy to shoot, and in this condition are subject to all sorts of hallucinations, in which they behold all manner of familiar woodland objects as game walking. Happily much of the supposed game turns out to be blackened stumps, dark rocks and fallen logs; occasion

ally the mistake is more serious, and human life is sacrificed to their rashness.

To the "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" class of fire-arm handlers, must be added the "thought-it-was-a-wood-chuck" variety; and the man or woman who values his or her life, will do well to give both of these dangerous classes a very wide berth.

—Mr. Frank Lord, the well-known expert in off-hand pistol shooting, sailed for Europe last Saturday. We have already described in the *FOREST AND STREAM* some of Mr. Lord's very entertaining and really remarkable feats, with exhibitions of which he is always willing to favor his friends. To his programme have recently been added several new shots, one of which consists in cutting in twain with his bullet a card thrown up edgewise. Some of these new accomplishments will no doubt surprise even those of his European friends who are familiar with his former shots.

We should add that Mr. Lord is, in the strictest sense of the word, a gentleman amateur, who practices this form of recreation from pure love of the sport, and in thus jealously guarding his skill from all taint of other motives is deserving of the highest credit.

In these days of "professionalism," it is refreshing to see a man who owns fast horses enjoy their speed and take pride in their performances without pitting them on the race course for a money purse; a man who can glory in the strength of his body without rushing on to the sawdust track; and a man who has the quick eye and the steady aim to excel in pistol shooting without posing before the public for game money and prizes.

—The paper published to-day on Grouse Shooting in the Northwest is timely. The writer has been long enough in the field to claim a practical knowledge of what he talks about.

GREENE SMITH.—Greene Smith, known throughout the United States as a sportsman and naturalist, died at his home in Peterboro last Friday morning, July 23d, aged thirty-nine years.

The announcement will be received without surprise, but with none the less of regret by his numerous friends, to whom it has long been known that recovery from his disease, consumption, was impossible.

With this brief note of Mr. Smith's death, we leave until next week a more extended sketch of his life, particularly that side of it by which he was best known to our readers as a devoted follower of field sports and an enthusiastic collector of birds.

The Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, of Syracuse, held a special meeting last Saturday and adopted these resolutions:—

WHEREAS, Greene Smith, a loved and loving brother, husband and friend, as time when manhood's morning almost reaches noon, and while the shadows are still falling toward the West, by an act of Providence, whose ways are wondrous and past finding out, was taken from amongst us and from this "beautiful world," as he often used to describe it, and we, his friends, here assembled, feeling it, not only our duty, but our sacred privilege, to express our feelings upon this occasion,

Resolved, That in the death of Greene Smith we are again reminded of the uncertainty of the duration of life and of the reality of death.

Resolved, That in the deceased we knew a genial and faithful friend, and although born of illustrious parentage, receiving an education by study and travels, adorned by a liberal acquaintance of wealth and position, which fell to his lot, yet always simple, upright in all his intercourse with his fellow men, and honorable in all his things.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his widow and surviving relatives in this, the hour of their affliction.

Resolved, That those proceedings be published in the Syracuse papers, and a copy forwarded to the bereaved widow.

Resolved, That the President appoint three members of this club to attend the funeral of the deceased at Peterboro on the 26th instant.

Messrs. F. E. Carroll, Thomas Kimber, Jr., and Charles R. Wright were appointed a committee to attend the funeral. The Central City Sportsmen's Club also passed a series of resolutions as follows:—

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Divine Providence to remove from earth Greene Smith, just as he was reaching the prime of manhood, with his faculties developed and his intellect in its ripest vigor,

WHEREAS, The members of this organization cherish with the fondest recollection the remembrance of his genial ways, his kindly heart and his unselfish spirit, recalling with unmeasured sadness the many bright hours spent in the company of one of Nature's noblemen, who was an enthusiast over Nature's loveliness, and

WHEREAS, This association has had many evidences of the generosity, the public spirit and the deep interest taken by our departed brother in pastimes which in common we have enjoyed, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of the Central City Sportsmen's Club have learned with inexpressible sadness of the death of our departed brother, who was a member of this organization. We desire to give expression to our appreciation of his conspicuous talents, his large heart which was ever charitable where charity was needed, and his bright and genial ways which illumined his pathway in life and which reflected their sunshine and brightness upon his fellow-men, making them better for having known him.

Resolved, That this association can never forget our departed friend, who shared the pleasure, and bore the brunt of the trials that beset it, and whose princely heart was never happy unless in doing good to his fellow-men.

Resolved, That we tender to the afflicted wife of our departed brother our deepest sympathy in her bereavement and beg her

to accept this inadequate tribute to the sterling worth of a man who was the noblest of his kind.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to attend the funeral at Peterboro, on Monday, July 29th, at 3 P.M., and a copy of the proceedings be furnished to the press.

Resolved, That an engrossed copy of the above preamble and resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Greene Smith.

The committee appointed were: Howard Soule, Frank B. Klock, Lucius Moses, R. W. Jones, James Geddes, J. P. Brumelkamp.

The following letter was transmitted by the President of the New York State Association, of which Mr. Smith was, in the years before his sickness, a most active member, and in 1877 the President:—

BROOKLYN, July 25th.

Mrs. Greene Smith:—

Dear Madam: It is with extreme regret that the sad announcement of your husband's death is received. My personal acquaintance with him, though brief, was such as to endear him to me. The irreparable loss sustained by true sportsmen cannot be properly expressed in the space of this communication. Believe me that the intelligence will cause profound sorrow among the many members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, who were intimate with him and were cognizant of his personal worth, work and acquisitions. Scattered, as they are, throughout the State, no formal action can be taken by the Club delegates until the annual meeting in 1881, when suitable measures will be adopted to perpetuate his memory. Meanwhile, on behalf of that Association as its President, and personally tendering you heartfelt sympathy and condolence in your bereavement, permit me to subscribe myself, with very great respect, sincerely yours,

ABEL CHOOK.

GAME PROTECTION.

THE CONNECTICUT WOODCOCK LAW.—The Stamford, Conn., Advocate takes issue with those who think the game law of that State is not observed as it should be. Commenting on the subject it forcibly says:—

In the first place, we don't admit for a moment the game law prohibiting the shooting of summer woodcock is a dead letter. It certainly is not in this section of the State, and if it is in and around Hartford, it is not the fault of the law, but the sportsmen (7) themselves. If the sportsmen of Hartford are willing to be overrun with market shooters and "pot hunters" out of season, they must of course leave "poor picking" in the fall; but we doubt very much if such men as Robinson, Beston and others whom we might name, will admit that the law is a dead letter or that it is not a good and wholesome one. In the second place, the old law permitting the killing of woodcock on and after July 4th was the most abused law ever allowed to stand on our statute books, for more reasons than we have room to give here. All decency rebels against it, for the sake of man and beast, to say nothing about the destruction of the poor half-grown birds. To go back to the barbarous times of summer shooting would be a long stride from the path of progress. The whole sporting fraternity is crying out against it, and it has been forever abolished in many States beside this State, and it is the opinion of all thinking naturalists and sportsmen that if we wish to exterminate the noblest game bird in the world, continue the summer shooting of woodcock. Now the Sportsmen of Connecticut know what their best interest, and will never consent to go back to summer shooting. Show us the man who will claim that there would be any sport in hunting woodcock during the present month, while the thermometer stands at nearly ninety every day, when after the birds are bagged the chances are they would spoil before the return home, is there sport? Is it not more like a crime? In the third place, the law in New York is on until September, and works well. The "pot hunters" may not like it, but are they the sportsmen of the great State of New York? We think not. If "many of the sportsmen of New York think a mistake was made in extending the time from July to September," let us know who they are. Give us the names of the "leading sportsmen" of that or another State, who will not say the law is a grand, good and common-sense law, and for every such name we will furnish scores of who do."

When the local press maintain this position on game and game laws, the work of game protection will be accomplished. This has the ring; it is sound, and we hope to hear more of it.

A PROPOSED PROTECTIVE SOCIETY.—New York, July 22d.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—I have been talking over a plan with a number of fellow sportsmen, whereby we may be enabled to establish an Association which will protect game in the vicinity of New York. We all know that the Society for the Protection of Game, in New York City, does its work faithfully and well, but in the neighborhood of New York, on Long Island, in New Jersey, and other localities where we are in the habit of looking for game and fish, there is no, or at least very feeble, protection. Especially, perhaps, where the West Jersey Game Society has control, and where its residents generally do not wish to complain of their neighbors, and are afraid to get the ill-will of poachers; beside which, it takes time and money to bring these offenders to justice. My plan is as follows: Let a central association be formed in New York; members can be from any locality, and a suitable reward be offered, not \$5 nor \$10, but \$25 or \$50, for every offender brought to prosecution, and also the club to see that the individuals are properly prosecuted. If such an association was known to exist, and poachers found they were relentlessly prosecuted, poaching would be at a discount very quickly. It is useless to look for aid from State associations; they, as we know, have neither the time nor inclination. It seems to me such an organization ought to have a number of agents, and an assessment of \$5 each would be sufficient to start with. Let those who are in earnest send in their names, and we will call a meeting and organize at once.

W. HOLBERTON,
65 Fulton street, N. Y.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—Kennelbunk, Me., July 24th.—We received our quota of migratory quail in good condition, and released them in such localities in our vicinity as

seemed to us best fitted for them. The result of such an experiment was the general topic of conversation, not only among sportsmen, but of farmers, store-keepers, and in fact everybody suddenly discovered that they were interested in the migratory quail. Reports were received daily of the birds being seen somewhere, until it really got to be ludicrous to have some thick-headed fellow, who didn't know a sparrow from a blue jay, insist that he had seen a quail several times in his garden or cow yard. "O yes, it was a quail; he knew it was a quail, because he had never seen a bird like it before," when it was probably some bird common in this vicinity; but yet never having noticed the bird before, he thought it must be some new species, and therefore quail.

However, the quail nested quite soon after they were released, and have laid from eight to ten eggs in nests that have been discovered; in some cases they have already hatched, and out of the nest; some are still on the nest. There has been but one case of loss that has come to my knowledge, that of a bird being run over by a moving machine while on the nest covering ten eggs. You can hear them at most any time in the day, but to see them is quite another thing; yet I have heard of their coming about the buildings of the farmers and feeding. Although some of the birds have wandered long distances from where they were released, yet they seem to have generally remained near the localities where they were turned loose.

We hope that next year will bring them back to us in goodly numbers, and then we shall know that with us the experiment is a success.

G. C. L.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME IN SEASON IN AUGUST.*

Woodcock, <i>Philohela minor</i> .	Red-backed sandpiper, or ox-bird, <i>Tringa americana</i> .
Black-bellied plover, ox-eye, <i>Squatarola helvetica</i> .	Great-headed gowditi, or marsh wren, <i>Linnæa</i> .
Ring-billed gull, <i>Larus delawarensis</i> .	Yellow-bellied sapsucker, <i>Sphyrapicus varius</i> .
Stilt, or long-shanks, <i>Himantopus nigricollis</i> .	Tattler, <i>Totanus melanoleucus</i> .
Red-breasted snipe, dowitcher, <i>Macrorhamphus griseus</i> .	Yellow-shanks, <i>Totanus flavipes</i> .

*This enumeration is general, and is in conflict with many of the State laws.

"Bay birds" generally, including various species of plover, sandpiper, snipe, curlew, etc., and also the phalaropes, avocets, etc., coming under the group *Linnæa*, or shore birds. Many States permit prairie fowl (plains grouse) shooting after Aug. 15th.

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GROUSE SHOOTING IN THE NORTHWEST.

FOR some years past your correspondent has taken his annual vacation in the Northwest, preferring the fresh prairie breezes to a crowded hotel, and the freedom of camp life to the conventional restraints of a modern watering place. Each season he has there met with Eastern sportsmen in constantly increasing numbers, and it is always a pleasure to find that the region is rarely one of unqualified success. It will, perhaps, not be amiss to offer a few suggestions on the subject.

It may be accepted as a general truth, in all kinds of humanity, that mere skill with the gun is not in itself sufficient to insure a good bag of game, and this principle applies with peculiar force in grouse shooting. The most indifferent shot will bring down his birds easily enough when he has the good fortune to find them, but grouse are not to be met with in every what stubble and along the margin of every slough "as thick as chickens in a barn yard." On the contrary, even in the best grouse region in America (Southern Minnesota, Northwest Iowa and Eastern Dakota) it is common enough for well-equipped sportsmen to beat over miles of good-looking country without getting a point or starting a feather. The reason for this is, of course, that the country is vast, and none but a practiced eye can pick out the "right places" with any sort of precision. Nor are there any royal rules for the guidance of the uninitiated. An old hunter, for instance, mounts the buggy seat, sweeps the horizon and directs the driver to some swale, or ridge, or slough, or stubble. But there are hundred such places within view, and when you ask why he selects that particular one, he can only reply, "It's a likely looking spot for 'em." Were he to justify his impression by assigning specific reasons and going into details, he would merely mystify himself and mislead you. He generalizes, unconsciously, perhaps, but almost unerringly, just as an Indian generalizes a faint trail, or an old banker an accommodation bill.

And this will explain the wide diversity of opinion which prevails in regard to the most suitable dogs for grouse-hunting. If the sportsman proposes to beat up the whole country, he must have bold, wide-ranging dogs, with high speed and great bottom—well-muscled pointers, if their feet are good, or the pointer dropper, or best of all, the Irish setter. But if the hunter has a fair knowledge of the game and its haunts; if he can pick out the choice bits of country with reasonable accuracy, and is already, fine-nosed, close ranger will prove serviceable enough—a Gordon, for instance, even a good, stanch dog who is far past his prime and almost useless for general purposes.

On his first visit to the prairies an Eastern sportsman generally takes out his best quail dog; and it is scarcely too much to say that the animal's merit will exactly mark the degree of his owner's disappointment. A half-broken puppy, which has been used to a title on quail with older dogs, will generally acquire himself even a well on grouse. True, he beats with a perplexed uncertainty, sometimes timid and sometimes bold, but he has at least been taught to back his superiors, and will seldom run in. Above all, not much is expected from him, and when he tremulously makes a crouching point, and holds it, his achievement is looked upon as being full of hope and promise. But, alas! it is far otherwise with your main dependence—stanch old Pointe. Pointe is your favorite. You have worked him for five seasons, and each year your tongue has grown more wanton in his praise. He is a bold, up-headed dog, full of intelligence, and with a marvelous nose—a dog who knows his duties and glories in the knowledge. See with what freedom

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 24th.—A friendly match was shot between the Binghamton and the Outcrop gun clubs, and resulted in favor of the Binghamtons by 29 balls. The match was shot from a Cretaceous range; 18 yards rise; on the grounds of the Outcrop Club in Franklin, N. Y.

Outcrop Club.		Binghamton Club.	
Isaac Ducl.	15	P. Cutler	20
M. P. McKoon	15	M. E. Boss	13
D. H. Harris	15	N. Vaudron	18
W. Rutherford	15	N. Cutler	15
W. Hamilton	15	Harry Waite	18
C. M. Hind	15	W. H. Batt	17
Robert Walker	14	S. M. McKean	16
Dwight Barlett	15	G. H. Wilson	16
Robert Smith	13	Levy Peters	19
James Rutherford	14	A. Dittmar	18
Total	146	Total	172

Dubuque, Iowa, July 17th.—The Jollen Gun Club held its second shoot a few days ago on the bluffs west of the city. Quite a number of members were absent, but those who participated report a good time. Game birds were used in all the matches, and all good flyers.—First match, 5 singles at 21 yards, 3 pairs of doubles at 18 yards—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
Geo. Warcham	1010	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
C. Gregoire	1010	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
J. Reed	1010	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
R. Rogers	1010	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Medal match, 15 singles, 21 yards—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
F. Miller	1010	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Geo. Warcham	1010	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
C. Gregoire	1010	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
J. Reed	1010	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
R. Rogers	1010	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Sweepstakes, 21 yards.—J. Reed 5, F. Stout 3, W. Cox 4, F. Cox 5, S. Cox 3, W. Rogers 3, J. Williams 2, C. Turner 4, John Reed 1st, C. Turner second and S. Cox third.

Sweepstakes, 25 yards.—J. Reed 1, W. Cox 4, Williams 2, S. Cox 3, C. Gregoire 2, F. Miller 4, F. Cox 3. Miller and W. Cox first, and Sam Cox second.

Sweepstakes, 25 entrance, 25 yards.—Rogers 9, F. Cox 8, W. Cox 6, J. Reed 9, S. Cox 9. In shooting off ties Rogers won first, F. Cox second and W. Cox third.

OTTO WILKINS' SHOOTING.—GREENVILLE, Pa., July 21st.—Editor Forest and Stream.—In justice to Mr. Otto Wilkins you should state that he broke the balls thrown from a Bogardus stand, 38 feet. That, I think, has never been equalled by any one.

M. H. BROOKS.

THE ST. LOUIS GUN CLUB.—St. Louis, July 24th.—I mail you today, with the compliments of Mr. H. Benckee, the artist, a photograph of our gun club as it appeared at our July 5th shoot. In the center, sitting with his hands crossed on his crooked handle cane, with black slouch hat and gray beard, is Gov. Phelps, of Missouri. On his right, looking toward him, is Lieut. Gov. Broekmeyer, of Missouri. On Broekmeyer's right are three ex-Presidents of the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange. On Gov. Phelps' left is ex-Senator Armstrong, of St. Louis, and next to him is Basil Duke, both of them Police Commissioners. We appreciate it as a reminder of an enjoyable day, and you may perhaps like to have it for reference.

W. MUSSON.

MANCHESTER, N. H., July 21st.—Regular weekly shoot of the Manchester Shooting Club, Card rotary trap, 18 yards rise, 10 balls each—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
A. Moore	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
R. E. Wilson	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Re-entry	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Dr. Blank	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
A. B. Brown	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
F. J. Drake	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9

The Rifle.

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RANGE AND GALLERY.

THE KENNEDY MAGAZINE RIFLE.—In the FOREST AND STREAM of last week appeared the remarkable record made by Otto Wilkins at glass balls thrown from a trap, a far more difficult performance than the cracking of glass balls and other objects as they are thrown from the hand of an experienced second. The account, however, omitted to state that the weapon used was the Kennedy magazine rifle, and was made by the Whitney Arms Company of New Haven. For a magazine and hunting rifle it is second to none. It is appreciated in the growing demand for it from all sections of the country, and especially from the West, where the hunting qualities of an arm are pretty severely tried. The breech is of very simple construction, perfectly safe, having rolled metal in the line of resistance to the fire, and it can be manipulated and fired as rapidly as any arm. The company are now making a rifle of the same name and style, but intended to use a 60 grain cartridge of .45 caliber. President Whitney also reports: "We have made about 2,000 of the Burgess gun, that uses the United States Government cartridge, and has sold better for sporting purposes than any new gun ever put on the market in the same time, and has given good satisfaction."

ZETTLER RIFLE CLUB.—New York, July 25th.—The fourteenth competition for the J. H. Brown rifle shot for at Outtenberg, 20 yards, 90 shots per man, ring target—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
H. Oehl	603	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60
M. Dorrer	603	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60
D. Miller	603	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60	60

MASSACHUSETTS.—The following scores were made at Hackmatack Saturday, July 24th, by members of Gardner Rifle Association; distance, 200 yards, off-hand, using the inch ring and Creedmoor target combined; two scores of ten shots each per man—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
J. N. Dodge	81	44	44	47	175	91						
Chester Hinds	71	43	38	45	159	88						
G. R. Hinds	65	42	38	45	150	88						
C. E. Morris	68	42	81	44	140	89						
F. Newton	61	40	89	45	141	85						
H. C. Newton	61	40	89	45	141	85						
W. C. Newton	61	44	94	42	131	86						
J. C. Reed	50	43	54	42	124	85						
Joe. Norwood	49	39	51	42	103	81						

BOSTON, Mass., July 24th.—The attendance at the Walnut Hill range to-day was not large. The day was excellent for shooting, however, the wind blowing from the south, cool, steady, and the light being at the best. Mr. Brooks' score of 48 at 200 yards, was a fine performance, and Mr. Rabbeth's 106, with a military rifle

was remarkable, being made on the Massachusetts paper target.

Massachusetts Match No. 1.

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
J. F. Rabbeth (m.l.)	12	10	11	11	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
W. Charles	12	12	10	10	11	11	12	10	10	10	10	10
E. F. Brooks	10	12	10	10	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
J. Nichols	8	12	9	9	9	12	11	11	9	10	10	10
C. Richards	8	12	9	9	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Creedmoor Match No. 2.

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
E. F. Brooks	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6
C. Richards	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6
H. Davis	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6
J. Nichols	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6
R. Jordan	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6
G. E. Perry	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6
G. Warren	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6	5	6

Five Hundred Yard Off-hand Match.

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
W. Charles	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J. Nichols	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
C. Richards	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
F. H. Cornell	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
J. P. H. Kent	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5

Amateur Match.

On Wednesday the long range match takes place at Walnut Hill. Thursday the glass ball shooters have a jubilee at the same place.

WAKEFIELD, Mass., July 24th.—There was a large attendance of riflemen this afternoon at the range of the Wakefield Amateur Rifle Association. The main feature was the splendid shooting of Messrs. Richardson and Jewell. Richardson made the remarkable score of 59, and Jewell 58, out of a possible 60, Medford target count. On Richardson's first score he made a 5 on the fifth shot, after which he made 12 consecutive bullseyes. There were over 60 entries, and below are 8 of the best scores—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
F. Richardson	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
O. M. Lewis	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
D. H. Walker	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Roger Howard	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
S. L. Desbora	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
W. B. Daniel	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
W. D. Lewis	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
David Ogilvie	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6

ASHUTUM, Mass., July 20th.—A rifle club has been organized here, and the following officers have been elected: President, Dr. N. Jewett; Vice-President, W. R. Adams; Secretary and Treasurer, Frank H. Parker.

"MANMOTH RIFLE GALLERY.—Boston, July 23d.—The Any Rifle Match is progressing finely, and the third week of the month a great many changes have taken place in the leading competitors, and the shooting has been of high standing. Mr. Frank Hollis now heads the list, jumping from the third place of last week with three 5's and two 8's, followed closely by Mr. A. C. Pollard, who has this season made one point over last week. Mr. Geo. F. Ellsworth is a good third, with 1st out of a possible 20. Mr. A. C. Gross is fourth, with 17s. Mr. Geo. D. Edison is in the fifth position, with 14s, closely followed by L. W. Farrar, who holds the sixth position with 17s, outranking Mr. A. C. Goodspeed, who held the same position last week. The gallery has been well filled during the week, and the following is the standing of the several competitors to date; 60 yards; rounds 3; possible 40; 5 scores to win, or possible 200—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
Frank Hollis	37	37	37	38	38	38	38	38	38	38	38	38
A. C. Pollard	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37
Geo. F. Ellsworth	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37
A. C. Gross	34	34	34	35	35	35	35	35	35	35	35	35
L. W. Farrar	34	34	34	35	35	35	35	35	35	35	35	35
A. C. Goodspeed	34	34	34	35	35	35	35	35	35	35	35	35
A. C. M. Mard	33	33	33	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34
O. T. Hart	33	33	33	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34
H. O. Smith	33	33	33	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34
H. E. Dalry	33	33	33	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34
C. R. O'Neil	33	33	33	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34
Andrew Horstall	33	33	33	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34
Wm. W. Jones	33	33	33	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34
F. K. Snow	33	33	33	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34
F. K. Reddy	33	33	33	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34	34

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 22d.—The Bridgeport Rifle Club held their regular semi-monthly shoot at Sossie Range to-day. Weather conditions good, wind very light, and about 12 o'clock. Light good. The attendance was not as large as usual. The following are the best scores on the different ranges: 200 yards, Silverware Match—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
H. Nichols	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
S. H. Hubbard	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
D. E. Marsh	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

200 yards Rifle Match—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
H. Nichols	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
C. C. White	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
D. E. Marsh	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
S. C. Kingman	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
M. R. Rogers	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
S. V. Nichols	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

500 yards Rifle Match, Cartoon target—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
D. N. Conger	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
S. H. Hubbard	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
H. Carstensen	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
S. V. Nichols	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
H. Nichols	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
S. C. Kingman	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6

900 yards, Field Glass Match—

Post Office	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th
S. H. Hubbard	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
H. Carstensen	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
H. Nichols	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

NEWARK, N. J., July 19th.—On Monday last the following members of the First Regiment, N. G. S. N. J., qualified for marksmen's badges: Private Geo. Weizman, Company E, 38; Private A. C. Neumann, Company E, 35; Sergeant C. Loden, Company E, 35; Corporal Wm. Deyo, Company E, 28; Lieut. W. F. Lynn, Company E, 28; Lieut. J. K. Walsh, Company E, 34; Corporal Hedenburg, Company E, 26; Private H. Beach, Company E, 26; Private Geo. Kock, Company E, 25; Private Chas. Day, Company

boy from Trinity College school) at cover point, and Wadsworth

at point, being most prominent. Port Hope, who commenced their second foul in a moment after noon, did better in their second attempt, but failed by 10 runs to save the one innings defeat. Rogers got 25 by very steady batting. Trondell, who played in good form, 24, including a 6 to square leg. Young Jones played very nicely for 8. The bowling and fielding of the visitors was again magnificent, and worth going a long distance to see. On Wednesday evening the Port Hope Club entertained their visitors at a garden party, which was largely attended and passed off very successfully.

—Montreal easily defeated Three Rivers, at Montreal, by 194 to 78 in the first innings. Montreal's second innings totalled 182. Downing, for the winners, made 49 and 65.

—Barnes (24) vs. Girard (24).—Played at West Philadelphia July 17th, and won by the home club by 61 runs on third innings' scores:—

BELMONT SECOND—FIRST INNINGS.	
E. Waple, run out.....	19
W. W. Porter, run out.....	22
S. Booth, b. Blood.....	33
T. C. Collins, c. Hargrave, b. Blood.....	1
D. P. Cooey, c. Carvin, b. Blood.....	1
R. Hood.....	0
D. Boothby, run out.....	10
J. S. Richards, b. Booth.....	0
Total.....	115

GIRARD SECOND.	
H. Hewthorne, c. Knight, b. Scott.....	6
S. Booth, b. Steover.....	8
J. Adams, c. J. Scott, b. Steover.....	2
D. Boothby, run out.....	0
J. Carvin, b. J. Scott.....	0
N. Wigham, c. Steover, b. J. Scott.....	2
J. Blood, c. Steover, b. J. Scott.....	3
C. Hargrave, c. Steover, b. J. Scott.....	11
C. Hargrave, c. Steover, b. J. Scott.....	1
J. Wilkinson, b. Steover.....	1
H. Hewthorne, c. Steover, b. J. Scott.....	5
Byes, leg byes.....	5
Total.....	32

Yachting and Canoeing.

—Address all communications to "Forest and Stream Publishing Company, New York."

FIXTURES.

July 31—Atlantic Y. C. Cruise Eastward.	
July 31—Bunker Hill Y. C. Annual Regatta.	
July 31—Jewelry Y. C. Championship Races, Swampscott.	
Aug. 1—Provincetown Y. C. Annual Regatta.	
Aug. 3—Cape Cod Congress Regatta, Lake George.	
Aug. 4—Cape Cod Congress Regatta, Lake George.	
Aug. 5—Cape Cod Congress Regatta, Lake George.	
Aug. 6—Cape Cod Congress Regatta, Lake George.	
Aug. 8—Quaker City Y. C. Harbor Cruise.	
Aug. 10—New York Y. C. Cruise Eastward.	
Aug. 11—N. Y. Y. C. Annual Cruise Eastward.	
Aug. 12—Quincy Y. C. Championship Regatta.	
Aug. 14 or 15—Provincetown Y. C. Annual Regatta, Swampscott.	
Aug. 15—Washington Village Y. C. Regatta.	
Aug. 16—Quaker City Y. C. Annual Cruise.	
Aug. 17—Salmon Bay Y. C. Fall Regatta.	
Aug. 17—Cape May Regatta.	
Aug. 18—Provincetown Y. C. Regatta.	
Aug. 19—Burlington Y. C. Regatta.	
Aug. 23—Quincy Y. C. Regatta.	
Aug. 23—Jewelry Y. C. Championship Races, Beverly.	

CHALLENGE TO THE ANTHRACITE.

Editor Forest and Stream:—In view of the public recognition which the most economical method of generating and applying steam holds forth, we are willing to do our share toward solving the problems at issue among engineers, and consequently request you to publish the following:

We will be pleased to enter upon a friendly competition against the Perkins system, and to challenge the American to show the *Anthracite* with our own boiler and compound engines on board the steam yacht *Lella*, upon such terms and conditions as may be mutually agreed upon. We are not making any reply to our proposition may be received from the owner or agents of the steamer *Anthracite*, as the questions of economy and speed are to all steam users, and a better opportunity of determining to what extent steam can be expanded at a saving in fuel may not again be offered than during the stay of the *Anthracite* in New York.

THE HERSCHOFF MANUFACTURING CO.

Bristol, R. I., July 29th.

We trust that this challenge will be accepted by the *Anthracite*. There is no reason why it should not, and there is every reason why it should. The *Anthracite* came to America to show the great economy of high steam in general and the Perkins system in particular. She has been most extensively "written up" by the press, which does not understand anything about such matters. As yet not a single journal competent to deal with engineering questions has really examined the Perkins claims from a scientific standpoint; they have so far been content to give the news of her arrival and reputed performance from the lips of interested parties. The daily press having given the cues, others have followed in the same groove. We are not among those who take much stock in the Perkins system other than as it represents only a clumsy and complicated reproduction of the American oil system. There is not a single point in the Perkins boiler which is superior to the Herschhoff oil or to the most boiler, or to Babcock and Wilcox's boiler, or any other sectional or pipe boiler. It is simply a reproduction of a very old idea, clothed in a garb just different enough to deceive the uninitiated and to warrant the assumption of a special name. In principle the boiler is absolutely identical with the Babcock and Wilcox, and in its practical structure it is much inferior. So far as the Perkins engines are concerned, they are an entirely uncalculated for complication and excessive weight in proportion to the power developed, the adoption of the single acting cylinders to overcome the burning away of packing being a most crude, clumsy, and expensive roundabout way of overcoming a very small difficulty.

To engineers, the statement that the Perkins is going the roundabout way of packing which does not leak or burn away is finally overcome by Mr. Perkins substituting a third single acting cylinder, which therefore has no gland, must have emanated from a very worthy disciple of Watt and Stephenson. Indeed, but it is published as gospel truth, nevertheless, all over the country, and is exceedingly complimentary to Mr. Perkins. Now, as to the truth of the matter, the idea of using steam at high pressure as a means of obtaining economy is as old as the hills, and has been worked to the fullest benefit in more than one system. Mr. Perkins has simply carried this steam to still higher pressure, not because of any virtue in his apparatus, not because others could not do the same, but simply because others who have worked the tide have gone even

further than Mr. Perkins, and after experiments have found that in practice no economy is gained by carrying steam much over 150 pounds, however seductive higher pressures may be in theory. Mr. Perkins is simply the victim of a very enticing theory, but he will obtain equal results when he comes back to 20 pounds and a well designed compound of the usual style. Friction of additional machinery, extra friction of steam in its numerous transfers, increased areas for condensation and expansion in passages, back pressures and increased weights of boiler and engine, will probably account for this. His propellers are good ones of the standard of their class, but the Americans will buy out of the scrap heap. No wonder that the Englishmen are slow in adopting them, and no wonder that the S. S. *Wanderer*, 700 tons, Mr. Lambert, has thrown the whole Perkins system overboard and come back to a shell boiler and three cylinder compounds. But as the *Anthracite* is here to prove things, and not merely to imitate the average newspaper reporter or playmate nautical flycatcher, we trust that the interested parties will not hesitate to accept any reasonable test to be applied; otherwise, they may as well make up their minds at once that Americans will buy out of the whole business, and view the *Anthracite* in the same light that we do a circus in the country—good enough to look at as long as it is a "free show," but forgotten as soon as passed by. If the Herschhoff Manufacturing Co. will offer anything like fair terms to the *Anthracite*, we hope a competitive trial will be brought about, for the Herschoffs represent the most advanced practice in America, and the outcome of the trial would do very much to settle one of the most prominent engineering questions of the day.

A GREAT STEAM YACHT RACE.

Editor to Forest and Stream:—

I hereby "authorize" myself to bet twenty million dollars that within twelve months, or less, our country can make no less a feat of time from Sandy Hook to Boston as a first-class compound steamer, and I hereby further "authorize" you to contribute fifty cents for each mile of the following challenge to the Perkins system. Send bill for cost of transportation to the asylum and ten years' board prepaid to A. MUNCHHAUSEN.

In general we are opposed to encouraging bets for such large sums as Mr. Munchausen proposes, and would counsel retaining a few millions for a rainy day, but our correspondence is so sure that if this time that our constitutionally moral character must take a back seat. Let us see: Hook to Fastnet, 8,800 miles; full speed at sea, 14 knots; coal, 5 days; 14 times 21 is 336 miles per day; 5 times 336 is 1,680 miles. Left to make under sail, 1,120 miles. Yes, on the whole, we think we will chip in another fifty cents to the asylum fund.

THE BENNETT CHALLENGE CUPS.

THE following are the conditions under which the various Challenge Cups, presented by Ex-Com. J. G. Bennett to the New York Yacht Club, can be sailed for:

1.—From an imaginary line between the Judge's steamer and buoy No. 5, off Sandy Hook, to and around the Five-Pathom Lightship, off Cape May, leaving it on the port or starboard hand, at the discretion of the challenger, and returning to the starting point, the southward and eastward, within one hundred yards distance.

2.—The Cup will be awarded subject to the following conditions as expressed in the following regulations:

1.—It is to be held by the winner for thirty days after the race, without liability to challenge.

2.—Upon the expiration of that period, the winner must accept any challenge, and be prepared to sail a race over the same course within fifteen days from the receipt of such challenge, or forfeit the Cup to the challenger.

3.—If the challenger, within the fifteen days, fails to challenge, the Cup in two consecutive races during one season, it will not again be liable to challenge until the commencement of the following season.

4.—If the challenger, within the fifteen days, fails to challenge, the bona fide property of any yacht holding it successfully through three consecutive seasons.

5.—The racing season in American waters, in reference to this Cup, is understood to be from the third Thursday in June until the third Thursday in October in each year.

6.—If the challenger, within the fifteen days, fails to challenge, the Cup in two consecutive races during one season, it will not again be liable to challenge until the commencement of the following season.

7.—In the event of the Cup being held at the close of a season by a foreign yacht, it may be held for an American race during the racing season of the next year for an American race, and around the lightship off Sandy Hook and return. Said cup to be held by the winner for the term of 30 days after the Cup is won, without liability to challenge. Upon the expiration of said period, the winner of the Cup must accept any challenge sent by a member of the club, and be prepared to sail a race over the same course, or such other course as may be designated by the annually elected Regatta Committee.

8.—If the challenger, within the fifteen days, fails to challenge, the Cup in two consecutive races during one season, it will not again be liable to challenge until the commencement of the following season.

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FOURTH CLASS.

Name and Owner.	Fl.	In.	H. M. S.	M. M. S.
Hermes, N. Chasé.....	15. 6	3	36 38	3 55 48
Pink, C. A. Frye.....	15. 6	4	46 60	3 48 31
Gracie, W. H. Melhorn.....	18. 6	59	17	4 42 23
Comet, W. H. Rogers.....	18. 6			Not taken.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream.—

Owing to illness of one of the committee the following reports have not been published at an earlier date. In order that the record may be complete, please insert them in **FOREST AND STREAM**.

The first special regatta of the season, and the fifty-fourth of the club, was sailed at Cotuit, July 2d. Wind northeast, moderate weather foggy; over an outside course as follows: From Ball Race, leaving Goller's Lodge and Successor's Lightship on starboard hand at starting point—fourteen miles. Following is the summary:—

Name, owner and rig.	Fl.	In.	Actual Time.	Corrected Time.
Nomad, J. S. Day, Jr. slooner.....	3	40	41	3 53
Maude, H. Stockton, cut. ".....	21. 8	3	42 34	3 29 19
Wagon, Aug. T. Perkins, slop. 21. 6	2	44	55	3 32 12
Nancy Francis, L. Leche, slop. 21. 6	3	42	52	3 35 43

Wagon lost some time by a mistake in the course. Nomad won easily. Maude taking second prize. Judges—A. Coolidge, Jr., F. C. Girdle, Jr.

The second special regatta of the season, and the fifty-fifth of the club, was sailed at Cotuit, July 7th. Wind southwest, light. Course: From Codman's Wharf, leaving stakeboats off Savage's Point and Quabshong Shoal on the starboard hand at starting point, three times round—six miles. Judges—A. Lawrence Lowell, Russell Hooper, Jr., and J. B. Y. C. This race was for small boats. The summary is as follows:—

Name, owner and rig.	Fl.	In.	Actual Time.	Corrected Time.
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Nina, Francis C. Lowell, cut. "..... 15. 1 1 50 11 1 23 39

Scout, John T. Coolidge, Jr., cut. "..... 15. 5 53 41 1 23 49

Louise, J. T. Coolidge, Jr., cut. "..... 12. 7 1 56 25 1 31 26

Scup takes first prize, Nina second. CLEW GARNEY.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of Anonymous Communications.

[H. S., Boston.—Address Thos. Sedgwick Steele, Hartford, Conn. S. E., Balthellerville.—Write to our canoe advertisers for circulars.

M. C. K., Warm Springs, N. C.—For birds' eggs write to J. Wallace, 17 North William street, N. Y.

A. A. N., City.—For lawn tennis rules consult the manual of the game, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

J. H. E., Arlington, Md.—We have referred your communication to the Pease's Island Club, Pease's Island, Maine, who are looking for wild pigeons.

T. M. C.—The scores in snipe shooting have related to shots while the birds were on the wing. Your account of shooting birds on the ground would hardly be appropriate in that connection.

W. E. M., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—For full information about the route and cost of Maine trip, see in our issue of Feb. 20th, 1880, "Parmaehene and the Rangley Circuit." It covers the ground completely.

P. H. Melb., North Platte, Neb.—We do not understand that there is any difference in the present methods of manufacture from the old methods, and we fail to see how the same process can produce the different results named.

A. P. T., Belaire, Ohio.—The lessee of the Laval is Hon. D. E. Price, Quebec. The open season for sea, or striped, bass (*Roccus luteus*) in Nova Scotia is from New Brunswick is Aug. 1st to April 1st, for netting with hook and line allowable at all times.

S., Menominee, Mich.—Can you furnish me the address of two or three parties from whom I can probably get specimens of Rocky Mountain lion, moose, and elk heads and horns, etc., for mounting? Ans. Write to J. Wallace, 17 North William street, New York.

G. E. J., New York.—One of the makers of your gun was a clerk of Spies. The gun is very likely one of cheap Birmingham

make, but the fact that the barrels are soft is nothing against it. Soft barrels belong to the best of guns; even laminated steel may be cut with a sharp knife.

W. O. C., Boston, Mass.—Apply twice a day the following ointment, with plenty of friction: Powdered bicarbonate of potash, one ounce; powdered white vitriol, one-quarter ounce; sub-sulphur, two ounces; lard, eight ounces. Mix and rub well into the skin. Continue the Fowler solution of arsenic, five drops twice a day with dog's food. Send your name and address in full.

J. R. H., New York.—Paul Mead's Dash was out of a red Irish setter bitch owned by Mr. A. Johnson. She was sent to Albany, N. Y., and warded by a red Irish setter from Ireland, the owner being one of the dogs. Mr. Johnson paid \$35 for the service of the dog, Red Dash being one of that litter. Mr. F. H. Palmer's red Irish bitch Belle had no puppies when sent here. She came from Dublin.

T. B.—Do black bass ever become lousy? If so, do they ever have a fungoid growth all, or nearly all, through their flesh? The growth that is the "fungoid" resembles what a miner would call a moss-agg. I have a bass containing just such as I have described. I will make you some microscopic slides and send them down. Ans. All fresh water fishes have fungoid growths on injured parts, and are subject to parasites.

J. H. M., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—As a subscriber to your valuable journal I would like to know how to can fish and game. After a trip up in the mountains I would like to bring back as much as possible of what has been caught and killed. Ans. You cannot can fish or meats without expensive machinery. You may bring them back in brine, dry-salted, or, if not to be kept over a few days, a mixture of pepper and brown sugar is good. Clean the fish and rub this over the backbone.

Hat, Baltimore.—1. What hat do you consider the best for protection against the sun when fishing or otherwise exposed to it? Is not the cork hat very good? 2. Do trout take the fly in West Virginia about July 1st? 3. What is the best thing to protect you from the flies? Ans. 1. The cork hat is good; so is a well ventilated felt hat, with cabbage or other large leaves in the top. 2. Yes. 3. Oil of pennyroyal issued; also preparations of tar, which are about as bad as the flies. Perhaps a fly net or "bee bonnet" is as good as any.

B. M., New York.—Can you tell me of any retired lakes in the southern part of Canada, where I can get good black bass fishing—like Charleston Lake, for instance? How can they be reached? Ans. There are lakes in New York, Cardwell and Ontario counties. Go to Toronto and take rail north or northwest for these. You can hardly miss black bass in any Canadian lakes. Charleston Lake is eighteen miles from Brockville, and north of that is a chain of lakes which are little frequented, and on some of which it is said, an angler never wet a line.

S. P. G., Savannah.—Strictly, the manner of measuring should be regulated by the rules you have agreed to sail under. If those rules do not cover the case in question, the matter must be referred to the club or ruling authorities for decision, as the measurer has no right to give the rules his personal interpretation, unless authority to that effect has been specially delegated to him, but must act simply in a ministerial capacity. On broad grounds the measurement on deck should be taken without reference to the protruding of the water line at either end, as long as the water line is also taken at the middle length, but if only over all length is used, then the greatest length should be taken wherever found.

G. H. T.—We assume that by 30-inch level you mean the pitch of the screw. Then with 450 turns, and say 20 per cent. slip, your launch should make 1021 miles—instead, you say she makes only eight. This may be due to faulty propeller, inadequate model for higher speed, or to both. The latter is most likely the case, as your boat of 35 ft. is rather short and wide for speed. You also turn up too fast; and a larger wheel and fewer turns would serve better. As you do not wish to increase the draft, experiments with various wheels would probably result in a gain, but cannot recommend any special wheel. The usual one for a 35 ft. launch would be 32x48 or thereabouts, from which we judge your wheel churns the water too much and has not effective surface enough. The Herreshoffs have a good speed wheel; apply to them.

W. S. C.—Will you inform me through your valuable paper what you would call the following fish? Some parties claim it to be a brook trout and others to be a salmon trout. It was caught the other morning about 1 o'clock by a young man while fishing for bluebacks at the entrance of the outlet to our Lake "Chautauqua." The lake was stocked some five or six years ago with salmon trout, but from what I can understand, they were destroyed by the pickerel, which predominate. The following are the dimensions: Weight, 11 pounds; length, 14 inches; width, 3 1/2 inches; circumference, 8 inches; tail very nearly straight; fins pink; edges of same black; dorsal fin mottled with black; measures across the thickest part of the back, 11 inches; pearl colored line through center of side from head to tail; breadth of tail, 2 inches, same color as back; fin; color of belly reddish; color of eyes: center black, iris yellow. Spots on side, carmine mixed with light pearl. Head shaped something like a shad, only larger mouth. Large number of teeth. Ans. Color is not to be depended upon in fish. The lake trout or "salmon trout" is not red spotted. It may be a brook trout, unless its head is too much "like a shad."

CAPT. WILCOX'S BLUEFISH STORY.—Capt. Wilcox, of a Mystic menhaden fishing tug, says that last week when he was off the south shore of Long Island in company with three schooners, they ran across the largest school of bluefish he or any of the crews had ever seen. On board of the tug was a brand new \$500 seine, very strong and capacious. It was let out, and the tug started with it around the school. As the folds of the seine swept steadily together, the water boiled with the violent motion of the imprisoned fish. Fifty thousand bluefish were loaded on the decks of the three schooners and the tug. The fish weighed from two to six pounds apiece and loaded down the four vessels. But the beautiful net was an utter ruin. There was not a mesh left that was not chewed into small strings. It was a dead loss, and was thrown away. The fishermen say that where one fish was caught ten or more made their escape.

LITERALLY LED INTO CAPTIVITY.—The learned author of the "Descent of Man," in noticing that the animals often suffer from the diseases that afflict ourselves, might have added that in some cases they are not free from our vices also. According to a recent letter from Darfur, in Africa, the monkeys of that region are inordinately fond of a kind of beer made by the natives, who use the beverage to capture their simial poor relations. Having placed quantities of the beer where the monkeys can get at it, the natives wait until their victims are in various degrees of inebriation, and when they then mingle with them the poor creatures are too much fuddled to recognize the differences between negro and ape. When the negro takes the hand of one of them to lead him off, some other fond creature clings to the hand of the latter one, another to his hand, and thus a single negro may sometimes be seen carrying off a string of staggering monkeys. When secured, the beer is administered in decreasing quantities, so that they may only gradually awaken to the sad result of their spree.—*Boston Herald.*

ESCAPED SEA-LIONS.—Eight sea-lions, which had been confined in a crib at the Brighton Beach Aquarium, Engeman's Pier, Coney Island, escaped into the ocean last Friday evening, and at once disappeared for parts unknown. Three months ago snapping turtles went with them. The largest of the sea-lions was known as "Bill;" he was about 6 ft. 2 in. in length, and his mate, "Fanny," was almost as large. There were also, beside the four other medium sized specimens, two baby sea-lions. The proprietor estimated the loss at \$7,000. No insurance. Much trepidation was manifested among the bathers at Coney Island when it became known that the lions were at large. The fear was, however, entirely groundless. These amphibians are formidable only in name, and would not molest a human leg, unless they mistook it for a good fat herring. Engeman, the owner of the lions, offered a reward of \$50 each for their return.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

KEEP'S Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S SHIRTS, the cheapest.
KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily made.
KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.
KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest.
KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate.
KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.
KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, at 40c for \$1.00.
KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, for \$7.
KEEP'S GOLD PLATE COLLAR AND SLEEVES.
BUTTON, free with every half dozen of KEEP'S SHIRTS.
KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union, at KEEP'S risk.

BE G-D ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST.
ed for goods not satisfactory
irculars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,
31, 633, 635, and 637 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Ostrich Farming.

ACTIVE OR SILENT PARTNER
wanted, with \$20,000 to \$50,000, to join a young man in the above business in San Joaquin Valley, California. Advertiser has had long experience on ostrich farms in South Africa; thoroughly understands the business in all its branches, such as mating, care of breeding and feather birds, rearing of chicks, and sorting feathers for the London and Paris markets. Large profits can be derived from the investment; more money in it than sheep or cattle ranching. Any person answering this with intention of acting as partner must be strictly temperate; none others need apply. Best of references given and required. Address, giving full name, etc., W. D., Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, Cal. Jy 23-41.

Spanish Silk Worm Gut.

THE GREAT REDUCTION in the quality of this article, and the increasing admixture of rough strands, has forced us to go into the manufacture of it for our own account. Our Mr. Imbrie has just returned from Murcia, Spain, where all the high quality gut is made. While there he organized the most extensive and perfect factory for making this article in the world. The grades named below will run at least 25 per cent better than those of any other manufacturers.

	Per Thousand.	Per Thousand.	Per Thousand.
Corta.....	\$1 00	Padron 1st Superior.....	7 50
Regular Ordinary.....	1 75	Marafia 2d ".....	13 00
Padron ".....	2 50	Marafia 1st ".....	20 00
Regular Superior.....	4 00	Imperial ".....	40 00
Padron 2d ".....	5 00		

Discount to Manufacturers.

ABBEY & IMBRIE, 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

HORSMAN'S FINE ARCHERY LAWN TENNIS



Horsman's Archery

Is Indorsed and Highly Recommended by
Hon. Maurice Thompson, Father of Archery in this country;
W. H. Thompson, Esq., Champion Archer of the United States;
John C. Sargent, Esq., President of the National Archery Association;
A. G. Brownell, Esq., President of the Eastern Archery Association;
and other leading Archers.
Special attention is called to HORSMAN'S SPANISH YEW-BACKED Bows and English-made Feathered Arrows.
Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue of Archery & Lawn Tennis.
E. I. HORSMAN,
10 & 22 William Street, New York.
Sole Agent for Brownell's Archery, Scott & Book and Score Cards.

Miscellaneous.

THE SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY.

THE great pressure on our advertising space obliges us to withdraw the list of books which we have on sale to make room for other matter.

Any book on yachting or field sports, as previously advertised in these columns, will be furnished on receipt of price. FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

TYPE-WRITER TO EXCHANGE.

Will exchange a nearly brand new Typewriter in perfect condition, used but about four weeks, and cost \$125 cash, for its equivalent in the hunting-bag (folding canvas, or Bond or sectional boat, preferred) and 40 rods or other sportsman's equipments. H. B. WILSON, East Newton, Mich. Jy 23-41

WANTED.—A man to take charge of a kennel. One who thoroughly understands the rearing and breaking of puppies, single man preferred. Good references wanted. Inquire of C. Z. MILEY, Lancaster, Pa. Jy 23-41

For Sale.

FOR SALE,

An Earthly Paradise.

PLEASURE, HEALTH, HAPPINESS.
Address BOX 97, CAMBRIDGE, Md. May 13/80

FOR SALE.—Cheap, a new Wm. Powell & Son's 10 gauge, 9 1/2 in. gun. Case and implements complete. Address S. J. Jy 23-41

FOR SALE.—One hundred and forty mounted birds of Iowa. They are in fine order and most of them time birds. A good breeding-lodging gun would be taken in part payment. J. G. SMITH, Algona, Kosciusko County, Iowa. Jy 23-41

FOR SALE.—One Stevens's single barrel Shot Gun, fine quality, lot of shells, etc., etc., E. H. PARKER, Ashburnham, Mass. Jy 23-41

The Kennel.

INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW

TORONTO, CANADA, SEPT. 6th, 8th and 10th, 1880. \$400 IN PRIZES AND MEDALS.

This bench show will be held in connection with Canada's great Industrial Exhibition, at Toronto, on the above dates, and will be the finest ever held in the Dominion. Entries close Aug. 25th.

Prize list and rules free on application to H. J. HILL, Secretary, Toronto.

Toronto, July 20th, 1880. July 29, 21st.

NEVER SINK LODGE KENNELS.

IN THE STUD.—Rough-coated St. Ber. guard, "Mammoth," Newfoundland, "Keeper," "Crested," "Blue Belton," "Declinal," "Irish set," "Haver 11," and in season puppies for sale out of "St. Bernard," "Beauvais," "Champion," "Queen," "Champion Gordon," "Beauty," "Blue Belton," "Silk," "Irish setters," "Mammoth," "Blue Belton," "Felt," "Colley," "Mam" and "Lassie." Besides puppies, I have for sale yard and calf. Write for full pedigree and catalogue. A. E. GODEFREY, Guyard, Orange County, N. Y.

IN THE STUD.

The imported pure Laverack setter,

"ALDERSHOT." 1878.

Color, Lemon Belton; whelped September 11th, 1878. Thoroughbred.

For particulars, address

EDMAN A. HERRBERG, 144 Pacific street, Brooklyn, L. I.

Post office address, BOX 300, New York City.

FOR SALE—Eight beautiful liver and

white setter pups, two months old, pedigree on application. Address J. H. D., P. O. Box 176, Madison, N. J. Price \$10.

July 29, 21st.

FOR SALE—Foxhound pups, \$5 each.

H. M. THAYER, Winterville, Me. July 29, 21st.

ENGLISH MASTIFF PUPS recently

advertised are all sold. Pups from another litter will be ready for delivery in three weeks. WM. H. LEE, Boston, Mass. July 29, 21st.

FOR SALE—A good guinea and rabbit dog.

Address F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn. July 29, 21st.

FOR SALE—The Llewellyn bitch "Lady

Lorne" (Livy II.—Roy Bell, now nearly two years old. Also "Roylet" (Livy II.—Royal Bell, now nearly two years old. Both sold reasonably if taken at once. For pedigree, etc., address DR. GERHARD, Canandaigua, N. Y. July 29, 21st.

FOR SALE—A Harrington greyhound

dog; young, good scent, good voice and all round; catches foxes, runs and has quick turn. Also a good greyhound and half foxhound. Address EMERSON HILDEN, Sherborn, Mass. July 29, 21st.

FOR SALE—A black and tan Gordon

setter dog sixteen months old (Doane's Tom and Bessie). Very broken, sound, handsome and strong. Price \$25 each. Address A. M. ALD, Box 83, Rockland, Maine. July 29, 21st.

BEAGLE PUPS FOR SALE—Ad-

dress H. J. F., Lock Box 394, Scranton, Pa. July 29, 21st.

FOR SALE—My red Irish dog pup Mack, eight

months old, all red with black nose. Mack is my favorite of all litters; well yam, and has a mind promptly; sire, Bob, Plunkett-Carrie; dam, Kate, York-Maud; price, \$25. Am about to change my residence and offer him for sale without reserve. Parties who do not mean business need not reply. CHAS. F. KENT, Hinghamton, N. Y. July 29, 21st.

OUTLET KENNELS.—For pure Cocker

Spaniels of all ages—also in the stud, pure cocker pup (Livy II.—Roy Bell, now nearly two years old. Also "Roylet" (Livy II.—Royal Bell, now nearly two years old. Both sold reasonably if taken at once. For pedigree, etc., address DR. GERHARD, Canandaigua, N. Y. July 29, 21st.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N.

TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND, Author of the

"PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE" &C.

begs to inform Ladies and Gentlemen in America that he purchases and sends out dogs of any desired breed, fit for the highest competition.

N. B.—A bad dog never left the Doctor's Kennels. dec'd 17.

FOR SALE.

When six weeks old, two dog and two bitch pointer puppies, by Mr. Edmund Orgill's champion puppy (Livy II.—Roy Bell, now nearly two years old. Also "Roylet" (Livy II.—Royal Bell, now nearly two years old. Both sold reasonably if taken at once. For pedigree, etc., address DR. GERHARD, Canandaigua, N. Y. July 29, 21st.

TWO BITCHES—"MAXIM" AND "CHARM."

Same sire and dam, one year old, very handsome and perfect in every way; will be capital workers. I reserved them for my own use, but had I have more than I can handle, and will part with them. Price \$25 each, or \$150 for the pair. GEO. VAN WAAGEN, 213 West Street, New York City. July 29, 21st.

TWO MACHES PURE HUNTER SETTERS.—One

of dogs, working on partridge and snipe last season; one of kys, partly house broken, for sale for hunting or breaking, or change, having no one to keep them, for Winchester rifles, model of 1874, and Express short magazine. For pedigree and full pedigree, etc., address DR. GERHARD, Canandaigua, N. Y. July 29, 21st.

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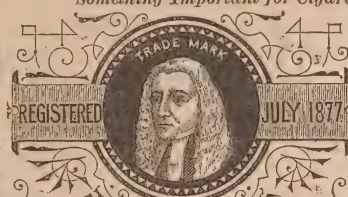
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